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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XCIV.

DECEMBER, 1896—MAY, 1897.

AFRICA.—See "White Man's Africa."

ARCHITECTURE AND MODERN LIFE.....*Thomas Hastings* 402

ASSEMBLY BALL, THE. A STORY. (With three Illustrations.).....*Sara Beaumont Kennedy* 442

ASTRONOMICAL PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY.....*Henry Smith Williams, M.D.* 540

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Friedrich Wilhelm Bessel..... 541
The great Refractor of the National Observatory at Washington..... 543
Heinrich Wilhelm Matthias Olbers..... 545
Sir John Herschel (from the Painting by H. W. Pickersgill, R. A., in St. John's College, Cambridge..... 549
A typical Star Cluster—Centauri..... 550
Spectra of Stars in Carina..... 551
Star Spectra..... 552
Lord Rosse's Telescope (from a Photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin..... 553
Sidereal Time (from Photographs made at the Harvard College Observatory, Arequipa, Peru, August 9, 1895, of Messier 5, Libra.. 554
The Oxford Heliometer..... 556

AWAKENING OF A NATION, THE.....*Charles F. Lummis* 365, 498, 741

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece..... 365
Around the Pila Villareal, Zacatecas..... 367
General View of Chihuahua..... 369
Annex, School for Boys, Chihuahua..... 370
Governor Miguel Ahumada, Chihuahua..... 371
Don Luis Terrazas..... 373
Hidalgo's last Prison..... 374
Corner of the Plaza de Armas, Leon..... 375
Zacatecas—the Bufa and the Aqueduct Villareal..... 376
The Molino—Ore-crusher..... 377
A Bit of Guanajuato..... 379
Court-yard of the Post-office, Querétaro, once the Convent of San Agustin..... 380
The Patio Process, Guanajuato..... 381
Entrance to the Hercules Mills..... 382
Head-piece, and Initial..... 498
the Hospital de Jesus, founded by Cortez in 1527..... 499
The National Palace..... 500
President Diaz and his Party inspecting the Desagüe Mouth of the Tunnel of Zumpango..... 501
The first Printing-office in the New World (1536)..... 502
The Best-authenticated Portrait of Cortez (presented by the Conqueror to the Hospital de Jesus)..... 503
El Señor del Sacromonte, the most famous Image in Mexico (1527)..... 504
The great Caracol Staircase, Cathedral of Mexico..... 505
The Barracks of La Merced..... 506
National Conservatory of Music (in the Building of the first American University)..... 507
The National Library, once the Convent of San Agustin..... 508
The Salto de Agua, Mexico (1779)..... 509
Church of La Soledad, Oaxaca..... 511
Door of the Pasa del Conde, Mexico..... 513
Iztaccihuatl—the Woman in White—15,705 Feet high..... 515
A Bit of Old Mexico—the Ruins of Mitla..... 516
Tail-piece..... 517
Porfirio Diaz..... 743
The Hall of Ambassadors..... 744
General Diaz in 1866..... 745
Señora Diaz, called "Carmelita, the Idol of Mexico"..... 746
Porfirio Diaz, Jun..... 747
A Glimpse of Chapultepec..... 749
A View from Chapultepec..... 751
The Military College, Chapultepec..... 753
The Battle-field of Puebla, with Popocatepetl in the Distance..... 755
The Castle of Chapultepec, Main Terrace..... 757
La Noria, Oaxaca, President Diaz's Residence..... 758

BELGIUM.—See "Home to Throne in Belgium, From."

BRAZIL—See "Our Trade with South America, with Special Reference to Brazil and the River Plate Republics."

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CAPTURED DREAM, THE. A STORY. (With two Illustrations.).....*Octave Thanet* 920

CENTURY'S STRUGGLE FOR THE FRANCHISE IN AMERICA, A.....*Professor Francis N. Thorpe* 207

CLAVIS. A STORY..... .....*Annie Trumbull Slosson* 150

COLOR OF PLANTS.—See "Green Color of Plants, The."

COMPOSERS AND "ARTISTES"..... .....*Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.* 471

CORONATION, THE .....*Richard Harding Davis* 335

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Coronation Procession passing the Great Bell (Frontispiece)..... 334
Outside Moscow..... 337
The Czar in his State Entry into Moscow.... 339
The Czarina's Carriage in the State Procession 343
The Czar places the Crown on his Head..... 347
The Czar crowning the Czarina 350

'CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING. (With twelve Illustrations, including Frontispiece.) } .....*Caspar Whitney* 821

DECADENCE OF THE NEW ENGLAND DEEP-SEA FISHERIES.....*Joseph William Collins* 608

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece..... 608
Down-east Fishing-schooner, or Pinky 609
A quiet Cove where Oyster-men are found (from a Photograph by S. G. Worth for the United States Fish Commission..... 611
An Old-time Clipper..... 612
Drying Fish, Gloucester 621
Baiting Trawls 622
Unloading Fish from a Grand Banks Fisherman 623
Cleaning and sorting Fish..... 624
A modern fast-sailing Fishing-schooner..... 625

DEFEAT OF AMOS WICKLIFF, THE. A STORY. (With Illustration.).. .....*Octave Thanet* 86

EDITOR'S DRAWER.....159, 326, 487, 649, 811, 973

INTRODUCTORY SKETCHES.

CHAFING-DISH PARTY, A. A FARCE.....*John Kendrick Bangs* 159
ENTOMOLOGICAL WOOING, AN.....*Margaret Sutton Briscoe* 649
JANE—A DOMESTIC EPISODE .....*John Kendrick Bangs* 487
MUSIC HATH CHARMS.....*Henry Gallup Paine* 811
OPTICAL DILEMMA, AN.....*Ruth McEnery Stuart* 326
UPSET AT JOHNNYCAKE HILL, THE.....*James Buckham* 973

DRAWINGS.—Too Much for Him (C. T. Richard), 167. The Only Way the Raccoon Family were able to enjoy their Christmas Tree in Peace and Comfort (Peter Newell), 169. The Unwelcome Guest (Orson Lowell), 331. A Christmas Dilemma (Peter Newell), 332. Quantity, not Quality (Albert E. Sterner), 491. A Rebuff (Peter Newell), 493. The Bicycle Safety-chain (A. S. Daggy), 494. Cupid's Top (Peter Newell), 653. A Valentine (Peter Newell), 654. Choosing a Husband (William McNair, Jun.), 655. The Boy, the Snowball, and the Cat (Gustave Verbeck), 656. An Envied Lot (Frank O. Small), 815. An Effort of Imagination (Rosina E. Sherwood), 817. The Kangarooster (H. M. Wilder), 818. The Contemporary Suitor (F. S. Church), 977. Among Confidantes (Albert E. Sterner), 979. The Development of an American Aristocrat (C. J Budd), 980.

VERSE.—The Spirit of Christmas, 167. Artian Sonnets—Barren Triumph (E. Irenaeus Stevenson), 170. To my Pen, 330. To my Left Hand, 654. No New Thing, 654. An Envied Lot, 815. A Hint to Virtue (John Kendrick Bangs), 817. The Contemporary Suitor (E. S. Martin), 977. The Music Cure (John Kendrick Bangs), 979.

ANECDOTES.—Roaring Spring's Æsthetic Christmas Tree (Hayden Carruth), 168. The Return of the Wanderer, 169. Santa Claus's Danger (Earle H. Eaton), 329. Campaign Amenities, 330. Insulting the Colonel (A. B. Lewis), 330. No Encouragement, 331. Too Consistent, 332. A Monotonous Time (Tom P. Morgan), 492. An Effective Rebuke, 493. Some Dictionary English from Vienna, 493. Helping a Worthy Woman (A. B. Lewis), 654. An Influential Office, 654. For his own Good (J. H. Smith), 655. The Worst of it, 656. A Prey of the Gods (E. Irenaeus Stevenson), 816. Art Knowledge (W. J. Lambton), 817. He knew his own Value (John W. Gebhart), 976. A Supposititious Joke (John Corbin), 978. His Honesty (Robert D. Lucas), 978. A Musical Expedient, 978. Explained, 979.

EDITOR'S STUDY.....*Charles Dudley Warner*

Progress and Philosophy, 155. The Yellowstone National Park, 320. The Celebration of the Incorporation of Princeton as a University, 481. Uniforms and Democracy, 482. The Evils of the Drink Habit, 483. Man and Beast, 485. March Wind and Political Bluster, 643. Punishment by Elocution, 643. The Beauty of Gold, 805. Kite-flying, 807. New York as the Theatrical Centre, 808. Education by means of Literature, 809. Grippe and the Sinner, 968. The Reform of American Newspapers, 970. Spring, 971.

EDUCATION OF BOB, THE. A STORY.....*Rebecca Harding Davis* 934

ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM COAL. (With five Illustrations.).....*Dr. William W. Jacques* 144

ENGLISH COUNTRY-HOUSE LIFE.....*George W. Smalley* 926

ENGLISH SOCIETY..... .....*George W. Smalley* 274

FISHERIES.—See "Decadence of the New England Deep-Sea Fisheries."

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FOG POSSIBILITIES ..... *Alexander McAdie* 263

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mount Hamilton—Lick Observatory 264
Fog at Lick Observatory 265
Fog seen from Mount Hamilton 266

FRANCHISE.—See "Century's Struggle for the Franchise in America, A."

FRONTISPIECES:—Joseph asking Shelter for Mary, 2; The War-dance of the Zulus, 172; The Coronation Procession passing the Great Bell, 334; Love and Death, 496; Crowning Genet with the Liberty Cap, 658; A Hunt-Breakfast Anecdote, 820.

GEOLOGICAL PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY ..... *Henry Smith Williams, M. D.* 907

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Results of Erosion by Running Water ... 909
The Results of Erosion by Wind 910
A Mountain carved from horizontal Strata ... 911
George Poulett Scrope, F. R. S. 912
Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F. R. S. 912
Adam Sedgwick, F. R. S. 912
Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (Photograph by Wilson & Beadell, London) 913
Louis Jean Rodolph Agassiz 913
James Dwight Dana 913
William Smith, LL. D. 914
The Paleozoic Time 915
A Landscape and Terrestrial Reptile of the Mesozoic Time 916
A Landscape and Mammal of the Tertiary Age 917
Manhattan Island in the Quaternary Age—the Mastodon 919

GREEN COLOR OF PLANTS, THE ..... *D. T. Mac Dougal* 803

GUARDIAN ANGEL, A. A STORY. (With two Illustrations.) ..... *Harriett Prescott Spofford* 941

HOLMES.—See "Oliver Wendell Holmes."

HOME TO THRONE IN BELGIUM, FROM ..... *Clare De Graffenried* 722

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In Church, Ghent 723
The Château of Walzin—a typical Château in the Walloon Country 724
The Kitchen of a prosperous Household 725
The Interior of a Peasant House 726
On the Way to Market 727
The Market-day Dinner 729
A Signal-woman at a Railway Crossing 730
Second-class Compartment of a Street Car ... 731
A Lace-maker, Mechlin 732
The Black Crosses of Ash-Wednesday 733
The Palace of Justice, Brussels 734
The Hôtel de Ville, Louvain 735
Milk-women 737
Market-day at Ghent—Peasants gossiping 738

HOW THE LAW GOT INTO THE CHAPARRAL ..... *Frederic Remington* 60

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Bearer of Civilization 60
Texas Rangers 61
The Charge and Killing of Padre Jarante 63
We struck some boggy Ground 65
Prisoners drawing their Beans 67
Texas Rangers holding up Chaparral Bandits 68
Old Colt's Revolver, 1838 (Tail-piece) 69

HUNDRED, THE. A STORY. (With five Illustrations.) ..... *Gertrude Hall* 70

HUNDRED YEARS' CAMPAIGN, THE ..... *Professor Francis N. Thorpe* 956

HYGEIA IN MANHATTAN. (With twelve Illustrations.) ..... *Richard Wheatley* 384

INDIAN GIVER. A COMEDY. (With seven Illustrations.) ..... *William Dean Howells* 235

IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT. A STORY. (With Illustration.) ..... *Brander Matthews* 267

LA GOMMEUSE. A STORY. (With three Illustrations.) ..... *Charles Belmont Davis* 572

LINCOLN'S HOME LIFE IN WASHINGTON. (With three Fac-simile Reproductions of Despatches.) ..... *Leslie J. Perry* 353

LION-TAMER, THE. A STORY ..... *Henry Gallup Paine* 963

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF ROME ..... *Laurence Hutton* 281

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece 281
Hotel dell' Orso 285
Tasso's Garden 287
Santa Maria sopra Minerva 289
Keats's Grave 291
The Spanish Steps 293
Grave of Constance Fenimore Woolson 294
Shelley's Tomb 295
The House of Andersen, Piazza Barberini 297
Hilda's Tower 300

MARQUAND, MR. HENRY G. ..... *E. A. Alexander* 560

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Henry G. Marquand (from the Painting by John W. Alexander 561
Music-room, Marquand House 562
Dining-room, Marquand House 563
Portrait of a Man by Velasquez 565
The Marquand Gallery of Old Masters, Metropolitan Museum of Art 567
Franz Hals's Wife by Franz Hals 569
Portrait of a Woman by Velasquez 570
Oriental Fireplace in the Marquand House ... 571

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MARTIAN, THE. A NOVEL. (With thirty-three Illustrations.) ..... *George du Maurier* 39, 186, 420, 589, 690, 839

MEXICO.—See "Awakening of a Nation, The.

MIDDLE-ENGLISH NATIVITY, A. (With four Illustrations.) ..... *John Corbin* 4

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS 325, 486, 648, 810, 972

POLITICAL.—The Election of McKinley and Hobart, 325. The Visit of the Czar to France, 325. The Basis of an Arbitration Treaty for the Settlement of the Venezuelan Boundary Dispute, 486. The Second Session of the Fifty-fourth Congress, 486. President Cleveland's Message, 486. The Appointment by the Pope of the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty to succeed Bishop John J. Keane as Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, 486. The Death of General Antonio Maceo, the Cuban Leader, announced, 486. The Pardon of Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, and her Landing in San Francisco, 486. The Failure of the Potato Crop in Ireland, 486. Bread Riots in India, 486. The Marriage of the Duc d'Orléans to the Archduchess Marie Dorothée Amelie of Austria, 486. The Foundering of the Salier, 486. General Maceo's Death reported to have been by Assassination, 648. The Insurgent Cubans burn Arroyo Naranjo, 648. The Cameron Resolution to Recognize the Independence of Cuba, 648. Bank Failures in the Middle West, 648. Building Catastrophe at Xeres, Spain, 648. A Treaty with the Choctaw Indians, 648. The Recognition by the United States of the Greater Republic of Central America, 648. The Arbitration Agreement concerning the Venezuelan Boundary Dispute accepted, 648. The Overtaxation of Ireland unites Irish Political Parties, 648. The Most Reverend Doctor Temple enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury, 648. A general Arbitration Treaty signed and transmitted to the Senate, 648. The Bubonic Plague in India, 810. A National Monetary Conference, 810. Lord Salisbury's Blue Book on the Attitude of Great Britain on the Armenian Question, 810. The Situation in Cuba, 810. Turkey, Greece, and the European Concert, 972. The Situation in Cuba, 972. The general Arbitration Treaty in the Senate, 972. The Establishment of Forest Reservations, 972. Floods in the Ohio Valley, 972. The Appointment of Commissioners to an International Monetary Conference authorized, 972. A Russian and Japanese Protectorate over Korea, 972. The Inauguration of McKinley and Hobart, 972. President McKinley's Cabinet, 972. Floods in the Middle West, 972. The Bubonic Plague, 972.

OBITUARY.—Arène, Paul Auguste, 648. Beecher, Mrs. Henry Ward, 972. Benson, The Most Reverend Edward White, 325. Blind, Mathilde, 486. Brown, Sir John, 648. Challemel-Lacour, Paul Armand, 486. Cheeseman, Joseph James, 486. Crisp, Charles F., 325. De Mas-Latrie, Count, 648. De Soubeyran, Baron Jean Marie Georges, 810. Di Acquarella, Cardinal, 648. Drummond, Professor Henry, 972. Du Maurier, George, 325. Engle, Ernest, 486. Gould, Benjamin Apthorp, 486. Infanta Marie Louise Fernando, Duchess of Montpensier, 810. Morris, William, 325. Parfait, Noël, 486. Pitman, Sir Isaac, 810. Pratt, Enoch, 325. Reed, General John Meredith, 648. Richardson, Benjamin Ward, 486. Robinson, General John C., 972. Salvini, Alexander, 648. Scott, John, 486. Shelby, General J. O., 972. Stolberg-Wernigerode, Otto, Count of, 486. Walker, General Francis A., 648. Würtemberg, William Nicholas, Duke of, 486.

MURRELL, JOHN, AND HIS CLAN ..... *Martha McCulloch-Williams* 302

NATIVE ORCHIDS AND THEIR INSECT SPONSORS, A FEW (With thirty Illustrations.) ..... *William Hamilton Gibson* 861

NAVAL WAR, PREPAREDNESS FOR ..... *Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N.* 579

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ..... *William Dean Howells* 120

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dr. Holmes in his Study 120
Initial—Dr. Holmes's House in Beacon Street, Boston 120
Dr. Holmes's Handwriting 121
The Outlook from the Holmes House in Beacon Street 122
King's Chapel, Boston, where Dr. Holmes worshipped 123
Interior of King's Chapel 124
Holmes's Cottage, Beverly Farms 125
"Dorothy Q." 126

ONE GOOD TIME. A STORY. (With four Illustrations.) ..... *Mary E. Wilkins* 309

ORCHIDS.—See "Native Orchids, A Few."

OUR TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO BRAZIL AND THE RIVER PLATE REPUBLICS. ..... *Lieut. Richard Mitchell, U.S.N.* 796

PALEONTOLOGICAL PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY ..... *Henry Smith Williams, M.D.* 674

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Georges Cuvier 675
The Warren Mastodon, found near Newburg, on the Hudson 677
The Skull, lacking the Lower Jaw, of Eobasileus Cornutus, Cope 678
Titanothere from South Dakota 679
Metamynodon, or Swimming Rhinoceros, from South Dakota 681
Hyrachyus, or Running Rhinoceros, from Southern Wyoming 681
Sir Richard Owen 682
Professor E. D. Cope 683
Professor O. C. Marsh 684
Protorohippus, the Ancestral Four-toed Horse from the Big Horn Mountains 685
The Evolution of a Horse's Foot and of a Horse's Head 687
Footprints of Reptiles found in Connecticut Sandstone 689

PASSAGE AT ARMS, A. A STORY ..... *John J. A'Becket* 360

PERDITA. A STORY ..... *Hildegarde Hawthorne* 557

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PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPERE.—See "Shakspere, Two Undescribed Portraits of."

PREPAREDNESS FOR NAVAL WAR.—See "Naval War, Preparedness for."

PRINCESS I-WOULD-I-WOT-NOT. A STORY ..... *Margaret Sutton Briscoe* 475

PRIZE-FUND BENEFICIARY, THE. (With five Illustrations.) ..... *E. A. Alexander* 253

REALIZED ROMANCE, A. A STORY ..... *Mary M. Mears* 715

ROMANCE OF AN AMBROTYPE, THE. A STORY. (With thirteen Illustrations.) ..... *Howard Pyle* 11

ROME.—See "Literary Landmarks of Rome."

SCIENCE.—See "Science at the Beginning of the Century," "Astronomical Progress of the Century," "Geological Progress of the Century," "Paleontological Progress of the Century," and "Electricity direct from Coal."

SCIENCE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY ..... *Henry Smith Williams, M.D.* 217

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Humphry Davy (from the Painting by H. Howard) 217
Herschel and his Sister at the Telescope 219
Josiah Wedgwood (from the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds) 221
Joseph Louis Lagrange 224
James Hutton 225
Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford) 229
Joseph Priestley 230
Lavoisier in his Laboratory 233
Edward Jenner (from the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence) 234

SEPAR'S VIGILANTE. A STORY ..... *Owen Wister* 517

SHAKSPERE, TWO UNDESCRIBED PORTRAITS OF ..... *John Corbin* 896

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Mask taken from the Stratford Bust (In the possession of Mr. Laurence Hutton) 897
The Droeshout Print, prefixed to the Folio of 1623 898
The Droeshout Original Portrait 899
The Ely Palace Portrait 900

SOLO ORCHESTRA, THE. A STORY. (With Illustration.) ..... *Brander Matthews* 790

SOUTH AMERICA.—See "Our Trade with South America."

SPORT.—See "Wild Ducks and Tame Decoys," "Wild Things in Winter," and "'Cross-Country Riding."

STOUT MISS HOPKINS'S BICYCLE, THE. A STORY. (With two Illustrations.) ..... *Octave Thanet* 409

SUNDAY SAM'S STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS. A STORY ..... *Henry Gallup Paine* 135

TEXAS.—See "How the Law got into the Chaparral."

TRADE.—See "Our Trade with South America."

WASHINGTON AND THE FRENCH CRAZE OF '93 ..... *John Bach McMaster* 659

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Crowning Genet with the Liberty Cap (Frontispiece) 658
Head-piece — Arrival of Genet at Gray's Ferry 659
The News of the Execution of Louis XVI ... 663
Citizen Genet formally presented to Washington 666
Tail-piece 673

WEEDS. A STORY. (With three Illustrations.) ..... *Ruth McEnery Stuart* 105

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA ..... *Poultney Bigelow* 26, 173, 452, 626, 775, 880

ILLUSTRATIONS.

President Kruger, from an Autograph Portrait (Photograph by Plumbe and Bradshaw) 26
President Kruger's official Residence, Pretoria 35
President Kruger at Home (from a recent Photograph) 36
Mrs. Kruger, Wife of the President 37
The War-dance of the Zulus (Frontispiece) .. 172
Zulus stacking American Timber at Lorenzo Marquez 175
Portuguese Sentry in Lorenzo Marquez 177
The Custom-house at Lorenzo Marquez 180
Map of South Africa, showing the Portuguese Possessions 183
The President of the Orange Free State (Photograph by Monning) 455
Travelling in the Orange Free State 457
Boer Sentry guarding the little Fort of Bloemfontein 459
The Boer's first Homestead 460
A Boer Farm-house in the Orange Free State. 461

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WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.—*(Continued.)*

Boers in Camp 463
Official Residence of the President of the Orange Free State 465
The newly completed Capitol at Bloemfontein 466
Interior of the Legislative Hall in the new Capitol 467
Crossing a Stream in the Orange Free State.. 469
A Roman Catholic Mission in Basutoland.... 627
Crossing the Caledon 628
Polo at Maseru..... 633
Taba-Basio Mountain..... 635
The Storming of Taba-Basio by Boers and British, 1865 637
The Grave of Moshesh, with Basuto Mounted Police 639
Meeting Masupa..... 640
Presenting the Queen's Speech..... 775
The Parliament House, Cape Town 777
Street Scene in Cape Town..... 779
Climbing the Lion's Head, Cape Town..... 781
Old Dutch Houses at Constantia — a Strange Fleet in Sight 783
Convicts at Work 785
A Cape Highlander, Volunteer Battalion 787
Initial 880
Trading for Zulu Labor 885
The Haff-bearer of the King of Tongoland... 886
A Night search for stolen Diamonds in a Zulu Hut..... 887
Natives in Compound with Mittens to prevent Diamond-stealing 888
Washing at the Hospital 889
A Matabele Native 890
A Zulu Woman, Natal—Full Dress..... 891
A Witch-doctor of Delagoa Bay..... 892
A Fight in the Compound among Rival Tribes 893
"Civilized" Negroes seeking Work in the Gold-fields..... 894
Laborers tramping to the Mines in Native Costume 895

WILD DUCKS AND TAME DECOYS..... .....*Hamblen Sears* 95

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece 95
Recreation... 96
Educational Flights 97
The Blind—Scaling Ducks..... ... 99
Waiting for the Word..... 101
Potations..... 103
The Shot 104

WILD THINGS IN WINTER.....*J. H. Kennedy* 710

WISDOM OF FOOLS, THE. A STORY..... .....*Margaret Deland* 759

POETRY.

AUTUMN ON WIND RIVER..... .....*Owen Wister* 774

BENEATH THE RAINBOW..... .....*Fiona Macleod* 802

BENEDICITE.....*Anna C. Brackett* 860

CAGES AND SONGS..... .....*R. H. Stoddard* 38

CHRISTMAS CAROL. (With Frontispiece Illustration.)..... .*Nina Frances Layard* 3

COMPENSATION..... .....*Katharine L. Ferris* 963

DREAM SONGS.....*Arthur Sherburne Hardy* 364

FLIRT, A .....*Sarah Stirling McEnery* 441

HIGHWAY, THE..... ....*Louise Betts Edwards* 470

IN TIME OF SORROW..... ....*Katharine L. Ferris* 352

LILY OF YORROW, THE..... .....*Henry Van Dyke* 274

LOVE AND DEATH. (With three Illustrations, including Frontispiece.).....*Howard Pyle* 497

LOVE'S ROSARY.....*G. E. Woodberry* 253

MEMORY..... .....*Meredith Nicholson* 709

TIME.. ....*Williston Fish* 216

UNRETURNING, THE.....*Margaret E. Sangster* 559

WHERE NEITHER MOTH NOR RUST DOTH CORRUPT.....*Rosamund Marriott Watson* 838

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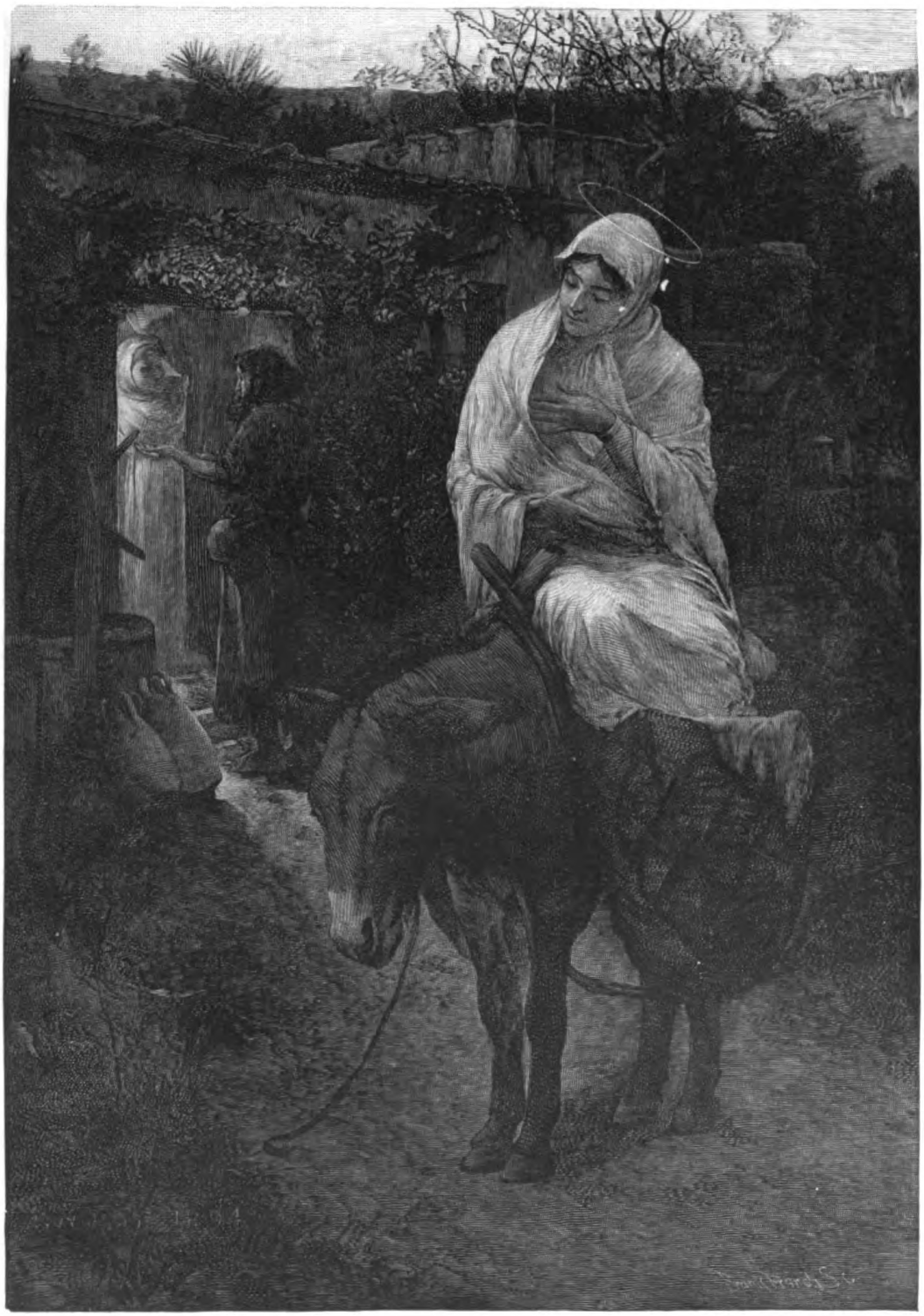
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From the painting by Guy Rose. Engraved by Frank French.

JOSEPH ASKING SHELTER FOR MARY.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIV DECEMBER, 1896 No. DLIX

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY NINA FRANCES LAYARD.

THE holly berry's red as blood.
And the holly bears a thorn;
And the manger-bed is a Holy Rood,
Where Jesus Christ was born.

The weather is rough at Christmas-tide;
She is cold and travel-sore;
The thronging guests are all inside:
They have shut the hostel door:
Now where shall Virgin Mary hide,
That is so sad and poor?

They have taken her to the cattle-shed,
Where the walls are shrunk and thin,
And she must lay her gentle head
Where the bitter wind creeps in.
Ah, never was seen a sadder bed
For such a sweet Virgin!

The holly berry's red as blood,
And the holly bears a thorn;
And the manger-bed is a Holy Rood,
Where Jesus Christ was born.
"It minds me of a cross of wood,"
Cried Mary, all forlorn.

Then Mary took a wisp of hay
And covered up the wood;
And round the crib where Jesus lay
The wondering cattle stood;
And one has drawn the grass away
And swallowed it for food.

O mother, to the young Babe come,
And cover Him with thy breast.
She put Him to her fair bosom,
And rocked her Babe to rest;
She hid Him in her sweet bosom,
As a bird hides in the nest.

All Christian maidens, pure and mild,
That greet this blessèd morn,
Bethink you of the Holy Child,
And of the cruel thorn,
And shelter from the winter wild
Some tender lamb forlorn.

For the holly berry's red as blood,
And the holly bears a thorn;
And the manger-bed was a Holy Rood,
Where Jesus Christ was born.

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A Middle-English Nativity

By John Corbin



THE English mystery-plays of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have usually been regarded from two very narrow points of view: philologists look upon them as a storehouse of late Middle-English words and idioms; and students of the drama find in them the origin of the theatre that reached its full development under Elizabeth. In the eyes of the monks who wrote the plays, however, and of the mediæval masses for whom they were acted, they were a vehicle for presenting intelligibly and forcibly the stories of the Bible and the teachings of the Church. Their significance is therefore precisely that of any other body of church art. In the mingling of saints and angels with the most extraordinary grotesques, we find the same religious and esthetic impulse that gave birth to Italian painting and to Gothic sculpture; and the realism with which the stories of the Bible are presented is everywhere characteristic of the earlier Church. The only difference is that in our mystery-plays the spirit is neither Italian nor French, but characteristically and indisputably English. Noah in his carpenter's gown and the shepherds in their frocks are as plainly Yorkshire men as the patriarchs of a canvas by Giotto are Florentine. My purpose is to suggest the spiritual reality of one of the chief monuments of ecclesiastic art in England, if not the chief.

I.

The reality of mediæval faith as we find it in the mystery-plays is not at first sight sympathetic. The archaic crudeness of the language provokes irrelevant amusement in the most sacred scenes; the characterization has often a grossness that repels us; and the narrative has not very much dramatic merit beyond telling the given story vividly and with a sort of rough power. This realism and catholicity placed the early Florentine painters among the foremost artists of the world. They are characteristic of the art of that early age when men of whatever station could be fired to a passionate devotion by a fragment of the cross, and when the worship of the Virgin was not always to be distinguished from an earthly, human love. In such an environment an artistic impulse could never be, as with us, primarily eclectic and esthetic. The business of the artist was to lodge in the hearts of the masses the realities of the Christian religion.

II.

The treatment of the doctrine of *Virgo concipiet* in the mystery-plays is the best illustration of this; for this doctrine, above all others, seems to have been a stumbling-block to the realistic faith of the Middle Ages. Time and again throughout the plays we are reminded that Christ was born of "a madyn clene as pured silver

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or shinand glas." In the Towneley cycle of plays alone the fact is insisted on upward of a dozen times, and in the quaintest possible manner. The shepherds make great marvel at it, and one of them calls Virgil in to attest the fact. Herod, in his dismay at the reported birth of a new king, has his wise men consult Homer to find if such a thing is possible—and is, of course, convinced. Finally the Trinity itself descends to explain the doctrine. The playwright of the Coventry cycle seems to have thought even such testimony insufficient. He presents the fact dramatically in all its circumstance, devoting to it one-fifth of the entire cycle. A summary of these plays is impossible; but there is a York play on this subject that will sufficiently illustrate the pious intention of what appears the baldest realism; and will besides, I hope, suggest many of the kindliest virtues of the mystery-plays.

The stage, or "pagent," on which the play was presented was not unlike a modern circus wagon. In presenting a cycle, the pagents — one for each play — were rolled in regular order, beginning with the Creation, from public square to public square, so that in any one place a spectator could see the entire cycle. It was as if each wagon of a circus procession should stop at advertised intervals to give a play. Such pagent contained a dressing-room and a scaffold. A change of scene was usually indicated by a slight change in the position of the actors on the scaffold, sign-boards indicating the various places represented.

The opening scene of this York play on the miraculous conception discovers Joseph walking alone in the woods, and complaining that in his extreme old age he should have had to take a young wife. His bones are heavy as lead, he says; and he is so weak that he can scarcely step over two straws. No one would ever have thought of his marrying if his wand had not budded that day when he was summoned with the other unwedded men to the Temple. And now he is forced to repent a bad bargain.

> I am begiled; how, wate I noght.[1]
> My yonge wiffe is with childe full grete,
> That reproffe nere has slayne me!

[1] The misspelling of these early texts offers little difficulty when one bears in mind that, in the absence of our convention of misspelling, the scribe addressed not the eye, but the ear.

He tries sturdily, however, to believe that all is for the best.

> But wele I wate thrugh prophicie,
> A maiden clene suld bere a childe.

It is no use; he cannot convince himself that his Mary should chance to be that happy mother. He makes up his mind to leave her, and go deep into the woods to die. At this he feels a pang of pity for her. "God shield the wild beasts slay her; she is so meek and mild," he says, and resolves to speak to her once more. He finds her at prayer, and is welcomed with a true wifely grace; yet he confronts her resolutely. At this her handmaidens cry out at him in indignation; and Mary insists with quiet dignity that the child is "Goddis" and Joseph's. "Now wate I wele I am begiled," Joseph exclaims at the mention of his name. The handmaidens declare that no other man has been near her, save an angel, who has come once every day to bring Mary food. This completes Joseph's despair, for just such things were always happening in mediæval japes. As late as Shakespeare, in fact, we constantly find this joke of the cuckoo and the horns. "Nay," Joseph cries out—

> Nay, som man in aungellis liknesse
> With somkyn gawde[1] has hir begiled. . . .
> I dare loke no man in the face!

This situation is dwelt upon until the most resolute doubter must be convinced that Joseph, at least, is not the father. His deep distress, meanwhile, and Mary's simple dignity, are as touching and sweet as can be; and the scene is ordered with such a thorough feeling for comedy that even to-day one finds it hard not to be amused.

At last Joseph leaves Mary, and going into the woods as if to die, consigns himself to God. At this the angel Gabriel appears, and says that it is he, God's messenger, who has come every day to take care of Mary; and that the child is conceived of the Holy Ghost. At first Joseph questions even the angel, but is finally convinced, and goes home in an excess of joy and contrition. At the door he pauses in shame, and asks how Mary fares. "The better, sir, that you have come back," Mary sweetly answers. Even yet Joseph cannot rid himself of the pathetic burden of his doubt.

[1] Some trick or other.

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My bakke fayne wolde I bowe,
And aske forgifnesse nowe.
Wiste I thou wolde me here.

At this Mary is overjoyed.

Forgiffnesse, sir! late be! for shame!
Slike wordis suld all gud women lakke

Throughout this play one feels as if the sweet, simple folk in a nativity by Giotto had vouchsafed to speak of holy things. Yet many people will perhaps prefer the propriety of the Towneley poet's references to Homer and Virgil. In either case it is clear that the York play would be the more likely to amuse and touch the hearts of a mediæval audience, and thus to drive home the difficult doctrine in question.

III.

In the second Towneley Shepherds' play, which has to do directly with the nativity, the spirit of familiar mirth is much more noteworthy; but for that very reason there is the greater danger of missing the underlying wholesomeness and beauty of the play. Our modern sense of decorum and even of severity in religion, which precludes familiarity with eternal things, is more than half due, I suspect, to the ease and self-indulgence of our ways of living. In an age when the world was squalid and narrow at best, the love of God and the hope of bliss to come were the most joyous as well as the most serious facts in life. Thus, when David prophesies the coming of Christ, in the Towneley cycle, he says:[1]

Men may know hym bi his marke;
Myrthe and lovyng is his warke,
That shalle he luf most.
Therfor bothe emperoure and kyng,
Ryche and poore, both old and yong,
Temper welle youre gle.

And later Christ says:

I shall ascend
Unto my Fader for ay,
Ever to won[2] with hym and his,
Were ever is gam and play.
Of that myrthe shalle I never mys.

In the comic underplot of the Shepherds' play, which has to do with a most extraordinary Yorkshire nativity, we shall see with what game and play rich and poor tempered their glee at the birth of the Christ-Child; and after reading the serious episode that follows it, we shall agree, I hope, that even to-day the joyousness of the festival of children and of gifts should be part and parcel of its religion.

The play opens during a stormy December night, on a bleak Yorkshire hill-side. The First Shepherd comes in alone.

Primus Pastor. Lord, what these weders ar cold,
and I am ylle happyd;[1]
My legys thay fold, my fingers ar chappyd;
It is not as I wold, for I am al lappyd[2]
In sorow.

The sorrow is mostly for political wrongs.

We sely[3] shepardes, that walkys on the moore,
No wonder as it standys if we be poore,
For the tylthe of oure landes lyys falow as the floore,
As ye ken.
We are so hamyd,[4]
For-taxed and ramyd,[5]
We are mayde hand tamyd,[6]
Withe thyse gentlery men.
Thus hold thay us hunder,
Thus thay bryng us in blonder;
It were greatte wonder
And ever shuld we thryfe.

In the century of Wat Tyler's rebellion these words must have gone straight to Yorkshire hearts. At any rate, the shepherd himself enjoyed them.

It dos me good, as I walk thus by myn oone,[7]
Of this warld for to talk in maner of mone.

The Second Shepherd soon comes in, also nursing a grievance.

Be welle war of wedyng, and thynk in youre thoght
"Had I wist" is a thyng it servys of noght;
Mekylle stylle mowrnyng[8] has wedyng home broght
And grefys.
For thou may cache in an owre
That shalle savour fulle sowre
As long as thou lyffys.

The Third Shepherd, a boy, is out of sorts with his mistress and master.

Bothe oure dame and oure syre,
When we have ryn in the myre,
Thay can nyp at oure hyre,
And pay us fulle lately.

He has his remedy, however.

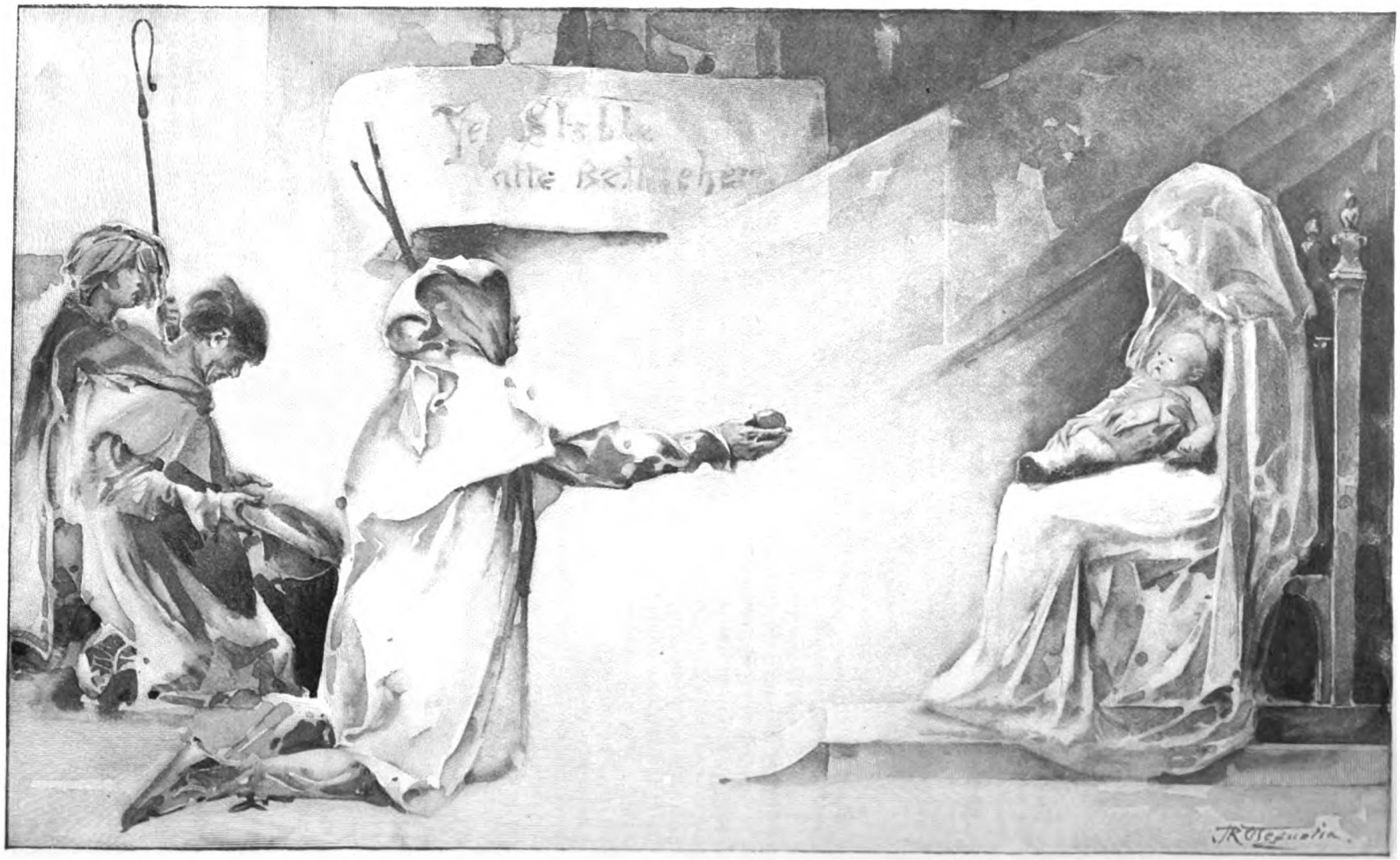
I shalle do therafter wyrk as I take;
I shalle do a lytylle, sir, and emang ever lake,[9]
Wherto shuld i threpe?[10]
With my staff can I lepe,
And men say "lyght chepe
Letherly for-yeldys[11]."

[1] The difficulty of following the text will be removed by keeping in mind a few simple facts: *y* may stand for the modern *e*, *i*, *o*, or *u*: thus, chappyd, chapped; ylle, ill; wyrk, work; and ryn, run. The second of double vowels is also often represented by *y*: thus, feynd, feend; and foytt, foot. Many of the other vowels often appear changed, *e. g.*, thore and wore, there and were.

[2] Dwell.

[1] Ill wrapped up. [2] Enfolded.
[3] *Simple.* [4] Cumbered. [5] Overreached.
[6] Hand tamed—broken to hand.
[7] By my one—alone. [8] Much silent mourning.
[9] Play. [10] Chide. [11] Cheap goods don't pay.

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"I BRYNG BOT A BALLE."

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In another way, too, he is a socialist.

A drynk fayn wold I have, and somwhat to dyne.

After more talk of this kind a certain Mak comes in. He is pretty plainly a conjurer and a sheep-thief; but he wears a grand cloak, and tries to impress the simple shepherds with a courtly south-country accent. They are up to his tricks, however.

Secundus Pastor. Shrew, jape;
Thus late as thou goys,
What wylle men suppoys?
And thou has an ylle noys[1]
Of stelyng of shepe.

Mak answers, in an off-hand way, that he is taking an evening walk for his digestion—his stomach is "out of astate"; and then turns the talk to his wife and children.

Ylle spede othere good that she wylle do!
Bot so
Etys as fast as she can,
And ilk yere that commys to man
She brynges furthe a lakan,[2]
And som yeres two.

Such words about women were common in the Middle Ages; and it is pleasant to find later that Mak has a different opinion—for family use.

At last the shepherds grow drowsy, and forcing Mak to lie among them, for fear of his thieving, go to sleep. As soon as they are all snoring, Mak gets up and says:

Now were tyme for a man, that lakkys what he wold,
To stalk prively than unto a fold;
Bot he nedes good counselle
That fayn wold fare weylle,
And has bot lytylle spendyng.

Then he draws a magic circle round them, mutters a spell, and makes off with a fat sheep to his wife.

Mak. Good wyff, open the hek.[3] Seys thou not what I bryng?
Uxor. By the nakyd nek art thou lyke for to hyng.
Mak. Do way:
I am worthy my mete,
For in a strate can I gett
More then thay that swynke and swette
Alle the long day.
Uxor. It were a fowlle blott to be hanged for the case.
Mak. I have skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.[4]
Uxor. Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says,
At last comys it home broken. . . .
Com thay or[5] he be slayn, and here the shepe blete?

[1] Reputation. [2] Plaything (child?). [3] Inner door. [4] Glase—strait (?). [5] Ere.

Mak. That were a cold swette.
Uxor. A good bowrde[1] have I spied, syn thou can none.
Here shalle we hym hyde, to[2] thay be gone.
[*She swaddles the sheep and lays it in the cradle.*]
In my credylle abyde. Lett me alone,
And I shalle lyg[3] besyde in chylbed and grone.
Mak. Thou red;
And I shalle say thou was lyght
Of a knave[4] childe this nyght.
Uxor. Yit a woman avyse helpys at the last.

Mak is delighted with this plan, and making off to the shepherds, crawls back among them just as they awake.

The First Shepherd complains that his "foytt slepys"; but the Second says: I am "as fresh as an eylle; As lyght I me feylle As leyfe on a tre." They shake Mak, and reprove him for lying late. Mak answers that he has been flayed with bad dreams, and that he has waked with a stiff neck. As he takes himself away he asks them to search his sleeve to see if he has stolen anything. They are not quite satisfied at this, and agree to scatter and count their sheep. They meet "at the crokyd thorne"—probably the "Shepherds' Thorn" of Mapplewell, South Yorkshire. Though they have "Soght with their doges Alle Horbery shroges"—a few miles distant—a sheep is missing. They at once agree to search Mak's house.

As Gille and Mak hear them coming, they make ready their game.

Uxor. Syng lullay thou shalle, for I must grone,
And cry outt by the wall on Mary and John.

The shepherds come in.

Mak. Goode [felowse], spekes soft
Over a seke woman's heede, that is at maylle easse.
I had lever be dede or she had any dyseasse.
Uxor. Ich fote that ye trede goys thorow my nese!

Mak asks them hospitably to have a bite and a sup; but the shepherds answer significantly that a sheep has been stolen.

Mak. Syrs, drynkes. Had I been thore,[5]
Some shuld have boght it fulle sore.
Primus Pastor. Mary, som men trowes that ye wore.
Mak. Now if you have suspowse[6] to Gille or to me,
Com and rype oure howse, and then may ye se.
Uxor. I swelt! Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
Mak. Here ye not how she gronys?
Your hartys shuld melt.
Uxor. Outt thefys, fro my barne! negh him not thore.
I pray to God so mylde,
If ever I you begyled,
That I ete this chylde
That lyges in this credyile.

[1] Jest, trick. [2] Until. [3] Lie. [4] Boy. [5] There. [6] Suspicion.

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"GOODE FELOWSE, SPEKES SOFT."

After a thorough search the shepherds fail to find anything "but hatters" and "two tome platers"—spiders and two empty plates. Their suspicions are laid, and in a spirit of good neighborship they inquire about the baby.

Secundus Pastor. Syr, oure Lady him save,
Is youre chyld a knave?[1]
Mak. Any lord myght hym have—
This chyld to his son.
When he wakyns he kyppys,[2] that joy is to se.

At the door they remember that they have not made the usual neighborly gift.

Primus Pastor. Gaf ye the chyld any thyng?
Secundus Pastor. I trow not oone farthyng.
Mak, with youre lefe, let me gyf youre barne
Bot vj pence.

This rouses Mak's fears again.

Mak. Nay, do way: he slepys.
Tercicus Pastor. Me thynk he pepys.

At this, Mak's account of the baby suddenly alters.

Mak. When he wakyns he wepys.
I pray you go hence.
Tercicus Pastor. Gyf me lefe hym to kys, and lyft up the clowtt.
What the dewille is this? He has a long snowte.
Secundus Pastor. Ille spon weft, i wis, ay commys foulle owte.
He is lyke to oure shepe.

Tercicus Pastor. How, Gyb! may I pepe?
Wylle ye se how thay swedylle
His foure feytt in the medylle?
Sagh I never in a credylle
A hornyd lad or now.

Mak and Gille try to make believe that their child was "forshapyn" into a sheep by witchcraft; but a threat of hanging brings Mak to his knees in confession. This softens the kindly shepherds.

Primus Pastor. Syrs, do my reede,
And cast him in canvas.

So they toss Mak in a blanket until they are red in the face.

As they lie down to rest on the grass outside Mak's hut, an angel appears to them, singing "Gloria in Excelsis," and says:

Angelus. Ryse, hyrd men heynd,[1] for now is He borne
That shall take fro the feynd that Adam had lorne:
God is made youre freynd. Now at this morne He behestys,
At Bedlem go se,
Ther lyges that fre[2]
In a cryb fulle poorely,
Betwyx two bestys.

The shepherds are half afraid, half curious, and end by trying to sing a song like

[1] Boy. [2] Belches (?), clutches (?), kicks about (?).

[1] Gentle shepherds. [2] Nobleman.

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that of the angel. "Hard ye how he crakyd[1] it? Thre brefes to a long. I can sing us emong right as he knakt it."[2] This scandalizes the others. "Hold youre tonge; have done. Can ye bark at the mone?" Then they think of the birth of Christ.

Be mery and not sad: of myrth is oure sang:
Everlasting glad to mede we fang
Withoutt noyse.
Lord, welle were me, for ones and for ay,
Myght I knele on my kne som word for to say
To that chylde.

So they come to the manger at Bethlehem to salute Mary and the child and to give their gifts.

Primus Pastor. Haylle! comly and clene; haylle! yong child.
Thou hast waryd,[3] I wene, the warlo[4] so wylde.
Lo, he merys;
Lo, he laghys, my swetyng.
I have holden my hetyng.[5]
Have a bob of cherys.
Secundus Pastor. Haylle! sufferan savyoure, for thou has us soght.
Haylle! fulle of favoure, that made all of noght.
Haylle! I kneylle and I cowre. A byrd have I broght
To my barne.
Haylle! lytylle tyne mop.[6]
Of oure crede thou art crop.[7]
I wold drynk on thy cop,[8]
Lytylle day starne.

[1] Sang it out. [2] Got the knack of it. [3] Cursed.
[4] Warlock (Satan). [5] Kept my promise.
[6] Puppet. [7] Topmost branch. [8] Head.

Tercius Pastor. Haylle! derlyng dere, fulle of godhede.
Haylle! Swete is thy chere: my hart wold blede,
To se the syt here in so poore wede[1]
Wiyh no pennys.
Haylle! Put furthe thy dalle.[2]
I bryng bot a balle:
Have, and play the with alle,
And go to the tenys.

To Mary the child is, first of all, divine.

Maria. The Fader of heven, God omnypotent,
That sett alle on seven, His son has he sent.
He kepe you fro wo:
I shalle pray Him so. Telle furthe as ye go,
And myn on[3] this morn.
Primus Pastor. Farewelle, lady, so fare to beholde,
With thy chylde on thi kne.

IV.

These first Christmas gifts of our rude ancestors may amuse us, and we may wonder at the reality and simplicity of their mirth at the coming of Christ. Yet, though we emulate the Magi to-day in the giving of presents, I doubt if we surpass the shepherds in loving-kindness. And though the birth of Christ has many a depth of spiritual significance undreamed of by the simple people for whom these plays were written, I doubt if it touches our hearts more deeply than theirs were touched at the sight of that Yorkshire mother with her baby on her knee.

[1] Clothing. [2] Fist. [3] Remember.



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The Romance of an Ambrotype.

by Howard Pyle

THE ambrotype that had a romance was taken in September, 1860, a month or so before the Presidential election, and while the signs of the times were impending to a dreadful culmination of war and death. It represented an oval, pretty face, with the dark hair rolled smoothly down the side of the temples; the light flounces of the crinoline spread out widely upon either side in a diaphanous amplitude.

On the night of that afternoon there was to be a torch-light parade of Republican Invincibles in Philadelphia, and the local town company had been invited to take part in it. During the afternoon they were to march down Market Street to the depot, and the streets were already noisy with voices, and restless with the ever-moving activity of expectancy, while somewhere in the warm bright distance there was a braying of brass bands where the gathering Invincibles, clad in oil-cloth capes, were forming into ranks and companies for marching.

Not one of all these was conscious of the impending doom that was already overhanging the world. Strong, earnest! How many of those now parading with the foolish emptiness of the clattering tin coal-oil torch would by-and-by be marching in the dust, with the heavy weight of an army musket balanced upon the shoulder! How many of those hearts now beating so warmly with vague enthusiastic purposes would be so soon pouring out their bright red blood into the dead earth of the battle-field! Every one thought of the little thing that concerned him, and no one thought of the death and the weeping that were so near at hand.

The photographer had placed the sitter in an arm-chair beside a carved rosewood table. One soft white young hand held a gilt-edged album of verses partly opened; the other arm rested upon the table, the hand hanging inertly. The silk scarf had been arranged negligently over the arm of the chair, and the voluminously flounced hemispherical crinoline had been spread out to its most imposing amplitude.

"Now, then," the photographer said, "fix your eyes steadily upon this point, please, miss. Now, then!" and he removed the cap from the lens.

In the hot and glaring breathlessness of the silence that followed, the throbbing strain of the distant braying music beat out more distinctly upon the stillness, and the young lady sat second after second immovable, rigid, her eyes fixed upon

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a scrap of paper pinned on the screen. "That's all," and the operator replaced the cap and released the dead stillness into a relaxation of life again.

Curlett first saw the ambrotype when the Ditson galleries were sold out in January of 1861. The picture had not, for some reason, been claimed by its original, and now it stood on exhibition in the show-case as an example of the gallery's work, the purple-velvet-lined lids of the framing-case half open, and the countenance fronting the beholder. There was a scrap of paper stuck into the corner of the case. It was marked Miss F. Smith.

The face of the ambrotype fitted exactly into some ideal of beauty that was a part of Curlett's liking. The picture caught his eye immediately, and as he stood in front of the show-case for some time gazing at the pretty oval image of the countenance, with its unwinking eyes looking steadily over his left shoulder, it seemed to him that there was something very lovable in the face.

Curlett was at that time only twenty-three years old, and had not yet completed his law studies with Blakely and Nicholson. A man must be still in his early twenties, and not yet entered into the real work of his life, to feel so singular a delight in the picture of a pretty face—a delight that is so like an image of real love.

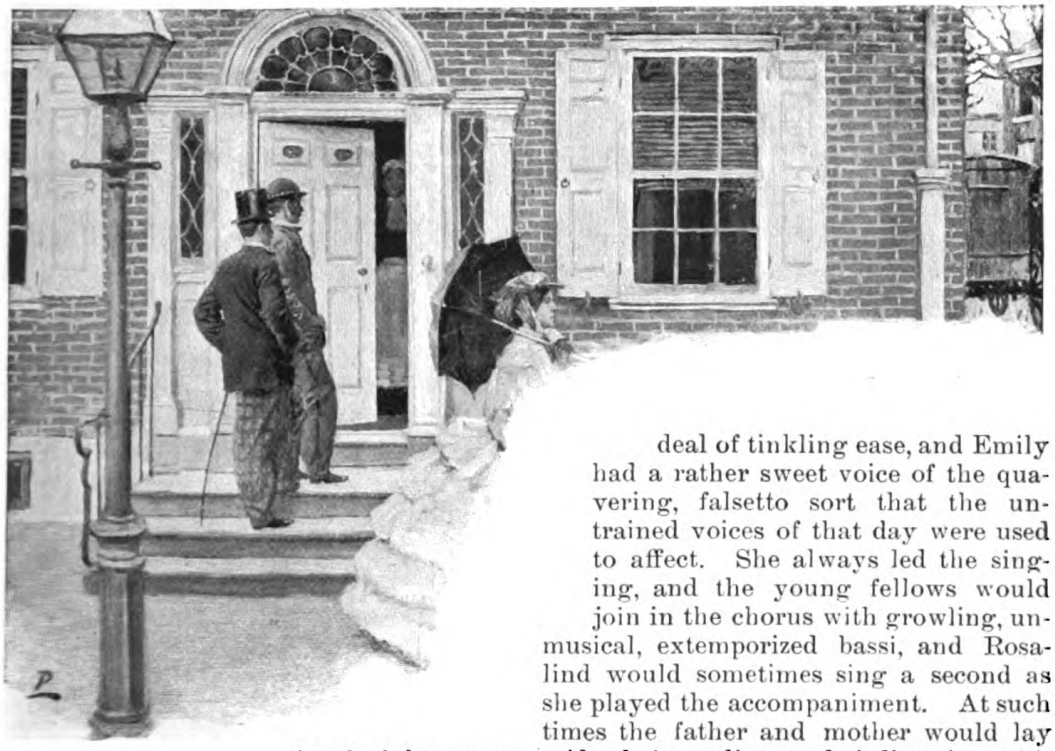
He bought the picture and carried it home with him in his coat pocket. He set it upon his bureau with the case half opened, and he would now and then study it with a great deal of contemplative pleasure. The face fronted him every day when he shaved his lips and chin, cultivating those soft side-whiskers upon his cheeks; when he parted his hair behind, and brushed it so carefully and smoothly forward over his ears; when he tied his accurately formulated and brightly colored neck-tie—always so the face fronted him, with always the unwinking eyes gazing over his left shoulder. Sometimes of an evening he used to sit looking at it for an hour at a time through the smoke from his meerschaum pipe, and he would often feel a very tender yearning toward it, and would build castles in the air in which a diaphanous image of the original lived, a pretty, disembodied possibility of love and delight.

Curlett named his ambrotype "Flora" Smith, and so spoke of it to his friends when they came to see him in his room. The young fellows would stand regarding the picture, or maybe pass it from hand to hand, studying its lineaments, and opining, in the slang of the day, that Miss Flora was a "good egg." At such times it almost seemed to Curlett that she had a real existence for him.

At that time the Curletts were living in the tall brick house that stood on the corner of Willow and Market streets. It was quite a fine house in a quiet, old-fashioned way, looking down upon the street with two bull's-eye glasses in the upper panels of the door. There was a glazed arch over the door, and a glazed side light upon either side, and a flight of three or four marble steps with wrought-iron rails that led down to the



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level of the street.

When you entered the front door you found yourself in a wide, dark entry that was almost stately enough to be called a hall, and from the entry you entered a range of rooms, wainscoted after the manner of the period somewhere about the year 1820. In the library and the dining-room there were wide open fireplaces, bright with brass andirons and fenders.

The two sisters were pretty and attractive, and nearly every evening there would be young men come to call, making the stiff and formal parlors cheerful with their noisy presence. Mr. and Mrs. Curlett would sit in the library with the folding-doors open between the two rooms, Mr. Curlett absorbed in his paper, and Mrs. Curlett in her magazine.

Oftentimes the girls and their company would spend the evening singing the songs of the day. The more ardent songs of the war times were as yet unborn, but the old Foster melodies and their kindred were then very popular, and the old house would be filled with the music, maybe, of "Hazel Dell" or "Nellie Bly," "Old Dan Tucker" or "Wait for the Wagon."

Rosalind, the younger of the girls, played upon the piano-forte with a good deal of tinkling ease, and Emily had a rather sweet voice of the quavering, falsetto sort that the untrained voices of that day were used to affect. She always led the singing, and the young fellows would join in the chorus with growling, unmusical, extemporized bassi, and Rosalind would sometimes sing a second as she played the accompaniment. At such times the father and mother would lay aside their reading, and sit listening with a sort of fatuous pleasure.

Perhaps about ten o'clock Mrs. Curlett would set out apples and cider or sponge-cake and lemonade by way of refreshment, and afterwards the young company would go home with a good deal of loud talking and laughing in the gas-lit street outside.

There was a certain pleasantness in the social life of a provincial town of that day that tempts the thought to linger upon it with an almost undue weight of descriptiveness.

It was into this household that the ambrotype was brought, and there had come to be such a personality about it to Curlett's fancy that you could imagine it sitting on the bureau listening in the darkness, lit only by the yellow upward slant from the street gas-lamp below, while the hubbub of young voices down in the brightly lighted parlor made the old house alive with their laughter and their foolish talking and singing.

It is, perhaps, not possible for a man—even a young man of twenty-three—to fall actually in love with an ambrotype portrait, but he may, in his imagination, do something very like falling in love with it. He cannot feel for a pictured

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image of a pretty face those pangs, those suffocating yearnings, those heartaches, those nameless alternating hopes and fears, that are at once the joy and the pain of young and ardent manhood when it is in love. Curlett did not feel any such throes of passion for his ambrotype; nevertheless, he did feel a strong and ardent longing to behold the original of the picture as vivified into a real life; a passionate desire for the reality of the living woman, intensified by a feeling of impotent helplessness that the image was only an image, and that it could never be anything but an image for him.

All this Curlett used sometimes to feel when he would sit and look at his ambrotype, and if it were not love, the emotion that stirred him was a very vivid image of love. He did not think of questioning the pleasure he found in his harmless romance and his innocent castle-building, until one morning at breakfast Rosalind asked him who was the girl whose picture he had upon his bureau, and the elder sister, Emily, began laughing.

For some reason or other the question hit Curlett like a blow, and it seemed, as it were, to strike instantly dead something that had been tenderly living in his breast. He was filled with pain and anger seemingly altogether disproportionate to the harm he had received and to the innocence of the offence.

"I tell you what it is, Rosalind," he burst out furiously, "I'll be obliged to you girls if you'll keep out of my room. You've got no more right to go rummaging over my things than I have got to go rummaging over your things."

"Hoity-toity!" commented his mother, and his father looked at him around the edge of the paper he was reading.

"But tell us who the girl is, Tom," persisted his sister Emily. "You ain't ashamed of her, are you?"

"No, I'm not ashamed of her," said Curlett. "But never you mind who she is; you don't know her." And then, with a sudden change of purpose, he added, "It's a picture of a girl named Flora Smith, if you must know."

"Flora Smith!" cried out Rosalind. "Was that a likeness of Flora Smith? Why, I used to know Flora Smith. She was at school at Madam Boardman's the last term I was there."

Again Curlett felt a sensation as though he had been struck an unexpected blow. He made a show of drinking his coffee as though with a very deliberate coolness, but within all was an unreasoning tumult.

By-and-by Rosalind continued: "She came from Boston. I suppose you knew her, then, while you were at college?"

"Never mind where I knew her," said Curlett.

Directly after breakfast he went straight to his room, shut the case upon the ambrotype picture, fastened the lids together with the little brass hook, and then locked it up in an inner drawer of his desk.

He could not at all analyze the unreasoning tumult that still stormed within him, nor why it should be so violent. It tossed his soul about like a shuttlecock. "Confound 'em!" and he almost thought the words aloud as he clinched his fists together; but whether the words were dedicated against his sisters or against his own foolish romance he could not tell. He had not realized before how strong had been the joy of thinking about the ambrotype face. Now that joy was all gone, never to return. "Confound 'em!" and again he almost thought the words aloud, again clinching his hands. The bureau looked singularly empty now that the face was gone from it.

The ambrotype was still shut up in the case and locked in the drawer of the desk when, a week or two later, the war broke out.

That memorable Monday when the President issued the call to arms always stood out, and with reason, with a singular distinctness and vividness from the mosaic of Curlett's recollections. For the three days past since the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter had been received, the spring-time seemed to have burst into a glorious bloom of flags that flamed everywhere their bright colors against the sky. It was impossible just then for the things of life to go on as they were used to do. The streets seemed to be full of people, and everywhere idle men were gathered at the corners with a sort of aimless expectancy of they knew not what.

The Governor was in town on a visit to Senator Welford, and in the afternoon he made a speech to a great crowd from the main window of the Town Hall. Curlett stood just behind him on the landing of the staircase, looking past the figure of the Governor, and down upon the living

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mass filling the open space in front of the Town Hall. Every face was turned up toward the window, and the opposite side of the street was dazzling bright with the slanting sunlight of the afternoon. All these circumstances remained a very vivid image in Curlett's recollections: the portly gesticulating figure of the Governor outlined against the bright daylight outside, the indistinct sound of his voice talking out into the open air, the cool whitewashed interior of the Town Hall, even the consciousness of the wooden spittoon filled with sodden sawdust, tobacco stains, and cigar stumps, against which his heels every now and then struck with violence. While he stood there a friend — Archie Duvall — came pushing up the stairway through the crowd to tell him that they had opened a recruiting-office down at the old market-house, and that Dan Bigelow had enlisted.

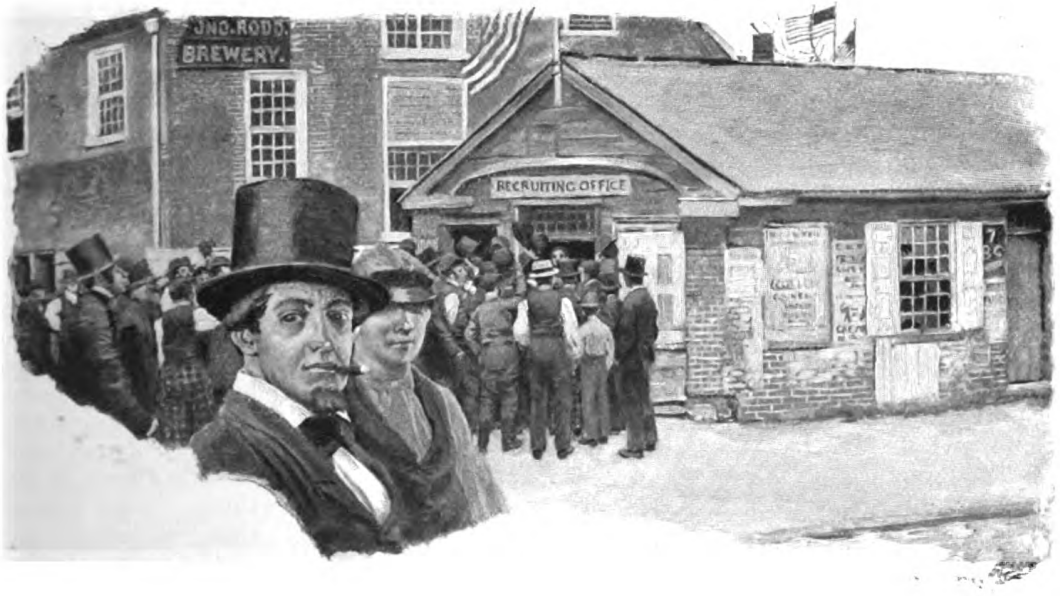
Dan Bigelow had been a school-fellow of Curlett's while he was at Wagner's Military Academy and before he had gone to college. The fact that Dan had volunteered seemed to bring the actuality of what was happening with a thrilling realization to Curlett's mind.

As he and Duvall pushed their way out of the Town Hall together they met Bigelow and two other lads marching up the street together. The young man who had just enlisted was drunk with his own enthusiasm; his cheeks were flaming red, and he seemed to stagger as he and his friends pushed their way through the crowd. They cheered again and again, and the crowd, catching somehow the significance of what had happened, uttered responsive cheers as it made way for him.

Young Bigelow was on his way home to tell his mother that he had enlisted. She did not yet know.

Curlett and Duvall joined the others, and the five marched up the street together, every now and then bursting into cheers, and always meeting a response of cheering. As they went past the Curlett house, Curlett broke away from them and ran in and up stairs for a little silk flag and gilt eagle that was his badge as captain of a company of Invincibles.

He opened the lid of the desk and unlocked the drawer to find the gaudy ribbon. The first thing that his eyes rested upon was the closed case of the ambrotype. He took it out of the drawer and opened it. Instantly the face flashed out to meet his look, its eyes gazing over his left shoulder. He stood for a long time with his own eyes fixed upon the fresh young countenance, hearing the while a



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distant cheering of men's voices from the street without. In his melted mood it seemed to him that he had never seen the face look so beautiful as it appeared just then. The eyes would not look at him, but it seemed to him that the lips almost quivered as with the ghostly shadow of a tender smile.

Then again there came upon him, as there had sometimes come before, a sudden realization that the picture was really the image of a sweet young girl who was as actually and truly alive at that moment as he himself was really and truly alive; his own sister knew her. What was she doing now? Perhaps even now she was burning with the same passionate ardor that was setting his own heart aflame; maybe her eyes were dim with the same generous enthusiasm that dimmed his eyes. The thought of such a union of passion seemed to make her presence very near to him, and he suddenly longed for her with a strenuous longing that was almost an agony. What if they were lovers! What if she stood beside him now, living, breathing, and alive! What if she should look into his eyes with those beautiful eyes! What if those sweet young lips should part to say: "Go, Tom; I love you, but I give you to your country. Go, and if need be lay down your life for your country."



"By God, I will go!" he thought, and the thought was so vivid that it seemed to him he had spoken it aloud. Then, still in the melting heat of his own warm fancyings, he lifted the ambrotype to his lips and kissed the unresponsive lips of the cold flat image. A faint distrustful sense of his own foolishness struck like a chill across the warmth of his thoughts, but it was distant, and then it was gone, leaving a purpose crystallized behind it. "Yes, I will go," he said again; and then he shut the case of the ambrotype and slipped it into the breast pocket of his coat, and ran down stairs two steps at a time.

As he reached the front door his father opened it from the outside with his latch-key, and the two stood face to face in the vestibule. There was a moment's pause, and then Curlett said, almost pantingly, "Father, I'm going to enlist."

As he spoke he laid both hands upon his father's shoulders. Again there was a moment's pause, and then Curlett's father laid his hands also upon Curlett's shoulders, and so they stood for a little space, fronting one another. "Dan Bigelow has enlisted, and I'm going to enlist too," said Curlett.

The old gentleman pressed the shoulders he held very firmly. "God forbid that I should say no to you, Tom!" he said at last. "You shall go, and may God bless you! Come, I will go down with you to see the Governor now."

In those earlier days there was not the after tragic gloom that overshadowed the household when the son quitted it for the war. The reality of it all had not yet begun. A certain not unpleasant conflict of emotion strove within the breasts of the father and the son as they walked down the street arm in arm to see the Governor, but it was not violent conflict, and the thought of death did not go along with them. And when, that evening, the girls cheered themselves hoarse for Lieutenant Tom Curlett, and when they laughed and cried and kissed him and kissed one another, there was but little sense of terror and much feeling of an exalted joy in their passionate outburst.

And thus it was that Curlett, following the behest of his ambrotype, enlisted to fight for the Union.

It is likely that he would have enlisted

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at any rate; it is likely, even, that the determination to enlist was already in his mind when he opened the case and looked at the face of his ambrotype. Nevertheless, it was the sight of the face that had



crystallized the thought into determination, and it was for the sake of an ambrotype likeness that he enlisted to fight for his country.

Curlett's company and another—both of which were afterward incorporated into the Sixth Regiment—at first were quartered in the Town Hall. It was a formless aggregation of men. Their uniforms had not come, and the officers used to go home to sleep at night. In these embryotic days of the regimental life it all took on the glamour of play. There was a great deal of useless show of mounting guard and of patrolling up and down the pavement in front of the old red brick Hall. There was a great deal of unnecessary drumming and fifing. The men lounged on the steps in front of the Hall and chaffed the girls who stood just beyond the guard-line; and the officers smoked cigars and looked out of the windows of the Town Council room.

Even after the companies became a part of a regiment, and were quartered at the cattle-show grounds, there was a good deal of the same picnic style of soldiering. The girls used to come out to the Camp of an afternoon, and at times the canvas streets would be alive with the gay spread of their crinolines. They used to go from tent to tent, and would sit chatting under the hot yellow light of the canvas roof with the young officers, glorious in their new uniforms, and it was all very gay and pleasant.

Only when they marched away from town did a shadow of the great terror strike a chill across the pleasantness of everything. They marched down the dusty turnpike road and into the Avenue, and then down Market Street. Everywhere there was a tumult of cheering. Ahead the band was braying its strident music, and a glittering line of bayonets rose and fell in serpentine undulations behind it. Everything was seen as in a blinding light of passion—the crowded sidewalks, the cheering men, the women waving their handkerchiefs and cheering more shrilly, many weeping passionately and clinging to one another. A single integer in all this, Curlett marched along beside his company, carrying his sword against his shoulder. Suddenly his father came out from the sidewalk and took him by the arm and marched along with him. Curlett looked at him and smiled, but the father's face never changed. So they marched down the Avenue and turned into Market Street, and presently were under the shadow of the tall brick house at the corner of

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Willow Street. Curlett looked up. His mother and sisters were at the window, and there were others besides, and there was a ceaseless flutter of white handkerchiefs. Just then the wind caught the gay silk flag and set it to fluttering; and so he passed by the house and it was left behind, and nothing but the roaring of cheers sounded in his ears, like the sound of many waters.

All this passed in a sort of bewildered vision, and the glamour still lay upon him as he found himself at last looking out of the windows of the passenger-car at the vernal landscape as it whirled swiftly away behind.

He had almost forgotten until then that he had slipped the ambrotype into the breast pocket of his hot wadded uniform coat that morning. He felt it now, and, following an impulse, he furtively brought it out into the light. He opened the lid, still furtively, and took one hasty look at the face. Then he shut the lid quickly and looked around; but no one had observed what he had done. Then he hooked the lids together, and slipped the picture back into his pocket once more.

It is wonderful how quickly a man accepts the change of circumstances that happen to his life; it was wonderful how soon Curlett began to accept as a habit the life of the camp before Washington.

The universal barrenness surrounding the clustered tents—that barrenness that belongs only to a great gathering together of men, the coming and going of whose countless footsteps soon tramp into the dust all that was tender and green and alive; with this there was the peculiar musty smell that hangs about any congestion of humanity. There were ceaseless marchings and countermarchings, and the iterated monotony of familiar unloved faces seen day after day, with but little change or alteration; the wide clusters of white tents covering the slopes of the parched and dusty hills; the glint of weapons; now and then the outbursting thudding drub of drums, or maybe the distant keen falsetto of the bugle call from the cavalry camp over toward the river; a dusty haze along the horizon, and a distant white vision of the dome of the Capitol rising like a bubble into the warm sky.

These were the new circumstances of Curlett's life, and it was wonderful how soon they became accepted as living facts; how soon the dear home life left behind became blunted into a more remote thing of memory.

The ambrotype had long since been put away into Curlett's portmanteau, and now it was almost forgotten, excepting when he came upon it when turning over his linen for a clean shirt or collar.

The Sixth Regiment was not at the battle of Bull Run, and Curlett re-enlisted after his three months had expired, and was promoted to a captaincy. No doubt his negro servant Ben often looked at the ambrotype when he was turning over the contents of the young captain's portmanteau, and no doubt he as often wondered who the pretty Yankee lady could be.

The Sixth Regiment did not see anything of actual service until the spring following, when McClellan began his advance upon Richmond by way of Yorktown and the Peninsula. When the transport that brought the regiment down the bay touched the shore, they found that the battle of Williamsburg was on, and almost as soon as they landed they were ordered to advance up the Yorktown road. Everywhere there were signs of dreadful activity: sick men, wounded men with bloody bandages, ambulances, ammunition-wagons, horses, wagons, and over all and above all the distant grumbling detonation of the battle going on. As the regiment marched up the road they met everywhere the broken, backward drift of wounded men and shattered wagons from the front, and every moment the noise of conflict grew louder and louder.

Then, almost suddenly, Curlett saw a dead man lying pretty close to the roadside. He had been dressed in a dusty blue uniform, and there was something singularly dreadful in the stiff, grotesque huddle in which he lay; there was something singularly suggestive of death in the way the yarn stocking was pushed down about the shoe-top, showing a bit of the waxy, lifeless leg. The musket lay half under the body; you could just see his canteen under his coat, and his haversack was tumbled off to one side. A little while ago and everything—musket, canteen, haversack—everything had been full of life. Now all was dead and motionless, with a death of which there is no similitude.

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All this Curlett saw with a certain falling away of the heart as he trotted up the road on a double-quick at the head of his company, and then almost immediately he observed that there were other motionless figures dressed in blue lying here and there scattered through the woods, and he recognized with a secondary thrilling of the senses that he was almost in the actual presence of battle. The rattling of musketry was sounding very near.



This was his first sight of such things. Afterward he became so used to the continued succession of cannonading and of musketry volleying, to the universal spectacle of waste and destruction, to the sight of burning and ruined houses, bloated carcasses of horses, broken wagons and shattered cannon, scattered accoutrements, muskets and caps and canteens and dead men, that it in turn became the accepted thing of life, and the camp at Washington a blunted memory.

Williamsburg was his first battle. His last was Malvern Hill. Of that last battle he only saw the close. The Sixth Regiment had been held in reserve, and was only marched down the slope to meet the last charge, made about six o'clock. As Curlett trotted at the head of his company down the hill he rather sensed than saw how everywhere was the scattered débris of battle, now so familiar to him—dead men, wounded men, caps, muskets, canteens, belts, knapsacks, and what not peppered everywhere along the slopes. Through this the regiment trotted at double-quick, to be formed behind a battery which was steadily firing through the slanting afternoon into the depths of a pine woods a few hundred yards away. A mist of return firing hung along the edge of the woods, with denser clouds of smoke covering the ground where a park of the enemy's artillery stood to the right. Bullets and cannon-balls were cutting down the men as they stood in line; and Curlett was busy steadying the wavering ranks with his voice, when he suddenly felt himself struck a violent blow upon the shoulder and chest. Almost instantly his eyes seemed to grow weak, and he partly fell, partly sank forward upon his knees, supporting himself with his right hand. He did not realize at first what had happened to him, nor until he looked down and with dim eyes saw that his supporting hand was red and shining with scarlet blood that was pouring down his arm.



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He put up the other hand to his breast, and felt there a hole where it had been all a solid body before. Then he saw that that hand also was covered over with blood, and in a flash he realized how terribly he was wounded.

For days now he had seen men wounded and mangled in battle, but now that the same thing had so suddenly happened to him it did not seem possible that it could be so. Some of his men had lifted him back out of the way of their feet. The thunder of battle beat stunningly upon him as he lay upon the ground, and after a while he heard the sound of cheering, and knew that the enemy had been beaten back. There was something in his mouth. He spat it out, and it was red. Was he going to die? His vitals shrunk at the dreadful thought.

That which followed was all a nightmare of events, succeeding one another without any of the usual divisions into time and order of happening. He suffered—he must have suffered terribly—but it somehow seemed very remote from him, unbelievable, monstrous, impossible. It seemed to him that his groaning was altogether disproportionately great to the pain he was enduring; but it was a relief to groan, and so he gave utterance to the racking sighs.

By-and-by some men came and carried him away on a stretcher, and then there succeeded the vision of the field-hospital, the lamp-light shining on the red-armed surgeons and the unspeakable shambles, the indescribable horrors. In the supreme weakness of his self-pity he almost wept to think that men could be so merciless as to shoot and mangle brother men as he was shot and mangled. By-and-by the surgeon looked at him with a merciless brevity, to say, "I can't do anything for this man." And then he was lifted into the ambulance and carried away, heaving and yawing over the ruts, through the night. He heard himself groaning with the other groaning men; but still his sufferings seemed to be something apart from himself; still it seemed impossible that so monstrous a thing could really have happened to him.

He could not tell whether that hapless night was of long or short duration, but by-and-by it was daytime again. Then, after a while, they carried him across the gang-plank and into the saloon of a steamboat, and laid him on one of the many beds stretching away in a long line from aft forward. There were doctors and nurses and attendants, and by-and-by his own negro servant Ben came with his portmanteau and set it at the head of his cot. All this he saw, but dimly and half consciously.

War is a terrible thing.

The same flat succession of events brought him at last to the hospital at Washington. First there was the pulsing throb of the steamboat, the sense of motion, the sound of watery rushing, the feeling of cool saline draughts of air breathed through the wide saloon filled with its rows of cots; then the arrival at Washington, the bustle, the noise, the racking agony of being moved, the ambulance, a dim sight of familiar streets seen from so strange an observation-point; then the dull and leaden quiet of the hospital. Whether this was a long time or a short time, whether it occupied hours or days, he could not tell. He was only sensible that the events occurred in succession.

He felt no emotion, neither of pleasure nor of surprise, when—was it a day or two later?—he beheld his father come into the ward of the hospital, accompanied by the surgeon in charge. At that time they thought that he could not live, and the father's face was gray and drawn, for the son was an only son.

No greeting passed between the two. The father said that the mother was at the hotel, and the son replied with a faint smile, but that was all. The old gentleman sat for a little while gazing in silence at his son, as he lay there so pale, so motionless, so remotely weak. He did not stay long, but soon went away; and if Curlett felt any emotion at all, it was one of relief, for while his father was sitting there it seemed to him that the agony of his hurt was more keen and more difficult to bear.

Those grotesque horrors that grew up in the hospital wards as men waxed better or worse! One night about midnight a man got out of his bed and hopped up and down on one leg in the semi-darkness, shouting out orders and singing, while the stump of his other poor shattered leg stuck out with a dreadful grotesqueness. He continued hopping and shouting and singing until the attendants picked him up and laid him bodily down in his bed again. Curlett lay

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watching it all, but in the supreme selfishness of so great a sickness his only feeling was one of weak relief when the noise had stopped.

He had been lying there about a week when one morning he opened his eyes to find the ambrotype, now almost forgotten, standing upon the little table at the head of his bed. It stood with the velvet-lined case half opened, as it had stood upon the bureau at home. Curlett wondered faintly how it had come there, and then his mind wandered off into other paths. The nurse, a large, red-cheeked woman from Ohio, hovered about him all that morning, and finally asked him, with a meaning emphasis, if there was not *some* one to whom he would like to write a letter. It must have been she, then, who set the picture there. Curlett smiled as he recognized the futile romance she must have built up about the image. He shook his head, and then smiled again at the fleeting disappointment that flitted across the nurse's wide, honest face.

The ambrotype stood there undisturbed; and when in the afternoon his father came, Curlett saw him look several times toward the picture. Again he smiled, but still he said nothing. The old gentleman asked no questions, and Curlett lay silent, though he understood that a mistaken inference must be passing through the parent's mind.

Perhaps it was the next day that he reached weakly out and took up the picture from where it stood. He held it before him as he lay with his cheek upon the pillow, and looked at it for a long time. "Well, young lady," he said, under his breath, "and what do you think about it all?" But the pictured lips never changed their set smile, assumed when the cap had been removed from the lens, and the eyes still looked abstractedly over his shoulder and toward the cot beyond, where a German major lay about to die of gangrene.

How strange it is that the terror of such great things as these should grow so dim and vague after they have passed by and gone! You remember little trivial things so vividly, but such times of terror, how vague and formless do they become when they are removed into the past! After Curlett was convalescent and had been taken home, he looked back from the pleasant, familiar things to which he had returned, and from the self-indulged languor of his invalidism, to those dark hours of flame and iron and dust and blood and death almost as though they had been something that he had dreamed as a nightmare, and from which he had awakened.

There was something very pleasant in those days of his convalescence at home. The early October weather had never seemed so golden bright and warm. Some-

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times he would sit out in the yellow sunshine of the side yard, under the Washington pear-tree, a table with his medicine beside him, his legs wrapped in blankets, and pillows tucked in behind his back. Always his mother or his sisters would be sitting with him, the one reading aloud while the others worked at their embroidery, and there were certain novels of Trollope's that, when he read them in after-years, always called up an image of those pleasant days of slow recovery.



One day when he was still further advanced toward health he was sitting in the library with Rosalind, a fire of hickory logs flickering with a lingering comfort back of the brass andirons and the wire screen. Rosalind was very busy with her sewing, her rosewood work-box open on the table beside her, her loose sleeves rustling every now and then as she drew the thread. When she spoke she did not look up from her work. "I wrote to Flora Smith this morning, Tom, and asked her to come here for a visit," and then she added, "I heard from Carrie Summervill that Flora is visiting in Philadelphia, and so I thought I'd write to her."

The hall clock ticked very loudly in the pause that followed. "Look here, Rosalind," Curlett began, suddenly, "I think I know what you've got in your head. I suppose it's that ambrotype put it there. But you're altogether at sea about it. I'd be very glad to meet the young lady, but I never saw her in my life."

Rosalind looked up almost as with dismay. "Never saw her!" she repeated. "Why, papa said that you had that ambrotype picture of her at the head of the bed all the time you were lying in the hospital at Washington!"

"And so you've all been talking it over among yourselves, have you?" said Curlett; but he still felt too weakly indifferent to formulate any explanation.

"So you never saw Flora Smith?" Rosalind asked again by-and-by.

"No."

Presently Rosalind gave a little laugh. "Well," she said, "I've asked Flora to come and see us—"

"To see me, perhaps," Curlett interpolated, and Rosalind accepted the amendment with another laugh.

"—and I told her all about the ambrotype," she continued, "and how you carried it with you through the war, and how it stood at your bedside all the while you lay sick at the hospital."

"The deuce you did!" said Curlett. "Well," he added, presently, "there's one comfort; she won't come."

A day or two later Rosalind came to him with an open letter in her hand. "Well, Tom," she said, "I've heard from Flora Smith, and she's coming here on a visit." Curlett looked steadily at her, and she continued: "But you needn't be alarmed; she's not going to visit us. She's going to stay with Carrie Summervill. She doesn't say a word about the ambrotype."

"I should think not," said Curlett.

It was perhaps a week or ten days before Curlett met the real Flora Smith.

In general the invalid soldier of that day lived in a sort of effeminate idleness. The men were all busy at their work, and only the women were left to look after him. He was always surrounded by them. There was hardly a woman's sewing-circle at which you might not find a sick-looking soldier pottering around in the feminine atmosphere, petted and coddled almost like a child.

So it was with Curlett. His sisters always brought their visitors into the room where he was. Sometimes they nearly filled the space with their crinolines and the gay chatter of their talking. He would

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join in their talk, and they were always very indulgent in including the sick man in their conversation.

Miss Flora Smith came with such a bevy of four or five bright young girls, and Curlett looked up at her at first with a good deal of interest, and reached out his thin pale hand to her, and felt her soft warm grasp. She was very pretty, with a bright, alert expression, due, perhaps, to the high arching of her finely pencilled eyebrows. She was very shy for a while, but Curlett could see that she was watching him with a great deal of innocently frank curiosity. He laughed as he talked with the others, for he was prodigiously amused at the difference between the living Flora Smith and the ambrotype picture.

By-and-by the opportunity offered, and Curlett went over and sat down beside her on the smooth hair-cloth sofa. She blushed perceptibly at his presence, and then smiled at him, and presently they were talking together with greater and greater ease. At last she turned toward him, and even before she spoke he knew by the expression of her face what she was going to say. She spoke with a certain innocent directness that seemed to be very characteristic with her.

"Won't you tell me how you got an ambrotype likeness of me, Mr. Curlett?"

"I didn't," said Curlett; "it was a likeness of some other girl. I guess my girl's name must have been 'Fanny' Smith."

"Oh!" she said, almost blankly, and then she blushed red.

Curlett laughed. "But I like Miss Flora Smith ever so much better than Miss Fanny Smith," he said.

In the two weeks that followed, Curlett saw her almost every day. She was indeed a sweet and lovely girl, and it would in any case have been the most natural thing in the world for him to fall in love with her.

It chanced to be a period of soft, almost summerlike weather, but full of the golden glow of autumn, and every day Curlett would walk up as far as the Summervills' house, supporting himself with a cane, and moving very languidly. Nearly always he would find Miss Flora



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at home, and he would sit for a while talking aimless nothings, but feeling continually the presence of the still, pellucid joy of the ardent love that filled his bosom—a joy that was only broken into by those delicious pangs, those tender, suffocating strictures about the heart when a touch of her dress, a glance, a sudden fragrance, would strike a keener rapture into his bosom.

And she. What emotions stirred within her innocent young soul? Who can tell such a secret as that? Curlett only saw that she seemed to avoid him when there were others present. He knew intuitively that the other girls teased her about him, and her shy reserve seemed to augment the strong and passionate desire that drew him to her.



She was only to remain for two weeks, and Curlett counted out those few precious golden days, clinging lingeringly to every moment as it passed.

On her last day in town it was arranged that she and a number of other girls were to take tea at the Curletts' house, and that a number of young men were to come in after tea to spend the evening. The young ladies came dropping in about five o'clock, gathering in the library where Curlett sat, and where the slanting sunlight came in under the half-raised green Venetian blinds, lying in wide squares of golden radiance upon the carpeted floor.

It seemed to Curlett that Miss Flora withdrew more than usually far away from him into her innocent reserve. She talked vivaciously and gayly with the other girls, but she had hardly a word for him. It was Rosalind who somehow contrived to leave him and her together. How his sister managed it Curlett never could tell, for women contrive such things very dexterously. He only knew that presently they were alone, and he found that his heart was beating very thickly and heavily. She had made one helpless effort to go out of the room with Rosalind; now she sat quite still, leaning back in her chair in silence, and he watched her sweet young bosom rising and falling as she wound a thin lace handkerchief around and around her finger. By-and-by he broke the awkward silence to tell her he was sorry she was going away the next day.

She replied that she too was sorry.

He wondered if she would ever come back again.

Perhaps she would — sometime—again.

There was a long pause, and then he said that he never thought he could be so sorry for anything as he was that she was going away. She did not reply to the tangled speech, and again there was a space of silence.

"Do you know why I am so sorry?" he asked at last. She did not reply. He gazed ardently at her; she did not lift her eyes, but sat winding the handkerchief around and around her finger. "Because I love you," he breathed.

The next room was full of the chatter of girlish voices, but the stillness in his ears was as the stillness when the universe was created. Glancing through the open folding-doors, you might see the parlor vivacious with young faces and cloudy dresses, but they two sat alone in all the world. It seemed to him that he had ceased to breathe. By-and-by she shyly raised her brown eyes and looked at him in the face. She did not remove her gaze, and so they sat looking at one another, and it seemed to him as though all things dissolved away between him and her.

"Don't you know I love you?" he breathed again.

Her lips moved, but no sound came. Nevertheless he understood, and he beheld nothing but her eyes looking at him.

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"You won't go away to-morrow, will you?" he whispered, breathlessly. And in the same breathless whisper she replied,

"Not if you want me to stay."

"I do want you. Will you stay?"

"Yes."

Then Rosalind came, and at her coming that sphere of golden joy was broken into fragments.

"What are you two doing here?" she said, and her words struck loud upon their passion. Flora got up and threw her arms around her and kissed her once and again, and Rosalind instantly understood it all.

And the ambrotype.

Some three or four days later Curlett and she sat together again in the library. Curlett had read to her the cordial letter he had that morning received from her father, and now they were talking with a broken talk that dropped like honey. Something suggested the ambrotype, and Curlett began telling her all about it—how he had found it, how he used to keep it on his bureau, how he used to stand looking at it and dreaming over it, how it had inspired him to enlist for the war, how it had stood at his bedside in the hospital all the while he had been lingering between life and death. As he talked it seemed to him that it was her portrait that he was telling her about; he altogether forgot that it was not a likeness of her. She listened in silence and made no response. "I'll get it and show it to you," he said.

"Oh, you needn't mind," she said, coolly, indifferently.

"Yes, but I would like you to see it," he persisted; and then she allowed him to go and get it.

He opened the case and handed it to her, and she took it almost listlessly. She looked at it for a little while, and then she said, "Well, I must say I can't admire your taste."

Curlett stared at her for a moment, and then broke into a helpless laugh. He recognized how, as he had one time been so stirred by a fanciful and diaphanous love for that ambrotype, so now she was moved with as diaphanous and as un substantial a jealousy.

She reached the picture back to him with a distinct air of offence at his laugh, and before he shut the case he himself looked at the pictured face. How flat it was—how lifeless! It was the countenance of a rather pretty girl—that was all.

So in the lapse of time do our ideals always become flat and lifeless, the realities alone retaining their substance and vitality.



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WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART II.

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

IT is not my purpose here to do more than record a few personal notes about Paul Kruger. At a later date I may attempt to fill in this picture by drawing upon the stores of official publications covering the years of his public life; but now I shall seek to give answer to a question that is often heard: "What sort of a man is this grand old Boer?" And let me say, by way of preface, that what I am here penning is partly from the lips of Mr. Kruger himself, partly from his State Secretary, Dr. Leyds, and very largely from intimates who have had the President's permission to speak in regard to his early life.

It was on May 30, 1896, that I first set foot in the capital of the Transvaal, named Pretoria, after the Boer leader Pretorius. It was about noon; the sun

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was broiling down as it does in Texas; the broad, dusty streets reminded me of an average prairie town west of the Mississippi, and this impression was further heightened by noting great freight-wagons drawn by sixteen oxen, and scrawny mustangs galloping about, with sunburnt, shaggy-bearded Boers astride of them. There was a flavor of cowboy and sombrero to the scene. With me was Mr. Chapin, the acting United States consul. He had with him official authority to appropriate the body of an American citizen, John Hays Hammond, take him to Johannesburg, to the bedside of his sick wife, and then bring him back to Pretoria. Mr. Hammond was in the town jail, and Mr. Chapin had cheerfully given up his time in order to do this act of mercy for a woman in distress.

Why Mr. Hammond was in jail is another story. Without pretending to pass here upon the merits of Boer legislation, it did strike me that something must be wrong with the judiciary of a country that found it necessary to treat as a felon such a man as John Hays Hammond.

Arrived at the jail, we found the entrance encumbered by dozens of wagons, and learned that President Kruger had that very morning released some fifty of the "Uitlanders" who had been confined as traitors. Hammond was not of this number, so our acting consul applied to the janitor with an official request for him. The jailer, named Duplessis, sent back word that he was too much occupied then to attend to Mr. Chapin, and that he had better return later—in an hour or so. We did as we were ordered, much wondering at this. But on returning to the place we learned that this same Duplessis had meanwhile slipped out himself, taking Hammond with him, for no other reason than that he might thereby himself have a holiday and earn a fee into the bargain. So poor Hammond, after five months of petty torture in the society of black convicts, was on this day robbed of the society of a friend and made to share his sketchy liberty with a jailer, even though the official authority had been given which allowed him two days of liberty.

Sadly we went back to the town, to hear that Hammond had been seen leaving Pretoria for Johannesburg in charge of the jailer, and so our acting consul had a worse than wasted day.

That afternoon, when it was almost dark, a Boer member of the Lower House of Assembly said to me,

"Have you met the President?"

"No," I said.

"Then come along with me."

There was a refreshing simplicity about this procedure that suggested a pastoral if not patriarchal form of government. We walked for ten minutes along one of the many broad, unpaved streets of the little town, until we came to five army tents pitched on a vacant corner lot.

"What is that camp doing here in town?" I asked.

"Oh, that is for the President's sentry guard."

"Odd," thought I. "The American President manages seventy millions and doesn't even have a policeman at his door, and here in a republic of two or three hundred thousand whites the President has to be guarded by soldiers." Later I found that whenever Mr. Kruger went to or from the government office he was invariably surrounded by six mounted troopers armed with carbines, and commanded by an officer. The government offices were surrounded by soldiers bearing rifles, and two sentinels paced up and down before the windows of the executive chamber, looking in from time to time to see that all was safe. Of course this room is on the ground-floor. Whether the government indulged in these extravagant military precautions from serious apprehension regarding the President's life, or whether it did so in order to make the farmer constituents believe that the Uitlanders* were plotting to kidnap or assassinate their leader, I do not venture here to express an opinion.

Opposite the five army tents stood a long low house, all the rooms of which were on the ground-floor. A veranda ran along the front, and perhaps six feet of shrubbery separated the stoop from the sidewalk. It was a typical farmhouse, such as a prosperous Boer farmer would be inclined to build, and was almost concealed by lofty shade trees. There was no driveway to the front door, no sign that the house contained any but an average citizen of Pretoria. But at the wicket-gate were two soldiers with rifles, who challenged us as we attempted to pass. My friend the legislator said

* Uitlander is our *outlander*, German Ausländer, and refers to aliens as distinguished from citizens.

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who he was, and that sufficed, for no further questions were asked. The front door was wide open; we rang no bell, but walked into the small and rather feebly lighted hallway, and looked about us in the hope of attracting the attention of a servant. But no servant was to be seen, though we walked through to the back of the house and made as diligent a search as the circumstances warranted.

Then we returned to the front door. To the right of the hall was a reception-room, occupied by a few ladies, who were, I presume, calling upon Mrs. Kruger. To the left was a corresponding room, but the door was closed. Gruff voices I could distinctly hear, and my friend said, in a relieved voice, "He's there; it's all right!"

I thought, "On the contrary, it's all wrong." For I had no mind to intrude myself upon Paul Kruger when he was talking gruffly with his fellow-burghers. I had also just learned that the liberated prisoners had come from jail directly to Kruger's house, and there thanked him for his clemency. I felt that this must have been a hard official day for the aged statesman, and that he was having at that moment another of the many political tussles through which he has had to make his way in order to rule with effect amongst people like himself.

My law-making friend knocked at the door; a voice bade us come in, and we entered upon such a scene as carried me back in spirit to the year 1809, when Andreas Hofer met his fellow-farmers of Tyrol in the castle of Innsbruck. But that was long ago, when the first Napoleon was making Jameson raids over every frontier of Europe, and before Africa was dreamed of as anything but a wilderness of blacks and strange animals.

In an arm-chair beside a round table sat Paul Kruger. The rest of the room was occupied by as many swarthy burghers as could find seats. They wore long beards, and gave to the assembly a solemnity, not to stay sternness, suggestive of a Russian monastery. My friend led me at once through the circle of councillors, and said a few words to the President, who rose, shook hands with me, and pointed, with a grunt, to a chair at his side. He then took his seat and commenced to puff at a huge pipe. He smoked some moments in silence, and I watched with interest the strong features of his remarkable face. I had made up my mind that I should not say the first word, for I knew him to be a man given to silence. He smoked, and I watched him — we watched one another, in fact. I felt that I had interrupted a council of state, and that I was an object of suspicion, if not ill-will, to the twenty broad-shouldered farmers whose presence I felt, though I saw only Kruger.

And, indeed, his is a remarkable face and form. I have seen him often since, during church service, on the street, and in his office, but that first impression in his own simple home will outlive all the others. I should like to have known him in the field, dressed in the fashion of the prairie—a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, a shirt well opened at the throat, his rifle across his shoulder. There he would have shown to advantage in the elements that gave him birth, and lifted him to be the arbiter of his country, if not of all South Africa. Kruger in a frock-coat high up under his ears, with a stove-pipe hat unsuited to his head, with trousers made without reference to shape, with a theatrical sash across his breast after the manner of a St. Patrick's day parade—all that is the Kruger which furnishes stuff to ungenerous journalists who find caricature easier than portrait-painting. That is the Kruger whom some call ungraceful, if not ugly. But that is not the real Kruger. Abraham Lincoln was not an Apollo, yet many have referred to his face as lighting up into something akin to beauty. The first impression I received of Kruger suggested to me a composite portrait made up of Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Cromwell, with a fragment of John Bright about the eyes. Kruger has the eyes of a man never weary of watching, yet watching so steadily and so unobtrusively that few suspect how keen his gaze can be. There is something of the slumbering lion about those great eyes—something fearless, yet given to repose. Could we think of Kruger as an animal, it would be something suggested both by the lion and the ox. We know him to be a man of passionate act and word when roused, yet outwardly he carries an air of undisturbed serenity.

His features, like those of most great men, are of striking size and form, and, moreover, harmonious. The mouth is strikingly like that of Benjamin Franklin in the well-known portrait by Du

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Plessis. It is a mouth that appears set by an act of will, and not by natural disposition. It parts willingly into a smile, and that smile lights his whole face into an expression wholly benevolent. All those who know Kruger have noticed this feature—this beautifying effect of his cheery smile. The photographs of him give only his expression when ready for an official speech—not his happy mood when chatting with his familiars.

His mouth is not so large as might reasonably have been expected from a man so famed for persistence; and, after all, this inclines me to think that the character of Kruger has been misunderstood, and that when his life comes to be written we shall find in his case, as in that of Benjamin Franklin, that the secret of his success lay not in blind obstinacy, but in the overcoming of obstacles which he felt to be within his powers. Kruger and Franklin each led long lives of public usefulness, and have made their names memorable by the personal ascendency they exercised over the minds of their fellow-citizens. Each of these great men had a career of almost unbroken success, and owed it largely to the spirit of conciliation which lurks in the corner of each one's mouth. With a square jaw and a broader mouth Kruger could not be to-day what he is. One has but to look Bismarck full in the face to see there the reason of his sudden loss of influence.

Massive oval chin, large flat ears, and strong nose are notable in Kruger. His head, however, is small in proportion—neither deep nor high. His shoulders are rather high, his chest broad and deep; he stands full six feet, and has long legs which help to make us believe the marvels told of his running powers.

For instance, here is the story I have from an eye-witness, just as he told it: "It is also a fact that the President could run as fast as a horse. I remember once that he had a dispute with his friend Jacobs, owing to the President stating that he could run as fast as a horse. The result was that the President ran against a horse, with a rider on it, for a length of seven or eight hundred yards, and actually outran the horse." This would seem incredible had I not heard the tale confirmed by Kruger himself, who is most reluctant to speak of his own doings. He must have been about eighteen years old at that time.

On another occasion he ran a foot-race against the pick of the Kaffir chiefs. There were large prizes of good cattle. It was a long whole day's run across country, past certain well-known landmarks—amongst others, his own father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all his pursuers, and when he reached his father's house he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry at him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. But he made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race.

On sped young Kruger, the Kaffir braves toiling after him as well as they could. They threw away their impediments as their muscles weakened; their path became strewn with shields, spears, clubs, and even the bangles they wore on their legs and arms. But, in spite of it all, Paul Kruger kept far ahead of them; and as the day waned he found himself so completely master of the situation that he commenced to look about for an antelope which he might bring into camp by way of replenishing the larder.

He saw through the tall grass a patch of color, which made him think that it belonged to a buck taking his ease. He aimed and pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire; and instead of an antelope, there bounded up a huge lion, who had been disturbed by the sound. The two faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger, and he returning that glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eyes. The lion retreated a few steps, and Kruger made as many steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly taking one step backward, followed by a second, and then a third. But the lion followed every move of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting to be very wearing, not to say dangerous, particularly so as darkness was coming on and no sign of relief. Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed, and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap, and Kruger saw himself face to face with a lion, and no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the wild beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed, that the earth was thrown up into his

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face, and he expected to be in the animal's grasp. He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow, but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder, until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into a furious gallop and disappeared over the next hill.

Kruger joyfully resumed his race, and, in spite of all that happened, easily carried off the prize from the Kaffir chiefs.

Kruger had no equal as a runner. He was also famous for his skill with the rifle. Indeed, he would have challenged the best of Buffalo Bill's outfit and given a good account of himself. An old friend of Kruger told me, of his own knowledge, that Kruger was once on horseback and chased by an infuriated buffalo. His horse was a good one, but on this occasion had become rather fatigued, and the buffalo commenced to gain. The unequal chase promised to end disastrously for the horse and its rider, for the buffalo kept gaining, and would soon have his horns in action. Then Kruger performed a feat which his old friend recalled to me with great pride. He turned in his saddle, raised his rifle, took deliberate aim while his own horse was in full gallop, fired, and the buffalo fell, shot straight through the forehead.

But Kruger himself never lets one suspect that he has done these things; and to look at him in church one would think that he had been trained for the post of deacon or church-warden.

Another story, equally strange, was told me by the same friend. It happened on the same day on which the previous adventure occurred. He had been chasing another buffalo, and his horse had brought him close up to his victim. Suddenly the huge beast put his foot into a hole, and fell head over heels into a wallow. Kruger was on top of it in a moment, horse and rider and buffalo rolling pell-mell in the same big puddle. But Kruger was the first to collect his wits. He sprang at the head of the buffalo, seized both its horns in his hands, and while the beast lay upon its side, twisted its neck so as to force its nose under water; and thus, after a struggle of sheer strength, Kruger killed the buffalo by drowning it. I had heard this story already in Cape Town, but would not believe it until I had the President's corroboration of this extraordinary feat.

It was a superior horse which Kruger rode in those days, but, like many another excellent animal, looked rather unpromising. Two famous elephant-hunters went out with him once, and arranged that as they had the best nags they should ride ahead and turn the elephant's head, while Kruger on his inferior mount should come along as well as he could.

When they sighted their first elephant the two well-mounted hunters sprang away and gave valiant chase. At first they heard nothing of Kruger, and thought he had been left far behind. At last the well-known tones were heard calling out, "Why don't you head the beast off?" But they were dealing with an uncommonly active elephant, and were having all they could do to hold their own. Again came Kruger's loud call: "But why don't you head the beast off?"

The two fore-riders redoubled their efforts, but they could not outdistance the ever-increasing appeals of their comrade, whom they had considered as wholly unequal to the task of keeping up with them. But Kruger knew his horse well, and had waited long for this triumph. He rode beside the two men for some time, and then said, carelessly, "Perhaps I'd better turn the beast," and then shot ahead. He soon had this elephant far away from his former companions, and shot him dead. Then, seeing nothing of these two famous hunters, he rode off after more elephants, and when they at last overtook him he had killed five to their nothing.

Indeed, had Kruger never entered public life, his early years in the hunting-field would alone have made him worthy to be ranked with the heroes of Fenimore Cooper.

As Benjamin Franklin was pleased to recall his life as a printer's apprentice, so President Kruger told me, with some appearance of satisfaction, that his youth had been largely spent in herding cattle. Sir James Sivewright, the Minister of Public Works in the Cape Colony, told me that he once called upon Kruger with a certain duke, who was by no means conceited, but was somewhat deficient in diplomatic address. The conversation, as I recall it, ran about as follows. Of course it was conducted by means of an interpreter.

Duke: "Tell the President that I am

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the Duke of ——, and have come to pay my respects upon him."

Kruger gives a grunt, signifying welcome.

Duke, after a long pause: "Ah! tell him that I am a member of the English Parliament."

Kruger gives another grunt, and puffs his pipe.

Duke, after a still longer pause: "And —you might tell him that I am—er—a member of the House of Lords—a Lord—you know."

Kruger puffs as before, and nods his head, with another grunt.

Duke, after a still more awkward pause, during which his Grace appears to have entertained doubts as to whether he had as yet been sufficiently identified: "Er—it might interest the President to know that I was a Viceroy."

Kruger: "Eh! what's that — a Viceroy?"

Duke: "Oh, a Viceroy—that is a sort of a King, you know."

Kruger continued puffing in silence for some moments, obviously weary of this form of conversation. Then, turning to the interpreter, he said, gruffly, "Tell the Englishman that I was a cattle-herder."

This closed the interview.

Paul Kruger has a sharp tongue in his head, and a most impartial way of using it. Never an old friend of his did I meet but I heard of some saying or other illustrating this. His strong words run like proverbs through the Transvaal, and, where the law is silent, the Boer is guided by the parables of his President. When, for instance, people warned him against Jameson, who in December of 1895 was preparing his raid upon Johannesburg, he answered them by referring to the tortoise—we must wait until the beast has stretched his neck well out of his shell, then we can cut it off. In other words, he acted towards Jameson and his fellow-conspirators according to this parable—gave them all the time and opportunity they sought, and at last cut the turtle's head off most completely. On another occasion a deputation waited upon him in order to beg him not to hang Jameson and his comrades. "Bah!" said Kruger: "you are always tap, tap, tapping at the *tail* of the snake; why don't you cut his *head* off?" That is to say: "Why come worry me about Jameson and his filibusters? Why don't you go for Rhodes, the chief offender?" And again, when on that same May 30, 1896, he received the liberated "reform" prisoners, he said to them, "If a dog snaps at me, I don't try to punish the dog, but I try to get at the man who set the dog at me."

These little sayings not merely mark the mind of Kruger, but at this time they illustrate the public opinion amongst the Boers touching the Jameson raid. That in itself they regard with comparative indifference, but they cherish strong suspicion that behind Jameson stood a very powerful combination of rich and influential Englishmen, whose object was to rob the Boers of their independence.

When I first sat face to face with this strong man, I felt much as Kruger himself must have felt on meeting that lion who so strangely interrupted his race with the Kaffir chiefs. He embraced me in his great bovine gaze, and wrapped me in clouds of tobacco. I felt the eyes of his long-bearded apostles boring through the back of my coat. My good legislative friend and mentor was sympathetically troubled as to the reception I was about to receive. It was not a wholly cheerful moment, though I tried to look into his great eyes with some degree of confidence. At last, as though he felt angry at being forced into speech, Kruger said, gruffly, "Ask him if he is one of those Americans who run to the English Queen when he gets into trouble."

The question was roughly put; the reference was possibly to John Hays Hammond and other Americans who had received English government assistance. On the face of it the words contained an intentional insult, but in Kruger's eyes was no such purpose at that time, and with all his gruffness I could see that there was elasticity in the corners of his mouth. His twenty apostles watched me in silence, and I decided that this was not the time for a discussion as to how far Uncle Sam need apologize for leaning on the arm of Britannia. "Tell the President," said I, "that since visiting his jail here I have concluded that it would be better policy for an American to ask assistance of Mr. Kruger against the English Queen." This appeared to break the ice, for Kruger expanded into a broad smile, and his twenty bearded burghers laughed immoderately at my small attempt to treat the subject playfully. It

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has since crossed my mind that the twenty burghers may have taken seriously what I spoke in jest, but, on second thought, I doubt if much harm could have been done even had they believed me literally. I am sure that each burgher present believed that Americans would do well to invoke Boer protection in case of a difficulty with England.

. There was once a council of war in the Transvaal, and one chief asked if any one knew what the English flag looked like. All looked at one another inquiringly. Then up spoke a man who had been at Majuba Hill, and he reported that the only flag he had seen was a white one. Then another, who had fought at Krugersdorp, confirmed his fellow-burgher by stating that the only flag displayed by Jameson was also a white one. I was told by a member of the Transvaal Volksraad that this is a true story, but, true or false, it has complete currency amongst the Boers throughout South Africa—so much so that they no longer speak of making war with England; they refer to such an event as "going out to shoot Englishmen," as they might go out for antelope or other game. That such sentiments are shared by Kruger I doubt. He has watched the history of Englishmen in South Africa for fifty years, and has fought by their side against natives. None better than Kruger can testify to the personal courage of the average Anglo-Saxon; and if British soldiers have run away from Boers, he knows well that there were circumstances of an exceptional nature to produce so strange a result. But Kruger is an old man, and the men of his generation are passing away, leaving the field to inexperienced patriots who know of English soldiers nothing beyond Majuba and Krugersdorp, just as many French statesmen before 1870 knew of German history nothing but Jena and Auerstädt.

In concluding my first interview with President Kruger he asked me some questions about America, and finally charged me to bear to President Cleveland a cordial message of good-will both for him and for the American people. This was rather a heavy responsibility, and I am seeking in these lines to partly carry out the spirit of my instructions.

After leaving the Presidency I made a house to house visitation of all the known book-shops, addressing everywhere the same question: "Have you a life of President Kruger?" Not only was there no life of him to be found in the capital of his country, but no shop could supply me with even a pamphlet on the subject. There were pictures of him, but all from the same negative, and one photographer complained bitterly to me that the President would no longer allow himself to be photographed. I spoke with Boers in high official station regarding the President's life; they knew nothing of their grand old chief save a few hunting yarns. He was, they said, a man wholly illiterate, who cared nothing for family history or historical record of any kind, and was very angry at such as asked him questions on the subject. Even his State Secretary, Dr. Leyds, told me with regret that he had in vain urged Mr. Kruger to collect material for a biography, but always without success. However, one afternoon I was called over to the Executive Chamber, and found to my surprise the President alone with Dr. Leyds, and both prepared to help me in my task. It must have been the hardest piece of diplomatic work ever accomplished by the State Secretary, as can readily be appreciated by any one knowing the temperament of the old Boer. He had before this expressed strong dislike for certain men who had come to see him and had then gone away to make him ridiculous before the public. One of them, for instance, said Mr. Kruger, had called attention to certain stains upon the Presidential waistcoat. Indeed, Mr. Kruger seemed more sensitive on this subject than I should have expected.

However, Dr. Leyds succeeded in convincing him that I had not come to see him for sinister purposes, nor even idle curiosity, and as a result I had with him some memorable moments. He told me many things definitely which I had heard from others and but half believed. For instance, he was but seven years old when he shot his first big game—an age when most of us could scarcely raise a gun, let alone aim it steadily. In those days he lived as a nomad—trecking from place to place over the prairies with large herds of oxen and sheep. The life on the high open prairie of South Africa is the very ideal of out-door existence, and the men who lead that life should, indeed, all become centenarians, did they not undermine their nervous forces by the immod-

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erate use of coffee and tobacco. At eleven years of age the President, according to his own testimony, had killed his first lion; and with his thirteenth year he was fighting for his country along with the rest of the citizens.

These facts alone speak for the great physical powers enjoyed by young Kruger, and it is easy to believe them, seeing what a splendid physique he has even now, with more than seventy years behind him. His face to-day bore to me marks of a deranged liver, as well as impaired digestion, and both these ailments may reasonably be traced to the old gentleman's proclivity for coffee and tobacco. Had Mr. Kruger led a more simple life in these two respects, he would probably reach his ninetieth year without looking older than he does now at seventy.

Kruger's first African ancestor came not from Holland, but from Germany—three generations back. And I note in this connection that he spells his name *not* Krüger, but Krŭger—the two dots indicating the French sound of *u*, while the half-moon means the sound of *oo* in moon. Yet, with it all, even Boers pronounce the name almost like the German Krieger (*i. e.*, like English *ee*). I was first struck by this discrepancy while noting the President's autograph upon the picture he presented to me. I thought at first that possibly the half-moon over the *u* had been made by a slip of the pen; for the newspapers were at that time constantly placing two dots over his *u* instead of the half-moon. But in Natal the Governor showed me subsequently several signatures of Mr. Kruger, affixed to official documents, and these official signatures correspond exactly to the one on my picture, showing that the half-moon is correct and the two dots wrong.

Mr. Kruger referred with great pride to his father and mother, both "brave and honorable people," he said. His father had the distinction of firing the first shot at the English under Sir Harry Smith at Boomplatz, in the year 1848; and at the recalling of this stirring episode in South African history the venerable Kruger seized a sheet of blotting-paper, drew a few hasty lines, and at once, with flashing eyes, gave me a graphic picture of how the British marched up here, the Boers seized that point, the engagement started with this, and ended with that—all told so clearly that the listener had no difficulty in appreciating each move in the little battle.

He was a wild boy, was Kruger, according to his own confession. His friend told me that while engaged upon building the first church at Rustenburg young Kruger was so delighted at having laid the ridge-pole beam that he at once climbed to its highest point and there stood on his head, to the alarm and scandal of the whole community. But, as his old friend explained, Kruger was not a wicked youth; it was, to be sure, an impious thing to do over a church, but it was done in sheer exuberance of spirits.

Kruger was so clever in the acrobatic line that he could, according to an old friend, stand on his head in the saddle while the horse galloped along. His friend had frequently seen him do this; and to my closer questioning he said that young Kruger held on to the stirrup-straps by his hands. I have seen Cossacks and cowboys do many clever things, but nothing to approach this feat of Kruger's. He also was known, when his saddle-girth snapped, to throw the saddle off while in motion and continue the chase. He rode bareback quite as well as otherwise.

As to Kruger's book-learning there is little to say. His own version is that the little he knows he picked up from a neighboring ranchman, and that was not much. His handwriting is obviously that of a man to whom penmanship is irksome. But those who are in the habit of tracing character by means of chirography will be struck by the persistence and strength indicated by the few letters at the bottom of his portrait. Kruger's neighbors were no better off than himself so far as schooling went, and we do not say much for him in saying that he enjoyed the best education which the country at that time afforded. That he learned to read and write is in itself creditable, if we reflect that the Boers who trecked northward from the Cape when Kruger was a boy had no houses save their big ox-wagons—or, as we might say, prairie-schooners—and that it was a very rare thing to see a clergyman, let alone a schoolmaster, in those days. Historically it is near the truth to say that the lowest level ever attained by the New England Puritans of 1620 was vastly higher than the best state of the Boer emigrants in 1835. It is only within the memory of the present genera-

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tion that the Transvaal Boers have commenced to enjoy those educational advantages which the colonists of Massachusetts and Connecticut enjoyed from the very beginning, in spite of red Indian and trackless forest.

But the New-Englander lived in a log cabin, while the Boer moved with his cattle; and hard as was the life of an American frontiersman, he was at least in a more favorable position for the learning of his letters than the child of any Boer leading such a life as did young Kruger. At any rate, the President learned to read his Bible, and he reads and re-reads it piously. He has a text for every trouble, and loves to expound its truths both in the family and in the pulpit. People who think little of religion are apt to charge Kruger with hypocrisy, but I can find no foundation for such a charge. He finds in the Bible a strength suited to his daily needs, and the book is as much a part of his life as are his daily meals.

It was not until 1842, said Kruger, that he was confirmed, and then, oddly enough, it was at the hands of an American missionary, the father of Bryant Lindley, who to-day represents a large American Life-insurance Society in Cape Town. Old Lindley was very much liked amongst the Boers, and as they had no clergymen of their own, he occasionally made journeys amongst them, for the purpose not only of preaching, but of marrying, baptizing, and confirming. As Kruger was born in 1825, he must have been seventeen years old before he was confirmed—another eloquent witness to the scarcity of clergymen; for his parents, being God-fearing Boers, would surely not have postponed their son's confirmation without good cause.

In that same seventeenth year young Kruger filled his first public office, acting as magistrate under the name of field-cornet. He was, to be sure, only filling the place as substitute; but at the age of twenty he was elected to that post, and from that time on was elected to all the higher grades of the public service, including the post of commander-in-chief and President.

Kruger has been a faithful reader of the Bible, though I could not discover that he read with pleasure anything else. He himself told me that he could recall no book save the Bible that had at all exercised an influence upon him, and this I found confirmed by his intimates. He knows no language but the Boer Dutch, which bears to High Dutch the same relation that Mecklenburg Platt does to University German. When he visited England he bought an English Bible, and tried by that means to learn our language; but though he picked up a moderate vocabulary, he never acquired such facility as enabled him to follow a conversation or even write it with ease. Dr. Leyds's opinion on such a matter I take to be final, for no one can be in a better position than he for knowing the exact state of the President's literary knowledge.

As Mr. Kruger himself put it, "I had no chance to read books—I was always campaigning or fighting lions."

I interrupted to ask him which he preferred, African lions or British lions.

"No choice," said he, gruffly, but with a twinkle in his eye—"they're both bad."

Kruger, as I have already said, was never a wicked boy; but, according to his old friend, there came a crisis in his life when he suddenly experienced a complete change, and, in the spiritual sense, became a new man. The President himself never speaks of this time, and many of his friends were wholly ignorant of this phase in his life. Let me quote the very words of his intimate friend:

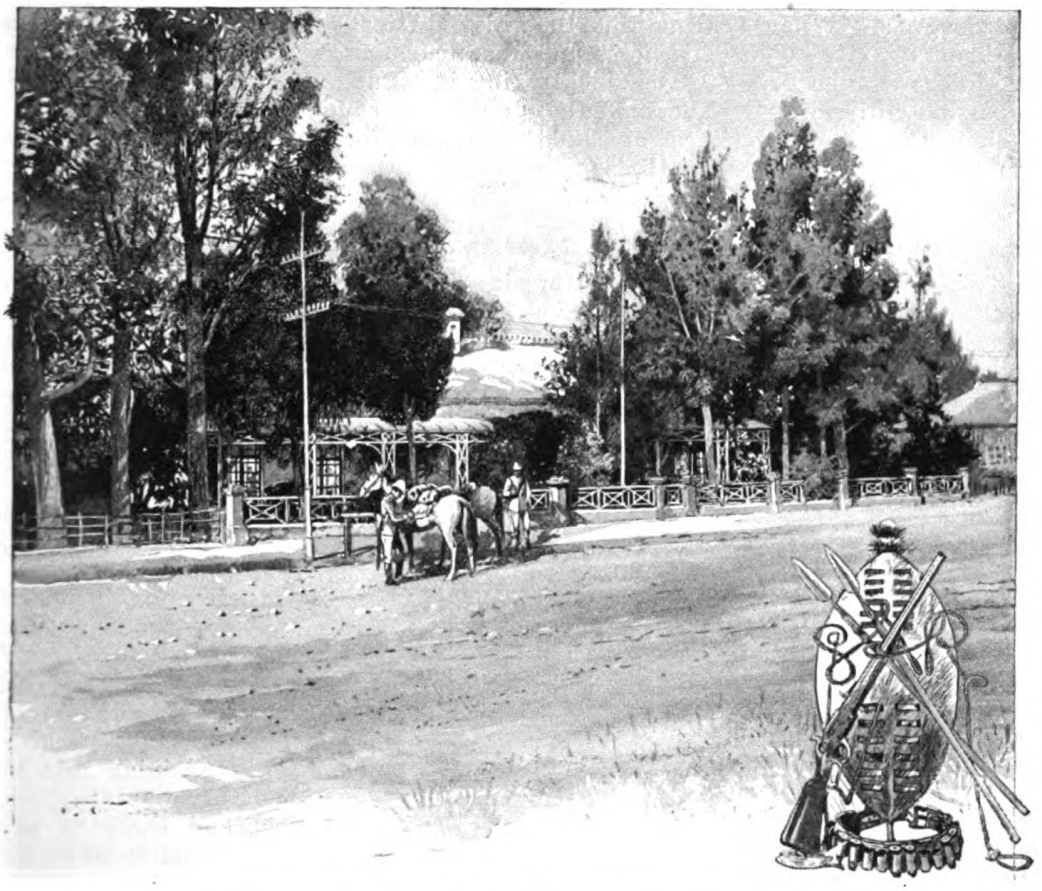
"One time he [Kruger] had a struggle with religion, and became troubled in spirit. Of a night he gave his wife a few chapters to read in the Bible, and then went suddenly away for some days, never coming home. This was about 1857 (when Kruger was therefore thirty-two years old). Some men went out to look for him, and when in the mountains they heard somebody sing, but did not take any special notice, and returned, telling that they had heard somebody sing.

"Then they came on the idea that it might have been the President, and they went out again, and found him almost dying of hunger and thirst; even to such an extent that they had to take the water away, lest he should kill himself by drinking too much at a time."

All this is narrated by the man who was then Kruger's intimate friend at Rustenburg. "When we took him with us," continued the old friend, "he was so weak with hunger, thirst, and fatigue that we could hardly keep him on his horse.

"Ever since then he showed a more special desire for the Bible and religion.

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PRESIDENT KRUGER'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, PRETORIA.

He was a changed man altogether. He lived for religion, telling us that the Lord had opened his eyes and showed him everything. His enemies often talked about this sudden change, but he never took any notice. They often made fun of him, but he let everything pass in silence.

"This incident was the turning-point in his life."

The place where this happened is near his farm, Waterkloof, near Rustenburg, westward of Pretoria. Those who laugh at Kruger's piety little know the force of that influence on such a strong and strange nature. It is noteworthy that Paul Kruger became a real Christian at the same age as was the present German Emperor when he first developed his great energies in this direction.

Kruger's Christianity is not one which he reserves for the pulpit—far from it. He carries his religion about with him, and there are plenty of well-authenticated stories about him to show that his life was a fair reflection of his faith. For instance, he once saw a Kaffir struggling in the river, while other Kaffirs stood on shore as spectators. At once he jumped in for the purpose of saving his life. But the black man lost his head, and grappled Kruger with such violence as to render it more than probable that both would drown together. Kruger was a splendid swimmer, and was able to remain a very long time under water. On this occasion he could only rid himself of the frantic black by total immersion, and so he remained under water for a period of time which thoroughly alarmed those who witnessed the performance; but at last he emerged upon the surface—without the Kaffir.

Another instance of Kruger's readiness to suffer in the place of another occurred during the troubles with the Orange Free State. Its President, Bosshoff, had made prisoner some Transvaal burghers, who had been under his (Kruger's) orders.

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In the language of Kruger's friend, who was present: "When hearing this, the President at once saddled his horse and rode to the Orange Free State as quickly as possible, informing Mr. Bosshoff that he ought to set those men free and hold him (Kruger) instead; that those men had merely carried out the orders given by himself as sub-commandant of Pretorius. This was about 1857." It certainly is not common in modern war for an officer to offer himself a ransom for the men who have been taken prisoners while acting under orders.



PRESIDENT KRUGER AT HOME.

The President has a violent temper, and his old friends think that of late years he has had increasing difficulty in restraining it. But quickly as he is roused, so quickly does his passion cool again; and no man more frankly asks forgiveness for a wrong committed. One day in 1884 Kruger and his Minister of State, Dr. Leyds, had a sharp altercation. Strong language was used, for the minister too is a man of emotion. At length matters came to such a pitch of passion that Kruger burst out with these words: "One of us must get out." Of course Leyds said, "Then of course I am the one to make way," with which he took his hat and went home, supposing that his career in the Transvaal was at an end.

In the middle of the night came a rap at the door of Dr. Leyds, and in walked the President. He had saddled his horse and come over by himself, explaining that he had been unable to sleep, and had come to say that he had been in the wrong, and to ask Dr. Leyds that what had passed might be completely buried. This story Dr. Leyds told me to illustrate the President's generous nature, and, above all, his mastery of himself.

Kruger is a strict member of the Independent Congregational Church. But he is not on that account intolerant. When Dr. Leyds was first asked to become Secretary of State, he declined on the ground that he was not of the same religious faith as the President, but Kruger at once disposed of this plea. "If you are an honorable and able public servant I shall never ask you what your religious views are." This was a

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very strong concession for a man of Kruger's convictions. This generosity of Kruger is notable in his political life. He fights heart and soul for the success of his measures, but when the majority has decided he loyally abides by its decision, and works with it as though it were his own. In this way Kruger has steadily increased the volume of his political followers, and commanded respect from even his enemies.

Kruger was shooting one day when his gun exploded and blew away part of his thumb. The surgeon to whom Kruger finally submitted the case found that the flesh had begun to mortify, and advised amputating the arm half-way up. But Kruger said he could not afford to lose his arm, for then he would no longer be able to handle his rifle. Then the doctor said that Kruger should at least allow him to cut off his left hand. But even this was too much for Kruger. The surgeon hereupon told Kruger that he would have nothing whatever to do with the case, and left. Kruger then got his jack-knife and sharpened it carefully, so that it became as sharp as a razor. He then laid his thumb upon a stone, and himself cut off its extreme joint. But, to his great chagrin, the flesh would not heal at that point, as putrefaction had gone already too far. Again he laid his hand upon the stone, and this time carefully cut away all the flesh about and above the second joint of the thumb, and this time the flesh healed and his hand was spared. He now uses his left index finger as a thumb, and seizes small objects between the first two fingers of that hand.



MRS. KRUGER, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT.

Dr. Leyds almost capped this anecdote by telling me that while in Lisbon Kruger had a toothache, and paced up and down the room, seeking relief in vain. At last he quietly pulled out his penknife and cut the tooth out of his jaw by patience and persistence. What can such a man know of fear?—what can be to him such things as nerves?

It is gratifying to recall now that of all the stories I have heard about the Transvaal President, not one indicates that he is cruel or vindictive or untruthful. Men of all political opinions unite

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in acknowledging his courage, his good sense, his honesty, his patience, and a host of other estimable qualities. If some member of his family had collected but a tithe of the good things he has said, I have no doubt we should have to-day a volume of table-talk replete with rough wit and homely wisdom—another Martin Luther.

Kruger is unique. There is no man of modern times with whom he may be compared. We must go back to mythical days to find his parallel—to the days of the many-minded Ulysses, who could neither read nor write, and yet ruled wisely and fought successfully. Old Field-Marshal Blücher was a Kruger in his indifference to grammar, but Blücher was sadly devoid of moral principle. Jahn was blunt and patriotic, but wholly lacked Kruger's spirit of moderation. Cromwell had something of the Paul Kruger, but it soon vanished on the battle-field. The men who framed the American Constitution commanded the respect of their fellow-citizens, but not one of them was a man of the people in the sense that Kruger is a burgher amongst his fellow-burghers. To compare Kruger with Andreas Hofer is also misleading, for the Tyrolese peasant acted not for his people as a sovereign people, but exclusively for his Emperor as the Lord's anointed.

Kruger is the incarnation of local self-government in its purest form. He is President amongst his burghers by the same title that he is elder in his church. He makes no pretension to rule them by invoking the law, but he does rule them by reasoning with them until they yield to his superiority in argument. He rules amongst free burghers because he knows them well and they know him well. He knows no red tape nor pigeon-holes. His door is open to every comer; his memory recalls every face; he listens to every complaint, and sits in patriarchal court from six o'clock in the morning until bedtime. He is a magnificent anachronism. He alone is equal to the task of holding his singular country together in its present state. His life is the history of that state. Already we hear the rumblings that indicate for the Transvaal an earthquake of some sort. We pray they may not disturb the declining years of that country's hero—the patient, courageous, forgiving, loyal, and sagacious Paul Kruger.

CAGES AND SONGS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

HOW songs are made
Is a mystery,
Which studied for years
Still baffles me.

Whether they are begot
By the head or heart,
They come unbidden,
And so depart.

We know when stars
Will rise and set,
And when to look
For the violet;

The jubilant days
When swallows arrive,
And when bees are eager
To swarm from the hive.

All things have seasons
Save songs alone;
They have always reasons
And ways of their own.

Coming and going
Like untamed birds,
They are captured by poets
In cages of words.

Some beat their bars
And clamor, and some
Sulk on their perches,
Persistently dumb.

Whether this new-comer
Will silent be,
Or straight fall to singing,
Depends not on me.

It rests with itself,
And its own sweet will,
Which eludes and mocks
My impotent skill.

Not to me the secret
Of singing belongs;
I can make cages,
I cannot make songs.

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THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART III.

"Que ne pus-je aller où s'en vont les roses,
Et n'attendre pas
Ces regrets navrants que la fin des choses
Nous garde ici-bas!"—ANON.

BARTY worked very hard, and so did I—for *me!* Horace—Homer—Æschylus—Plato—etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., and all there was to learn in that French school-boy's encyclopædia—"Le Manuel du Baccalauréat"; a very thick book in very small print. And I came to the conclusion that it is good to work hard: it makes one enjoy food and play and sleep so keenly—and Thursday afternoons.

The school was all the pleasanter for having fewer boys; we got more intimate with each other, and with the masters too. During the winter M. Bonzig told us capital stories—*Modeste Mignon*, by Balzac—*Le Chevalier de Maison-rouge*, by A. Dumas père—etc., etc.

In the summer, the Passy swimming-bath was more delightful than ever. Both winter and summer we passionately fenced with a pupil (un prévôt) of the famous M. Bonnet, and did gymnastics with M. Louis, the gymnastic master of the Collége Charlemagne—the finest man I ever saw—a gigantic dwarf six feet high, all made up of lumps of sinew and muscle, like . . . . .

Also, we were taught equitation at the riding-school in the rue Duphot.

On Saturday nights Barty would draw a lovely female profile, with a beautiful big black eye, in pen and ink, and carefully shade it; especially the hair, which was always as the raven's wing! And on Sunday morning he and I used to walk together to 108 Champs Élysées and enter the rez-de-chaussée (where my mother and sister lived) by the window, before my mother was up. Then Barty took out his lovely female pen-and-ink profile to gaze at, and rolled himself a cigarette and lit it, and lay back on the sofa, and made my sister play her lightest music—"La pluie de Perles," by Osborne—and "Indiana," a beautiful valse by Marcailhou—and thus combine three or four perfect blisses in one happy quart d'heure.

Then my mother would appear, and we would have breakfast—after which Barty and I would depart by the window as we had come, and go and do our bit of Boulevard and Palais Royal. Then to the rue du Bac for another breakfast with the Rohans; and then, "*au petit bonheur*"; that is, trusting to Providence for whatever turned up. The programme didn't vary very much: either I dined with him at the Rohans', or he with me at 108. Then, back to Brossard's at ten—tired and happy.

One Sunday I remember well we staid in school, for old Josselin the fisherman came to see us there—Barty's grandfather, now a widower; and M. Mérovée asked him to lunch with us, and go to the baths in the afternoon.

Imagine old Bonzig's delight in this "*vieux loup de mer*," as he called him! That was a happy day for the old fisherman also; I shall never forget his surprise at M. Dumollard's telescope—and how clever he was on the subject.

He came to the baths, and admired and criticised the good swimming of the boys—especially Barty's, which was really remarkable. I don't believe he could swim a stroke himself.

Then we went and dined together at Lord Archibald's, in the rue du Bac—"Mon Colonel," as the old fisherman always called him. He was a very humorous and intelligent person, this fisher, though nearer eighty than seventy; very big, and of a singularly picturesque appearance—for he had not *endimanché* himself in the least; and very clean. A splendid old man; oddly enough, somewhat semitic of aspect—as though he had just come from a miraculous draught of fishes in the Sea of Galilee, out of a cartoon by Raphael!

I recollect admiring how easily and pleasantly everything went during dinner, and all through the perfection of

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this ancient sea-toiler's breeding in all essentials.

Of course the poor all over the world are less nice in their habits than the rich, and less correct in their grammar and accent, and narrower in their views of life; but in every other respect there seemed little to choose between Josselins and Rohans and Lonlay-Savignacs; and indeed, according to Lord Archibald, the best manners were to be found at these two opposite poles—or even wider still. He would have it that Royalty and chimney-sweeps were the best-bred people all over the world—because there was no possible mistake about their social status.

I felt a little indignant—after all, Lady Archibald was built out of chocolate, for all her Lonlay and her Savignac! just as I was built out of Beaune and Chambertin.

I'm afraid I shall be looked upon as a snob and a traitor to my class if I say that I have at last come to be of the same opinion myself. That is, if absolute simplicity, and the absence of all possible temptation to try and seem an inch higher up than we really are—but there! This is a very delicate question, about which I don't care a straw; and there are such exceptions, and so many, to confirm any such rule!

Anyhow, I saw how Barty *couldn't help* having the manners we all so loved him for. After dinner Lady Archibald showed old Josselin some of Barty's lovely female profiles—a sight that affected him strangely. He would have it that they were all exact portraits of his beloved Antoinette, Barty's mother.

They were certainly singularly like each other, these little chefs-d'œuvre of Barty's, and singularly handsome—an ideal type of his own; and the old grandfather was allowed his choice, and touchingly grateful at being presented with such treasures.

The scene made a great impression on me.

So spent itself that year—a happy year that had no history—except for one little incident that I will tell because it concerns Barty, and illustrates him.

One beautiful Sunday morning the yellow omnibus was waiting for some of us as we dawdled about in the school-room, titivating; the masters nowhere, as usual on a Sunday morning; and some of the boys began to sing in chorus a not very edifying *chanson*, which they did not "bowdlerise," about a holy Capuchin friar; it began (if I remember rightly):

"C'était un Capucin, oui bien, un père Capucin,
Qui confessait trois filles—
Itou, itou, itou, là là là!
Qui confessait trois filles
Au fond de son jardin—
Oui bien—
Au fond de son jardin!
Il dit à la plus jeune—
Itou, itou, itou, là là là!
Il dit à la plus jeune,
'Vous reviendrez demain!'"
Etc., etc., etc.

I have quite forgotten the rest.

Now this little song, which begins so innocently, like a sweet old idyl of mediæval France—"*un écho du temps passé*"—seems to have been a somewhat Rabelaisian ditty; by no means proper singing for a Sunday morning in a boys' school. But boys will be boys, even in France; and the famous "esprit Gaulois" was somewhat precocious in the forties, I suppose. Perhaps it is now, if it still exists (which I doubt—the dirt remains, but all the fun seems to have evaporated).

Suddenly M. Dumollard bursts into the room in his violent sneaky way, pale with rage, and says:

"Je vais gifler tous ceux qui ont chanté" (I'll box the ears of every boy who sang).

So he puts us all in a row and begins:

"Rubinel, sur votre parole d'honneur, avez-vous chanté?"

"Non, m'sieur!"

"Caillard, avez-vous chanté?"

"Non, m'sieur!"

"Lipmann, avez-vous chanté?"

"Non, m'sieur!"

"Maurice, avez-vous chanté?"

"Non, m'sieur" (which, for a wonder, was true, for I happened not to know either the words or the tune).

"Josselin, avez-vous chanté?"

"*Oui, m'sieur!*"

And down went Barty his full length on the floor, from a tremendous open-handed box on the ear. Dumollard was a very herculean person—though by no means gigantic.

Barty got up and made Dumollard a polite little bow, and walked out of the room.

"Vous êtes tous consignés!" says M. Dumollard—and the omnibus went away empty, and we spent all that Sunday morning as best we might.

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" QUAND ON PERD, PAR TRISTE OCCURRENCE,
SON ESPÉRANCE,
ET SA GAÎTÉ,
LE REMÈDE AU MÉLANCOLIQUE
C'EST LA MUSIQUE
ET LA BEAUTÉ."

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In the afternoon we went out walking in the Bois. Dumollard had recovered his serenity and came with us; for he was *de service* that day.

Says Lipmann to him:

"Josselin drapes himself in his English dignity—he sulks like Achilles and walks by himself."

"Josselin is at least a *man*," says Dumollard. "He tells the truth, and doesn't know fear—and I'm sorry he's English!"

And later, at the Mare d'Auteuil, he put out his hand to Barty and said:

"Let's make it up, Josselin—au moins vous avez du cœur, vous. Promettez-moi que vous ne chanterez plus cette sale histoire de Capucin!"

Josselin took the usher's hand, and smiled his open toothy smile, and said:

"Pas le dimanche matin toujours—quand c'est vous qui serez de service, M. Dumollard!" (Anyhow not Sunday morning when *you*'re on duty, Mr. D.)

And Mr. D. left off running down the English in public after that—except to say that they *couldn't* be simple and natural if they tried; and that they affected a ridiculous accent when they spoke French—not Josselin and Maurice, but all the others he had ever met. As if plain French, which had been good enough for William the Conqueror, wasn't good enough for the subjects of her Britannic Majesty to-day!

The only event of any importance in Barty's life that year was his first communion, which he took with several others of about his own age. An event that did not seem to make much impression on him—nothing seemed to make much impression on Barty Josselin when he was very young. He was just a lively, irresponsible, irrepressible human animal—always in perfect health and exuberant spirits, with an immense appetite for food and fun and frolic; like a squirrel, a collie pup, or a kitten.

Père Bonamy, the priest who confirmed him, was fonder of the boy than of any one, boy or girl, that he had ever prepared for communion, and could hardly speak of him with decent gravity, on account of his extraordinary confessions—all of which were concocted in the depths of Barty's imagination for the sole purpose of making the kind old curé laugh; and the kind old curé was just as fond of laughing as was Barty of playing the fool, in and out of season. I wonder if he always thought himself bound to respect the secrets of the confessional in Barty's case!

And Barty would sing to him—even in the confessional:

> "Stabat mater dolorosa
> Juxta crucem lachrymosa
> Dum pendebat filius...."

in a voice so sweet and innocent and pathetic that it would almost bring the tears to the good old curé's eyelash.

"Ah! ma chère Mamzelle Marceline!" he would say—"au moins s'ils étaient tous comme ce petit Josselin! ça irait comme sur des roulettes! Il est innocent comme un jeune veau, ce mioche anglais! Il a le bon Dieu dans le cœur!"

"Et une boussole dans l'estomac!" said Mlle. Marceline.

I don't think he was quite so *innocent* as all that, perhaps—but no young beast of the field was ever more *harmless*.

That year the examinations were good all round; even *I* did not disgrace myself, and Barty was brilliant. But there were no delightful holidays for me to record. Barty went to Yorkshire, and I remained in Paris with my mother.

There is only one thing more worth mentioning that year.

My father had inherited from *his* father a system of short-hand, which he called *Blaze*—I don't know why! *His* father had learnt it of a Dutch Jew.

It is, I think, the best kind of cipher ever invented (I have taken interest in these things and studied them). It is very difficult to learn, but I learnt it as a child—and it was of immense use to me at lectures we used to attend at the Sorbonne and Collége de France.

Barty was very anxious to know it, and after some trouble I obtained my father's permission to impart this calligraphic crypt to Barty, on condition he should swear on his honor never to reveal it: and this he did.

With his extraordinary quickness and the perseverance he always had when he wished a thing very much, he made himself a complete master of this occult science before he left school, two or three years later: it took *me* seven years—beginning when I was four! It does equally well for French or English, and it played an important part in Barty's career. My sister knew it, but imperfectly; my mother not at all—for all she tried so hard and was so persevering; it must be

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learnt young. As far as I am aware, no one else knows it in England or France—or even the world—although it is such a useful invention; quite a marvel of simple ingenuity when one has mastered the symbols, which certainly take a long time and a deal of hard work.

Barty and I got to talk it on our fingers as rapidly as ordinary speech and with the slightest possible gestures: this was *his* improvement.

Barty came back from his holidays full of Whitby, and its sailors and whalers, and fishermen and cobles and cliffs—all of which had evidently had an immense attraction for him. He was always fond of that class; possibly also some vague atavistic sympathy for the toilers of the sea lay dormant in his blood like an inherited memory.

And he brought back many tokens of these good people's regard—two formidable clasp-knives (for each of which he had to pay the giver one farthing in current coin of the realm); spirit-flasks, leather bottles, jet ornaments; woollen jerseys and comforters knitted for him by their wives and daughters; fossil ammonites and coprolites; a couple of young seagulls to add to his menagerie; and many old English marine ditties, which he had to sing to M. Bonzig with his now cracked voice, and then translate into French. Indeed, Bonzig and Barty became inseparable companions during the Thursday promenade, on the strength of their common interest in ships and the sea; and Barty never wearied of describing the place he loved, nor Bonzig of listening and commenting.

"Ah! mon cher! ce que je donnerais, moi, pour voir le retour d'un baleinier à Ouittebé! Quelle 'marine' ça ferait! hein? avec la grande falaise, et la bonne petite église en haut, près de la Vieille Abbaye—et les toits rouges qui fument, et les trois jetées en pierre, et le vieux pont-levis—et toute cette grouille de mariniers avec leurs femmes et leurs enfants—et ces braves filles qui attendent le retour du bien aimé! nom d'un nom! dire que vous avez vu tout ça, vous—qui n'avez pas encore seize ans . . . quelle chance! . . . dites—qu'est-ce que ça veut bien dire, ce

'Ouïle mé sekile rô!'

Chantez-moi ça encore une fois!"

And Barty, whose voice was breaking, would raucously sing him the good old ditty for the sixth time:

"Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row
That brings my laddie home!"

which he would find rather difficult to render literally into colloquial seafaring French!

He translated it thus:

"Vogue la carène,
Vogue la carène
Qui me ramène
Mon bien aimé!"

"Ah! vous verrez," says Bonzig—"vous verrez, aux prochaines vacances de Pâques—je ferai un si joli tableau de tout ça! avec la brume du soir qui tombe, vous savez—et le soleil qui disparaît—et la marée qui monte et la lune qui se lève à l'horizon! et les mouettes et les goëlands—et les bruyères lointaines—et le vieux manoir seigneurial de votre grand-père . . . c'est bien ça, n'est-ce pas?"

"Oui, oui, M'sieur Bonzig—vous y êtes, en plein!"

And the good usher in his excitement would light himself a cigarette of Caporal, and inhale the smoke as if it were a sea-breeze, and exhale it like a regular sou'-wester! and sing:

"Ouïle—mé—sekile rô
Tat brinn my laddé ôme!"

Barty also brought back with him the complete poetical works of Byron and Thomas Moore, the gift of his noble grandfather, who adored these two bards to the exclusion of all other bards that ever wrote in English. And during that year we both got to know them, possibly as well as Lord Whitby himself. Especially "Don Juan," in which we grew to be as word-perfect as in *Polyeucte*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Athalie*, *Philoctète*, *Le Lutrin*, the first six books of the Æneid and the Iliad, the *Ars Poetica*, and the *Art Poétique* (Boileau).

Every line of these has gone out of my head—long ago, alas! But I could still stand a pretty severe examination in the now-all-but-forgotten English epic—from Dan to Beersheba—I mean from "I want a hero" to "The phantom of her frolic grace, Fitz-Fulke!"

Barty, however, remembered everything—what he ought to, and what he ought not! He had the most astounding memory: wax to receive and marble to

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retain; also a wonderful facility for writing verse, mostly comic, both in English and French. Greek and Latin verse were not taught us at Brossard's, for good French reasons, into which I will not enter now.

We also grew very fond of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, quite openly—and of De Musset under the rose.

"C'était dans la nuit brune
Sur le clocher jauni,
La lune,
Comme un point sur son i!"

(not for the young person).

I have a vague but pleasant impression of that year. Its weathers, its changing seasons, its severe frosts, with Sunday skatings on the dangerous canals St.-Ouen and de l'Ourq; its genial spring, all convolvulus, and gobéas, and early almond blossom and later horse-chestnut spikes, and more lime and syringa than ever; its warm soft summer and the ever-delightful school of natation by the Isle of Swans.

This particular temptation led us into trouble. We would rise before dawn, Barty and Jolivet and I, and let ourselves over the wall and run the two miles, and get a heavenly swim and a promise of silence for a franc apiece; and run back again and jump into bed a few minutes before the five-o'clock bell rang the reveille.

But we did this once too often—for M. Dumollard had been looking at Venus with his telescope (I *think* it was Venus) one morning before sunrise, and spied us out *en flagrant délit;* perhaps with that very telescope. Anyhow, he pounced on us when we came back. And our punishment would have been extremely harsh but for Barty, who turned it all into a joke.

After breakfast M. Mérovée pronounced a very severe sentence on us under the acacia. I forget what it was—but his manner was very short and dignified, and he walked away very stiffly towards the door of the étude. Barty ran after him without noise, and just touching his shoulders with the tips of his fingers, cleared him at a bound from behind, as one clears a post.

M. Mérovée, in a *real* rage this time, forgot his dignity and pursued him all over the school—through open windows and back again—into his own garden (Tusculum)—over trellis railings—all along the top of a wall—and finally, quite blown out, sat down on the edge of the tank: the whole school was in fits by this time, even M. Dumollard—and at last Mérovée began to laugh too. So the thing had to be forgiven—but only that once!

Once also, that year, but in the winter, a great compliment was paid to la perfide Albion in the persons of MM. Josselin et Maurice, which I cannot help recording with a little complacency.

On a Thursday walk in the Bois de Boulogne a boy called out "À bas Dumollard," in a falsetto squeak. Dumollard, who was on duty that walk, was furious, of course—but he couldn't identify the boy by the sound of his voice. He made his complaint to M. Mérovée—and next morning, after prayers, Mérovée came into the school-room and told us he should go the round of the boys there and then, and ask each boy separately to own up if it were he who had uttered the seditious cry.

"And mind you!" he said—"you are all and each of you on your 'word of honor'—*l'étude entière!*"

So round he went, from boy to boy, deliberately fixing each boy with his eye, and severely asking—"Est-ce *toi?*" "Est-ce *toi?*" "Est-ce *toi?*" etc., and waiting very deliberately indeed for the answer, and even asking for it again if it were not given in a firm and audible voice. And the answer was always, "Non, m'sieur, ce n'est pas moi!"

But when he came to each of *us* (Josselin and me) he just mumbled his "Est-ce toi?" in a quite perfunctory voice, and didn't even wait for the answer!

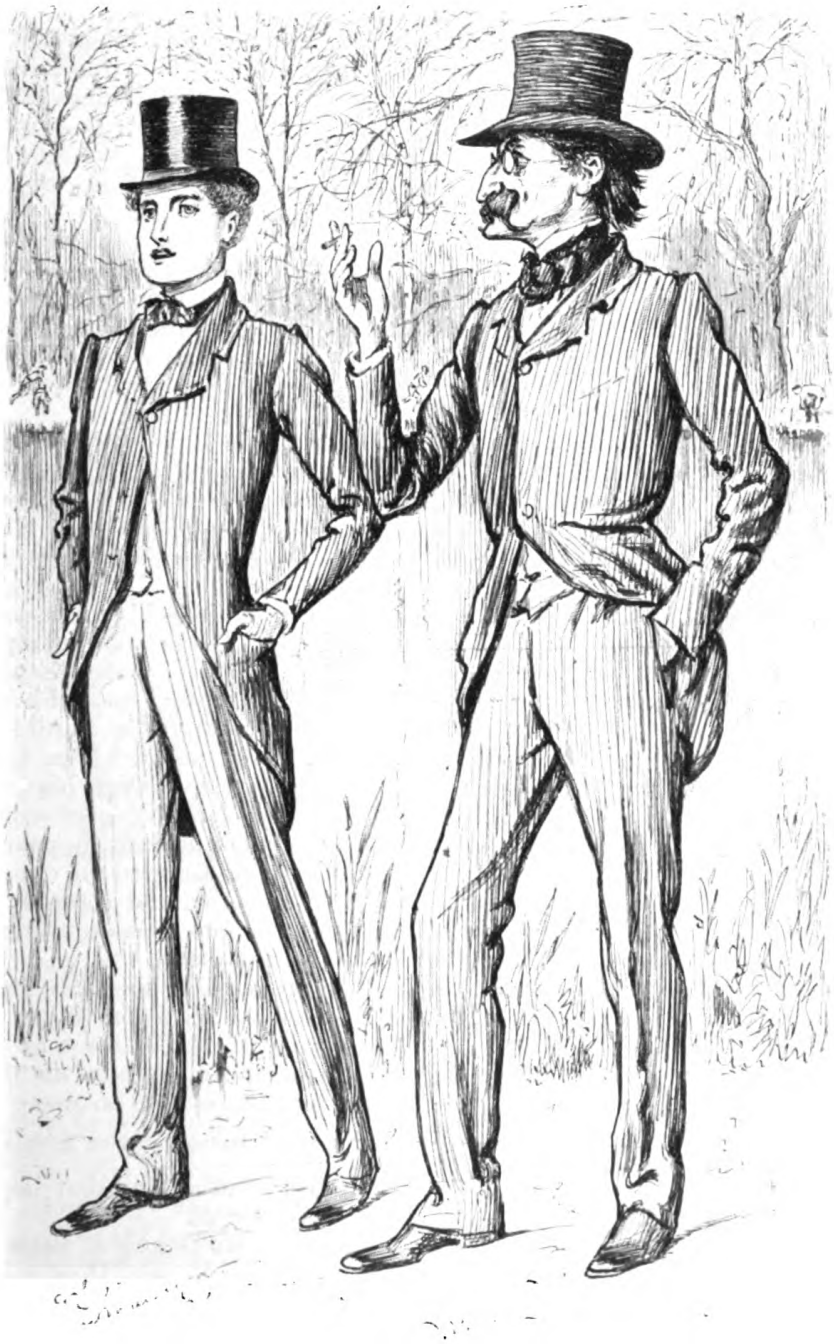
When he got to the last boy of all, who said "Non, m'sieur," like all the rest, he left the room, saying, tragically (and, as I thought, rather theatrically, for *him*),

"Je m'en vais le cœur navré—il y a un lâche parmi vous!" (My heart is harrowed—there's a coward among you.)

There was an awkward silence for a few moments.

Presently Rapaud got up and went out. We all knew that Rapaud was the delinquent—he had bragged about it so—overnight in the dormitory. He went straight to M. Mérovée and confessed, stating that he did not like to be put on his word of honor before the whole school. I forget whether he was punished or not, or how. He had to make his apologies to M. Dumollard, of course.

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"WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW
THAT BRINGS MY LADDIE HOME!"

To put the whole school on its word of honor was thought a very severe measure, coming as it did from the head master in person. "La parole d'honneur" was held to be very sacred between boy and boy, and even between boy and head master. The boy who broke it was always "mis à la quarantaine" (sent to Coventry) by the rest of the school.

"I wonder why he let off Josselin and Maurice so easily?" said Jolivet at breakfast.

"Parce qu'il aime les Anglais, ma foi!" said M. Dumollard—"affaire de goût!"

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"Ma foi, il n'a pas tort!" said M. Bonzig.

Dumollard looked askance at Bonzig (between whom and himself not much love was lost) and walked off, jauntily twirling his mustache, and whistling a few bars of a very ungainly melody, to which the words ran:

"Non! jamais en France,
Jamais Anglais ne régnera!"

As if we wanted to, good heavens!

(By-the-way, I suddenly remember that both Berquin and d'Orthez were let off as easily as Josselin and I. But they were eighteen or nineteen, and "en Philosophie," the highest class in the school—and very first-rate boys indeed. It's only fair that I should add this.)

By-the-way, also, M. Dumollard took it into his head to persecute me because once I refused to fetch and carry for him and be his "moricaud," or black slave (as du Tertre-Jouan called it): a mean and petty persecution which lasted two years, and somewhat embitters my memory of those happy days. It was always "Maurice au piquet pour une heure!" . . "Maurice à la retenue!". . "Maurice privé de bain!". . "Maurice consigné dimanche prochain!" . . . for the slightest possible offence. But I forgive him freely.

First, because he is probably dead, and "de mortibus nil desperandum!" as Rapaud once said—and for saying which he received a "twisted pinch" from Mérovée Brossard himself.

Secondly, because he made chemistry, cosmography, and physics so pleasant—and even reconciled me at last to the differential and integral calculus (but never Barty!).

He could be rather snobbish at times—which was not a common French fault in the forties—we didn't even know what to call it.

For instance, he was fond of bragging to us boys about the golden splendors of his Sunday dissipation, and his grand acquaintances, even in class. He would even interrupt himself in the middle of an equation at the blackboard to do so.

"You mustn't imagine to yourselves, messieurs, that because I teach you boys science at the Pension Brossard, and take you out walking on Thursday afternoons, and all that, that I do not associate *avec des gens du monde!* Last night, for example, I was dining at the Café de Paris with a very intimate friend of mine—he's a marquis—and when the bill was brought, what do you think it came to? you give it up?" (vous donnez votre langue aux chats?). "Well, it came to fifty-seven francs, fifty centimes! We tossed up who should pay—et, ma foi, le sort a favorisé M. le Marquis!"

To this there was nothing to say; so none of us said anything, except du Tertre-Jouan, *our* marquis (No. 2), who said, in his sulky, insolent, peasantlike manner,

"Et comment q'ça s'appelle, vot' marquis?" (What does it call itself, your marquis?)

Upon which M. Dumollard turns very red ("pique un soleil"), and says:

"Monsieur le Marquis Paul—François—Victor du Tertre-Jouan de Haultcastel de St.-Paterne, vous êtes un paltoquet et un rustre!. . ."

And goes back to his equation.

Du Tertre-Jouan was nearly six feet high, and afraid of nobody—a kind of clodhopping young rustic Hercules, and had proved his mettle quite recently—when a brutal usher, whom I will call Monsieur Boulot (though his real name was Patachou), a Méridional with a horrible divergent squint, made poor Rapaud go down on his knees in the classe de géographie ancienne, and slapped him violently on the face twice running—a way he had with Rapaud.

It happened like this. It was a kind of penitential class for dunces during play-time. M. Boulot drew in chalk an outline of ancient Greece on the blackboard, and under it he wrote—

"Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes!"

"Rapaud, translate me that line of Virgil!" says Boulot.

"J'estime les Danois et leurs dents de fer!" says poor Rapaud (I esteem the Danish and their iron teeth). And we all laughed. For which he underwent the brutal slapping.

The window was ajar, and outside I saw du Tertre-Jouan, Jolivet, and Berquin, listening and peeping through. Suddenly the window bursts wide open, and du Tertre-Jouan vaults the sill, gets between Boulot and his victim, and says:

"Le troisième coup fait feu, vous savez! touchez-y encore, à ce moutard, et j'vous assomme sur place" (touch him again, that kid, and I'll break your head where you stand).

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A TERTRE-JOUAN TO THE RESCUE!

There was an awful row, of course—and du Tertre-Jouan had to make a public apology to M. Boulot, who disappeared from the school the very same day; and Tertre-Jouan would have been canonized by us all, but that he was so deplorably dull and narrow-minded, and suspected of being a royalist in disguise. He was an orphan and very rich, and didn't fash himself about examinations. He left school that year without taking any degree—and I don't know what became of him.

This year also Barty conceived a tender passion for Mlle. Marceline.

It was after the mumps, which we both had together in a double-bedded infirmerie next to the lingerie—a place where it was a pleasure to be ill; for she was in and out all day, and told us all that was going on, and gave us nice drinks and tisanes of her own making—and laughed at all Barty's jokes, and some of mine! and wore the most coquettish caps ever seen.

Besides, she was an uncommonly good-looking woman, a tall blonde with beautiful teeth; and wonderfully genial, good-humored, and lively—an ideal nurse, but a terrible postponer of cures! Lord Archibald quite fell in love with her.

"C'est moi qui voudrais bien avoir les oreillons ici!" he said to her. "Je retarderais ma convalescence autant que possible!"

"Comme il sait bien le français, votre oncle—et comme il est poli!" said Marceline to the convalescent Barty, who was in no hurry to get well either!

When we did get well again, Barty would spend much of his play-time fetching and carrying for Mlle. Marceline—

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even getting Dumollard's socks for her to darn—and talking to her by the hour as he sat by her pleasant window, out of which one could see the Arch of Triumph, which so triumphantly dominated Paris and its suburbs, and does so still — no Eiffel Tower can kill that arch!

I, being less precocious, did not begin my passion for Mlle. Marceline till next year, just as Bonneville and Jolivet trois were getting over theirs. Nous avons tous passé par là!

What a fresh and kind and jolly woman she was, to be sure! I wonder none of the masters married her. Perhaps they did! Let us hope it wasn't M. Dumollard!

It is such a pleasure to recall every incident of this epoch of my life and Barty's that I should like to go through our joint lives day by day, hour by hour, microscopically—to describe every book we read, every game we played, every *pensum* (*i.e.* imposition) we performed; every lark we were punished for—every meal we ate. But space forbids this self-indulgence, and other considerations make it unadvisable—so I will resist the temptation.

La pension Brossard! How often have we both talked of it, Barty and I, as middle-aged men; in the billiard-room of the Marathoneum, let us say, sitting together on a comfortable couch, with tea and cigarettes—and always in French whispers! we could only talk of Brossard's in French.

"Te rappeles-tu l'habit neuf de Berquin, et son chapeau haute-forme?"

"Te souviens-tu de la vieille chatte angora du père Jaurion?" etc., etc., etc.

Idiotic reminiscences! as charming to revive as any old song with words of lit-



"MAURICE AU PIQUET!"

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MADEMOISELLE MARCELINE.

tle meaning that meant so much when one was four—five—six years old! before one knew even how to spell them!

"Paille à Dine—paille à Chine—
Paille à Suzette et Martine—
Bon lit à la Dumaine!"

Céline, my nurse, used to sing this—and I never knew what it meant; nor do I now! But it was very charming indeed.

Even now I dream that I go back to school, to get coached by Dumollard in a little more algebra. I wander about the play-ground; but all the boys are new, and don't even know my name; and silent, sad, and ugly, every one! Again Dumollard persecutes me. And in the middle of it I reflect that, after all, he is a person of no importance whatever, and that I am a member of the British Parliament—a baronet—a millionaire—and one of her Majesty's Privy Councillors! and that M. Dumollard must be singularly "out of it," even for a Frenchman, not to be aware of this.

"If he only knew!" says I to myself, says I—in my dream.

Besides, can't the man see with his own eyes that I'm grown up, and big enough to tuck him under my left arm and spank him, just as if he were a little naughty boy—confound the brute!

Then, suddenly,

"Maurice, au piquet pour une heure!"

"Moi, m'sieur?"

"Oui, vous!"

"Pourquoi, m'sieur?"

"Parce que ça me plaît!"

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"IF HE ONLY KNEW!"

And I wake—and could almost weep to find how old I am!

And Barty Josselin is no more—oh! my God!.... and his dear wife survived him just twenty-four hours!

Behold us both "en Philosophie!"

And Barty the head boy of the school, though not the oldest—and the brilliant show-boy of the class.

Just before Easter (1851) he and I and Rapaud and Laferté and Jolivet trois (who was nineteen) and Palaiseau and Bussy-Rabutin went up for our "bachot" at the Sorbonne.

We sat in a kind of big musty school-room with about thirty other boys from other schools and colleges. There we sat side by side from ten till twelve at long desks, and had a long piece of Latin dictated to us, with the punctuation in French: "un point—point et virgule—deux points—point d'exclamation—guillemets—ouvrez la parenthèse," etc., etc.—monotonous details that enervate one at such a moment!

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Then we set to work with our dictionaries and wrote out a translation according to our lights—a *pion* walking about and watching us narrowly for cribs, in case we should happen to have one for this particular extract, which was most unlikely.

Barty's nose bled, I remember—and this made him nervous.

Then we went and lunched at the Café de l'Odéon, on the best omelet we had ever tasted.

"Te rappeles-tu cette omelette?" said poor Barty to me only last Christmas as ever was!

Then we went back with our hearts in our mouths to find if we had qualified ourselves by our "version écrite" for the oral examination that comes after, and which is so easy to pass—the examiners having lunched themselves into good-nature.

There we stood panting, some fifty boys and masters, in a small, whitewashed room like a prison. An official comes in and puts the list of candidates in a frame on the wall, and we crane our necks over each other's shoulders.

And, lo! Barty is plucked—*collé!* and *I* have passed, and actually Rapaud—and no one else from Brossard's!

An old man—a parent or grandparent probably of some unsuccessful candidate—bursts into tears and exclaims,

"Oh! qué malheur—qué malheur!"

A shabby, tall, pallid youth, in the uniform of the Collége Ste.-Barbe, rushes down the stone stairs shrieking,

"Ça pue l'injustice, ici!"

One hears him all over the place: terrible heartburns and tragic disappointments in the beginning of life resulted from failure in this first step—a failure which disqualified one for all the little government appointments so dear to the heart of the frugal French parent. "Mille francs par an! c'est le Pactole!"

Barty took his defeat pretty easily—he put it all down to his nose bleeding—and seemed so pleased at my success, and my dear mother's delight in it, that he was soon quite consoled: he was always like that.

To M. Mérovée, Barty's failure was as great a disappointment as it was a painful surprise.

"Try again, Josselin! Don't leave here till you have passed. If you are content to fail in this, at the very outset of your career, you will never succeed in anything through life! Stay with us as my guest till you can go up again, and again if necessary. *Do*, my dear child—it will make me so happy! I shall feel it as a proof that you reciprocate in some degree the warm friendship I have always borne you—in common with everybody in the school! Je t'en prie, mon garçon!"

Then he went to the Rohans and tried to persuade them. But Lord Archibald didn't care much about Bachots, nor his wife either. They were going back to live in England, besides; and Barty was going into the Guards.

I left school also—with a mixture of hope and elation, and yet the most poignant regret.

I can hardly find words to express the gratitude and affection I felt for Mérovée Brossard when I bade him farewell.

Except his father before him, he was the best and finest Frenchman I ever knew. There is nothing invidious in my saying this, and in this way. I merely speak of the Brossards, father and son, as Frenchmen in this connection, because their admirable qualities of heart and mind were so essentially French; they would have done equal honor to any country in the world.

I corresponded with him regularly for a few years, and so did Barty; and then our letters grew fewer and farther between, and finally left off altogether—as nearly always happens in such cases, I think. And I never saw him again; for when he broke up the school he went to his own province in the southeast, and lived there till twenty years ago, when he died—unmarried, I believe.

Then there was Monsieur Bonzig, and Mlle. Marceline, and others—and three or four boys with whom both Barty and I were on terms of warm and intimate friendship. None of these boys that I know of have risen to any world-wide fame—and, oddly enough, none of them have ever given sign of life to Barty Josselin, who is just as famous in France for his French literary work as on this side of the Channel for all he has done in English. He towers just as much there as here; and this double eminence now dominates the entire globe, and we are beginning at last to realize everywhere that this bright luminary in our firma-

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ment is no planet, like Mars or Jupiter, but, like Sirius, a sun.

Yet never a line from an old comrade in that school where he lived for four years, and was so strangely popular—and which he so filled with his extraordinary personality!

So much for Barty Josselin's school life and mine. I fear I may have dwelt on them at too great a length. No period of time has ever been for me so bright and happy as those seven years I spent at the Institution F. Brossard—especially the four years I spent there with Barty Josselin. The older I get, the more I love to recall the trivial little incidents that made for us both the sum of existence in those happy days.

La chasse aux souvenirs d'enfance! what better sport can there be, or more bloodless, at my time of life?

And all the lonely pathetic pains and pleasures of it, now that *he* is gone!

The winter twilight has just set in—"betwixt dog and wolf." I wander alone (but for Barty's old mastiff, who follows me willy-nilly) in the woods and lanes that surround Marsfield on the Thames, the picturesque abode of the Josselins.

Darker and darker it grows. I no longer make out the familiar trees and hedges, and forget how cold it is and how dreary.

"Je marcherai les yeux fixés sur mes pensées,
Sans rien voir au dehors, sans entendre aucun bruit—
Seul, inconnu, le dos courbé, les mains croisées:
Triste—et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit."

(This is Victor Hugo, not Barty Josselin.)

It's really far away I am—across the sea; across the years, oh, Posthumus! in a sunny play-ground that has been built over long ago—or overgrown with lawns and flower-beds and costly shrubs.

Up rises some vague little rudiment of a hint of a ghost of a sunny funny old French remembrance long forgotten—a brand-new old remembrance—a kind of will-o'-the-wisp. Chut! my soul stalks it on tiptoe, while these earthly legs bear this poor old body of clay, by mere reflex action, straight home to the beautiful Elisabethan house on the hill: through the great warm hall, up the broad oak stairs, into the big cheerful music-room like a studio—ruddy and bright with the huge log fire opposite the large window. All is on an ample scale at Marsfield, people and things! and I! sixteen stone, good Lord!

How often that window has been my beacon on dark nights! I used to watch for it from the train—a landmark in a land of milk and honey—the kindliest light that ever led me yet on earth.

I sit me down in my own particular chimney-corner, in my own cane-bottomed chair by the fender, and stare at the blaze with my friend the mastiff. An old war-battered tomcat Barty was fond of jumps up and makes friends too. There goes my funny little French remembrance, trying to fly up the chimney like a burnt love-letter...

Barty's eldest daughter (Roberta), a stately tall Hebe in black, brings me a very sizable cup of tea, just as I like it. A well-grown little son of hers, a very Ganymede, beau comme le jour, brings me a cigarette, and insists on lighting it for me himself. I like that too.

Another daughter of Barty's, "la rossignolle," as we call her—though there is no such word that I know of—goes to the piano and sings little French songs of forty, fifty years ago—songs that she has learnt from her dear papa.

Heavens! what a voice! and how like his, but for the difference of sex and her long and careful training (which he never had); and the accent, how perfect!

Then suddenly:

"À Saint-Blaize, à la Zuecca...
Vous étiez, vous étiez bien aise!
À Saint-Blaize, à la Zuecca...
Nous étions, nous étions bien là!
Mais de vous en souvenir
Prendrez-vous la peine?
Mais de vous en souvenir,
Et d'y revenir?
A Saint-Blaize, à la Zuecca...
Vivre et mourir là!"

So sings Mrs. Trevor (Mary Josselin that was) in the richest, sweetest voice I know. And behold! at last I have caught my little French remembrance, just as the lamps are being lit—and I transfix it with my pen and write it down...

And then with a sigh I scratch it all out again, sunny and funny as it is. For it's all about a comical adventure I had with Palaiseau, the sniffer at the fête de St.-Cloud—all about a tame magpie, a gendarme, a blanchisseuse, and a volume of de Musset's poems; and doesn't concern Barty in the least; for it so happened that Barty wasn't there!

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Thus, in the summer of 1851, Barty Josselin and I bade adieu forever to our happy school life—and for a few years to our beloved Paris—and for many years to our close intimacy of every hour in the day.

I remember spending two or three afternoons with him at the great exhibition in Hyde Park just before he went on a visit to his grandfather, Lord Whitby, in Yorkshire—and happy afternoons they were! and we made the most of them. We saw all there was to be seen there, I think; and found ourselves always drifting back to the "Amazon" and the "Greek Slave," for both of which Barty's admiration was boundless.

And so was mine. They made the female fashions for 1851 quite deplorable by contrast—especially the shoes, and the way of dressing the hair; we almost came to the conclusion that female beauty when unadorned is adorned the most. It awes and chastens one so! and wakes up the knight-errant inside!—even the smartest French boots can't do this! not the pinkest silken hose in all Paris! not all the frills and underfrills and wonderfrills that M. Paul Bourget can so eloquently describe!

My father had taken a house for us in Brunswick Square, next to the Foundling Hospital. He was about to start an English branch of the Vougeot-Conti firm in the City. I will not trouble the reader with any details about this enterprise, which presented many difficulties at first, and indeed rather crippled our means.

My mother was anxious that I should go to one of the universities, Oxford or Cambridge; but this my father could not afford. She had a great dislike to business—and so had I; from different motives, I fancy. I had the wish to become a man of science—a passion that had been fired by M. Dumollard, whose special chemistry class at the Pension Brossard, with its attractive experiments, had been of the deepest interest to me. I have not described it because Barty did not come in.

Fortunately for my desire, my good father had great sympathy with me in this; so I was entered as a student at the Laboratory of Chemistry at University College, close by—in October, 1851—and studied there for two years, instead of going at once into my father's business in Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, which would have pleased him even more.

At about the same time Barty was presented with a commission in the Second Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and joined immediately.

Nothing could have been more widely apart than the lives we led, or the society we severally frequented.

I lived at home with my people; he in rooms on a second floor in St. James's Street; he had a semi-grand piano, and luxurious furniture, and bookcases already well filled, and nicely colored lithograph engravings on the walls—beautiful female faces—the gift of Lady Archibald, who had superintended Barty's installation with kindly maternal interest, but little appreciation of high art. There were also foils, boxing-gloves, dumbbells, and Indian clubs; and many weapons, ancient and modern, belonging more especially to his own martial profession. They were most enviable quarters. But he often came to see us in Brunswick Square, and dined with us once or twice a week, and was made much of—even by my father, who thoroughly disapproved of everything about him except his own genial and agreeable self, which hadn't altered in the least.

My father was much away—in Paris and Dijon—and Barty made rain and fine weather in our dull abode, to use a French expression—*il y faisait la pluie et le beau temps.* That is, it rained there when he was away, and he brought the fine weather with him; and we spoke French all round.

The greatest pleasure I could have was to breakfast with Barty in St. James's Street on Sunday mornings, when he was not serving his Queen and country—either alone with him or with two or three of his friends—mostly young carpet warriors like himself; and very charming young fellows they were. I have always been fond of warriors, young or old, and of whatever rank, and wish to goodness I had been a warrior myself. I feel sure I should have made a fairly good one!

Then we would spend an hour or two in athletic exercises and smoke many pipes. And after this, in the summer, we would walk in Kensington Gardens and see the Rank and Fashion. In those days the Rank and Fashion were not above showing themselves in the Kensington Gardens of a Sunday afternoon, crossing the Serpentine Bridge again and again between Prince's Gate and Bayswater.

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Then for dinner we went to some pleasant foreign pothouse in or near Leicester Square, where they spoke French —and ate and drank it!—and then back again to his rooms. Sometimes we would be alone, which I liked best: we would read and smoke and be happy; or he would sketch, or pick out accompaniments on his guitar; often not exchanging a word, but with a delightful sense of close companionship which silence almost intensified.

Sometimes we were in very jolly company: more warriors; young Robson, the actor who became so famous; a big negro pugilist, called Snowdrop; two medical students from St. George's Hospital, who boxed well and were capital fellows; and an academy art student, who died a Royal Academician, and who did not approve of Barty's mural decorations and laughed at the colored lithographs; and many others of all sorts. There used to be much turf talk, and sometimes a little card-playing and mild gambling — but Barty's tastes did not lie that way.

His idea of a pleasant evening was putting on the gloves with Snowdrop, or any one else who chose—or fencing—or else making music; or being funny in any way one could; and for this he had quite a special gift: he had sudden droll inspirations that made one absolutely hysterical — mere things of suggestive look or sound or gesture, reminding one of Robson himself, but quite original; absolute senseless rot and drivel, but still it made one laugh till one's sides ached. And he never failed of success in achieving this.

Among the dullest and gravest of us, and even some of the most high-minded, there is often a latent longing for this kind of happy idiotic fooling, and a grateful fondness for those who can supply it without effort and who delight in doing so. Barty was the precursor of the Arthur Robertses and Fred Leslies and Dan Lenos of our day, although he developed in quite another direction!

Then of a sudden he would sing some little twopenny love-ballad or sentimental nigger melody so touchingly that one had the lump in the throat; poor Snowdrop would weep by spoonfuls!

By-the-way, it suddenly occurs to me that I'm mixing things up — confusing Sundays and week-days; of course our Sunday evenings were quiet and respectable, and I much preferred them when he and I were alone; he was then another person altogether—a thoughtful and intelligent young Frenchman, who loved reading poetry aloud or being read to; especially English poetry—Byron! He was faithful to his "Don Juan," his Hebrew melodies—his "O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea." We knew them all by heart, or nearly so, and yet we read them still: and Victor Hugo and Lamartine, and dear Alfred de Musset. . . .

And one day I discovered another Alfred who wrote verses—Alfred the Great, as we called him—one Alfred Tennyson, who had written a certain poem, among others, called "In Memoriam"—which I carried off to Barty's and read out aloud one wet Sunday evening, and the Sunday evening after, and other Sunday evenings; and other poems by the same hand: "Locksley Hall," "Ulysses," "The Lotos-Eaters," "The Lady of Shalott"—and the chord of Byron passed in music out of sight.

Then Shelley dawned upon us, and John Keats, and Wordsworth—and our Sunday evenings were of a happiness to be remembered forever; at least they were so to me!

If Barty Josselin were on duty on the Sabbath, it was a blank day for Robert Maurice. For it was not very lively at home — especially when my father was there. He was the best and kindest man that ever lived, but his businesslike seriousness about this world, and his anxiety about the next, and his Scotch Sabbatarianism, were deadly depressing; combined with the aspect of London on the Lord's day—London east of Russell Square! Oh, Paris . . Paris . . . and the yellow omnibus that took us both there together, Barty and me, at eight on a Sunday morning in May or June, and didn't bring us back to school till fourteen hours later!

I shall never forget one gloomy wintry Sunday—somewhere in 1854 or 5, if I'm not mistaken, towards the end of Barty's career as a Guardsman.

Twice after lunch I had called at Barty's, who was to have been on duty in barracks or at the Tower that morning; he had not come back; I called for him at his club, but he hadn't been there either—and I turned my face eastward and homeward with a sickening sense of desolate ennui and deep disgust of London for which I could find no terms that are fit for publication!

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And this was not lessened by the bitter reproaches I made myself for being such a selfish and unworthy son and brother. It was precious dull at home for my mother and sister — and my place was *there*.

They were just lighting the lamps as I got to the arcade in the quadrant—and there I ran against the cheerful Barty. Joy! what a change in the aspect of everything! It rained light! He pulled a new book out of his pocket, which he had just borrowed from some fair lady—and showed it to me. It was called *Maud*.

We dined at Pergolese's, in Rupert Street —and went back to Barty's—and read the lovely poem out loud, taking it by turns; and that is the most delightful recollection I have since I left the Institution F. Brossard!

Occasionally I dined with him "on guard" at St. James's Palace—and well I could understand all the attractions of his life, so different from mine, and see what a good fellow he was to come so often to Brunswick Square, and seem so happy with us.

The reader will conclude that I was a kind of over-affectionate pestering dull dog, who made this brilliant youth's life a burden to him. It was really not so; we had very many tastes in common; and with all his various temptations, he had a singularly constant and affectionate nature—and was of a Frenchness that made French thought and talk and commune almost a daily necessity. We nearly always spoke French when together alone, or with my mother and sister. It would have seemed almost unnatural not to have done so.

I always feel a special tenderness towards young people whose lives have been such that those two languages are exactly the same to them. It means so many things to me. It doubles them in my estimation, and I seem to understand them through and through.

Nor did he seem to care much for the smart society of which he saw so much; perhaps the bar sinister may have made him feel less at his ease in general society than among his intimates and old friends. I feel sure he took this to heart more than any one would have thought possible from his careless manner.

He only once alluded directly to this when we were together. I was speaking to him of the enviable brilliancy of his lot. He looked at me pensively for a minute or two, and said, in English:

"You've got a kink in your nose, Bob —if it weren't for that you'd be a deuced good-looking fellow—like me; but you ain't."

"Thanks—anything else?" said I.

"Well, I've got a kink in my birth, you see—and that's as big a kill-joy as I know. I hate it!"

It *was* hard luck. He would have made such a splendid Marquis of Whitby! and done such honor to the proud old family motto:

"Roy ne puis, prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis!"

Instead of which he got himself a signet-ring, and on it he caused to be engraved a zero within a naught, and round them:

"Rohan ne puis, roi ne daigne. Rien ne suis!"

Soon it became pretty evident that a subtle change was being wrought in him.

He had quite lost his power of feeling the north, and missed it dreadfully; he could no longer turn his back-summersault with ease and safety; he had overcome his loathing for meat, and also his dislike for sport—he had, indeed, become a very good shot.

But he could still hear and see and smell with all the keenness of a young animal or a savage. And that must have made his sense of being alive very much more vivid than is the case with other mortals.

He had also corrected his quick impulsive tendency to slap faces that were an inch or two higher up than his own. He didn't often come across one, for one thing—then it would not have been considered "good form" in her Majesty's Household Brigade.

When he was a boy, as the reader may recollect, he was fond of drawing lovely female profiles with black hair and an immense black eye, and gazing at them as he smoked a cigarette and listened to pretty, light music. He developed a most ardent admiration for female beauty, and mixed more and more in worldly and fashionable circles (of which I saw nothing whatever)—circles where the heavenly gift of beauty is made more of, perhaps, than is quite good for its possessors, whether female or male.

He was himself of a personal beauty so exceptional that incredible temptations

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came his way. Aristocratic people all over the world make great allowance for beauty-born frailties that would spell ruin and everlasting disgrace for women of the class to which it is my privilege to belong.

Barty, of course, did not confide his love-adventures to me; in this he was no Frenchman. But I saw quite enough to know he was more pursued than pursuing: and what a pursuer, to a man built like that! no innocent, impulsive young girl, no simple maiden in her flower—no Elaine.

But a magnificent full-blown peeress, who knew her own mind and had nothing to fear, for her husband was no better than herself. But for that, a Guinevere and Vivien rolled into one, *plus* Messalina!

Nor was she the only light o' love; there are many naughty "grandes dames de par le monde" whose easy virtue fits them like a silk stocking, and who live and love pretty much as they please without loss of caste, so long as they keep clear of any open scandal. It is one of the privileges of high rank.

Then there were the ladies gay, frankly of the half-world, these—laughter-loving hetairæ, with perilously soft hearts for such as Barty Josselin! There was even poor listless lazy languid Jenny, "Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea!"

His heart was never touched—of that I feel sure; and he was not vain of these triumphs; but he was a very reckless youth, a kind of young John Churchill before Sarah Jennings took him in hand—absolutely non-moral about such things, rather than immoral.

He grew to be a quite notorious young man about town; and, most unfortunately for him, Lord (and even Lady) Archibald Rohan were so fond of him, and so proud, and so amiably non-moral themselves, that he was left to go as he might.

He also developed some very rowdy tastes indeed—and so did I!

It was the fashion for our golden youth in the fifties to do so. Every night in the Haymarket there was a kind of noisy saturnalia, in which golden youths joined hands with youths who were by no means golden, to give much trouble to the police, and fill the pockets of the keepers of night-houses—"Bob Croft's," "Kate Hamilton's," "the Piccadilly Saloon," and other haunts equally well pulled down and forgotten. It was good, in these regions, to be young and big and strong like Barty and me, and well versed in the "handling of one's daddles." I suppose London was the only great city in the world where such things could be. I am afraid that many strange people of both sexes called us Bob and Barty; people the mere sight or hearing of whom would have given my poor dear father fits!

Then there was a little public-house in St. Martin's Lane, kept by big Ben the prize-fighter. In a room at the top of the house there used to be much sparring. We both of us took a high degree in the noble art—especially I, if it be not bragging to say so; mostly on account of my weight, which was considerable for my age. It was in fencing that he beat me hollow: he was quite the best fencer I ever met; the lessons at school of Bonnet's prévôt had borne good fruit in his case.

Then there were squalid dens frequented by touts and betting-men and medical students, where people sang and fought and laid the odds and got very drunk—and where Barty's performances as a vocalist, comic and sentimental (especially the latter), raised enthusiasm that seems almost incredible among such a brutalized and hardened crew.

One night he and I and a medical student called Ticklets, who had a fine bass voice, disguised ourselves as paupers, and went singing for money about Camden Town and Mornington Crescent and Regent's Park. It took us about an hour to make eighteen pence. Barty played the guitar, Ticklets the tambourine, and I the bones. Then we went to the Haymarket, and Barty made five pounds in no time; most of it in silver donations from unfortunate women—English, of course—who are among the softest-hearted and most generous creatures in the world.

"O lachrymarum fons!"

I forget what use we made of the money—a good one, I feel sure.

I am sorry to reveal all this, but Barty wished it. Forty years ago such things did not seem so horrible as they would now, and the word "Bounder" had not been invented.

My sister Ida, when about fourteen (1853), became a pupil at the junior school in the Ladies' College, 48 Bedford Square. She soon made friends—nice young girls, who came to our house, and it was much

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the livelier. I used to hear much of them, and knew them well before I ever saw them—especially Leah Gibson, who lived in Tavistock Square, and was Ida's special friend; at last I was quite anxious to see this paragon.

One morning, as I carried Ida's books on her way to school, she pointed out to me three girls of her own age, or less, who stood talking together at the gates of the Foundling Hospital. They were all three very pretty children—quite singularly so—and became great beauties: one golden-haired, one chestnut-brown, one blue-black. The black-haired one was the youngest and the tallest—a fine, straight, bony child of twelve, with a flat back and square shoulders; she was very well dressed, and had nice brown boots with brown elastic sides on arched and straight-heeled slender feet, and white stockings on her long legs—a fashion in hose that has long gone out. She also wore a thick plait of black hair all down her back—another departed mode, and one not to be regretted, I think; and she swung her books round her as she talked, with easy movements, like a strong boy.

"That's Leah Gibson," says my sister; "the tall one, with the long black plait."

Leah Gibson turned round and nodded to my sister and smiled—showing a delicate narrow face, a clear pale complexion, very beautiful white pearly teeth between very red lips, and an extraordinary pair of large black eyes—rather close together—the blackest I ever saw, but with an expression so quick and penetrating and keen, and yet so good and frank and friendly, that they positively sent a little warm thrill through me—though she was only twelve years old, and not a bit older than her age, and I a fast youth nearly twenty!

And finding her very much to my taste, I said to my sister, just for fun, "Oh—*that's* Leah Gibson, is it? then some day Leah Gibson shall be Mrs. Robert Maurice!"

From which it may be inferred that I looked on Leah Gibson, at the first sight of her, as likely to become some day an extremely desirable person.

She did.

The Gibsons lived in a very good house in Tavistock Square. They seemed very well off. Mrs. Gibson had a nice carriage, which she kept entirely with her own money. Her father, who was dead, had been a wealthy solicitor. He had left a large family, and to each of them property worth £300 a year, and a very liberal allowance of good looks.

Mr. Gibson was in business in the City.

Leah, their only child, was the darling of their hearts and the apple of their eyes. To dress her beautifully, to give her all the best masters money could procure, and treat her to every amusement in London—theatres, the opera, all the concerts and shows there were, and give endless young parties for her pleasure—all this seemed the principal interest of their lives.

Soon after my first introduction to Leah, Ida and I received an invitation to a kind of juvenile festivity at the Gibson's, and went, and spent a delightful evening. We were received by Mrs. Gibson most cordially. She was such an extremely pretty person, and so charmingly dressed, and had such winning, natural, genial manners, that I fell in love with her at first sight; she was also very playful and fond of romping; for she was young still, having married at seventeen.

Her mother, Mrs. Bletchley (who was present) was a Spanish Jewess—a most magnificent and beautiful old person in splendid attire, tall and straight, with white hair and thick black eyebrows, and large eyes as black as night!

In Leah the high Sephardic Jewish type was more marked than in Mrs. Gibson (who was not Jewish at all in aspect, and took after her father, the late Mr. Bletchley).

It is a type that sometimes, just now and again, can be so pathetically noble and beautiful in a woman, so suggestive of chastity and the most passionate love combined—love conjugal and filial and maternal—love that implies all the big practical obligations and responsibilities of human life, that the mere term "Jewess" (and especially its French equivalent) brings to my mind some vague, mysterious, exotically poetic image of all I love best in woman. I find myself dreaming of Rebecca of York, as I used to dream of her in the English class at Brossard's, where I so pitied poor Ivanhoe for his misplaced constancy.

If Rebecca at fifty-five was at all like Mrs. Bletchley, poor old Sir Wilfred's regrets must have been all that Thackeray made them out to be in his immortal story of *Rebecca and Rowena*.

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Mr. Gibson was a good-looking man, some twelve or fifteen years older than his wife; his real vocation was to be a low comedian; this showed itself on my first introduction to him. He informally winked at me and said:

"Esker voo ker jer dwaw lah vee? Ah! kel Bonnure!"

This idiotic speech (all the French he knew) was delivered in so droll and natural a manner that I took to him at once. Barty himself couldn't have been funnier!

Well, we had games of forfeits and danced, and Ida played charming things by Mendelssohn on the piano, and Leah sang very nicely in a fine bold frank deep voice, like a choir-boy's, and Mrs. Gibson danced a Spanish fandango, and displayed feet and ankles of which she was very proud, and had every right to be; and then Mr. Gibson played a solo on the flute, and sang "My Pretty Jane"—both badly enough to be very funny without any conscious effort or straining on his part. Then we supped, and the food was good, and we were all very jolly indeed; and after supper Mr. Gibson said to me:

"Now, Mister Parleyvoo — can't *you* do something to amuse the company? You're *big* enough!"

I professed my willingness to do *anything*—and wished I was as Barty more than ever!

"Well, then," says he—"kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest—and kiss the one you love best."

This was rather a large order—but I did as well as I could. I went down on my knees to Mr. Gibson and craved his paternal blessing; and made my best French bow with my heels together to old Mrs. Bletchley; and kissed my sister, warmly thanking her in public for having introduced me to Mrs. Gibson: and as far as mere social success is worth anything, I was the Barty of that party!

Anyhow, Mr. Gibson conceived for me an admiration he never failed to express when we met afterwards, and though this was fun, of course, I had really won his heart.

It is but a humble sort of triumph to crow over—and where does Barty Josselin come in?

Pazienza!

"Well—what do you think of Leah Gibson?" said my sister, as we walked home together through Torrington Square.

"I think she's a regular stunner," said I—"like her mother and her grandmother before her, and probably her *great*-grandmother too."

And being a poetical youth, and well up in my Byron, I declaimed:

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes"...

Old fogy as I am, and still given to poetical quotations, I never made a more felicitous quotation than that. I little guessed then to what splendor that bony black-eyed damsel would reach in time.

All through this period of high life and low dissipation Barty kept his unalterable good-humor and high spirits—and especially the kindly grace of manner and tact and good-breeding that kept him from ever offending the most fastidious, in spite of his high spirits, and made him many a poor grateful outcast's friend and darling.

I remember once dining with him at Greenwich in very distinguished company; I don't remember how I came to be invited — through Barty, no doubt. He got me many invitations that I often thought it better not to accept. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam!"

It was a fish dinner, and Barty ate and drank a surprising amount—and so did I, and liked it very much.

We were all late and hurried for the last train, some twenty of us—and Barty, Lord Archibald, and I, and a Colonel Walker Lindsay, who has since become a peer and a Field-Marshal (and is now dead), were all pushed together into a carriage, already occupied by a distinguished clergyman and a charming young lady—probably his daughter; from his dress, he was either a dean or a bishop, and I sat opposite to him—in the corner.

Barty was very noisy and excited as the train moved off; he was rather tipsy, in fact—and I was alarmed, on account of the clerical gentleman and his female companion. As we journeyed on, Barty began to romp and play the fool and perform fantastic tricks—to the immense delight of the future Field-Marshal. He twisted two pocket-handkerchiefs into human figures, one on each hand, and made them sing to each other—like Grisi and Mario in the *Huguenots*—and clever drivel of that kind. Lord Archibald and Colonel Lindsay were beside themselves with glee at all this; they also had dined well.

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THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL (1853)

Then he imitated a poor man fishing in St. James's Park and not catching any fish. And this really was uncommonly good and true to life — with wonderful artistic details, that showed keen observation.

I saw that the bishop and his daughter (if such they were) grew deeply interested, and laughed and chuckled discreetly; the young lady had a charming expression on her face as she watched the idiotic Barty, who got more idiotic with every mile—and this was to be the man who wrote *Sardonyx!*

As the train slowed into the London station, the bishop leant forward towards me and inquired, in a whisper,

"May I ask the name of your singularly delightful young friend?"

"His name is Barty Josselin," I answered.

"Not of the Grenadier Guards?"

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed! a—yes—I've heard of him—"

And his lordship's face became hard and stern—and soon we all got out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HOW THE LAW GOT INTO THE CHAPARRAL.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

"YOU have heard about the Texas Rangers?" said the Deacon to me one night, in the San Antonio Club. "Yes? Well, come up to my rooms, and I will introduce you to one of the old originals—dates 'way back in the 'thirties'—there aren't many of them left now—and if we can get him to talk, he will tell you stories that will make your eyes hang out on your shirt front."



We entered the Deacon's cozy bachelor apartments, where I was introduced to Colonel "Rip" Ford, of the old-time Texas Rangers. I found him a very old man, with a wealth of snow-white hair and beard—bent, but not withered. As he sunk on his stiffened limbs into the arm-chair, we disposed ourselves quietly and almost reverentially, while we lighted cigars. We began the approaches by which we hoped to loosen the history of a wild past from one of the very few tongues which can still wag on the days when the Texans, the Comanches, and the Mexicans chased one another over the plains of Texas, and shot and stabbed to find who should inherit the land.

Through the veil of tobacco smoke the ancient warrior spoke his sentences slowly, at intervals, as his mind gradually separated and arranged the details of countless fights. His head bowed in thought; anon it rose sharply at recollections, and as he breathed, the shouts and lamentations of crushed men—the yells and shots—the thunder of horses' hoofs—the full fury of the desert combats came to the pricking ears of the Deacon and me.

We saw through the smoke the brave young faces of the hosts which poured into Texas to war with the enemies of their race. They were clad in loose hunting-frocks, leather leggings, and broad black hats; had powder-horns and shot-pouches hung about them; were armed with bowie-knives, Mississippi rifles, and horse-pistols; rode Spanish ponies, and were impelled by Destiny to conquer, like their remote ancestors, "the godless hosts of Pagan" who "came swimming o'er the Northern Sea."

"Rip" Ford had not yet acquired his front name in 1836, when he enlisted in the famous Captain Jack Hayes's company of Rangers, which was fighting the Mexicans in those days, and also trying incidentally to keep from being eaten up by the Comanches.

Said the old Colonel: "A merchant from our country journeyed to New York, and Colonel Colt, who was a friend of his, gave him two five-shooters—pistols they were, and little things. The merchant in turn presented them to Captain Jack Hayes. The captain liked them so well that he did not rest till every man jack of us had two apiece.

"Directly," mused the ancient one, with a smile of pleasant recollection, "we had a fight with the Comanches—up here above San Antonio. Hayes had fifteen men with him—he was doubling about the country for Indians. He found 'sign,' and after cutting their trail several times he could see that they were following him. Directly the Indians overtook the Rangers—there were seventy-five Indians. Captain Hayes—bless his memory!—said, 'They are fixin' to charge us, boys, and we must charge them.' There were never better men in this world than Hayes had with him," went on the Colonel with pardonable pride; "and mind you, he never made a fight without winning.

"We charged, and in the fracas killed thirty-five Indians—only two of our men were wounded—so you see the five-shooters were pretty good weapons. Of course they wa'n't any account compared with these modern ones, because they were too small, but they did those things. Just

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TEXAS RANGERS.

after that Colonel Colt was induced to make bigger ones for us, some of which were half as long as your arm.

"Hayes? Oh, he was a surveyor, and used to go out beyond the frontiers about his work. The Indians used to jump him pretty regular; but he always whipped them, and so he was available for a Ranger captain. About then—let's see," and here the old head bobbed up from his chest, where it had sunk in thought—"there was a commerce with Mexico just sprung up, but this was later—it only shows what that man Hayes used to do. The bandits used to waylay the traders, and they got very bad in the country. Captain Hayes went after them—he struck them near Lavade, and found the Mexicans had more than twice as many men as he did; but he caught them napping, charged them afoot—killed twenty-five of them, and got all their horses."

"I suppose, Colonel, you have been charged by a Mexican lancer?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, many times," he answered.

"What did you generally do?"

"Well—you see—in those days I reckoned to be able to hit a man every time with a six-shooter at one hundred and twenty-five yards," explained the old gentleman—which no doubt meant many dead lancers.

"Then you do not think much of a lance as a weapon?" I pursued.

"No; there is but one weapon. The six-shooter when properly handled is the only weapon—mind you, sir, I say *properly*," and here the old eyes blinked rapidly over the great art as he knew its practice.

"Then of course the rifle has its use. Under Captain Jack Hayes sixty of us made a raid once after the celebrated priest-leader of the Mexicans—Padre Jarante—which same was a devil of a fel-

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low. We were very sleepy—had been two nights without sleep. At San Juan every man stripped his horse, fed, and went to sleep. We had passed Padre Jarante in the night without knowing it. At about twelve o'clock next day there was a terrible outcry—I was awakened by shooting. The Padre was upon us. Five men outlying stood the charge, and went under. We gathered, and the Padre charged three times. The third time he was knocked from his horse and killed. Then Captain Jack Hayes awoke, and we got in a big *casa*. The men took to the roof. As the Mexicans passed we emptied a great many saddles. As I got to the top of the *casa* I found two men quarrelling." (Here the Colonel chuckled.) "I asked what the matter was, and they were both claiming to have killed a certain Mexican who was lying dead some way off. One said he had hit him in the head, and the other said he had hit him in the breast. I advised peace until after the fight. Well—after the shooting was over and the Padre's men had had enough, we went out to the particular Mexican who was dead, and, sure enough, he was shot in the head and in the breast; so they laughed and made peace. About this time one of the spies came in and reported six hundred Mexicans coming. We made an examination of our ammunition, and found that we couldn't afford to fight six hundred Mexicans with sixty men, so we pulled out. This was in the Mexican war, and only goes to show that Captain Hayes's men could shoot all the Mexicans that could get to them if the ammunition would hold out."

"What was the most desperate fight you can remember, Colonel?"

The old man hesitated; this required a particular point of view—it was quality, not quantity, wanted now; and, to be sure, he was a connoisseur. After much study by the Colonel, during which the world lost many thrilling tales, the one which survived occurred in 1851.

"My lieutenant, Ed Burleson, was ordered to carry to San Antonio an Indian prisoner we had taken and turned over to the commanding officer at Fort McIntosh. On his return, while nearing the Nueces River, he spied a couple of Indians. Taking seven men, he ordered the balance to continue along the road. The two Indians proved to be fourteen, and they charged Burleson up to the teeth. Dismounting his men, he poured it into them from his Colt's six-shooting rifles. They killed or wounded all the Indians except two, some of them dying so near the Rangers that they could put their hands on their boots. All but one of Burleson's men were wounded—himself shot in the head with an arrow. One man had four 'dogwood switches'* in his body, one of which was in his bowels. This man told me that every time he raised his gun to fire, the Indians would stick an arrow in him, but he said he didn't care a cent. One Indian was lying right up close, and while dying tried to shoot an arrow, but his strength failed so fast that the arrow only barely left the bowstring. One of the Rangers in that fight was a curious fellow—when young he had been captured by Indians, and had lived with them so long that he had Indian habits. In that fight he kept jumping around when loading, so as to be a bad target, the same as an Indian would under the circumstances, and he told Burleson he wished he had his boots off, so he could get around good"—and here the Colonel paused quizzically. "Would you call that a good fight?"

The Deacon and I put the seal of our approval on the affair, and the Colonel rambled ahead.

"In 1858 I was commanding the frontier battalion of State troops on the whole frontier, and had my camp on the Deer Fork of the Brazos. The Comanches kept raiding the settlements. They would come down quietly, working well into the white lines, and then go back a-running—driving stolen stock and killing and burning. I thought I would give them some of their own medicine. I concluded to give them a fight. I took two wagons, one hundred Rangers, and one hundred and thirteen Tahuahuacan Indians, who were friendlies. We struck a good Indian trail on a stream which led up to the Canadian. We followed it till it got hot. I camped my outfit in such a manner as to conceal my force, and sent out my scouts, who saw the Indians hunt buffalo through spy-glasses. That night we moved. I sent Indians to locate the camp. They returned before day, and reported that the Indians were just a few miles ahead, whereat we moved forward. At daybreak, I remember, I was standing in the bull-wagon road leading to Santa

* Arrows

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THE CHARGE AND KILLING OF PADRE JARANTE.

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Fe and could see the Canadian River in our front — with eighty lodges just beyond. Counting four men of fighting age to a lodge, that made a possible three hundred and twenty Indians. Just at sunup an Indian came across the river on a pony. Our Indians down below raised a yell—they always get excited. The Indian heard them—it was very still then. The Indian retreated slowly, and began to ride in a circle. From where I was I could hear him puff like a deer—he was blowing the bullets away from himself—he was a medicine-man. I heard five shots from the Jagers with which my Indians were armed. The painted pony of the medicine-man jumped ten feet in the air, it seemed to me, and fell over on his rider—then five more Jagers went off, and he was dead. I ordered the Tahuahuacans out in front, and kept the Rangers out of sight, because I wanted to charge home and kind of surprise them. Pretty soon I got ready, and gave the word. We charged. At the river we struck some boggy ground and floundered around considerable, but we got through. We raised the Texas yell, and away we went. I never expect again to hear such a noise—I never want to hear it—what with the whoops of the warriors —the screaming of the women and children — our boys yelling — the shooting, and the horses just a-mixin' up and a-stampedin' around," and the Colonel bobbed his head slowly as he continued.

"One of my men didn't know a buck from a squaw. There was an Indian woman on a pony with five children. He shot the pony—it seemed like you couldn't see that pony for little Indians. We went through the camp, and the Indians pulled out—spreading fanlike, and we a-running them. After a long chase I concluded to come back. I saw lots of Indians around in the hills. When I got back, I found Captain Ross had formed my men in line. 'What time in the morning is it?' I asked. 'Morning, hell!' says he—'it's one o'clock!' And so it was. Directly I saw an Indian coming down a hill near by, and then more Indians and more Indians—till it seemed like they wa'n't ever going to get through coming. We had struck a bigger outfit than the first one. That first Indian he bantered my men to come out single-handed and fight him. One after another, he wounded five of my Indians. I ordered my Indians to engage them, and kind of get them down in the flat, where I could charge. After some running and shooting they did this, and I turned the Rangers loose. We drove them. The last stand they made they killed one of my Indians, wounded a Ranger, but left seven of their dead in a pile. It was now nearly nightfall, and I discovered that my horses were broken down after fighting all day. I found it hard to restrain my men, they had got so heated up; but I gradually withdrew to where the fight commenced. The Indian camp was plundered. In it we found painted buffalo-robes with beads a hand deep around the edges—the finest robes I have ever seen—and heaps of goods plundered from the Sante Fe traders. On the way back I noticed a dead chief, and was for a moment astonished to find pieces of flesh cut out of him; upon looking at a Tahuahuacan warrior I saw a pair of dead hands tied behind his saddle. That night they had a cannibal feast. You see, the Tahuahuacans say that the first one of their race was brought into the world by a wolf. 'How am I to live?' said the Tahuahuacan. 'The same as we do,' said the wolf; and when they were with me, that is just about how they lived. I reckon it's necessary to tell you about the old woman who was found in our lines. She was looking at the sun and making incantations, a-cussing us out generally and elevating her voice. She said the Comanches would get even for this day's work. I directed my Indians to let her alone, but I was informed afterwards that that is just what they didn't do."

At this point the Colonel's cigar went out, and directly he followed; but this is the manner in which he told of deeds which I know would fare better at the hands of one used to phrasing and capable also of more points of view than the Colonel was used to taking. The outlines of the thing are strong, however, because the Deacon and I understood that fights were what the old Colonel had dealt in during his active life, much as other men do in stocks and bonds or wheat and corn. He had been a successful operator, and only recalled pleasantly the bull quotations. This type of Ranger is all but gone. A few may yet be found in outlying ranches. One of the most celebrated resides near San Antonio—"Big-foot Wallace" by name. He says he doesn't mind

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"WE STRUCK SOME BOGGY GROUND."

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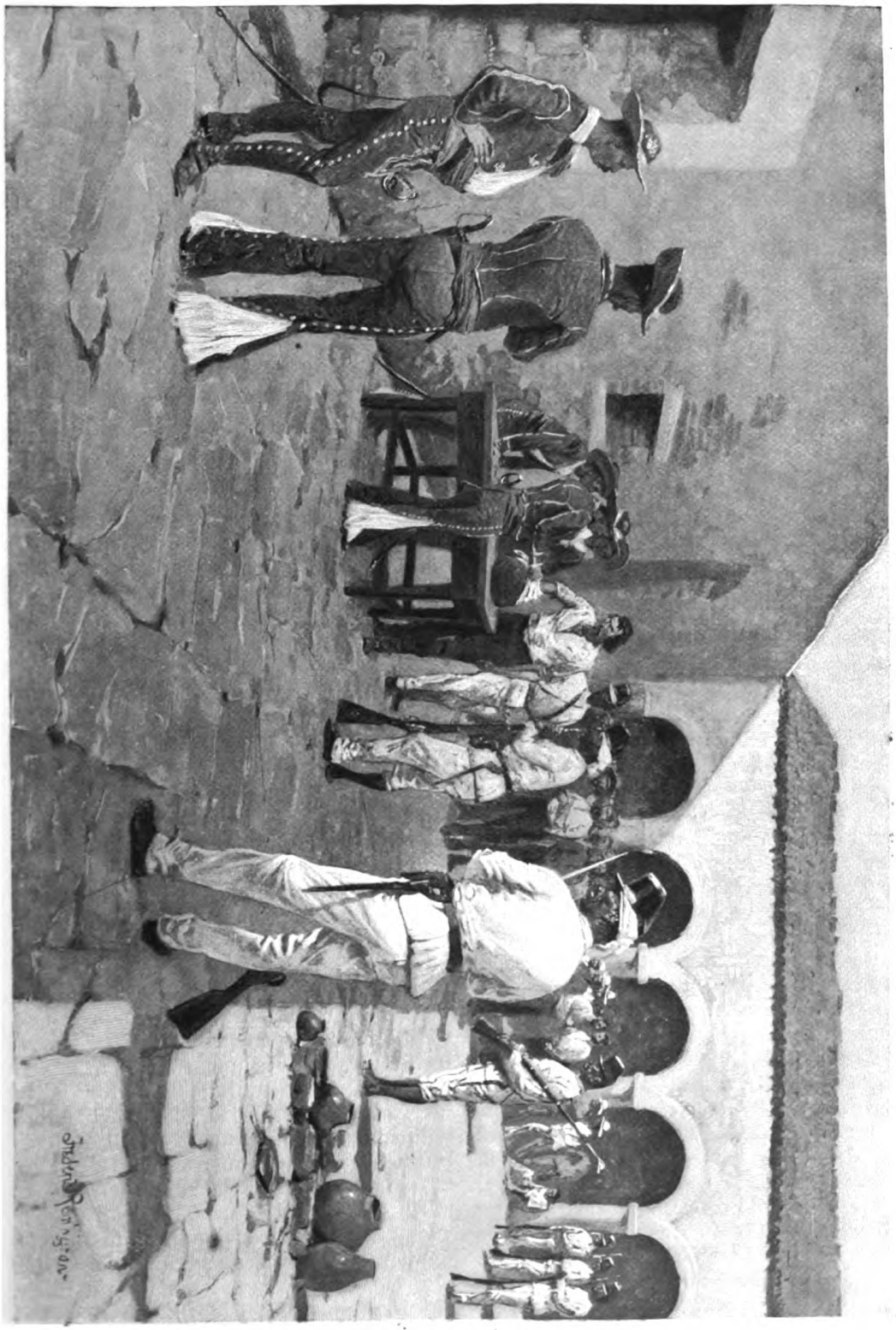
being called "Big-foot," because he is six feet two in height, and is entitled to big feet. His face is done off in a nest of white hair and beard, and is patriarchal in character. In 1836 he came out from Virginia to "take toll" of the Mexicans for killing some relatives of his in the Fannin Massacre, and he considers that he has squared his accounts; but they had him on the debit side for a while. Being captured in the Meir expedition, he walked as a prisoner to the city of Mexico, and did public work for that country with a ball-and-chain attachment for two years. The prisoners overpowered the guards and escaped on one occasion, but were overtaken by Mexican cavalry while dying of thirst in a desert. Santa Anna ordered their "decimation," which meant that every tenth man was shot, their lot being determined by the drawing of a black bean from an earthen pot containing a certain proportion of white ones. "Big-foot" drew a white one. He was also a member of Captain Hayes's company, afterwards a captain of Rangers, and a noted Indian-fighter. Later he carried the mails from San Antonio to El Paso through a howling wilderness, but always brought it safely through—if safely can be called lying thirteen days by a water-hole in the desert waiting for a broken leg to mend, and living meanwhile on one prairie-wolf, which he managed to shoot. Wallace was a professional hunter, who fought Indians and hated "greasers"; he belongs to the past, and has been "outspanned" under a civilization in which he has no place, and is to-day living in poverty.

The civil war left Texas under changed conditions. That and the Mexican wars had determined its boundaries, however, and it rapidly filled up with new elements of population. Broken soldiers, outlaws, poor immigrants living in bull-wagons, poured in. "Gone to Texas" had a sinister significance in the late sixties. When the railroad got to Abilene, Kansas, the cow-men of Texas found a market for their stock, and began trailing their herds up through the Indian country. Bands of outlaws organized under the leadership of desperadoes like Wes Hardin and King Fisher. They rounded up cattle regardless of their owners' rights, and resisted interference with force. The poor man pointed to his brand in the stolen herd and protested. He was shot. The big owners were unable to protect themselves from loss. The property right was established by the six-shooter, and honest men were forced to the wall. In 1876 the property-holding classes went to the Legislature, got it to appropriate a hundred thousand dollars a year for two years, and the Ranger force was reorganized to carry the law into the chaparral. At this time many judges were in league with bandits; sheriffs were elected by the outlaws, and the electors were cattle-stealers.

The Rangers were sworn to uphold the laws of Texas and the United States. They were deputy sheriffs, United States marshals—in fact, were often vested with any and every power, even to the extent of ignoring disreputable sheriffs. At times they were judge, jury, and executioner, when the difficulties demanded extremes. When a band of outlaws was located, detectives or spies were sent among them, who openly joined the desperadoes, and gathered evidence to put the Rangers on their trail. Then, in the wilderness, with only the soaring buzzard or prowling coyote to look on, the Ranger and the outlaw met to fight with tigerish ferocity to the death. Shot, and lying prone, they fired until the palsied arm could no longer raise the six-shooter, and justice was satisfied as their bullets sped. The captains had the selection of their men, and the right to dishonorably discharge at will. Only men of irreproachable character, who were fine riders and dead-shots, were taken. The spirit of adventure filled the ranks with the most prominent young men in the State, and to have been a Ranger is a badge of distinction in Texas to this day. The display of anything but a perfect willingness to die under any and all circumstances was fatal to a Ranger, and in course of time they got the *moral* on the bad man. Each one furnished his own horse and arms, while the State gave him ammunition, "grub," one dollar a day, and extra expenses. The enlistment was for twelve months. A list of fugitive Texas criminals was placed in his hands, with which he was expected to familiarize himself. Then, in small parties, they packed the bedding on their mule, they hung the handcuffs and leather thongs about its neck, saddled their riding-ponies, and threaded their way into the chaparral.

On an evening I had the pleasure of

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PRISONERS DRAWING THEIR BEANS.

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TEXAS RANGERS HOLDING UP CHAPARRAL BANDITS.

meeting two more distinguished Ranger officers — more modern types — Captains Lea Hall and Joseph Shely. Both of them big, forceful men, and loath to talk about themselves. It was difficult to associate the quiet gentlemen who sat smoking in the Deacon's rooms with what men say; for the tales of their prowess in Texas always ends, "and that don't count Mexicans, either." The bandit never laid down his gun but with his life; so the "la ley de fuga"* was in force in the chaparral, and the good people of Texas were satisfied with a very short account of a Ranger's fight.

The most distinguished predecessor of these two men was a Captain McNally, who was so bent on carrying his raids to an issue that he paid no heed to national boundary-lines. He followed a band of Mexican bandits to the town of La Cueva, below Ringgold, once, and surrounding it, demanded the surrender of the cattle which they had stolen. He had but ten men, and yet this redoubtable warrior surrounded a town full of bandits and Mexican soldiers. The Mexican soldiers attacked the Rangers, and forced them back under the river-banks, but during the fight the *jefe politico* was killed. The Rangers were in a fair way to be overcome by the Mexicans, when Lieutenant Clendenin turned a Gatling loose from the American side and covered their position. A parley ensued, but McNally refused to go back without the cattle, which the Mexicans had finally to surrender.

At another time McNally received word through spies of an intended raid of Mexican cattle-thieves under the leadership of Cammelo Lerma. At Resaca de la Palma, McNally struck the depredators with but sixteen men. They had seventeen men and five hundred head of stolen cattle. In a running fight for miles McNally's men killed sixteen bandits, while only one escaped. A young Ranger by the name of Smith was shot dead by Cammelo Lerma as he dismounted to look at the dying bandit. The dead bodies were piled in ox-carts and dumped in the public square at Brownsville. McNally also captured King Fisher's band in an old log house in Dimmit County, but they were not convicted.

Showing the nature of Ranger work, an incident which occurred to my acquaintance Captain Lea Hall will illus-

* Mexican law of shooting escaped or resisting prisoners.

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trate. In De Witt County there was a feud. One dark night sixteen masked men took a sick man, one Dr. Brazel, and two of his boys, from their beds, and, despite the imploring mother and daughter, hanged the doctor and one son to a tree. The other boy escaped in the green corn. Nothing was done to punish the crime, as the lynchers were men of property and influence in the country. No man dared speak above his breath about the affair.

Captain Hall, by secret-service men, discovered the perpetrators, and also that they were to be gathered at a wedding on a certain night. He surrounded the house and demanded their surrender, at the same time saying that he did not want to kill the women and children. Word returned that they would kill him and all his Rangers. Hall told them to allow their women and children to depart, which was done; then, springing on the gallery of the house, he shouted, "Now, gentlemen, you can go to killing Rangers; but if you don't surrender, the Rangers will go to killing you." This was too frank a willingness for midnight assassins, and they gave up.

Spies had informed him that robbers intended sacking Campbell's store in Wolfe City. Hall and his men lay behind the counters to receive them on the designated night. They were allowed to enter, when Hall's men, rising, opened fire —the robbers replying. Smoke filled the room, which was fairly illuminated by the flashes of the guns—but the robbers were all killed, much to the disgust of the lawyers, no doubt, though I could never hear that honest people mourned.

The man Hall was himself a gentleman of the romantic Southern soldier type, and he entertained the highest ideals, with which it would be extremely unsafe to trifle, if I may judge. Captain Shely, our other visitor, was a herculean black-eyed man, fairly fizzing with nervous energy. He is also exceedingly shrewd, as befits the greater concreteness of the modern Texas law, albeit he too has trailed bandits in the chaparral, and rushed in on their camp-fires at night, as two big bullet-holes in his skin will attest. He it was who arrested Polk, the defaulting treasurer of Tennessee. He rode a Spanish pony sixty-two miles in six hours, and arrested Polk, his guide, and two private detectives, whom Polk had bribed to set him over the Rio Grande.

When the land of Texas was bought up and fenced with wire, the old settlers who had used the land did not readily recognize the new régime. They raised the rallying-cry of "free grass and free water"—said they had fought the Indians off, and the land belonged to them. Taking nippers, they rode by night and cut down miles of fencing. Shely took the keys of a county jail from the frightened sheriff, made arrests by the score, and lodged them in the big new jail. The country-side rose in arms, surrounded the building, and threatened to tear it down. The big Ranger was not deterred by this outburst, but quietly went out into the mob, and with mock politeness delivered himself as follows:

"Do not tear down the jail, gentlemen —you have been taxed for years to build this fine structure—it is yours—do not tear it down. I will open the doors wide —you can all come in—do not tear down the jail; but there are twelve Rangers in there, with orders to kill as long as they can see. Come right in, gentlemen—but come fixed."

The mob was overcome by his civility.

Texas is to-day the only State in the Union where pistol-carrying is attended with great chances of arrest and fine. The law is supreme even in the lonely *jacails* out in the rolling waste of chaparral, and it was made so by the tireless riding, the deadly shooting, and the indomitable courage of the Texas Rangers.



OLD COLT'S REVOLVER, 1838.

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THE HUNDRED.

BY GERTRUDE HALL.

MRS. DARLING was dining from home, and every heart in her little establishment rejoiced over the circumstance, for it meant less work for everybody, with an opportunity to enjoy Christmas eve on his own account.

Mrs. Bonnet, the lady's-maid, with the plans she had in mind for the evening, was scarcely annoyed at all when her mistress scolded because the corset-lace had got itself in a knot.

The chamber was full of a delicate odor of iris. The gas-globes at the ends of their jointed golden arms looked like splendid yellow pearls; on the dressing-table under them glittered a quantity of highly embossed silver-ware, out of all reasonable proportion with the little person owning it, who sat before the mirror beautifying her finger-nails while Mrs. Bonnet did her hair.

"Mind what you are about," the mistress murmured, diligently polishing.

Mrs. Bonnet instantly removed the hot silver tongs from the tress she was twisting, and caught it again with greater precaution.

"Mind what you are about," warned Mrs. Darling, somewhat louder, a beginning of acid in her voice.

Mrs. Bonnet again disengaged the hair from the tongs, and after a little pause, during which to make firm her nerve, with infinite solicitude took hold again of the golden strand, and would have waved it, but—

"Mind what you are about!" almost screamed little Mrs. Darling. "Didn't I *tell* you to be careful? You have been pulling right along at the same hair! *Do* consider that it is a human scalp, and not a *wig* you are dealing with! Bonny, you are not a bad woman, but you will wear me out. Come, go on with it; it is getting late."

Before the hair-dressing was accomplished Mrs. Darling rolled up her eyes —her blue eyes, round and angelic as they could sometimes be—at the reflection of Mrs. Bonnet's face in the mirror, and said, meekly: "Bonny, do you think that black moiré of mine would make over nicely for you? I am going to give it to you. No, don't thank me—it makes me look old. Now my slippers."

While Bonnet was forcing the shoe on her fat little foot, Mrs. Darling's glance rested, perhaps by chance, on a photograph that leaned against the clock over the mantel-piece. It was that of a still young well-looking man, whose face wore an unmistakable look of goodness, of the kind that made it rather what one expected to read under it in print—the Rev. Dorel Goodhue. There was another more conspicuous man-photograph in the room, on the dressing-table, in a massive frame that matched the toilet accessories. It stood there always, airing a photographic smile, among the brushes and hand-glasses and pin-boxes.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Darling, while she braced herself against Bonnet to help get the small shoe on—"I suppose I have a very bad temper!" and she laughed in such a sensible, natural, good-natured way any one must have felt that her exhibition of a moment before had been a sort of joke. "Tell the truth, Bonny: if every mistress had to have a certificate from her maid, you would give me a pretty bad one, wouldn't you? But I was abominably brought up. I used to slap my governesses. And I have had all sorts of illnesses; trouble too. And I mostly don't mean anything by it. It is just nerves. Poor Bonny! I treat you shamefully, don't I?"

"Oh, ma'am," said the lady's-maid, expanding in the light of this uncommon familiarity, "I would give you a character as would make it no difficulty in you getting a first-class situation right away; you may depend upon it, ma'am, I would. Don't this shoe seem a bit tight, ma'am?"

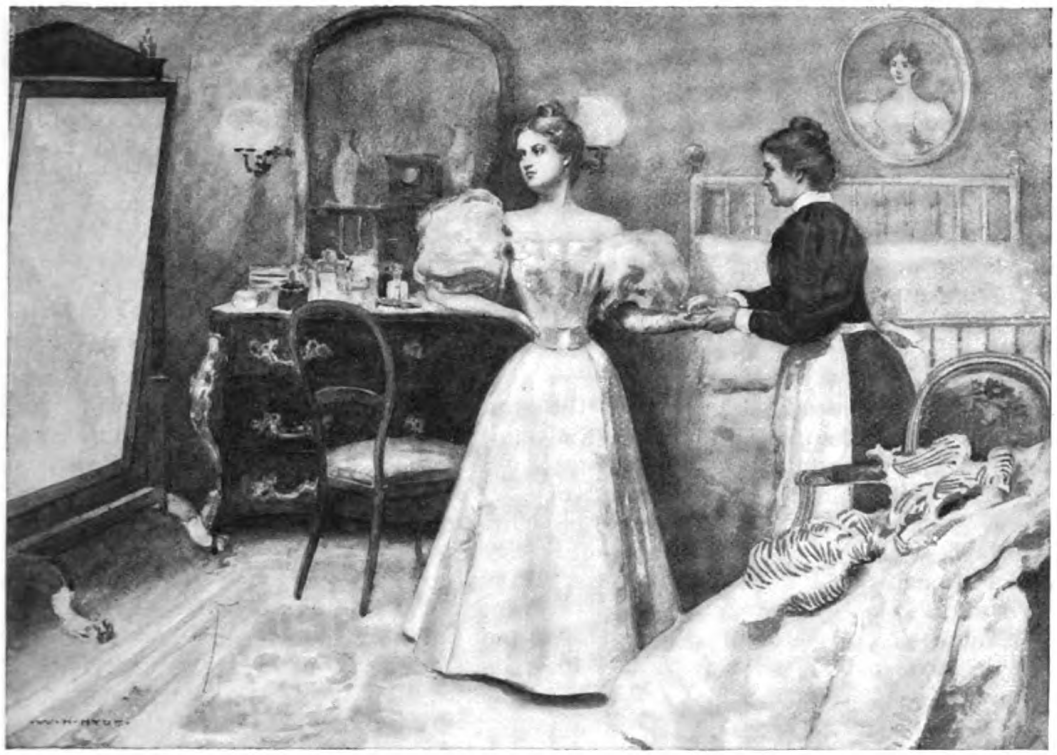
"Not at all. It is a whole size larger than I wear. If you would just be so good as to hold the shoe-horn properly. There, that is it."

She stood before the bed, on which were spread two long evening dresses. A little King Charles spaniel had made himself comfortable in the softest spot. His mistress pounced on him with a cry, first cuffed, then kissed and put him down. "Which shall I wear?" she asked.

Bonnet drew back for a critical view, but dared not suggest unprompted.

"The black and white is more becoming, but the violet crape is prettier. Oh,

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"SHE LET BONNET HAVE ONE OF HER ARMS."

Bonny, decide quickly for me, like a tossed-up penny!"

"Well, I think now I should say the violet, ma'am."

"Should you?" Mrs. Darling mused, with a finger against her lip. "But I look less well in it. Surely I had rather look pretty myself than have my dress look pretty, hadn't I? Give me the black and white, and hurry. Mr. Goodhue will be here in a second. Bonnet!" she burst forth, in quite another tone. "You trying creature! Didn't I *tell* you to put a draw-string through that lace? Didn't I *tell* you? *Where* are your ears? *Where* are your senses? What on *earth* do you spend your time thinking about, I should like to know, anyway? I wouldn't wear that thing as it *is*, not for—not for— Oh, I am tired of living surrounded by fools! Take it away—take it away! Bring the violet!"

At last she was encased in the fluffy violet crape, and at sight of the sweet picture she made in the mirror her brow cleared a little; she looked baby-eyed and angelic again, with her wavy hair meekly parted in the middle. While she looked at herself she let Bonnet have one of her arms to button the long glove.

"Ouch! Go softly; you pinch!" she murmured.

Bonnet changed her method with the silver hook, adjusted it anew, and pulled at it ever so gently.

"Ouch! You pinch me!" said Mrs. Darling, a little louder.

Bonnet stopped short, and looked helplessly at the glove, that could not be made to meet without a strain over the plump white wrist. After a breathing-while, with stealthy gentleness, again she fitted the silver loop over the button, and with a devout inward appeal to Heaven, tried to induce it through the button-hole. She had almost succeeded when Mrs. Darling screamed, "Ouch, ouch, ouch! You pinch like *anything!* I am black and blue!" And tearing her arm from the quaking servant, began fidgeting with the button herself, soon pulling it off.

"Bonnet, how many times must I tell you to sew the buttons fast on my gloves before you give them me to put on?" she asked, severely. "No, they were not!" she stormed, indignantly, and peeled off

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the glove, throwing it far from her, inside out.

There was a knock, and a respectful voice saying, outside the door, "Mr. Goodhue is below, ma'am."

"Get a needle," Mrs. Darling said, humbly, like a child reminded of its promise to behave, and waited patiently while the button was sewed on, and held out her arm again, letting Bonnet pinch without a murmur.

A final bunch of violets was tucked in the bosom of her gown, and she was leaving the bedroom, when, as if at a sudden thought, she turned back, went to the door of a little room leading from it, and stood looking in a moment.

"Aren't they lovely, the hundred of them?" she gushed. "Did you ever see such a sight? One prettier than the other! I almost wish I were one of the little girls myself!"

"Them that gets them will be made happy, sure, ma'am. I suppose it's for some Christmas-tree?"

"They are for my cousin Dorel's orphans. Pick up, Bonny. Open the windows. Mind you keep Jetty with you. Don't let him go into the kitchen. I am sure they feed him. I shall not be very late—not later than twelve."

Mrs. Darling went down the stairs, followed by Bonnet with her mantle and fan, and Jetty, who leaped and yapped in the delusion that he was going to be taken for a walk.

The gentleman waiting below came forward to take Mrs. Darling's hand.

Mrs. Bonnet listened to the exchange of polite expressions between them with no small degree of impatience; it seemed to her they might as well have made these communications later, in the carriage.

At last and at last they were gone; and with the clap of the door behind them the whole atmosphere of the house changed as by enchantment. A door slammed somewhere; a voice burst out singing below-stairs; the man in livery who had held the door for Mrs. Darling and her reverend cousin leaned over the banisters and shouted, heartily, "Catherine! I say, Catherine!" Mrs. Bonnet fairly scampered up stairs, with the mistaken Jetty, who thought this was the beginning of a romp, hard after her, trying to catch her by the heels.

She entered Mrs. Darling's room with no affectation of soft-stepping, threw up the window—the sharp outer air cut into the scented warmth like a silver axe—and began pushing things briskly into their places. She digressed from her labors a moment to get from the closet a black moiré, which she examined, then replaced.

Now came a rap at the door, and a voice only a shade less respectful than before, saying, "Miss Pittock is waiting below, ma'am."

"Very well, I will be down directly," said Mrs. Bonnet. "Come here, Jetty!"

Jetty, instead of coming, ran round and round among the chair legs, waving his tail in a graceful circle, eluding Mrs. Bonnet's hand not by swiftness, but craft.

"Come here, you little fool," muttered Bonnet; and as her bidding, however severe, availed nothing, she cast Mrs. Darling's wrapper over the little beast, and got him entangled like a black-and-tan butterfly in a pocket-handkerchief. She snatched him up squirming a little, tucked him tightly under her arm, and ran up stairs to her own chamber on the third floor. There she dropped him, wondering very much; and when she had donned her black coat and bonnet, gloves and galoshes, during which preparations Jetty was leaping and yapping like crazy in the supposition again that they were going for a walk together, she turned out the light and shut the door against his wet black nose. His reproachful barks followed her down the passage. "Welcome to keep that up," she said to herself, hurrying over the stairs.

And here, at the foot, was Miss Pittock, looking quite more than the lady in her mistress's last year's cape.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting, Miss Pittock."

"Quite the contrary; don't mention it, Mrs. Bonnet. Oh, the shops is a sight to behold, Mrs. Bonnet! I never seen anything like it this year. It do seem as if people made more to-do than they used about Christmas, don't it? Are we ready, Mrs. Bonnet?"

"I am if you are, Miss Pittock."

"Now what kind of shops do you fancy most, so we'll go and look into their show-windows first?"

"I'm sure I don't know. What do you prefer yourself, Miss Pittock? We've time to see most everything of any account, anyhow. She's not coming home before twelve."

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"No more is mine. Suppose we go first to the Grand Bazar. They've always got the most amazing show there. That you, Mr. Jackson? Why, a merry Christmas to you, Mr. Jackson, and a happy New-Year!"

For just as they reached the door they found the butler letting himself out too. He did not sleep in the house, and was taking the opportunity to-night to leave early. For a second he could not return Miss Pittock's salutation, his mouth being still crowded with a last bite snatched in haste. When he had swallowed, he grinned and excused his hurry, holding the door for the ladies.

"Sorry I ain't going your way, ladies," he said, amiably, and the door closed behind the three.

In the kitchen the cook, with a face like a pleasant copper saucepan, rosy and shining and round, was moving about leisurely, giving this and that a final unhurried wipe. She wore a face of contentment; it was her legitimate night out; with a good conscience presently she was going up to make a change, then off to her family.

A young woman in a light gingham and frilled cap sat watching her rather sulkily, her hands idle on her embroidered muslin apron. A girl of perhaps eighteen, capless, in a dark calico that made not the first pretension to elegance, was washing her face at one of the shiny copper faucets. She vanished a moment, and came back with her damp hair streaked all over by the comb. The cook was gone.

"You going too, I suppose?" said the sullen parlor-maid.

"Why, yes. 'Ain't I done everything? There's no need of my staying, is there?" The kitchen-maid went home for the night too.

"No, I don't suppose there is. I just thought you might happen to be, that's all."

The kitchen-maid sat down a minute, in a tired, ungirt position, and looked over at the parlor-maid with good-natured young eyes grown a trifle speculative. The latter let her glance wander over the day's newspaper, brought down stairs until inquired for.

"Tell you what I'd like to do!" exclaimed the kitchen-maid.

"What 'd you like to do, Sally?"

"That's to come back again after I've been home for just a minute."

The parlor-maid looked up, unable altogether to conceal her interest. The house was very quiet. Through the clock ticks, at perfectly regular intervals, came the muffled sound of Jetty's disconsolate yaps. Neither of the girls appeared to hear them.

"You don't mean just to oblige, do you, Sally?"

"Well, I'd do it in a minute for nothing else beside, but that ain't quite all I was thinking of just this once. Miss Catherine" — she hesitated, then, enthusiastically — "have you seen 'em upstairs? the whole hundred of 'em laid out off Mrs. Darling's bedroom? I saw 'em when Mrs. Bonnet she sent me up for the lamps to clean. Law! Wouldn't any child like to see a sight like that! There's a little girl in my tenement, she'd just go crazy. Do you think there'd be any harm in it if I was to bring her over and let her get one peep? She's as clean a child as ever you saw. She comes of dreadful poor folks, but just as respectable. She never seen anything like it in her life. Law, what would I have done when I was a young one if I'd seen that? I'd thought I was dead and gone to heaven. I say, Miss Catherine, do you think any one would mind?"

"How 'll they know?" said Miss Catherine, callously. "Look here, Sally; you go along just as fast as you can and fetch your young one. And when you've got back, perhaps I'll step out a minute two or three doors up street, and you can answer the bell while I'm gone. Now hurry into your things. I'll give you your car fare."

"Miss Catherine, you're just as good as you can be, and I'll do something to oblige you too, some time," said Sally, her face aglow with delight; and having hurried into her jacket and tied up her head in a worsted muffler, was off.

She almost ran over the packed snow down the street. She had soon left the quiet rows of private dwelling-houses and come where hundreds of lights glittered across the rose-tinged snow. At every few rods a street band tootled and blared, covering the scraping of snow-shovels and jingle of bells. "How gay it is!" she thought; "won't it be a treat!"

She plunged into a mean, small street, leading off a mean but tawdry larger one, where things hung outside the shops with their prices, written large, pinned on them,

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"AT LAST THEY WERE GONE."

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and had soon come to the house where her family lived.

She went in like a great gust of fresh air. In less than five minutes she came out, leading by the hand a little girl who, from being very much bundled up about the shoulders, and having brief petticoats above thin black legs, looked top-heavy. She was obliged to nearly run to keep up with Sally, and was trying to get out words through the breathlessness occasioned by hurrying and laughing and coming so suddenly into the frosty air.

"Oh, lemme guess, Sal, and tell me when I'm hot. Is it made of sugar?"

"No, it ain't."

"But you said it was a treat, didn't you, Sally?"

"I did that. But ain't there all sorts of treats? There's going to the circus, for instance. That hasn't any sugar."

"Is it a circus, Sally? Is it a circus?"

"No, it ain't a circus, but it's every bit as nice."

"Is it freaks, Sally? oh, tell me if it's freaks! It isn't? Are you sure I shall like it very much? It's nothing to eat and it's nothing I can have to keep, and it's not a circus. What color is it? You'll answer straight, won't you?"

"Oh, it's every color in the world, and striped and polka-dotted and crinkled and smooth. There's a hundred of it."

The child would have stopped short on the sidewalk the better to centre her mind on guessing, but Sally dragged her briskly along. At the top of the street they came to a standstill.

"What is it?" asked the child.

"We're going to take the car," said Sally, grandly.

"O—h!" breathed the child.

"I guess you never stepped on to one of these before. This, Tibbie, is nothing but the beginning. Hi! Hi!"

The swiftly gliding, fiery, formidable car stopped, and the hoarse buzz died out in a grinding of brakes; the light was dimmed a minute, then flared out again, as if it had winked. Sally and Tibbie climbed on; it moved, banging and whirring on its further way. They had to stand, of course, but what of that? Tibbie looked all about with her shining, intelligent brown eyes, and felt a flush of gratified pride to see Sally, when the conductor had squeezed himself near, pay like the others; it had seemed impossible that some compromise should not have to be made with him. She slipped her hand in Sally's, and was too occupied with the people and the colored advertisements to talk.

"Did you get anything for Christmas yet, Tibbie?"

She moved her head up and down, bestowing all her attention on a parcel-laden woman bound to drop something the next time she stirred.

"What did you get?"

"A doll's flat-iron and a muslin bag of candy. I put the iron on to heat, and it melted. I gave what was left to Jimmy."

"Who gave them to you?"

"Off the Sunday-school tree. But there were no lights on it, because it was daytime. Sally, I know something that has a hundred—"

"What's that? Let's see if you've got it now?"

Tibbie looked a little shamefaced, then said, "A dollar—is a hundred cents."

"Well, and would I be bringing you so far just to show you a dollar? This is worth as much as a dollar, every individual one of them. Tibbie, it's just the grandest sight you ever seen—pink and blue and yellow and striped—"

Tibbie, who was looking Sally fixedly in the face as if to see if her secret anywhere transpired, now almost shouted, "It's marbles!"

"Aw, but you're downright stupid, Tibbie. I don't mind telling you I'm disappointed. You're just a common, everyday sort of young one, with no idear of grandness in your idears at all. And you don't seem to keep a hold on more than one notion at a time. First it's a dollar. Is that pink and blue? And next it's marbles. Is marbles worth a dollar apiece? Now tell me what's the grandest, prettiest thing that ever you saw—"

"... Angels."

"D'you ever see any?"

"In the church window, painted."

"Well, this is as handsome as a hundred angels, less than a foot tall, all in new clothes, with little hats on."

"Sally, I think I know now. Only it couldn't be that. There couldn't likely be a hundred of them all together, for oh, Sally, it isn't a store we are going to! You didn't tell me it was a store."

"No more it is. We're going straight to Mrs. Darling's house, and no place but there. Here's where we get off."

The big girl, with the small one, alight-

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ed and turned into the quieter streets, Tibbie, as before, almost running to keep up with her long-legged friend.

They went into Mrs. Darling's by the back door. In the kitchen stood Miss Catherine in a coat with jet spangles and a hat with nodding plumes, pulling on a pair of tight kid gloves.

Tibbie at sight of her hung back, murmuring to Sally: "You didn't tell me! You didn't tell me!"

"Now you'll be sure she don't touch anything, Sally," said Miss Catherine, looking Tibbie over.

"Naw! She won't hurt anything. I've told her I'll skin her if she did."

"Are her hands clean? You'd better give them a wash, anyhow."

Tibbie dropped her eyes, a little mortified.

"All right! I'll wash 'em," said Sally.

"She'd better scrape her boots thoroughly on the mat too, before going up."

"I'll look after all that, Miss Catherine. Just you go long with an easy mind."

"Well, I'm off. I won't be long. Why don't you give her a piece of that cake? It's cut. But make her eat it down here. Good-night, little girl. I guess you never was in a house like this before. Good-night, Sal. Is my hat on straight?"

She was gone, and the whole house now belonged to Sally and Tibbie. They looked at each other in silence a moment; the glee they felt came shining to the surface of their faces and made them grin broadly at each other.

"She's particular, ain't she?" said Sally.

"I just as soon wash them again, but they're clean. I thought you said she was gone off to a party and going to be gone till real late."

"Law!" roared Sally, and plumped down to contort herself in comfort. "She thought it was Mrs. Darling herself! Law! law!"

Tibbie laughed too, but not so heartily, and the great time began.

Sally went for the cake-box, and Tibbie made a thoughtful selection; and "Who'll ever find a few crumbs?" said Sally. "Come along!"

The great child and the little, full of a sense of play, went up the stairs hand in hand. Tibbie could scarcely take account of what was happening to her, such was the pure delight of the adventure.

"This is the dining-room; this is the sitting-room; this is the receiving-room; this, now prepare—this is Mrs. Darling's own room!"

Up went the light; the rose-paper walls, the rose-chintz dumpy chairs, the silver-laden dressing-table, the pink and white draped bed, leaped into sight. Tibbie stood still, open-lipped.

"Ain't it handsome?" asked Sally, with the pride of indirectly belonging to such things. "Come along, I'm going to wash your hands in Mrs. Darling's basin."

She drew Tibbie, who gazed backward over her shoulder, into the little alcove where the marble wash-stand was, and turned on stiff jets of hot and cold water together. At the sweet odor of the soap tablet pushed under her nose, Tibbie's attention was won to the operations of washing and wiping.

"But where is there a hundred of anything?" she asked, faintly, looking all about.

"Oh, this ain't it yet! This is only like the outside entry. Now, Miss Tibbs, what kind of scent will you have on your hands?"

"Oh, Sal!"

"Shall it be Violet, or Russian Empress, or—what's this other—Lilass Blank? or the anatemizer played over them like the garden-hose?"

They unstopped the bottles in turn, and drew up out of them great, noisy, luxurious breaths. "This, Sally, this," said Tibbie at the one with the double name, like a person. Sally poured a drop in her little rough red hands, and she danced as she rubbed them together.

"Why are the little scissors crooked?" she asked, busily picking up and putting down things one after the other. "What for is the fluting-irons? What for is the butter in the little chiny jar? What's the flour for in the silver box? Oh, what's this? Oh, Sal, what's that?"

Sally picked up the powder-puff and gave her little friend, who drew back startled and coughing, a dusty dab, with it on each cheek. "It's to make you pale," she said. "It ain't fashionable to be red." She applied the puff to her own cheeks as well. The two stood gazing in silent interest at themselves in the mirror, and gradually broke into smiles at the incongruous reflection. Sally suddenly bent one cheek, hitched up one shoulder, and brushed half her face clean; then did the same by the other cheek with her other shoulder. Tibbie, who had watched

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"A DUSTY DAB WITH IT."

her, aped her movement faithfully. Then they looked at themselves again, and Tibbie remarked, "But I ain't red anyhow."

"Law! that you ain't! When are you going to begin to get some fat on your bones, Tibbie, or to grow?"

"I don't know. Who's the gentleman, Sal, in the pretty frame?"

"That's Mrs.'s husband. He ain't been living some time."

"Oh, he isn't living. Listen, listen, Sally! What's that noise I keep hearing? I've heard it ever since we came."

Sally listened. "That? That's Jetty. It's a little bit of a dog, up at the top of the house."

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"Oh, a little bit of a dog! Why does he bark all the time?"

"I guess Mrs. Bonnet shut him up there alone in the dark till she came back from gadding with Miss Pittock."

"Couldn't we get him, Sally? I hate to hear him. I want to see him awfully."

"All right. You wait here. But don't you hurt anything, or I'll skin you sure, like I told Miss Catherine. And whatever you do, don't you go into the little room till I come back."

"Is the hundred there?"

"Yes, it's there."

Tibbie, left alone, looked at the half-open door a minute, then turned away from it; all was so interesting, anyhow, she could wait with grace. With the palm of her hand, which she frequently stopped to smell, she stroked the fine linen pillows on the bed, and the white bear rugs on the floor, and the curtains; everything felt so soft. She examined the features of the Rev. Dorel Goodhue with approbation, proposing to ask Sally if she knew him.

The bark came nearer and nearer; when the door opened, in tumbled a small silky ball of black dog, who almost turned himself inside out in his delight at being in human company again. He ran floppily about and about the floor, in his conscious, cringing, graceful way, waving his tail round and round, tossing back his long silk ears to bark and bark.

At last the girls between them had him caught. He was squeezed tight in Tibbie's arms, where he wriggled and twitched, covering her cheeks and ears with promiscuous rapid dog-kisses, interspersed still with rapturous barks. "Oh, oh!" cried Tibbie, trying vainly to hold him still long enough to get a good kiss at him. "Isn't he soft? Isn't he sweet? And he has a yellow ribbon. Oh, do keep quiet, doggie dear—you tickle my ear!"

"I don't think we will bother any more about seeing the hundred," said Sally, a feigned coldness in her tone, and stood aloof watching child and dog.

"I had forgotten, honest, Sally."

"Put him down and come on, then."

"Mayn't I hold him and come too?"

"No, for when you see 'em, you'll drop him so quick you'll like as not break his legs."

"All right. Down, Jetty! Down, sir! Come on, Jetty; come right along, dear!"

"Wait a minute. I'll go in first and turn up the light. When I sing out, you come on."

She went ahead, and Jetty precipitated himself at her heels. Tibbie stooped with anxious wispy noises, and "Come back, sir! Come back!"

"Ready!" shouted Sally.

Tibbie made a bound for the door, but at a step's distance was overcome by a curious timidity, and instead of bolting in, pulled the door toward her tremulously and pushed aside the lace hanging with a cold hand.

There lay the hundred, all on a couch under the gas-light, arranged as in a show-window, propped by means of silk cushions so as to form a solid sloping bank —the hundred beautiful dolls.

"Well, ma'am?" asked Sally, expectantly.

Tibbie said nothing, but looked at them vaguely, full of constraint.

"Well, I never!" said Sally. "Don't you like 'em? What on earth did you expect, child? Well, I never! Well, if it don't beat all! Why, when I was a young one— Why, Tibbie girl — don't you think they are *lovely?*"

"Yes," she whispered, moving her head slowly up and down, then letting it hang.

"Aw, come out of that," said Sally, understanding. "Come, let's look at 'em one by one, taking all our time. Come to Sally, darling, and don't feel bad. We'll have lots of fun."

She took the not unwilling Tibbie by the hand, and led her nearer the banked splendor.

The dolls were all of a size, and undressed would with difficulty have been told apart, except, perhaps, by their little mothers. All were very blond and wide-eyed and bow-lipped; all, though dressed like little ladies, had the chubby hands of infants; and their boots were painted on their trim feet with black, and their garters with blue. But how to render the coquettish fashionableness with which these wax-complexioned little darlings were tricked out! all equally in silks and satins and velvets and lace, so that there could be no jealousies; all with hats of like beauty and stylishness.

Sally seated herself on the floor beside the low couch, and pulled Tibbie down into her lap, who drew up Jetty into hers. Tibbie had recovered the power to speak, but was still unduly sober and husky.

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"TIBBIE LOOKED AT THEM VAGUELY, FULL OF CONSTRAINT."

"I had almost guessed it, you know," she said, "when you said like angels with hats on. But I couldn't think there would be a hundred unless it was a store. What has the lady so many for?"

"Bless your heart! They ain't for herself! They are for orphans in a school that a minister-cousin of hers is superintendent of. She has been over a month making these clothes. Every Wednesday she would give a tea party, and a lot of ladies come and sit stitching and snipping and buzzing over the dolls' clothes the blessed afternoon. And I washed the tea things after them all!"

"They are for the orphans. Are there a hundred orphans?"

"I guess likely."

"Suppose, Sally—suppose there were only ninety-nine, and some girl got two!"

"Well, we two have got a hundred for to-night, Tibbie, so let's play, and glad enough we've got our mothers. Look, this is the way you must hold them to be sure of not crumpling anything."

She slipped her hand deftly under a doll's petticoats, and they peeped discreetly at the dainty under-clothes, crisp and snowy, more lace than linen.

"My soul and body! Did you ever see the like!" exclaimed Sally, spurring on Tibbie's enthusiasm by the tone of her voice, making the wonder more, to fill her little friend's soul to intoxication. Tibbie easily responded. She fairly rocked herself to and fro with delight.

"And not a pin among 'em," sighed Sally. "All pearl buttons and silk tying-strings and silver hooks and eyes; and, mercy on my soul! a little bit of a pocket in every dress, with its little bit of a lace pocket-handkerchief inside. D'you see that, Tibbie? And not two alike!"

"Oh, but there are some '*most* alike!" said the quick-eyed Tibbie; "only scattered far apart. There are three with the little rose-bud silk, and here's more than one with the speckled muslin. Perhaps those will be given to sisters."

"Come on, Tibbie; let's choose the one we would choose to get, if we was to get one given us. Now I would like that one in red velvet. It's just so dressy, ain't it, with the gold braid sewed down in a pattern round the bottom. Which would you take?"

"I should like the one all in white. She must be a bride; see, she has a wreath

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and veil and necklace. I should like her the very best. But right after that, if I could have two, I should like this other in the shade-hat with the forget-me-nots wreath, and forget-me-nots dotted all over her dress. And, see! the sky-blue hair-ribbon. If I could just have three of them, then I would take this one too, with the black lace shawl over her head fastened with roses instead of a hat. She has such a lovely face! And after her I would choose this one in green—or this one in pink; no, this one here, Sally, just look—this one in green and pink. And you, if you could have more than one, which would you choose, after the red one?"

"Well, I guess I should choose this one in white."

"Oh, no, Sally; don't you remember? That is the bride, the one I said the very first. You can have all the others, Sally dear, except the bride. But let's see, perhaps there are two brides. Yes!—no!—that is just a little girl in white, without a wreath. Should you like her as well? I was the first to say the bride, you know."

"Law! I wouldn't have wanted her if I had known she was a bride! I take this one, Tibbie—this one with the feathers in her hat. Ain't she the gay girl in red and green plaid! And this purple silk one, and this red and white stripe, and this—"

"Wait! That's enough; Sally, that makes four for you. It's my turn now. If I could have five, I should take one of the rose-bud ones—no, two of them, so's to play I had twins. Say, Sally, let's choose one apiece—first you one, then me one, till we've chosen them all up, and got fifty apiece. Your turn."

They chose and chose, pointing each time, and detailing the costume of the chosen one aloud with the greatest enjoyment.

Jetty had laid himself down beside them, stretched his silky length, his nose between his paws. He felt very tired. Perhaps among the things his great moist eyes were wondering about was the reason of this fatigue in his vocal chords.

"For my forty-fifth one," said Sally, placing her forefinger pensively against the side of her nose, "I choose [illegible] with the little black velvet [illegible] through."

"Taken already," said Tibbie, promptly.

"Then her over there, with the short puffy sleeves."

"Taken!"

"She taken too? Well, then, her in the pink Mother Hubbard with the little knitting-bag on her arm."

"Taken, Sally! Can't you remember anything? Those belong to me; I chose them long ago. These are the only not taken ones; here and here and here and here and here and here and—"

"Aw, you're a great girl!" cried Sally, suddenly throwing her arms around Tibbie and casting herself back on the floor with her, where they tumbled and rolled, laughing, Jetty jumping about on top of them, barking hoarsely in a frenzy of fun.

"Oh, Tibbie, ain't we having a time of it?"

And Tibbie almost shouted, "Yes!—ain't we having a time of it!"

"Ain't this a night?"

"Oh, yes!—ain't it a night!"

Sally tickled and poked her affectionately; and she tried to tickle Sally, and laughed till she was almost hysterical, and never remembered who she was or thought of anything outside this little room, but was filled with a sense of the crazy deliciousness of the moment.

At last, weak with laughter, she disentangled herself from the still panting and laughing Sally on the floor, and insisted on returning to the business of the distribution. She felt in the mood to be very funny. She jerked herself up and down and all about in a senseless sort of way.

"Here, Sally, now stop laughing and let's finish. It was your turn. You'd best take that one; she looks more as if she might be a little girl of yours, her cheeks are so red—red as a great big cabbage!" This remark seemed to Tibbie so inexpressibly funny that she laughed again till she nearly cried.

"Well, it's sure none of 'em has legs to make 'em look like children of yours," retorted Sally; and that seemed a greater joke still. With a foal's action Tibbie flung out the thin black legs with the awkward boots at the ends of them, and dropped to the floor squirming and laughing. Sally caught her suddenly again and cast herself backwards with her as before, in a gale of mirth.

There they were frolicking, when the peal of a bell rang brightly across their giggles.

Sally sat up instantly, and all in Mrs. Darling's house was for a long moment still as the very grave, for Sally had in-

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stinctively clapped her hand over Jetty's ready muzzle.

"Murder!" whispered Sally solemnly at last.

"What is it?" breathed Tibbie in her ear.

"Was it the front door or the back door?" asked Sally.

"I dun'no', Sally."

Sally had picked herself up and was stroking down her things.

Tibbie stood beside her looking up in her face, her own a trifle pale.

Sally's irresolution lasted only a second. She cast an eye on the dolls, saw that they were very nearly as she had found them, and turned down the light. She looked about Mrs. Darling's room to see that all was as usual, and turned down the lights there too, after glancing at the clock.

"It ain't late," she murmured. "It ain't a bit later than I supposed. It can't be her! It might be Mrs. Bonnet, though, getting home before Catherine, who's got the key. I shouldn't want her to catch you here for the whole world. Look here, Tibbie. You stand in here till I find out who it is, and if it's Mrs. Bonnet, you'll have to stay hidden till I find a good chance to come and smuggle you down."

Tibbie waited in the farthest corner of the hall closet, holding her breath, conscious of nothing at first but excitement and fear of she did not know quite what. After a little the thought drifted across her fervent hope for present safety, that though she got well out of this scrape, she would probably never see those radiant dollies again, her own half or Sally's.

She heard a whiffling and scratching at the closet door. Here was Jetty, dear Jetty, whose actions would surely betray her to Mrs. Bonnet when she came that way. Tibbie whispered: "Go right away, Jetty. There is no one in this closet; go right away!" and pressed backwards to the wall among the water-proofs, feeling like a little criminal with the police on her track.

"Tibbie!" came Sally's voice from the foot of the stairs: it sounded perfectly calm, and pleasant with a sort of company pleasantness. "It's all right. It's just a friend dropped in for a moment. You can go in again and play a little longer Turn up the light carefully. But remember what I told you."

Tibbie instantly forgot all her fears. She came out and picked up Jetty; she kissed him, explaining why she had told him to go away. The doggie seemed to bear no malice.

Tibbie tiptoed into the doll-room, and established herself on her knees before the dolls, happier than before, with a profounder happiness, in a stiller, almost devotional mood. It was so different being alone with them, having them quite to herself to play with in her own way. She took up the bride with a reverent hand, and after long contemplating her, very seriously, tenderly kissed her. Then, touching them as if they had been snowflakes almost, she moved the impressive little persons about, until her fifty were on one side and Sally's on the other.

"I can't play they're a family," she reflected; "they are too many all the same age, and all girls. I will play they are a hundred girls in an orphan asylum —a very rich orphan asylum—and that I am the superintendent. To-morrow I am going to give each a beautiful doll for a Christmas present. This little girl's name is Rosa. That one is Nelly. That one is Katy. That one is Sue." She named every one, passing through the list of such names as Goldenlocks, Cherrylips, Victoria, to end with such invented ones as Kirry, Mirry, Dirry, Birry. They seemed so much completer with names. Tibbie would say, "Miss Snowdrop!" And Miss Snowdrop, with Tibbie's assistance, would rise, answering, "Yes, ma'am." "Spell knot." "N—O—T!" "Not at all, my dear. Sit down again, my dear. Miss Lily; stand up, miss, and see if you can do any better this morning."

Suddenly, after having taken the asylum through a day's exercises, Tibbie tired of being the superintendent. She craved a relation more intimate, more affectionate, with the dollies. She did not believe a superintendent would have kissed and fondled them as she longed to do. She selected a dozen or so to play they were her children. She gave them their supper; she washed them and made them say their prayers. She told them it was bedtime, and she would now rock them to s'eep. She turned down the light, to very real, and drawing out a ...g-chair that seemed made for ... purpose, seated herself in it with two dollies on each arm, the rest made as comfortable as possible on her lap; for not one of them, after being included in the

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family, could, of course, be left out of the rocking. She rocked gently, now hushing, now singing "Bye-low-low-baby," her maternal heart swollen very large. In time one of the daughters became fractious and restless; she had to have medicine, and the rocking for her sake had to become almost violent. Nothing would soothe her but that the chair should rock backwards and forwards to the very tip ends of its rockers. This had its good effect at last; all the dolls were fast asleep, and the mother, her duty done, composed herself to take a well-earned rest too. This thought was no doubt suggested to Tibbie by the fact that she was really getting sleepy. It was long past her bedtime.

She was not far from napping when she became aware of Sally saying: "Lively, Tibbie! Miss Catherine has got back. We must be packing off home. I declare I lost sight of the time. There's just no one like a fireman to be entertaining, I declare. Mrs. Bonnet won't be long coming now."

She turned up the light, and saw the dolls so disarranged.

Tibbie was rubbing her eyes.

"Law!" said Sally, a little blankly. "Do you suppose we can get them to look as they did? I hope t' Heaven she didn't know which went next to which. Do you remember, Tibbie, where each belonged?"

"Yes. The bride went here. The rosebuds here. The purple and gray here. I can put them all back, every one."

"Oh, we're all right!" said Sally cheerfully again. "No one 'll ever know in the world they've been disturbed."

She had drawn off to get the general effect, and compare it with the earlier image in her brain, when she made a dive for one of the dolls, the last one, that the sleepy Tibbie had handed her up off the floor.

"Tibbie!" she said, in a ghastly whisper, "look at its head!"

Something had happened to it, certainly. Its pink-and-white face was pushed in; it looked very much as if a chair-rocker had gone over it. Tibbie looked at it, not understanding at all.

"Oh, Tibbie!" groaned Sally, "now what 'll we do!"

"I didn't do it," said Tibbie, lifting a pale face with perfectly truthful eyes. "I was just as careful! She was one of my daughters; I had her in my lap rocking her to sleep with the others; she slipped off my lap—there were too many for one lap, I guess—but I didn't step on her. Sure, Sally—sure as I live, I didn't step on her!"

"Oh, law! You must have rocked on her. Oh, Tibbie, what 'll I do!"

She picked up the doll to examine it, but saw at once that the little face could not be made right again.

Tibbie watched her without a word; her voice seemed to have sunk far below reach.

Sally moved the dolls about tentatively, so that ninety-nine should cover the same space as a hundred. Certainly at first glance the one she held would never be missed. "But what's the good?" she said, throwing it down. "They'll count them, and there'll be the mischief of a fuss. Oh, Tibbie"—and she had reached the end of her good-nature—"why did I ever think of bringing you here? Now look at all the trouble you've brought on me, when I thought you'd be so careful! And I told you and told you till I was hoarse. And here you've ruined all!"

Tibbie's eyes could not bear to meet Sally's. She stood with her hands behind her, speechless and motionless, in the middle of the floor.

"I declare I don't know what to do!" Sally exclaimed, dropping her arms and sitting down before the wreck. "I wish I'd never seen 'em! I wish there'd never been any Christmas! Oh, it's a great job, this! Tibbie, you've done for me this time!"

At this moment Miss Catherine came in to hurry them.

"She's broken one of them!" blurted out Sally.

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, she has!"

"Let me see it. Oh, you wicked child! She's smashed its face right in! Now who ever heard of such naughtiness?"

Tibbie twisted about ever so little, to get her back turned toward the two.

"She didn't do it out of naughtiness at all, Miss Catherine. She's as good a child as ever lived!" At that Tibbie's shoulders gave a little convulsive heave. "It was an accident entirely. But that's just as bad for me. I suppose I shall have to say it was me did it."

"And then they'll say what was I doing while the kitchen help was poking about

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in the lady's chamber. No; you don't get me into trouble, Sally Bean! You'd much better say how it was—how that you asked me if you just might bring a little girl to look, and I said you might, out of pure good-nature, being Christmas is rightly for children and I've a softness for them. And while we was both in the kitchen, she slipped away from us and came here and done it before we knew. And the child will say herself that it was so. You'll be packed off dead sure out of this place if you let on you meddled with them yourself. She won't have her things meddled with— There goes the bell. There comes that old cat Bonnet."

She hurried off to open.

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Bonnet, elevating her eyebrows as she appeared at the door and looked into the room she had expected to find dark and still. She held a paper bag, and spoke with an impediment and a breath of peppermint. Her cheek-bones and the end of her nose were brilliant pink with the cold. "What child is that?"

Miss Catherine was behind Mrs. Bonnet. "It happened this way, Mrs. Bonnet," she began, and told the story with a little tactful adaptation to the intelligence of her audience, ending, "And now, Mrs. Bonnet, what's to be done?"

"Oh, you wicked little brat!" said Mrs. Bonnet. "I just want to get hold of you and shake you!"

She made a snatch at Tibbie, who instinctively got beyond her clutch, and turning scared eyes toward Sally, said, just audibly, "I want to go home; I want to go home."

"It don't seem possible," said Mrs. Bonnet, bitterly, "that I can't run out a minute just to do an errand for Mrs. Darling herself—to get a spool of feather-stitching silk—but things like this has to happen. Catherine, I thought you, at least, was a responsible person, and here you has to go and—"

"Mrs. Bonnet," said Catherine, promptly, "you just let that alone! Don't you try none of that with me! I went out of an errand every bit as much as you did. I went out to make sure the ice-cream would be sent in good season for Christmas dinner, I did. Now I don't get dragged into this mess one bit more than you do!"

Mrs. Bonnet looked at her with a poison-green eye. She seemed to be repressing what was a trifle difficult to keep the upper hand of.

"Well," she exclaimed at last, "Mrs. Darling will be here in a minute, and then we shall all see what we shall see. Lord, ain't that woman been cross to-day and fussy! 'Tain't as if she was like other people—a little bit sensible, and could take some little few things into consideration, and remember we are all human flesh and blood. Not much! She don't consider nothing, nor nobody, nor feelings, nor circumstances! She just makes things fly! Things has to go her way, every time!"

"I want to go home," cried Tibbie, pathetically, and looked toward Sally now with a trembling face.

"No, you sha'n't go home," said Bonnet, uglily. "You shall stay right here and take the blame you deserve, after spoiling the face of that handsome doll. What do you mean by it, you little brat, you little gutter imp!"

"You let her alone, Mrs. Bonnet," said Sally, with a boldness that had never before characterized her relations with that lady. "Don't you talk to her like that! Any one can see she's as sorry as sorry can be for what she's done, and all the trouble she's got us into—"

"And what does that help, I'd like to know? The doll is broke, ain't it? And some one of us is going to catch it, however things go. You're a lucky girl, I say, if you don't lose your place. Some one of us is going to, I can easy foretell."

"I ain't going to lose my place," said Miss Catherine, firmly; and with a lifted chin was leaving to lay off her things, when the cook's nice copper-saucepan face was pushed a little inside the door.

"What's the matter?" she asked, cheerily, and stepped in. Her high-colored shawl was pinned on her breast with a big brooch; her bonnet-strings were nearly lost in her fat chin. "What's it all about? Whose nice little girl is this?"

Gradually she got the whole story, and going straight to Tibbie lifted her miserable little face, saying: "Don't you feel bad one bit, darlin'! It was all an accident, and it's no good crying over spilt milk. And if Mrs. Darling gets mad at you, she ain't the real lady I take her for. Why, I gave my Clary a new doll this very evening, and it's ready for a new head this minute. And did I stop to

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rear and tear about it? Not a bit of it. Why, bless you, she didn't go for to do it! What child smashes a doll a purpose? You're a pretty set, the whole gang of you, to pitch into a child!"

Tibbie by this time was freely weeping, and Sally and the cook together were trying to comfort and silence her.

"I've a great mind to stay here myself and stand up for her, yer pack of old maids, the lot of yer!" said the cook, looking hard at Mrs. Bonnet, who had reappeared without her hat and coat.

"You will oblige me, Mrs. MacGrath, by doing nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Bonnet. "We've no need to have a whole scène from the drama. You've no business on this floor anyhow, and I must insist on your keeping yourself in your own quarters."

"And I'll take my own time, yer born Britisher," muttered Mrs. MacGrath. Then putting her arm around Tibbie: "Well, Tibbie dear, you can be sure of this: however bad this seems, it 'll soon be over. And if Mrs. Darling does scold, it 'll soon be over too. It 'll all be looking different to you in the morning. However things goes, you'll soon be forgetting all about it. And to-morrow is Christmas day, that our own dear Lord was born on, and I'll bake you a little cake and send it to you by Sally."

"But Sally's going to be sent away," sobbed Tibbie.

"So she might be, but I feel it in my little toe that she ain't going to be."

"Well, and if I am, I am, and there an end," said Sally, bravely. "But I don't see why she can't take the price of the doll out of my wages and let me stay."

"I think you'll find," said Mrs. Bonnet, "that it ain't most particularly the cost of the doll gets you into trouble—There she comes this minute!"

The door-bell had rung. Profound silence reigned above, while all listened. Tibbie stopped crying.

"Good-night," came Mrs. Darling's sweet voice floating up from the foot of the stairs.

"Good-night," came the Rev. Dorel Goodhue's.

There was a rustle of silken skirts.

"Oh, Cousin Cynthia!"

"Yes?"

"At ten, did you say—or half past?"

"I said ten—or half past. Good-night."

More rustling of skirts, then,

"Oh, Cousin Dorel—"

"Yes?" from the foot of the stairs.

"It doesn't matter—what we spoke about, you know, unless perfectly convenient."

"Oh, but it will be convenient, perfectly. Good-night. Sleep well."

"You too. Pleasant dreams. Good-night."

"Good-night."

The rustling drew nearer, and Mrs. Darling stood in the doorway looking with a sort of absent-minded astonishment at the assemblage in her room.

The violets were quite dead on her white bosom; her hair was beginning to come loose, and stood out in golden wisps about her flushed face. She looked very sweet and soft and shiny-eyed and pleasant altogether.

"What is it?" she asked; and as Jetty was evoluting and clamoring about her feet she picked him up and kissed him like a mother. "Has anything happened? What is everybody doing up here? Whose little girl is this sitting up so late? They used to tell me I should never grow, my dear, if I sat up so late—"

"This is what it is, ma'am," began Mrs. Bonnet; and she told her arrangement of the story, uttering her words as a mowing-machine cuts weeds.

Mrs. Darling abstractedly took the rocking-chair; as she listened, the pleasant, happy look forsook her face.

"Oh, cut it short!" she interrupted, sharply. "What you have to tell is that the child there has broken one of the dolls, isn't it?"

There was an assenting mutter from Mrs. Bonnet.

"And you've kept her here, when she ought to have been in bed these hours, to bear the first burst of my displeasure—"

Mrs. Darling had said so much in a hard voice, with an appearance of cold anger; here her voice suddenly died, and she burst out crying like a vexed, injured child. "I *declare* it is too bad!" she sobbed, quite reckless of making a spectacle of herself, while all looked on and listened in consternation—"I declare it is too bad! It's no use! It doesn't matter *what* I do—it is always the same! It is *always* taken for granted I will conduct myself like a beast. Who can wonder, after that, if I do? Here I find them, pale as sheets,

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the five of them shaking in their boots because a forlorn little child has broken a miserable doll. And *what* is it supposed I shall do about it? Didn't I dress the hundred of them for children, and little poor children too? And I must have known they would get broken, of course. *Why* did I dress them? *What* did I spend months dressing them for? Solely for *show*, they think — not for any charity, any kindness, any love of children, or anything in the *world* but to make an effect on an occasion, I suppose—to make myself a merit with the parson, perhaps!" Here her crying seemed to become less of anger and nervousness, and more of sorrow; one would have thought her heart-broken. "Oh, it is too bad! One would imagine I never said a decent thing or did a kind act to any one. And Heaven knows it is not for lack of trying to change. But no one sees the difference! I am treated like a vixen and a terror. All the people about me hate and fear and deceive me! A proof of it to-night! Oh, the *lesson!* Oh, I wasn't *meant* for this! I wasn't meant for it! When I remember last Sunday's sermon, and how straight to my heart it went. Oh, I am a fool to cry! Come here to me, dear child. What is your name? What? A little louder! What did you say? Tibbie! Oh, what a nice, funny name!" Mrs. Darling smiled through her tears, pathetically hiccoughing and sighing while she spoke. "*You* didn't think I was going to scold you, did you, dear? Of *course* not! It was an accident; I understand all about it. I used to break my dolls' heads frequently, I remember very well—"

Mrs. Darling had put her arm endearingly around Tibbie, and tried to make the child's head easy on her shoulder. But poor Tibbie's muscles could not relax; her stiff little face rested uncomfortably, without pressing, upon its warm alabaster prop. "Let us see, dear, now, what we can do to make us both feel happier. I dressed all those dolls for little children I am not acquainted with at all. Which of them would you like the very best? Which should you like for your very own?"

Tibbie could neither make herself move nor speak; but the tail of her eye travelled towards the dolls.

"The bride!" Sally took the liberty of saying, beaming, as she came to Tibbie's aid.

"The bride? Which one is that? That one? Of course!" Mrs. Darling reached for the resplendent favorite and put her in Tibbie's hands. "There, my dear."

Tibbie took the doll loosely, without breath of thanks; but while Mrs. Darling reviewed the dolls her hand went out involuntarily toward the broken one. Mrs. Darling saw it. "Of course," she said—"of course, you would want that poor dollie to nurse back to health. "Now, dear, isn't there *one more* you would like?"

At this Tibbie's confusion seemed likely to overwhelm and swamp her. "I'll choose one for you," said Mrs. Darling, "and you shall call her Cynthia, after me. How would you like that? Suppose we say this one, with the forget-me-nots? She looks a little like me, doesn't she, with her hair parted in the middle? Her frock is made of a piece of one of my own, and that blue is my favorite color. There, Tibbie, now you have two whole dollies and part of another. You must run right home to bed. A Merry Christmas to you, dear child. I am very happy to have made your acquaintance."

The exuberant Sally talked like a clock gone mad all the way home through the clear wintry night; and since she felt inclined to conversation, it was well she could keep one up alone, for Tibbie, who trotted beside her, holding fast her dolls, did not utter a single word.



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THE DEFEAT OF AMOS WICKLIFF.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

"WHAT'S the matter with Amos?" Mrs. Smith asked Ruth Graves; "the boy doesn't seem like himself at all." Amos, at this speaking, was nearer forty than thirty; but ever since her own son's death he had been "her boy" to Edgar's mother. She looked across at Ruth with a wistful kindling of her dim eyes. "You —you haven't said anything to Amos to hurt his feelings, Ruth?"

Ruth, busy over her embroidery square, set her needle in with great nicety, and replied, "I don't think so, dear." Her color did not turn nor her features stir, and Mrs. Smith sighed.

After a moment she rose, a little stiffly—she had aged since Edgar's death—walked over to Ruth, and lightly stroked the sleek brown head. "I've a very great —*respect* for Amos," she said. Then, her eyes filling, she went out of the room; so she did not see Ruth's head drop lower. Respect? But Ruth herself respected him. No one, no one so much! But that was all. He was the best, the bravest man in the world; but that was all. While poor weak faulty Ned—how she had loved him! Why couldn't she love a right man? Why did not admiration and respect and gratitude combined give her one throb of that lovely feeling that Ned's eyes used to give her before she knew that they were false? Yet it was not Ned's spectral hand that chilled her and held her back. Three years had passed since he died, and before he died she had so completely ceased to love him that she could pity him as well as his mother. The scorching anger was gone with the love. But somehow, in the immeasurable humiliation and anguish of that passage, it was as if her whole soul were burned over, and the very power of loving shrivelled up and spoiled. How else could she keep from loving Amos, who had done everything (she told herself bitterly) that Ned had missed doing? And she gravely feared that Amos had grown to care for her. A hundred trifles betrayed his secret to her who had known the glamour that imparadises the earth, and never would know it any more. Mrs. Smith had seen it also. Ruth remembered the day, nearly a year ago, that she had looked up (she was singing at their cabinet organ, singing hymns of a Sunday evening) and had caught the look, not on Amos's face, but on the kind old face that was like her mother's. She understood why, the next day, Mrs. Smith moved poor Ned's picture from the parlor to her own chamber, where there were four photographs of him already.

"And now she is reconciled to what will never happen," thought Ruth, "and is afraid it won't happen. Poor Mother Smith, it never will!" She wished, half irritably, that Amos would let a comfortable situation alone. Of late, during the month or six weeks past, he had appeared beset by some hidden trouble. When he did not reckon that he was observed his countenance would wear an expression of harsh melancholy; and more than once had she caught his eyes tramping through space after her with a look that made her recall the lines of Tennyson that Ned used to quote to her in jest—for she had never played with him:

> "Right thro' his manful breast darted the pang
> That makes a man, in the sweet face of her
> That he loves most, lonely and miserable."

Then, for a week at a time, he would not come to the village; he said he was busy with a murder trial. He was not at their house to-day; it was they who were awaiting his return from the court-house, in his own rooms at the jail, after the most elaborate mid-day dinner Mrs. Raker could devise. The parlor was less resplendent and far prettier than of yore. Ruth knew that the change had come about through her own suggestions, which the docile Amos was always asking. She knew, too, that she had not looked so young and so dainty for years as she looked in her new brown cloth gown, with the fur trimming near enough a white throat to enhance its soft fairness. Yet she sighed. She wished heartily that they had not come to town. True, they needed the things, and, much to Mother Smith's discomfiture, she had insisted on going to a modest hotel near the jail, instead of to Amos's hospitality; but it was out of the question not to spend one day with him.

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Ruth began to fear it would be a memorable day.

There were his clothes, for instance; why should he make himself so fine for them, when his every-day suit was better than other people's Sunday best? Ruth took an unconscious delight in Amos's wardrobe. There was a finish about his care of his person and his fine linen and silk and his freshly pressed clothes which she likened to his gentle manner with women and to the leisurely, pleasant cadence of his voice, which to her quite mended any breaks in her admiration made by a reckless and unprotected grammar. Though she could not bring herself to marry him, she considered him a man that any girl might be proud to win. Quite the same, his changing his dress put her in a panic. Which was nonsense, since she didn't have any reason to suppose— The cold chills were stepping up her spine to the base of her brain; *that* was his step in the hall!

He opened the door. He was fresh and pressed from the tailor, he was smooth and perfumed from the barber, and his best opal and diamond scarf-pin blazed in a new satin scarf. Certainly his presence was calculated to alarm a young woman afraid of love-making.

Nor did his words reassure her. He said, "Ruth, I don't know if you have noticed that I was worried lately."

"I thought maybe you were bothered about some business," lied Ruth, with the first defensive instinct of woman.

"Yes, that's it; it's about a man sentenced to death."

"Oh!" said Ruth.

"Yes, for killing Johnny Bateman. He's applied for a new trial, and the court has just been heard from. Raker's gone to find out. If he can't get the hearing, it's the gallows; and I—"

"Oh, Amos, no! that would be too awful! Not *you!*"

"—I'd rather resign the office, if it wouldn't seem like sneaking. Ah!" A rap at the door made Amos leap to his feet. In the rap, so muffled, so hesitating, sounded the diffidence of the bearer of bad news. "If *that's* Raker," groaned Amos, "it's all up, for that ain't his style of knock!"

Raker it was, and his face ran his tidings ahead of him.

"They refused a new trial?" said Amos.

"Yes, they have," exploded Raker. "Oh, d— sech justice! And he's only got three days before the execution. And it's *here!* Oh, ain't it h—?"

"Yes, it is," said Amos, "but you needn't say so here before ladies." He motioned to the portrait and to Ruth, who had leaned out from her chair, listening with a pale, attentive face.

"Please excuse me, ladies," said Raker, absently; "I'm kinder off my base this morning. You see, Amos, my wife she says if hanging Sol is my duty I've jest got to resign, for she won't live with no hangman. She's terrible upset."

"It ain't your duty; it's mine," said Amos.

"I guess you don't like the job any more'n me," stammered Raker, "and it ain't like Joe Raker sneakin' off this way; but what can I do with my woman? And maybe you, not having any wife—"

"No," said Amos, very slowly, "I haven't got any wife; it's easier for me." Nevertheless the blood had ebbed from his swarthy cheeks.

"But how did it happen?" said Ruth.

"'Ain't Amos told you?" said Raker, whose burden was visibly lightened—he pitied Amos sincerely, but it is much less distressful to pity one's friends than to need to pity one's self. "Well, this was the way: Sol Joscelyn was a rougher in the steel-works across the river, and he has a sweetheart over here, and he took her to the big Catholic fair, and Johnny was there. Johnny was the biggest policeman on the force and the best natured, and he had a girl of his own, it came out, so there was no cause for Sol to be jealous. He says now it was his fault, and she says 'twas all hers; but my notion is it was the same old story. Breastpins in a pig's nose ain't in it with a pretty girl without common-sense; and that's Scriptur', Mrs. Raker says. But Sol felt awful bad, and he felt so bad he went out and took a drink. He took a good many drinks, I guess; and not being a drinkin' man he didn't know how to carry it off, and he certainly didn't have any right to go back to the hall in the shape he was in. It was a friendly part in Johnny to take him off and steer him to the ferry. But there was a little bad look about it, though Sol went peaceful at last. Sol says they had got down to Front Street, and it was all friendly and cleared up, and he was terrible ashamed

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of himself the minnit he got out in the air. He was ahead, he says, crossing the street, when he heard Johnny's little dog yelp like mad, and he turned round—of course he wasn't right nimble, and it was a little while before he found poor Johnny, all doubled up on the sidewalk, stabbed in the jugular vein. He never made a sign. Sol got up and run after the murderer. The mean part is that two men in a saloon saw Sol jest as he got up and run. Naturally they ran after him and started the hue-and-cry, and Sol was so dazed he didn't explain much. Have I got it straight, Amos?"

"Very straight, Joe. You might put in that the prosecuting attorney, Frank Woods, is on his first term and after laurels; and that unluckily there have been three murders in this locality inside the year, and by hook or crook all three of the men got off with nothing but a few years at Anamosa; and public sentiment, in consequence, is pretty well stirred up, and not so particular about who it hits as hitting *somebody;* and that poor Sol had a chump of a lawyer—and you have the state of things."

"But why are you so sure he wasn't guilty?" said Ruth. The shocked look on her face was fading. She was thinking her own thoughts, not Amos's, Raker decided.

"Partly on account of the dog," said Amos. "First thing Sol said when they took him up was, 'Johnny's dog's hurt too'; and true enough we found him (for I was round) crawling down the street with a stab in him. Now, I says, here's a test right at hand; if the dog was stabbed by this young feller he'll tell of it when he sees him, and I fetched him right up to Sol; but, bless my soul, the dog kinder wagged his tail! And he's taken to Sol from the first. Another thing, they never found the knife that did it; said Sol might have throwed it into the river. Tommy rot!—I mean it ain't likely. Sol wasn't in no condition to throw a knife a block or two!"

"But if not he, who else?" said Ruth.

Amos was at a loss to answer her exactly, and yet in language that he considered suitable "to a nice young lady"; but he managed to convey to her an idea of the villanous locality where the unfortunate policeman met his death; and he told her that from the first, judging by the character of the blow ("no American man—a decent man too, like Sol—would have jabbed a man from behind that way; that's a Dago blow, with a Dago knife!"), he had suspected a certain Italian woman, who "boarded" in the house beneath whose evil walls the man was slain. He suspected her because Johnny had arrested "a great friend of hers" who turned out to be "wanted," and in the end was sent to the penitentiary, and the woman had sworn revenge. "That's all," said Amos, "except that when I looked her up, she had skipped. I have a good man shadowing her, though, and he has found her."

"And that was what convinced you?"

"That and the man himself. Suppose we take a look at him. Then I'll have to go to Des Moines. I suspected this would come, and I'm all ready."

So the toilet was for the Governor and not for her; Ruth took shame to herself for a full minute while Raker was speaking. Amos's dejection came from a cause worthy of such a man as he. Perhaps all her fancies. . . .

"That will suit," Raker was saying. "He has been asking for you. I told him."

"Thank you, Joe," said Amos, gratefully.

"I don't propose to leave *all* the dirty jobs to you," growled Raker. And he added under his breath to Ruth, when Amos had stopped behind to strap a bag, "Amos is going to take it hard."

He led the way, through a stone-flagged hall, where the air wafted the unrefreshing cleanliness of carbolic acid and lime, up a stone and iron staircase worn by what hundreds of lagging feet, past grated windows through which how many feverish eyes had been mocked by the brilliant western sky, past narrow doors and the laughter and oaths of rascaldom in the corridor, into an absolutely silent hall blocked by an iron-barred door. There Raker paused to fit a key in the lock, and on his commonplace, florid features dawned a curious solemnity. Ruth found herself breathing more quickly.

The door swung inward. Ruth's first sensation was a sort of relief, the room looked so little like a cell, with its bright chintz on the bed, and the mass of nosegays on the table. A black-and-tan terrier bounded off the bed and gambolled joyously over Amos's feet.

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"Here's the sheriff and a lady to see you, Sol," Raker announced.

The prisoner came forward eagerly, holding out his hand. All three shook it. He was a short, cleanly built man, who held his chin slightly uplifted as he talked. His reddish-brown hair was strewn over a high white forehead; its disorder did not tally with the neatness of his Sunday suit, which, they told Ruth afterward, he had worn ever since his conviction, although previously he had been particular to wear his working-clothes. Ruth's eyes were drawn by an uncanny attraction, stronger than her will, to the face of a man in such a tremendous situation. His skin was fair and freckled, and had the prison pallor, face and hands. But the feature that impressed Ruth was his eyes. They were of a clear, grayish-blue tint, meeting the gaze directly, without self-consciousness or bravado, and innocent as a child's. Such eyes are not unfrequent among working-men, but the rest of us have learned to hide behind the glass. He did not look like a man who knew that he must die in three days. He was smiling. Looking closer, however, Ruth saw that his eyelids were red, and she observed that his fingers were tapping the balls of his thumbs continually.

"I'm real glad to see you," he said. "Won't you set down? Poker, you let the lady alone"—addressing the dog. "He's jest playful; he won't bite. Mr. Wickliff lets me have him here; he was Johnny's dog, and he's company to me. He likes it. They let him out whenever he wants, you know." His eyes for a second passed the faces before him and lingered on the bare branches of the maple swaying between his window grating and the sky. Was he thinking that he would see the trees but once, on one terrible journey?

Raker blew his nose violently.

"Well, I'm off to Des Moines, Sol," said Amos.

"Yes, sir. And about Elly going? I don't want her to go to all that expense if it won't do no good. I want to leave her all the money I can—"

"You never mind about the money." Amos took the words off his tongue with friendly gruffness. "But she better wait till we see how I git along. Maybe there'll be no necessity."

"It's a kinder long journey for a young lady," said Joscelyn, anxiously, "and it's so hard getting word of those big folks, and I hate to think of her having to hang round. Elly's so timid like, and maybe somebody not being polite to her—"

"I'll attend to all that, Joscelyn. She shall go in a Pullman, and everything will be fixed."

"Can you git passes? You are doing a terrible lot of things for me, Mr. Wickliff; and Mr. Raker too, and his good lady" (with a grateful glance at Raker, who rocked in the rocking-chair and was lapped in gloom). "It does seem like you folks here are awful kind to folks in trouble, and if I ever git out—" He was not equal to the rest of the sentence, but Amos covered his faltering with a brisk—

"That's all right. Say, 'ain't you got some new flowers?"

Joscelyn smiled. "Those are from the boys over to the mill. Ten of them boys was over to see me Sunday, no three knowing the others were coming. I tell you when a man gits into trouble he finds out about his friends. I got awful good friends. The roller sent me that box of cigars. And there's one little feller—he works on the hot-bed, one of them kids—and he walked all the six miles, 'cross the bridge and all, 'cause he didn't have money for the fare. Why he didn't have money, he'd spent it all in boot-jack tobacco and a rosy apple for me. He's a real nice little boy. If—if things was to go bad with me, would you kinder have an eye on Hughey, Mr. Wickliff?"

Amos rose rather hastily. "Well, I guess I got to go now, Sol."

Ruth noticed that Sol got the sheriff's big hand in both his as he said, "I guess you know how I feel 'bout what you and Mr. Raker—" This time he could not go on, his mouth twitched, and he brushed the back of his hand across his eyes. Ruth saw that the palm had a great white welt on it, and that the sinews were stiffened, preventing the fingers from opening wide. She spoke then. She held out her own hand.

"I know you didn't do it," said she, very deliberately; "and I'm sure we shall get you free again. Don't stop hoping! Don't you stop one minute!"

"I guess I can't say anything better than that," said Amos. In this fashion they got away.

Amos did not part his lips until they

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were back in his own parlor, where he spoke. "Did you notice his hand?"

Ruth had noticed it.

"A man who saw the accident that gave him those scars told me about it. It happened two years ago. Sol had his spell at the roll, and he was strolling about, and happened to fetch up at the finishing-shears, where a boy was straightening the red-hot iron bars. I don't know exactly how it happened; some way the iron caught on a joint of the bed-plates and jumped at him, red-hot. He didn't get out of the way quick enough. It went right through his leg and curved up, and down he dropped with the iron in him. Near the femoral artery, they said, too; and it would have burned the walls of the artery down, and he would have bled to death in a flash. Sol Joscelyn saw him. He looked round for something to take hold of that iron with that was smoking and charring, but there wasn't anything —the boy's tongs had gone between the rails when he fell. So he—he took his *hands* and pulled the red-hot thing out! That's how both his hands are scarred."

"Oh, the poor fellow!" said Ruth; "and think of him *here!*"

Amos shook his head and strode to the window. Then he came back to her, where she was trying to swallow the pain in the roof of her mouth. He stretched his great hands in front of him. "How could I ever look at them again if they pulled that lever?" he sobbed — for the words were a sob; and immediately he flung himself back to the window again.

"Amos, I know they won't hang him; why, they *can't*. If the Governor could only see him." Ruth was standing, and her face was flushed. "Why, Amos, *I* thought maybe he might be guilty until I saw him! I know the Governor won't see him, but if we told him about the poor fellow, if we tried to make him see him as we do?"

Amos drearily shook his head. "The Governor is a just man, Ruth, but he is hard as nuts. Sentiment won't go down with him. Besides, he is a great friend of Frank Woods, who has got his back up and isn't going to let me pull his prisoner out. Of course he's given *his* side."

"The girl—this Elly? If she were to see the Governor?"

"I don't know whether she'd do harm or not. She's a nice little thing, and has stood by Sol like a lady. But it's a toss up if she wouldn't break down and lose her head utterly. She comes to see him as often as she can, always bringing him some little thing or other; and she sits and holds his hand and cries — never seems to say three words. Whenever she runs up against me, she makes a bow and says, 'I'm so much obliged to you,' and looks scared to death. *I* don't know who to get to go with her; her mother keeps a working-man's boarding-house; she's a good soul, but—"

He dropped his head on his hand and seemed to try to think.

It was strange to Ruth that she should long to go up to him and touch his smooth black hair, yet such a crazy fancy did flit through her brain. When she thought that he was suffering because of her, she had not been moved; but now that he was so sorely straitened for a man who was nothing to him more than a human creature, her heart ached to comfort him.

"No," said Amos; "we've got to work the other strings. I've got some pull, and I'll work that; then the newspaper boys have helped me out, and folks are getting sorry for Sol; there wouldn't be any clamor against it, and we've got some evidence. I'm not worth shucks as a talker, but I'll take a talker with me. If there was only somebody to keep her straight—"

"Would you trust me?" said Ruth. "If you will, I'll go with her to-morrow."

Amos's eyes went from his mother's picture to the woman with the pale face and the lustrous eyes beneath it. He felt as stirred by love and reverence and the longing to worship as ever did a mediæval knight; he wanted to kneel and kiss the hem of her gown; what he did do was to open his mouth, gasp once or twice, and finally say, "Ruth, you—you are as good as they make 'em!"

Amos went, and the instant that he was gone, Ruth, attending to her own scheme of salvation, crossed the river. She entered the office of the steel-mill, where the officers gave her full information about the character of Sol Joscelyn. He was a good fellow and a good workman, always ready to work an extra turn to help a fellow-workman. She went to his landlady, who was Elly's mother, and

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THE FAREWELL.

heard of his sober and blameless life. "And indeed, miss, I know of a certainty he never did git drunk but once before, and that was after his mother's funeral; and she was bedfast for ten years, and he kep' her like a lady, with a hired girl, he did; and he come home to the dark house, and he couldn't bear it, and went back to the boys, and they, meaning well, but foolish, like boys, told him to forget the grief." Ruth went back to Sol's mill, between heats, to seek Sol's young friend. She found the "real nice little boy" with a huge quid in his cheek, and his fists going before the face of another small lad who had "told the roller lies." He cocked a shrewd and unchildish blue eye at Ruth, and skilfully sent his quid after

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the flying tale-bearer. "Sol Joscelyn? Course I know him. He's a friend of mine. Give me coffee outer his pail first day I got here; lets me take his tongs. I'm goin' to be a rougher too, you bet; I'm a-learnin'. He's the daisiest rougher, he is. It's *grand* to see him ketch them white-hot bars that's jest a-drippin', and chuck 'em under like they was kindling-wood. He's licked my old man, too, for haulin' me round by the ear. He ain't my own father, so I didn't interfere. Say, you goin' to see Sol to-night? You can give him things, can't you? I got a mince pie for him."

Ruth consented to take the pie, and she did not know whether to laugh or cry when, examining the crust, she discovered, cunningly stowed among the raisins and citron, a tiny file.

When she told Sol, he did not seem surprised. "He's always a-sending of them," said he; "most times Mr. Raker finds 'em, but once he got one inside a cigar, and I bit my teeth on it. He thinks if he can jest git a *file* to me it's all right. I s'pose he reads sech things in books."

Amos went to Des Moines of a Monday afternoon; Tuesday night he walked through the jail gate with his head down, as no one had ever seen the sheriff walk before. He kept his eye on the sodden, frozen grass and the ice-varnished bricks of the walk, which glittered under the electric lights; it was cruelty enough to have to hear that dizzy ring of hammers; he would not see; but all at once he recoiled and stepped *over* the sharp black shadow of a beam. But he had his composure ready for Raker.

"Well?—he wouldn't listen to you?"

"No: he listened, but I couldn't move him, nor Dennison couldn't, either. He's honest about it; he thinks Sol is guilty, and an example is needed. Finally I told him I would resign rather than hang an innocent man. He said Woods had another man ready."

"That will be a blow to Sol. I told him you would attend to everything. He said he'd risk another man if it would make you feel bad—"

"*I* won't risk another man, then. But the Governor called my bluff. Where's Miss Graves?"

"Gone to Des Moines with Elly. Went next train after your telegram."

"And Mrs. Smith?"

"She's in reading the Bible to Sol. I don't know whether it's doing him any good or not; he says 'Yes, ma'am' and 'That's right' to every question she asks him; but I guess some of it's politeness. And he seems kinder flighty, and his mind runs from one thing to another. But he says he's still hoping. He's made a list of all his things to give away; and he's said good-by to the newspaper boys. I never supposed that youngest one had any feeling, but I had to give him four fingers of whiskey after he come out; he was white's the wall, and he hadn't a word to say. It's been a terrible day, Amos. My woman's jest all broke up; she wanted me to make a rope-ladder. Me! Said she and old lady Smith would hide him. 'Polly,' says I, 'I know my duty; and if I didn't, Amos knows his.' She 'ain't spoke to me since, and we had a picked-up dinner. Well, I can't eat!"

"You best not drink much either, then, Joe," said Amos, kindly; and he went his ways. Dark and painful ways they were that night; but he never flinched. And the carpenters on the ghastly machine without the gate (the shadow of which lay, all night through, on Amos's curtain) said to each other, "The sheriff looks sick, but he ain't going to take any chances!"

The day came—Sol's last day—and there were a hundred demands for Amos's decision. In the morning he made his last stroke for the prisoner. He told Raker about it. "I found the tool at last," he said, "in the place you suspected. Dago dagger. I've expressed it to Miss Graves and telegraphed her. It's in *her* hands now."

"Sol says he 'ain't quit hoping," says Raker. "Say, the blizzard flag is out; you don't think you could put it off for weather, being an out-door thing, you know?"

"No," says Amos, knitting his black brows; "I know my duty."

Towards night, in one of his many visits to the condemned man, Sol said, "Elly 'll be sure to come back from Des Moines in—in time, if she don't succeed, won't she?"

"Oh, sure," said Amos, cheerfully. He spoke in a louder than common voice when he was with Sol; he fought against an inclination to walk on tiptoe, as he saw Raker and the watch doing. He wished Sol would not keep hold of his hand so

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long each time they shook hands; but he found his hand going out whenever he entered the room. He had a feeling at his heart as if a string were tightening about it and cutting into it: shaking hands seemed to loosen the string. From Sol, Amos went down stairs to the telephone to call up the depot. The electricity snapped and roared and buzzed, and baffled his ears, but he made out that the Des Moines train had come in two hours late; the morning train was likely to be later, for a storm was raging and the telegraph lines were down. Elly hadn't come; she couldn't come in time! Amos changed the call to the telegraph-office.

Yes, they had a telegram for him. Just received; been ever since noon getting there. From Des Moines. Read it?

The sheriff gripped the receiver and flung back his shoulders like a soldier facing the firing-squad. The words penetrated the whir like bullets: "Des Moines, December 8, 189–. Governor refused audience. Has left the city. My sympathy and indignation. T. L. Dennison."

Amos remembered to put the tube up, to ring the bell. He walked out of the office into the parlor; he was not conscious that he walked on tiptoe or that he moved the arm-chair softly as if to avoid making a noise. He sank back into the great leather depths and stared dully about him. "They've called my bluff!" he whispered; "there isn't anything left I can do." He could not remember that he had ever been in a similar situation, because, though he had had many a buffet and some hard falls from life, never had he been at the end of his devices nor his obstinate courage. But now there was nothing, nothing to be done.

"By-and-by I will go and tell Sol," he thought, in a dull way. No; he would let him hope a little longer; the morning would be time enough. . . . He looked down at his own hands, and a shudder contracted the muscles of his neck, and his teeth met.

"Brace up, you coward!" he adjured himself; but the pith was gone out of his will. That which he had thought, looking at his hands, was that *she* would never want to touch them again. Amos's love was very humble. He knew that Ruth did not love him. Why should she? Like all true lovers in the dawn of the New Day, he was absorbed in his gratitude to her for the power to love. There is nothing so beautiful, so exciting, so infinitely interesting, as to love. To be loved is a pale experience beside it, being, indeed, but the mirror to love without which love may never find its beauty, yet holding, of its own right, neither beauty nor charm. Amos had accepted Ruth's kindness, her sympathy, her goodness, as he accepted the way her little white teeth shone in her smile, and the lovely depths of her eyes, and the crisp melody of her voice—as windfalls of happiness, his by kind chance or her goodness, not for any merit of his own. He was grateful, and he did not presume; he had only come so far as to wonder whether he ever would dare— But now he only asked to be her friend and servant. But to have her shrink from him, to have his presence odious to her . . . he did not know how to bear it! And there was no way out. Not only the State held him, the wish of the helpless, trusting creature that he had failed to save was stronger than any law of man. He thought suddenly of Mrs. Raker and her foolish schemes: that woman didn't understand how a man felt. But all of a sudden he found himself getting up and going quickly to his father's picture; and he was saying out loud to the painted soldier: "I know my duty! I know my duty!" Without, the snow was driving against the window-pane; that accursed Thing creaked and swayed under the flail of the wind, but kept its stature. Within, the tumult and combat in a human soul was so fierce that only at long intervals did the storm beat its way to his consciousness. Once, stopping his walk, he listened and heard sobs, and a gentle old voice that he knew in a solemn, familiar monotony of tone; and he was aware that the women were in the other room weeping and praying. And upstairs Sol, who had never done a mean trick in his life, and been content with so little, and tried to share all he got, was waiting for the sweetheart who never could come, turning that pitiful smile of his to the door every time the wind rattled it, "trying to hope!"

He had not shed a tear for his own misery, but now he leaned his arm on the frame of his mother's portrait and sobbed. He was standing thus when Ruth saw him, when she flashed up to him, cold and wet and radiant.

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She was too breathless to speak; but she did not need to speak.

"You've got it, Ruth!" he cried. "Oh God, you've got the reprieve!"

"Yes, I have, Amos; here it is. I couldn't telegraph because the wires were down, but the Governor and the railroad superintendent fixed it so we could come on an engine. I knew you were suffering. Elly is with Mother Smith and Mrs. Raker, but I—but I wanted to come to you."

If he had thought once of himself he must have heard the new note in her voice. But he did not think once of himself; he could only think of Sol.

"But the Governor, didn't he refuse to see you?" said he.

"No; he refused to see poor Mr. Dennison." Ruth used the slighting pity of the successful. "*We* didn't try to go to him; we went to his wife."

Amos sat down. "Ruth," he said, solemnly, "you haven't got talent, you've got genius!"

"Why, of course," said Ruth, "he might snub *us* and not listen to us, but he would *have* to listen to his wife. She is such a pretty lady, Amos, and so kind. We had a little bit of trouble seeing her at first, because the girl (who was all dressed up, like the pictures, in a black dress and white collar and cuffs and the nicest long apron), she said that we couldn't come in, the Governor's wife was engaged, and they were going out of town that day. But when Elly began to talk to her she sympathized at once, and she got the Governor's wife down. Then I told her all about Sol and how good he was, and I cried and Elly cried and *she* cried—we all cried—and she said that I should see the Governor, and gave us tea. She was as kind as possible. And when the Governor came I told him everything about Sol—about his mother and the little boy at the mill and the dog, and how he saved the other man, pulling out that big iron bar red-hot—"

"But," interrupted Amos, who would have been literal on his death-bed—"but it wasn't a very big bar. Not a rougher's bar, you know—a finisher's bar, just ready for the shears."

"Never mind; it was big when I told it, and I assure you it impressed the Governor. He got up and walked the floor, and then Elly threw herself on her knees before him; and he pulled her up, and, don't you know, not exactly laughed, but something like it. 'I can't make out,' said he, 'from your description much about the guilt or innocence of Solomon Joscelyn, but one thing is plain, that he is too good a fellow to be hanged!'"

"And did you take the dagger I sent, and my telegram?"

"Your telegram? Dagger? Amos, I'm so sorry, but we didn't go back to our lodgings at all. We had our bags with us, and came right from the Governor's here!"

"Then you didn't say anything about evidence?"

"Evidence?" Ruth looked distressed. "Oh, Amos! I forgot all about it!"

Amos always supposed that he must have been beside himself, for he caught her hand and kissed it, and cried, "You darling!" Nothing more, not a word; and he went abjectly down on his knees before her chair and apologized, until, frightened by her silence, he looked up—and saw Ruth's eyes.

After all, the evidence was not at all wasted; for the Italian woman, thanks to a cunning use of the dagger, made a full confession; and the public wrath having been sated on Sol, a more merciful jury sent the real assassin to a lunatic asylum, which pleased Amos, who was not certain whether he had not stepped from one hot box into another. Ruth told Amos, when he asked her the inevitable question of the lover, "I don't know when exactly, dear, but I think I began to love you when I saw you cry; and I was *sure* of it when I found I could help you!"

Honest Amos did not analyze his wife's heart; he was content to accept her affection as the gift of God and her, and his gratitude included Sol and Elly; wherefore it comes to pass that a certain iron-worker, on a certain day in December, always dines with Amos Wickliff, his wife, and Mother Smith. Amos is no longer sheriff, but a citizen of substance and of higher office, and they live in what Mother Smith fears is almost sinful luxury; and on this day there will be served a dinner yielding not to Christmas itself in state; and after dinner the rougher will rise, his wineglass in hand. "To our wives," he will say, solemnly.

And Amos, as solemnly, will repeat the toast: "To our wives. Thank God!"

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BY HAMBLEN SEARS.

PRACTICALLY speaking, Henry Eldridge was a genius; and if his lines had been cast in smoother places he might, and no doubt would, have astounded humanity by his inexhaustible resources. As it was, Henry, nominally a builder of carriages, also built himself houses in which, one after another, he lived; and many a time have I seen him pause in the midst of his work—he paused often—to take a huge and ancient bull-fiddle from its corner, and for half an hour play some absurd jig upon its decrepit strings. At certain periods in the prosecution of his decayed wheelwright trade, his fiddling, and his house-building, he would descend into the cellar of one of the houses, carefully open a locked cupboard, and pour out half a tumbler of the most magnificent home-made elderberry wine that ever touched the lips of wheelwrights or of fiddlers. This he would look at long and fondly. Then filling the rest of the tumbler with Jamaica rum, he would drink it off at a gulp, and snatch a short twenty minutes from his many occupations to sit upon a barrel head and gaze with unswerving thoughtfulness upon the cheeses and rafters of the roof.

This, however, was not by any means the limit of Henry's versatility. It had no limit. His genius suited itself to the season. On the appearance of the first black duck sailing over the dunes of Cape Cod, Henry would calmly and seriously close the door of his wheelwright shop, tenderly lay away the bull-fiddle, and leave the last unfinished house to stand or fall as it should decide. The time had come for other things; and taking one more sip of the wine of his heart, he would call to him his thirty tame ducks, put them in their movable crib, and urging his worn-out, moth-eaten steed, make all haste to reach Cliff Pond and his shooting-box. Once there with the ducks flying, he would remain till late winter, making uncertain descents upon his home and family for food, but always returning as soon as possible to the "pawnd."

It did not trouble Henry, if it ever occurred to him, that Cape Cod, and especially Brewster, had been shot out years ago; that ten to fifteen brace of duck was an enormous day's work. He did not shoot to kill; he had the truest sporting spirit, the spirit that enjoyed tricking the game; and he was as satisfied with one duck well shot as with a hundred merely slaughtered. What did cause him to pour forth the vials of his wrath, however—bitter vials they were, too, accompanied by a most extraordinary variety of language—was to find that he had harbored in his bosom, that is to say, in his shooting-stand, a tenderfoot, a man who did not know enough to refrain from sneezing when ducks were in the pond, or who insisted on slapping his freezing ears at the moment an enormous gander was walking deliberately over the waves into

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gunshot. Then neither ducks nor geese, neither courtesy nor the tender senses of those present, were considered by Henry. Everything was forgotten in the immediate necessity he felt for stating in his high nasal tones the views he entertained as to the propriety of such persons being in warmer places than Cliff Pond, or even the earth upon which that pond rested.

It was not a surprise to me, therefore, to receive an epistle from Henry one cold January day, to the effect that if I would leave New York at once and make all haste to Brewster, I would find "that the" —and at this point in the letter there appeared a peculiar drawing resembling a number of jack-stones arranged in the form of an irregular "v"—"were flying." Knowing Henry's humorous vein, I surmised that this must be his method of referring to geese, and forthwith I departed.

It was a cold, bleak night when the laboring train, tired with its many stops and starts, pulled up at the Brewster station. Darkness had come on, and as the lights of the cars disappeared to the eastward and the gloom settled down over the little lonesome station, the wind whistled and moaned through the telegraph wires, and I could see nothing but the bleak, uneventful landscape of stunted firs and stone walls melting off into the darkness. It might have been a hundred miles to the nearest human being, except for one light down the rutted road, the particular house which Henry, his wife, and seven children happened at that moment to be occupying. There was nothing for it but to trudge through the sleet and melted snow, with my two guns in one hand and a big grip in the other.

I found on arriving at the house that, as is their wont in this heart of Puritanism, events and circumstances had conducted themselves in their own original fashion. It appeared that the geese had suddenly departed, but that in their place had come red-heads and mallards and black ducks; and thus I began a fortnight of duck-shooting over Henry's tame decoys.

II.

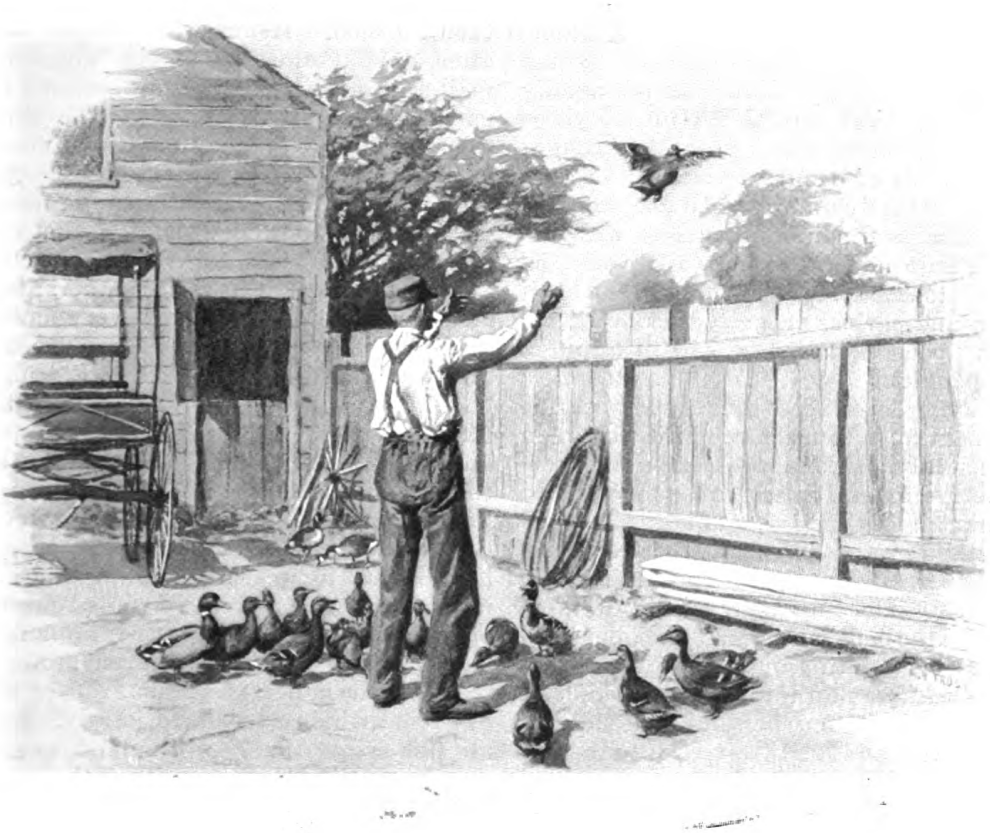
Many a sportsman of the better sort continues to condemn the practice of shooting game over tame decoys. It would be useless to deny his argument. Frankly speaking, the only sportsmanlike conduct in hunting shore birds, as in hunting other game, is to crawl up on them by sheer sporting skill, and kill them in their own country, so to speak, with every chance on their side. Shooting over wooden decoys, however, has come to be acknowledged as allowable to sportsmen. The wooden 'coys are set out on a point; the flying birds see them, swing above them for a first look, and are shot with one barrel as they light, with the other just as they start to fly away. Shooting over tame ducks is simply a much more exciting, vastly more skilful piece of work of the same kind. For a spot where ducks fly constantly these tame birds are not necessary, but on such shot-out ground as Cape Cod they add greatly to the science of the sport.

Henry had a carefully regu-



RECREATION.

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EDUCATIONAL FLIGHTS.

lated plan for training his decoys, and it was a constant source of surprise and interest to me to watch the workings of this peculiar system. When carefully nurtured, the intelligence of such a stupid bird as a barn-yard duck is something extraordinary. But the training must be constant and daily, and before a bird is fit for decoy-work practically two seasons have been consumed. The lessons begin and turn on the question of food. Henry made it his first study to compel his friends to trust him so thoroughly that he could pick them up and put them in his pocket head downward at any time, with the certainty that on being returned to the ground they would simply rustle their feathers and shrewdly cock one eye up at him to await the never-failing handful of corn. It has always been a question with me whether he himself had not more of the duck in him than the human being, for he could imitate duck calls of all kinds in a manner that would not only attract wild game, but would bring the gun to your shoulder as you walked along the shore in his vicinity. One good sportsman, who used to call himself my friend, not only shot (and afterwards paid for) one of Henry's decoys as she stood tied to a rock, but actually lay among the stones of the beach half an hour one early morning under the impression that Henry's constant calls came from a flock of birds just behind the stand.

After bringing these strange waddling pets of his to a maudlin state of tameness, he never failed to set up a most complicated and continuous series of duck quacks and calls whenever he threw out their food. It was not long, therefore, before the birds associated corn with Henry's extraordinary imitations of duck Bedlam, and as any self-respecting bird is bound to quack vociferously immediately upon seeing food, it became a consequence quite within the compass of the duck mind to infer that whenever Henry quacked, corn

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was near at hand and shortly to be forthcoming. The result was an instantaneous symphony. Consequently by the end of the summer a duck of reasonably high birth was sure to set up a hysterical song the moment he or she caught the sounds of Henry's voice. Whether Henry actually understood duck language and discussed points of interest with the birds I do not know. At all events, he understood a system which brought forth calls and shrieks from every one of his thirty pets whenever he saw fit to put it in operation.

Having proceeded thus far, it became his next duty to teach the birds to fly—a sufficiently original occupation to illustrate the extensive scope, the many-sided character of Henry's genius. This he practised gradually with each bird in his barn-yard, always appealing to the duck's appetite. He would grasp one of them around the body with both hands, her head meantime pointing outward. Then bending his knees and lowering the neophyte close to the ground, he would rise steadily but swiftly and hurl the bird into the air. Instinctively she put out her wings and circled around the barn-yard, descending gradually, and at the same time setting up a most hopeless racket, naturally starting the other twenty-nine, who fancied this was Henry calling them to dinner.

As the duck's wings were clipped, she naturally could not fly away; hence she soon alighted near by, and waddled comfortably back into the yard to secure the handful of corn. Here was another long and weary stage of training, during which Henry's remarkable persistency and energy, his "infinite capacity for taking pains," were constantly to be noted. The decayed wheelwright trade and the struggle with the half-completed houses were not, in Henry's opinion, sufficiently ennobling occupations to demand an exhibition of this capacity which lay within him. It required something extraordinary, something like teaching birds to fly.

After months of trial and tribulation, with sometimes a broken back and a consequent duck funeral, the birds grasped the meaning of this peculiar flight; and Henry could then stand behind his barn-yard fence and, by throwing up one bird after another, give you and any stray wild ducks flying past the impression that there was a duck Valhalla in the vicinity.

At the time of my arrival all this had been finished. Henry was shooting day after day at the old stand, which he maintained physically while several of us maintained it financially. The birds themselves were by this time just as much at home going through their duties at the pond as they had ever been in the farm-yard. Henry regretted, he said, that the geese were elsewhere collecting some other sportsman's shot in their feathers; but ducks were filling the pond every morning, and they might serve my purpose. This was what I heard after Mrs. Eldridge had kindly taken off my coat and the elder daughter had put my grip in the one unused, and therefore abnormally cold, room in the house. Henry's son relieved me of both the guns, promptly took them out of their cases, and, putting them together, sat in a corner fondling and admiring them until after twelve that night. Meanwhile Henry and I sat with our feet on the stove, while the children brought me all their choice possessions out of the one room which five shared jointly. And all this while the New England northeast wind whistled along over the sand hills outside.

In an indefinable way there were comfort and hospitality about the whole place, something that made you feel thankful you were born a New-Englander, and that New England Yankeeism was still running along better than a good third in the race. Henry had perhaps as little *politesse* as any human being could have, and yet his very lack of it, his gruff familiar manner, his offer of his worst—that is to say, his best—black stub of a clay pipe, was distinctly hospitable. Here were his seven children and wife within one room talking to me on all sides. Yet none was sent away. There was nothing to be ashamed of in them. They were all his. The dirt upon their faces was his. He had with his own hands put every board in its proper place on the walls and roof that sheltered us. To-morrow we would drive to the pond in a carriage made by himself, and though he had not built the horse, he had at least paid for it. Henry had little or no money, but he owed not a cent; and he could look any man, whether from New England or old England, or from the South or West, in the eye, telling him he was as good as he, and no mistake. Even Henry's stories were his own. They had a picturesque,

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original charm that is indescribable. They were of ducks and guns and sometimes of men. They included good shots and bad misses, and a shrewd word or two on your dealings with men, and your safest plan of being honest with a fellow as the best way of making him honest with you.

As time wore on and the stories grew to that delicious type wherein the "pawnd"—which is two miles long—"were covered s' thick with ducks th't yer couldn't see the water, 'nd I wuz just on th' point uv pulling both barrels, when"—as this time of the evening approached, Henry, with his serious air and silent tread, disappeared down the perpendicular stairway into his cellar, to return ten minutes later with some of that home-made elderberry that would have made the eyes of the hot stove water if it had had any. And as I sipped my portion and Henry gulped his down, it dawned upon me that it was eleven o'clock, and that at two in the morning I was to be bundled out of bed to begin the six-mile drive to Cliff Pond.

III.

There is nothing that could be more disagreeable than to be waked at 1.30 in the morning of a January day, or rather night, with but three short hours of sleep to your credit; and yet after a hopeless regret that I had undertaken the journey at all, and a bitter yearning for New York city and five hours more of repose, I managed to get out of bed, wash and dress by candle-light, and drink a cup of coffee before two. Then the day began. We proceeded to the barn-yard, and while I harnessed the horse by candle-light, Henry caught the ducks and put them into their box, which was thereupon loaded upon the wagon. By twenty minutes after two we were under way for Cliff Pond, and then any yearning for home that in a weak moment the flesh might have felt was changed to congratulations by the cold night breeze. For the drive through the silent firs and pines six miles up into the Cape set the blood tingling in my body. Henry smoked and said nothing. He was already beginning to feel the excitement of the sport, and the presence of the softly squeaking ducks, the guns, the uncertainty of what might be already resting upon the pond, were quite sufficient to make me excited too.

It was after three when we came with-



THE BLIND—SCALING DUCKS.

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in a quarter of a mile of the pond. Then every sound ceased about our caravan, except the soft conversations and occasional arguments of the uncomfortably crowded birds. Henry indicated, partly by whispers and partly by motions and pushes, that I was to descend. The horse was silently secured to a tree in a sheltered ravine. Henry took the ducks on his shoulders, and I carried the four guns and the cartridges as we silently stumbled up over a rising ground through the snow.

The journey through the trees continued for five minutes without other noise than the softly whistling wind and the movements of the ducks, who had been considerably upset during their transfer from the wagon to Henry's shoulders. It was so dark in the woods that at times I failed to distinguish Henry's form from the surrounding trees, and it was with some surprise, therefore, that I suddenly bumped against him. He had stopped before the door of what seemed to be a one-room shanty, and was in the act of unfastening the padlock. As we stood there I heard a peculiar lapping noise, which resolved itself a moment later into the sound of small waves on a gravel beach. But nothing of water nor of beach was to be seen.

Henry now had the door open, and we entered—ducks, guns, and all. He then conveyed to me in whispers the information that we must station the ducks at once, as day would break in about half an hour, and naturally everything must be done before then. Whereupon he opened a door at the opposite end of the hut and let the ducks out of their cramped position. Following them through the door, I found, principally by the sense of touch, that we were in a species of chicken or duck yard, some ten feet wide and twenty-five feet long, running down into what soon turned out to be the waters of the pond.

This stand was of the usual pond or lake type. The hut had been set back among the pines and cedars, and as they had no leaves to shed in winter, they completely covered the little house from top to bottom. The yard, or stand proper, was surrounded by a five-foot board fence, banked up outside with small firs and pines to imitate an enormous pile of brush. And Henry had brought his architectural gray matter into requisition to construct gates leading out to the beach at either side, with small openings in them through which the ducks could enter or leave the stand. At the end of the yard which abutted on the water's edge he had drawn on the military portion of his inexhaustible store of knowledge and constructed two bastionlike wings, one of which permitted the gunners to fire eastward, and the other westward, while the stand itself faced to the north. By running a low bench along this lower end he had made it possible for those inside to kneel and fire one barrel through the loop-holes, and then jump up and take the second barrel on the wing over the top of the stand.

All this was observed largely without the use of eyes while Henry was opening the gates and taking some of the ducks outside. And in this bitterly cold water, which froze on the ducks' feathers as soon as it touched them, we tied those unoffending creatures by the leg to a cord which ran out on the water and disappeared in the darkness. It appeared that this glacial cord was a "runner," and that it extended out into the pond four hundred feet to a pulley in the end of a long pole, which was anchored in such a manner as to be held just under the surface. The line running through this returned to the stand, passed through a small hole to the inside, and out again through another, until, at the end of its eight-hundred-foot journey, it joined itself and formed a circuit.

To this the ducks were tied one by one with a leather noose. As one bird was fastened and dropped into the icy water I pulled in on the other part of the rope, and gently forced Mistress Duck three or four feet out on the black water. Thus in a few moments we had what to any wild duck, to say nothing of any tame man, would appear to be a flock of birds swimming about at random and raising a horrible racket in all this silence of the night. The thing was repeated with more ducks, on another and similar endless runner, which ran to another spot on the pond.

This done, Henry directed me to pull first one and then the other flock out to the pulleys, while he moved up and down the beach and stationed eight or ten solitary ducks at intervals, after the manner in which any other mortal would have tied dogs or anchored boats. Each of these had a yard or more of rope, and

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each could paddle in the water or climb up the beach, squawking all the time to her heart's content.

The exterior preparations having been completed, we returned to the stand and thrust the rest of the educated thirty into boxes. Everything was now ready, then everything about the place seemed to have a lifting motion. Trees began to stand up; the water rose as the horizon widened. The light to the eastward changed from gray to white, and I could make out the opposite shore, a long black line. Finally the white changed to red,



WAITING FOR THE WORD.

and still the night was as dark as ever. Henry betook himself to the shanty to lie down, but I could not leave the night. There was nothing to do but wonder what manner of bird, and how many, might be still further out in the pond, and to listen to the sound of the little waves singing to an accompaniment of the soft night breeze in the firs and the startling quack of those frozen ducks out on the water.

At last it came almost suddenly, a great streak to the eastward; then a little more; deeper and deeper, and rising ever higher. All sorts of noises seemed to wake, and everything, even the sky, went on rising slowly and gracefully.

Suddenly I felt a keen vise grasping my arm just above the elbow, and turned to see Henry's sharp face looking out into the middle of the pond, with one of his long fingers pointing through the branches at something which in time resolved itself into a black line on the water.

Ducks, surely ducks, and seven—eight

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—nine—ten of them, too! Neither of us breathed more than was necessary for a moment. Then Henry became a duck—that is to say, he emitted quacks by the dozen—and the birds on the runners, those anchored along the shore, and those in the boxes at our feet set up an answering note that must have told wonders to their wild cousins out in the pond. The work was fairly begun now, and it lasted two long hours. Each of us took up a duck and scaled her, waiting after each "cast" to watch her circle around the stand until she flew shrieking out on the water. Another and another followed until they were all gone. Then, as the corn Henry threw out attracted their attention, they trotted back through the holes in the fence and came forward to be scaled again and again. One bad scholar grew obstreperous, and evidently decided on going over to the enemy. But Henry took Aunty in his arms—Aunty, it should be understood, was his duck of ducks—and after conversing with her for a moment, hurled her into the air. She circled and screamed and settled on the water as the others had before her, but she had no sooner touched the surface of the pond than she swam straight out after the deserter, passed him, headed him off, and pecked at him until he gave up the spree and returned homeward in disgrace.

Meantime we kept a glass on the mystic ten, and gradually became more and more certain that they were moving over to see what extraordinary feeding-grounds their cousins must have found.

Five hundred yards, by the mark! Three hundred and nearer!

Henry paused and loaded the four double-barrel guns without making a sound, jerked the runners to start the two flocks singing again, and then returned to the charge. Still they came on, until they were within fifty yards of our birds on the runners. Then something happened. Possibly we struck the barrel of a gun against the side of a loop-hole. Perhaps the click of a cocking hammer reached them. At any rate, the mystic ten turned and swam away. Tears came into my eyes so that I could not see, and I heard Henry muttering to the bushes words and phrases and things one would rather have left unsaid. But the ten waggled their tails in our faces as they continued to move off.

A punch from Henry and a jab he made at a duck caused me to grasp another, and the business of hurling these unoffending creatures into the air was resumed.

The wild ones turned again and started back. The distance lessened moment by moment, and at last we had them in the very midst of the decoys on the east runner. A method of procedure arranged between us beforehand was now put into effect. Henry took the left side of the stand, and slowly and cautiously pulled in on the runner. The decoys, whether they would or no, were forced to move in also, and with them came the wild birds, as if fascinated. In an instant they were a little less than fifty yards away, and with the most feverish care each man took his gun by the butt as it lay ready in position pointed through the loop-hole. Each covered his side of the flock and waited.

Henry directed the charge, and I was to delay till I heard him count "one"—"two"—firing at the time when he should say "three." It seemed a very long wait. First he was forced to delay till the wild birds separated themselves completely from the tame; and even then he waited until the former had grouped themselves into comprehensive range. That delay was a strain on one's nerves, and it was almost in a dream that I heard his husky, whispered count begin. I pulled mechanically, and in the smoke jumped upon the bench. Catching a glimpse of a black object rising off to the right, I fired a snap-shot. But he came down like a plummet, and as the smoke of the second charge cleared away eight birds lay dead on the water, one was swimming directly away, and the tenth was trying to fly. The second guns came into play, and two reports settled the ninth and tenth birds; and Henry's little water-spaniel had a deal of swimming to bring them all in.

If you are a sportsman, you are saying at this moment, "That is no sport; it is slaughter." In a measure, judged by the highest standards, that is true; but you deceived the duck when you crawled up on him, and I deceived him when I made him crawl up on me. It is not in the strictest sense the ideal of sport; but, on the other hand, it is neither mean nor unworthy of a good sportsman. And the study, preparation, time, money, and excitement of it all are not to be compared with the practice of crawling up on the bird or of shooting over wooden 'coys.

Twelve o'clock found us again at Hen-

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POTATIONS.

ry's home, in the midst of Henry's family, and before Mrs. Eldridge's boiled turnips, boiled potatoes, boiled beef, and boiled coffee. We had scarcely finished when Henry beckoned me to follow, and with the entire family looking the other way, we descended those sacred cellar stairs. There was the cupboard, there was the row of small demijohns within, and as this was a special occasion, I sipped my portion while sitting on a soap-box, and watched Henry indulge in an extra bumper. And then suddenly I was gone to make up for lost time and to sleep for hours, while Henry went out and unlocked his shop door to see if any of the wheels had gone round during his absence.

IV.

At six we were all at supper, even to the baby, who insisted on preferring my food to hers. One of the mystic ten graced the table, but he did not taste as that boiled beef and boiled coffee had at noon. Henry considered the whole history a famous one, and before he had finished telling it the fifth time, it was quite evident that a week hence the story would take its place among those which began with the usual statement that the water in the pond was invisible, owing to the number of ducks on its surface. Mrs. Eldridge seemed to appreciate this fact, for she frequently suggested to Henry that it would be wiser for him to eat more and brag less, and requested me to refrain from crediting all his "fearful lies."

It was a good supper, however, and as Henry and I resolved ourselves into two spokes of a wheel, with the stove for the hub, the seven children again proceeded to produce their possessions and hold them up for my admiration, laboring under the impression that I had failed to notice them the night before. Henry talked on again in his keen, half-gener-

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ous way of ducks and guns and men, and told new stories of all, and made new and equally original criticisms on the last of these three intimates of his. When I attacked his live-decoy shooting from the sportsman's point of view, he had enough of the true sport in him to agree that it was, or at least had been, frowned upon deservedly. But, as he said, "It's killin' of 'em by deceivin' 'em, and that's what th'other, the wooden kyind, is too, some-'at." As we sat there he advanced his idea of sport and of slaughter, and then we drifted off, as anybody will under such circumstances, into discussions on religion, business, and politics. Through it all ran that same Yankee, practical view which seems to go so well with a sharp nose and big kindly eyes, which is satire in its best sense rather than sarcasm, which seems to grasp the pith of a matter, and to have a rugged integrity that demands for itself considerate and honest attention, whether the question be of politics or religion or ducks.

So the tenth and twelfth pipes were smoked out, and the lamps began to splutter, when I told Henry that I must have a full three-hours' sleep that night, or he might not be able to get me up at two in the morning a second time. But as I stood up to take a candle from the mantel, he quietly forced me back into my seat, deliberately replaced my feet on the rim of the stove, and with his serious mien descended his ladderlike cellar stairway, reappearing again with two tumblers of that same elderberry.

One lamp went completely out, as if disgusted; but we stood by the stove in the light of the other, and I sipped and he gulped again. Then both of us sat down, and gazed at the rafters and the cobwebs of the roof for full twenty minutes, and I felt that such a day was one that gave a suggestion of the value of living; and that, after all, it is a good thing to be out in the woods of New England shooting ducks, drinking home-made elderberry wine, and having the infinite satisfaction of being a New-Englander yourself.



THE SHOT.

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WEEDS.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIMPKINSVILLE CEMETERY.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

ELIJAH TOMKINS stood looking down upon his wife's grave. It was early morning, and he thought himself alone in the cemetery.

The low rays of a rising sun, piercing the intervening foliage, lay in white spots of light upon the new mound, revealing an incipient crop of rival grasses there. A heavy dew, visible everywhere in all-pervading moisture, hung in glistening gems upon the blades of bright green cocoa spears that had shot up between the drier clods, and lay in little pools within the compact hearts of the fat purslane clumps that were settling in the lower places. But Elijah saw none of these things.

He had been standing here some minutes, his head low upon his bosom, when a slight sound startled him. It was a faint crackle, as of a light footstep upon the gravel walk.

He turned suddenly and looked behind him. He saw nothing, but the start had roused him from his reverie, and he hastily proceeded to raise his walking-cane, which he had held behind him, and to thrust it with care several inches deep into the top of the grave. Then withdrawing it, he dropped into the hole it had made a rose-bud, which he took from his pocket, drew a bit of earth over it, and hastened away.

Elijah had done precisely this thing every morning since his wife's death, three weeks ago.

There were exactly twenty-one rose-buds buried in this identical fashion, one for each day since the filling of the new grave, and most of them had been deposited there before the rising of the morning sun.

Elijah was a man to whom any display of sentiment was as childishness; or, what to one of his temper was perhaps even worse, it was "womanish." To "fool with flowers" in a sentimental way was, according to his thinking, as unbecoming a man as to "spout poetry" or to "play the piany."

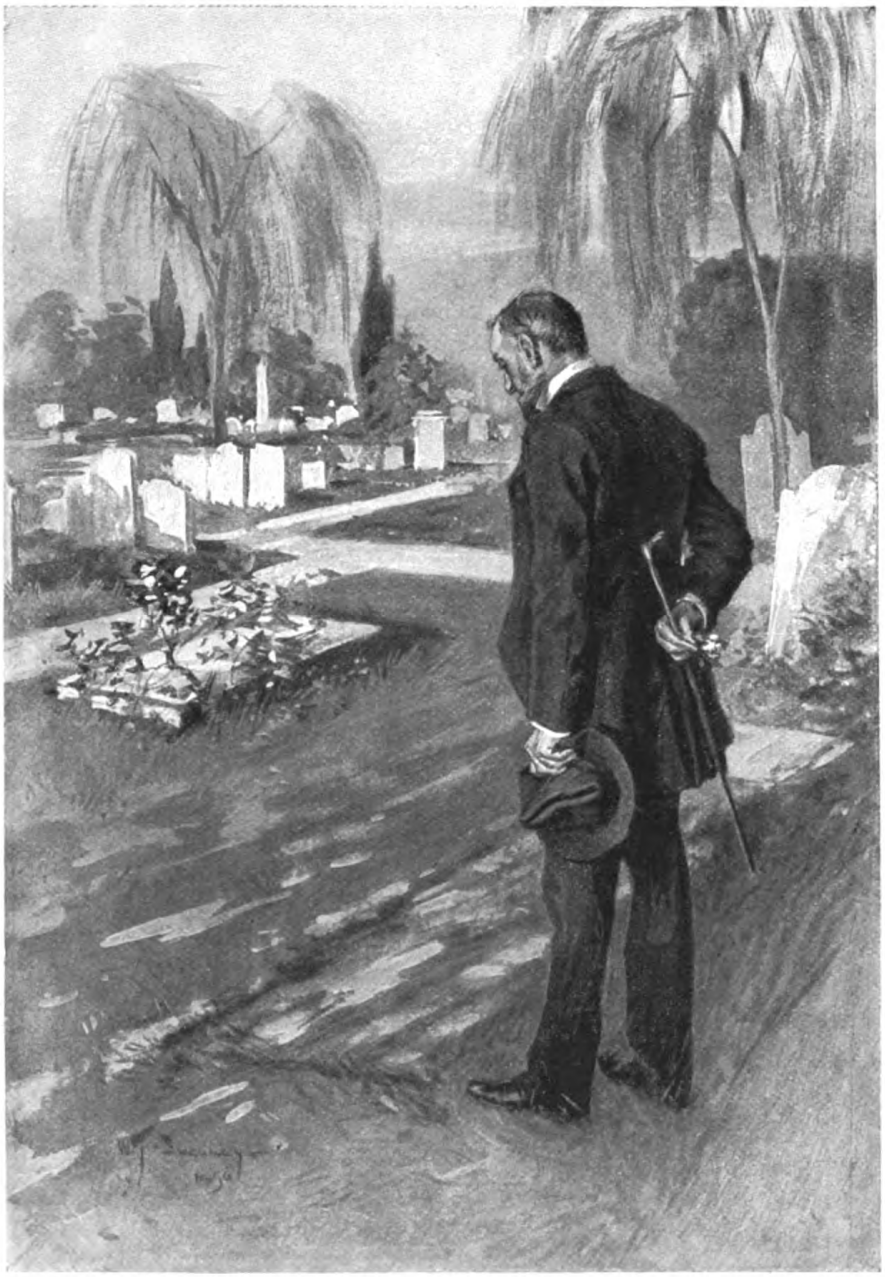
He had passed safely through all the vicissitudes of courtship, marriage, and even a late paternity—that crucial test of mental poise—without succumbing to any of the traditional follies incident to these particular epochs. He had borne his honors simply, as became a man, without parade or apparent emotion. But with his widowerhood had come an obligation involving tremendous embarrassment.

Elijah had loved his wife, and when she had, on her death-bed, asked him to come every day and lay a rose-bud upon her grave, he had not been able to say her nay. No one had heard the request. None knew of the promise.

On the day following the funeral he had risen early, saddled his horse, and ridden to the graveyard, carrying the rose-bud openly in his hand. He had slept heavily that night—the sleep of exhaustion that comes as a boon at such times—and when he had waked next morning, confronted suddenly by a sense of his loss and of his promise, he had proceeded to perform his promise without a touch of self-consciousness. It was only when he unexpectedly came upon a neighbor in the road that he instantly knew that he was doing a sentimental thing. At the surprise the flower turned downward, falling out of sight behind the pommel of his saddle as if by its own volition. And when Elijah had passed his neighbor with a silent greeting, his horse's head turned, as if he too were denying his sentimental journey, into a foot-path leading entirely away from the cemetery.

When he had gotten quite beyond the curve of the road, it was a simple thing to turn across a bit of wood and enter the graveyard by another gate, but as he did so Elijah knew himself for a hopeless coward. The crackling pine needles under his horse's feet sounded as thunder to his sensitive ears. Every bur seemed to turn upon him its hundred eyes, in which he saw all Simpkinsville gazing at him, a mourning widower carrying flowers. The twitterings of the wood were the whisperings of the village gossips, and some of the younger trees even giggled as he passed.

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"HE HAD BEEN BURYING HIS DAILY BUD FOR THREE WEEKS."

To say that the widower's grief commands scant sympathy in Simpkinsville is putting the case leniently.

Indeed, it is no uncommon thing in this otherwise kindly village for the friends who sit up with the body of a deceased wife to indulge in whispered speculations as to her probable successor, and any undue exhibition of emotion on the part of the bereaved husband is counted as presaging early consolation.

This may seem harsh, perhaps, and yet it is said that the hypothesis is sustained by the history of widowerhood and its repairs in these parts.

It is possible that such exhibition of feeling is sometimes a simple revolt against the lonely life as insupportable. The writer believes this to be true certainly in isolated cases.

It may have been so, indeed, in the most notable case in the annals of Simp-

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kinsville, when a certain inconsolable widower of effusive habit proceeded, on the demise of his wife, whose name was Lily, to adopt a lily as his trade-mark stencilled upon his cotton-bales; to bestow the name promiscuously upon all the eligibles born upon his plantation, from a pickaninny of chocolate hue to a bay colt; to have all flowers excepting the lilies extracted from his garden; to change the name of his place from "Phœnix Farm" to "Lilyvale"; and when at the end of a year of full florescence the odor of the white flower pervaded every nook and cranny of his home, he suddenly succumbed to the blushing wiles of a certain "Miss Rose ——" of the country-side, and there was a changing of names and a planting of roses with some confusion.

There were jests galore about the rose's thorns scratching up the lily bulbs in this particular garden of the winged god, and the slight residuum of sympathy possible towards the mourning widower passed forever out of the popular heart with the legend of the lily and the rose.

Everybody in Simpkinsville and its environments had known and laughed at this romance of a year. Elijah had simply cleared his throat and been disgusted over it, but it will be easily seen that such a precedent might somewhat heighten the sensitiveness of so timid a man to the perils of the situation as he entered upon his daily pilgrimage.

He had not meant to bury the rose that first morning. The interment was an after-thought; but it was so simple a thing to do that he had easily seized upon it as a direct way out of his difficulty.

A man of poetic feeling might have found pleasure in the reflection that in thus personally bestowing the flower he made it more exclusively hers who lay beneath it than if the knowledge of it were shared by others. But Elijah did not go so far. His satisfaction was rather that of him who thinks he has found a way to eat his pie and have it too.

As we have seen, he had been burying his daily bud for three weeks when this recital begins, and he believed himself still unobserved. He had always been an early riser, and the cemetery was so near the road to his own fields that he found the early detour quite a safe thing. One meeting him on the road would not question his errand.

The fright he had felt at the suspicion of footsteps in the graveyard this morning remained with him as he turned homeward. Once before he had been startled in this way, and each time the false alarm had been a warning. It had frightened him.

"Strange how women takes notions, anyhow!" he muttered, as, the sense of panic still upon him, he turned to go. This was his first confessed revolt. "Never knowed Jinny to be so awful set on rose-buds, nohow, when she was here. Not thet I'd begrudge her all the roses in creation ef she wanted 'em. But for a middle-aged couple like us to be made laughin'-stalks of jest for a few buds thet I'm doubtful ef she ever receives, it does seem—"

He had just reached this point in his soliloquy when an unmistakable creaking sound startled him, and he turned suddenly to see the vanishing edge of a woman's skirt as it disappeared behind the hedge of Confederate jasmine that enclosed the family burial lot of a certain John Christian, a year ago deceased.

He had heard, long before his own bereavement, that Christian's widow spent a great part of her time at her husband's grave, but he had heard it at a time when such things held no special interest for him, and it had passed out of his mind. But now the discovery of her actual presence here filled him with panic. It was not likely that she had seen him this morning. The Christian lot was near the other gate, by which she had evidently entered, and her back had been in his direction. But she would be coming again.

Elijah was so fearful of discovery that he dared not risk another step, and so he sat down upon a stump in the shade of a weeping-willow and waited.

The widow Christian was short, and the jasmine hedge was tall. The opening in the green enclosure, indicated by an arch of green, was upon its opposite side, so Elijah had not seen her enter it, but presently the shaking of the upper branches of the vines showed that the training hand was within the square. Once or twice a slender finger appeared above the hedge as it drew a wiry tendril into place, and there was an occasional clipping of shears as the wayward vine received further discipline from the pruning hand within.

Long after there was any sign of her presence Elijah sat waiting for the widow

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to go, but still she staid. It seemed an age, and he grew very tired, and under the pressure of imprisonment and fatigue he presently began to amuse himself with idle thoughts—thoughts about the hedge first, then about the man who was within its enclosure, and then, by natural sequence, about his widow.

"Pore Christian!" he began. "He was hedged in purty close-t with her religion long ez he lived—an' I see she's a-follerin' it up! A reg'lar Presbyterian cut that hedge has got—a body'd know it to look at it. A shoutin' Methodist, now, might 'a' let it th'ow out sprouts right an' left, an' give God the glory."

From this his first idle thought it will be seen that Elijah was a man of some imagination. May it not, indeed, have been this very imagination, with a latent sense of humor, that put so keen an edge upon his anguish in a ridiculous situation?

His shrugging shoulders even gave physical expression to a repressed chuckle, as he followed his rambling thoughts still further in this wise:

"Umh! Well, I reckon she knows what she's about in keepin' a close-t watch over his grave. She's afeerd some o' them few wild-oats she never give him a chance to sow might sprout up an' give him away. Umh!"

His growing pleasure in this momentary mental emancipation seemed to shorten the period of his waiting.

"Well, ef wild-oats is ez long-lived ez what wheat is, she can't no mo'n ward off the growth du'in' her lifetime—that is, ef what parson sez is true, thet a grain o' wheat has laid in a ol' tombstone 'longside one o' these dumby mummies a thousand years, an' then sprouted quick ez it was took out. Hard to swaller, that story is, for a farmer thet's had to do with mildewed seeds, but I reckon ef preachers don't know the ins an' outs of mummies, nobody don't. But the way I look at it, any chemicals thet is strong enough to keep a mummy in countenance that long would exercise a savin' influ'nce on anything layin' round him, maybe. Pity they couldn't be applied to a man *in life*, so ez to— Jack Robinson! What in thunder? She's a-comin' this way!"

It is a long way from the buried secrets of Egypt to the Simpkinsville cemetery, and to be transported the entire distance in a twinkling by the apparition of a dreaded woman bearing down upon one is what might be called a jolting experience. This is exactly what happened to Elijah at this trying moment.

The widow Christian had stepped briskly out of the enclosure, and was facing the tree under which he sat.

There be "weeping-willows" that truly weep, while some, with all the outward semblance of sorrow, do seem only to whine and whimper, so sparse and attenuated are their dripping fringes—fringes capable even of flippancy if the wind be of a flirtatious mind.

Of this latter sort was the one beneath which Elijah had taken refuge this morning. The meagre ambush that had seemed quite adequate in the lesser exigency was as nothing now as through its flimsy screen he saw disaster surely approaching.. But his moment of supreme panic was mercifully brief.

Before she had reached his hiding-place, the widow turned hastily aside. She was bent upon a definite destination, and Elijah had scarcely had time to rally from his first fright before he discovered that she was going to his wife's grave. He could not see her when she had reached it, but he saw distinctly her lengthened shadow on the sward behind her. When at last she stopped there, he even saw this same witness make a deliberate tour of the grave. He saw it bend and rise and fall, and then, when it was gone, he watched for the widow to appear at the further side, and he saw her at last go out the graveyard gate. In a moment more he heard the roll of wheels, and standing up, he even descried the top of her buggy as she drove away. And then, taking off his hat and mopping his forehead, he came out of hiding.

This visit to his wife's grave gave Elijah a most uncomfortable sensation, and he hurried there to see how things were. He had, he knew, carefully covered his morning bud, but still he was uneasy.

When he returned to the grave he found the grass upon it dry. There seemed to be otherwise no change in its appearance, and he was turning away, somewhat reassured, when a fresh clod caught his eye. It seemed to have been overturned. He stooped down, his heart thumping like a sledge-hammer, while he made a careful examination.

The clod lay exactly over the spot where he had, an hour ago, deposited his rose-

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bud, and its damp side was upward. A bent hair-pin lay beside it, and there was damp earth upon its points. Lifting the lump, he found its nether side still warm from the sun. Beneath it, clearly discernible without further removal, was the pink edge of a rose leaf.

Elijah was not ordinarily a nervous man, but when he rose from the grave he was trembling so that he felt it safe to repair to his seat beneath the willow until he should recover himself.

The next moments were possibly as wretched as any that had hitherto come into his life. As he sat with his face buried in his hands, he felt the same sort of exquisite torture that he had occasionally experienced in a dream, when for a brief moment he had believed himself walking the streets naked, in a glare of light, and had waked up with a start to a blessed consciousness of a friendly darkness and his night-shirt. There was no awakening possible now. A second trip to the grave only prolonged the horrors of the nightmare. He took off his hat again and mopped and mopped his face and head and neck. Then, in sheer desperation, he began walking slowly up and down the gravelled paths, his hands nervously clasped behind him, and before he realized it he found himself at the opening in the Christian hedge, and he walked in.

There was a pretty rustic seat just within the enclosure, and he sat down upon it. Even his state of mind, and the fresh impression of the widow rudely etched with the muddy point of a hair-pin upon the sensitive plate of his consciousness, could not prevent his feeling the sweetness and beauty of this spot. The grave in its centre was already, in the early spring, a bed of blooming flowers. Tender sprays of smilax climbed about the marble slab at its head, while from the urn at the foot of the mound depended rich garlands of moneywort and tradescantia, and the air was fragrant with the perfumed leaf of pungent herb and flowering shrub.

Along the lower borders of the mound, just above a battlement of inverted bottles that outlined its extreme limits, there were signs of the recent passage of the trowel, and here closer scrutiny revealed a single line of wilting plants, evidently just set out.

Elijah looked about him for some moments, and then, man that he was, he began to cry. Perhaps it was essential to his manhood that his emotion should be interpreted as anger. At any rate, the turmoil within him found expression in words that, as nearly as they could be distinguished among sobs, were such as these:

"The idee of John Christian, thet never did a decent thing in his life, layin' comf'tably down in sech a place ez this—an' bein' waited on—an' bloomed over! An' here I, thet have tried to ac' upright all my life, am obligated to be a laughin'-stalk to his fool widder an' anybody she's a mind to tell! They've been times in my life when I'd give every doggone cent I've made du'in' my durn blame life ef I'd 'a' been raised to swear—I'll be jimblasted ef I wouldn't! No widder of sech a low-down, beer-drinkin' cuss ez John Christian need to think she can set out to pester *me*—a-nosin' round my private business with her confounded investigatin' hair-pin! They ain't nothin' thet a woman with a hair-pin ain't capable of doin'—nothin'!"

He sobbed for some time without further words; but presently, while he wiped his eyes, he said, in quite another voice,

"Ef — ef Jinny had jest 'a' had the fo'thought to say *bushes* instid o' *buds*, why—why, they'd 'a' been planted long ago—*an' forgot*—an' she'd be havin' her own roses fresh every day; instid o' which—" And now he sobbed again. "Instid o' which John Christian's widder has got the satisfaction of holdin' me up on a hair-pin p'int for all Simpkinsville to laugh at—same ez ef I was some sort o' guyaskutus!"

As he raised his face, dashing his tears away with his great bare hands, his eyes fell upon the inscription upon the stone before him. The Bible verse quoted there seemed an assumption of superior sanctity, and he resented it as a personal taunt.

"Yas," he retorted, "I see you're takin' to quotin' Scripture, John Christian, but you needn't to quote it at me! You're set out first class, you are, Bible tex' at yo' head an' flower-vase at yo' feet, but you ain't the first low-down cuss thet's been Bible-texted out of all recognition."

Was it the answering silence of the grave in response to this volley that rebuked him? Perhaps so, for certainly there was sudden contrition expressed in his next words, spoken in apologetic voice:

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"God forgive me for strikin' a man when he's down; but he does seem so set up—flowered all over—an' nothin' to do—an' a lovin' wife—"

Just as Elijah said these last words there was a stir at his side, and he turned to see the widow Christian standing before him, plants and trowel in hand. She started on first perceiving him, but his tearful, dejected state was an appeal to her womanly sympathies. She took her seat beside him on the settee.

"Yas," she said, mournfully, "everybody knows she was a lovin' wife, Mr. Tomkins, an' I ain't surprised to see you all broke up this way. I been through it all, an' I know what it is." She sighed heavily. "They ain't a grain o' the bitterness but I've tasted—not a one—an' quinine an' bitter alloways is sugar to it. But I'm mighty glad, Mr. Tomkins, to see thet you feel neighborly enough to come into my lot to give way. You'll be all the better for it. It's what I do myself. When I git nervous in the house, an' seem to look for *him* to come in, an' feel sort o' like ez ef he might be downtown an' maybe things goin' wrong, why I jest come here, an' I see it's all right, an' I cry it out an' go home.

"I hate to see you come twice-t in one day, though, Mr. Tomkins," she added, after some hesitation. "*Too much* sorrer starts the heart a-cankerin'! Somehow I had a notion thet you'd been here an' gone over a hour ago. I come an' set out this row o' pansies round the edge of his grave befo' sunup—an' I was jest seven short. So I went an' fetched these to finish the line."

To attempt to describe Elijah's sensations during these first moments would be folly. He simply had none. It was a season of general suspensions.

In speaking of it afterward, he said: "While she set there a-talkin', seem like she'd move away off into the distance tell she wasn't no bigger'n a chiny doll, an' every word she'd say would sound clair an' fine same ez ef a doll-baby was to commence to talk by machinery. An' when she'd be away off an' dwindlin' down to a speck, I'd be gittin' bigger an' bigger tell I'd seem like a sort o' swole-up pin-cushion with needles a-stickin' in me all over. Then she'd start forward an' commence to git bigger, an' I'd swivel an' swivel, tell time she come up to me, with a voice like thunder, I'd be so puny seem like I was li'ble to go out any minute."

But in this view of the situation we have the advantage of the retrospect.

The visible picture at the time was of Tomkins politely facing his entertainer, with possibly too much solicitude as to the wiping of his face, but still with what she was pleased to accept as polite attention. She could have suspected nothing abnormal in it, for her next words were:

"But I ain't a-goin' to bother you now, Mr. Tomkins; you jest take yo' time to ease up, an' I'll plant these plants. They go in right here at his feet."

Even as she spoke she fell upon her knees and set about her task. But there was no intermission in her talk.

"You don't know what a comfort this grave is to me, Mr. Tomkins," she said with a sigh, as, taking a pin from her back hair, she began carefully drawing out the damp roots of the plant she held. "Ef a body studies over it rightly, there's a heap o' communion with the dead th'oo grave-tendin'! Now these pansies here—f'instance— Pansies, you know—why, they're flowers of remembrance, an' a person can plant any kind they see fit, accordin' to their hearts' desires. There's the yallers and deep reds—an' mixed. Some o' the mixed ones is marked so ez to make reg'lar fool faces. These here are all dead black." She sighed again. "I did think I'd put in a purple or two this season, but I 'ain't had the heart to—not yet. He hated black," she added in a moment, "but of co'se in this *my* heart has to have *some* consideration, an' I've done a good many things to pacify him—

"These bottles, f'instance—" She sat back upon her heels, while her eye made the circuit of the bottle border. "These bottles, now," she repeated, with manifest hesitation—"I 'ain't never mentioned them to nobody before, Mr. Tomkins, an' I don't know why I'm a-doin' it to you, 'less 'n it's seein' you in the same state o' mind thet I've been th'oo. You'll find, ez you go on, Mr. Tomkins, thet unless a heart gets expressed one way or another, it's mighty ap' to palpitate inwardly. Have you ever had yo' heart to palpitate inward, Mr. Tomkins?"

She had turned, and was looking straight into her guest's face. He had had time to begin to recover his bearings by this time. The *me* and the *not me* were gradually assuming proper relations in

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his returning consciousness. To be exact, he had just begun definitely to realize where he sat, and that John Christian's widow was talking to him, when she put her question.

His first conscious act had been to put his handkerchief away and to stop mopping his face. It was while he was in the act of this bestowal that there came a consciousness of her expectant face and the necessity of speech.

"Well, reely—Mis' Christian—" he began.

"Of co'se," she interrupted, "you may 've had it an' not known it. You tell it by feelin' the need of somethin' an' not knowin' jest what it is. It might be fresh air or aromatic sperits of ammonia, an' then again it might be somebody to talk to. With some it's religion. Of co'se, with me—with me it's been this grave.

"These bottles, now—ef they was one thing on earth thet could 'a' been called a bone of contention in our lives, Mr. Tomkins, it was them identical bottles. I don't reckon I'm a-tellin' you any secret when I say that. Everybody was obligated to know pore John's one fault, because it was that sort of a fault—outspoke an' confessed. That's where John was unlucky. They's lots o' folks thet passes for better 'n what he passed thet has inward faults thet he'd 'a' spewed out o' his mouth. Sech ez that I class ez whited sepulchures—nothin' else. But his one outward fault—why, someway it nagged me constant, an' I know I never showed proper patience with it.

"But now"—she sighed sadly—"but now I've took every endurin' bottle I could lay hands on thet he ever emptied, an' I've brought 'em to him here. An' I've laid my pansy line 'longside of 'em. But I can't say yet thet they ain't a thorn in the flesh to me sometimes—them bottles.

"An' I've even done more than that, Mr. Tomkins; I've planted mint here—jest ez a token of forgiveness—nothin' else. An', tell the truth, I'm even gittin' so's I like the smell of it. Maybe I'll git entirely reconciled to the bottles—in time. I've had mighty little patience with spearmint all these years, which I now reelize was very foolish, 'cause a green herb ain't no ways responsible for the company it's made to keep, an' I don't know ez they's anything thet could take the mint's place in a julep an' do less harm 'n what the mint does. I don't know but it's maybe a savin' grace to it; an' then it's a Bible herb, you know—mint an' anise an' cumin."

She had turned away now, and was resuming her work of transplanting. Her last words were spoken as if in half forgetfulness of her guest. Still, this was possibly only in the seeming, for she said, in a moment, "This is every bit a work of love, Mr. Tomkins." She dropped a pansy into place as she spoke, measuring its distance from the inverted bottle with the length of her hair-pin. "He always said he didn't want no foolishness made over his grave—but I think sech modesty ez that should have its reward."

She had presently completed her planting, and after she had scraped the trowel with her hair-pin, cleansed the pin's point in turn against the blade, and then wiped them upon a folded leaf, she mechanically restored the little implement to her hair and rose from her knees.

"I'm reel glad I had to come back to finish that transplantin', ez it's turned out, Mr. Tomkins." She looked straight at him, with absolute ingenuousness, as she spoke. "I'm glad, 'cause I feel thet I've been able to offer you a *little* consolation. I was tempted to let them plants lay over tell to-morrer, but I thought I'd feel mo' contented all day ef every beer-bottle had its pansy. Ef they was anything over, I'd ruther it would be a pansy, to make shore of lovin' forgiveness."

She had turned again to the grave now.

"I don't often count my plants when I fetch 'em over, an' I mos' gen'ally have a few to spare, an' I set 'em round on graves thet don't have much care. I try to keep the potter's field a-bloomin' a little with my left-overs."

She had taken her seat at Tomkins's side again and laid the trowel in her lap. Her bonnet strings needed retying, and there was a suspicion of dust to be brushed from her knees.

"I did carry a handful of left-over flowers around to plant on pore Crazy Charlie's grave one day, but when I got there I found thet the Lord had took care o' the pore idiot's memory better'n I could 'a' done. It was all broke out thick ez measles with dandelions, an' sez I to myself, ef they ever was a flighty flower on the green earth, it's a dandelion. So I come away an' planted my odds an' ends promiscuous. I've often wondered ef dan-

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delions wasn't reckoned ez idiots among flowers."

It was no doubt an awful thing for Elijah to do, certainly it was most inconsistent with his position as taken seriously from any point of view, but at this juncture he suddenly surrendered himself to uncontrollable laughter.

After a first startled glance his entertainer smiled.

"Well, I declare!" She spoke kindly. "I've done a good mornin's work, Mr. Tomkins, ef it's only to give you a good hearty laugh. You'll be all the better for it."

It is one thing to laugh, and quite another not to be able to stop laughing. Tomkins was for some minutes precisely in this condition. He was so overcome, indeed, that he finally turned his back, and burying his face in his handkerchief, shook until the bench rattled.

Fortunately his hostess was a woman of genial humor, and, as she has amply shown, by no means a person of sensitiveness.

"You'll likely cry a little again when the laugh's over—I always do—but it's jest that much better for you," she said, cheerily, as she rose to go. "And now, *good*-by!"

As she moved away, Tomkins suddenly realized something that sobered him. She must *not* go until there should be some understanding about his buried rose-buds. If possible he must have her promise of secrecy.

There was a sudden pain in his heart and a sense of shame as the tender subject presented itself anew to his mental vision. His sorrow was fresh and sacred. The woman with whom he must temporize had invaded its holy domain, and he felt, even as he hastened to pursue her, that he despised her.

She was a lithe little woman of quick step, and by the time Elijah had disposed of his troublesome emotions sufficiently to present himself he saw that she was nearing the gate, and he called her—faintly:

"Oh, Mis' Christian!"

She immediately turned and started back.

"Nemmind; don't come back; I jest want to talk to you a little bit."

He overtook her now, and together they proceeded to the gate.

"Mis' Christian, I've jest been a-thinkin'," he began—"that is, I've been a-wonderin'—I wonder ef you're the kind o' person—I know you're a mighty nice lady, Mis' Christian, an' a tender-hearted one, which you've showed me to-day, unmistakable—but I was jest a-wonderin' ef you was the kind o' person"—they had reached the gate now, and Elijah leaned against the post, hesitating in awkward embarrassment—"ef you was the sort o' person thet, ef you was to know a little thing about another person thet they was a-tryin' to keep hid—for reasons of their own—would you jest keep it to yo'self, please, ma'am, an' not say nothin' about it? I'd like to think you *was* that kind o' person, Mis' Christian—I would indeed."

A great pleased light came into the widow's eyes. They saw the dawn of a new era in this interesting case, and this was its reflection. She mechanically loosened her bonnet strings as she came nearer to Elijah.

"Mr. Tomkins," she began, seriously, and with evident relish, "I'm mighty glad you've spoke. Of co'se yo' silence wasn't a thing for me to break. A person's silence is his own—to break or to keep—an' you've broke yores an' let me in—an' I come ez a friend. But befo' I go a step further, Mr. Tomkins"—she came nearer now and lowered her voice "befo' I go a step further, I want to tell you roses don't grow by plantin' buds. They have to be set out in cuttin's. You could come here an' plant rose-buds all yo' mortal life, an' you wouldn't never have so much ez a sprout, much less 'n a rose-bush—not ef you planted tell Doomsday."

Elijah blushed scarlet. "An' *do* you think, Mis' Christian, thet—"

"I don't *think* nothin' about it. I *know* it. But ez for *talkin'!* Why, horses an' mules couldn't drag a word out o' me about yo' plantin' them buds. I been wantin' to tell you for three weeks thet you wouldn't have no crop, but, ez I said befo', it wasn't for me to break yore silence. I wanted to tell you partly on *her* account, too, 'cause ef she was conscious of it, I know it would pleg her. She was so sensible always, I know how she'd feel."

Elijah moved uneasily, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Mis' Christian," he began, "we're here in the presence o' the dead, ez you might say, an' I'm a-goin' to talk to you outspoke. My feelin's ain't things I like to

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talk about—an' I'm a slow-spoken man anyway. Either my luck or yores is the lot of purty nigh every married couple in God's world. Mighty few is allotted to die together. They's bound to be a *goer* an' a *stayer*, an' ef the goers can stand their part an' keep silence, it's always seemed to me the stayers might do ez much —jest hold still—that's all. I thought I was man enough to do it—an' *I am*—ef—" He wanted to say "ef I could be let alone," but he dared not. He left the sentence broken. "But ef they's one thing on the round world thet *I can't* stand, it's bein' made a fool of—or laughed at. An' that's why I planted them buds."

The widow looked at him askance, as if half suspicious of his sanity. But he went on:

"*She* ast me, Mis' Christian—one o' the last words she spoke—an' I promised her to put a rose-bud on her grave every day —an' I've done it. I knowed thet ef I was *ketched* a-doin' sech a softy thing, they wouldn't be no peace in Simpkinsville for me—so I've jest buried it. An' continue to do so I must.

"Now I've done out with the whole thing. It seemed like a little thing to ask. Buds is plentiful, an' the cemetery is close-t enough, an' I'd do a'most anything to please her. An' yet— Well, it's jest one o' them little things sech ez a woman 'll ask a man to do *in a minute*, an' he'll *never git done doin'*. Th' ain't *nothin'* I wouldn't do for her, *an' do gladly*, thet I could *keep to myself*. Ef she'd 'a' ast me to eat a whole rose-bush every day, I'd eat it gladly, thorns an' all. They'd be a plenty o' ways of eatin' it in secret, an' I wouldn't mind a inward thorn. But this here trip I'm obligated to take—tell the truth, it plegs me. An' now, I don't doubt thet to a woman with sech a bloomin' grave ez you keep I must seem like a mighty begrudgin' sort of a man, Mis' Christian."

"Not at all, Mr. Tomkins—not at all. You're jest precizely, for all the world, similar-dispositioned to John Christian. Ef I had a-died first, although he'd 'a' been all broke up over it, I know I wouldn't have no mo' flowers on my grave than sech weeds ez the good Lord gives out to beggars—not a one. Pore John! He often said, jest a jokin', of co'se, thet he'd promise thet I should wear weeds, no matter which went first. He was death on jokin' that-a-way. Little did he think I'd wear both kinds, though, pore John, which no doubt I will. In tendin' his grave, Mr. Tomkins, I take the same pleasure I would 'a' took ef I was *in* it an' *he* fixin' it up. Doin' ez you'd be done by is sometimes mo' satisfyin' than bein' *did* by. 'Cause them thet do by you don't always come up to the mark.

"But don't think I blame you, Mr. Tomkins. Where they's one person foreordained to carry rose-buds around, there's been a hundred foreordained to laugh at him.

"But it looks to me like we ought to be able to devise some way to have you relieved. Of co'se you've got to keep on —ez long ez rose-buds hold out. An' of co'se they's a long summer ahead, an' buds 'll be plentiful, but the last two winters have been so mild thet they's a reg'lar freeze prophesied next year. An' ef buds give out, ez they're more'n likely to, why, it won't be yore fault. An' ef she sees into yo' heart she'll see thet it warms so todes her the day the roses freeze thet she wouldn't be indooced to have you start it another season. An' don't you fret. Jest go along plantin' yore buds, an' nobody livin' but you an' me an' this gate-post 'll ever know it.

"An' any time you feel the need of givin' way, jest come over to his square an' make yo'self at home, whether I'm there or not. We all have our trials, Mr. Tomkins, an' when yore buds seem mo' than you can bear, why jest remember thet I've got my beer-bottles. *Good-by!*"

She held out her hand. Tomkins took it heartily, without a word, and then turning away, he proceeded to unfasten her horse, and to turn his head while she jumped into her buggy.

As he handed her the reins, lifting his hat as he did so, he was startled by the sound of approaching wheels.

Involuntarily at the sound he dodged into the open gate and hurried back through the cemetery to his horse, tied at the other gate. And even in his hurry and fright, as he strode rapidly through the winding paths, the comforting thought that took shape in his mind was ever this:

"'Stonishin' what a sensible woman Christian's wife is, after all!"

She was to him quite as truly the dead man's wife as if her lamented husband were still living. Her friendly interest and sympathy had been that of a kindly

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sister woman to an unhappy brother man. That was all. And he was grateful to her. Indeed, as he rode homeward, taking a winding détour that should bring him to his own gate from a direction opposite the cemetery, as the hour was late, he was conscious of a lightened burden.

The tension of awful secrecy had been eased by the simple sharing of his trial with another—another who, notwithstanding her own different temperament, "understood."

This was Elijah's mood to-day; but when next morning came he found himself definitely annoyed at the thought of the interested woman in the cemetery. She would know when he came in and went out. Maybe she would be watching while he buried the bud. He would feel like such a fool if he suspected this. He hoped that, having once been kind and neighborly, she would henceforth mind her own business and let him alone.

Fortunately for his state of mind, there was no reason to fear that she was anywhere near on this first day, and he performed his mission without any sort of disturbance—excepting, indeed, the distinct irritation he felt when he perceived the bent hair-pin still lying where she had dropped it the day before.

The color mounted to his face when he saw this, and if the widow had appeared before him at this moment it would have been hard for him.

She did not come, however. Indeed, though he regularly came and went—and always looked—he did not see her for several weeks; and when at last, nearly a month later, he did meet her coming in with a watering-pot in her hand, she only smiled in a simple and friendly way, as she said to him, quite as if he might have been any other man: "Good-mornin', Mr. Tomkins. Mighty dry spell o' weather," and passed on.

This was well done; and Elijah was pleased, though he was destined to experience a somewhat uncomfortable moment, as he instantly realized that he had met and spoken to a lady bearing a heavy vessel of water and had not offered to carry it for her.

Indeed, he was suddenly so ashamed of himself that he turned to proffer the tardy courtesy; but she had gone so far, and his voice did not come at the critical moment, and — well, the opportunity passed.

When it was over, he felt rather glad that his courteous impulse had failed to carry. Better let her think him a trifle crude, or even impolite, than to "begin 'totin'' water to John Christian's grave."

"Ef I was to be ketched doin' sech a thing ez that," he even reflected further, "I'd be worse off 'n ever."

The summer was a long and lonely one to Elijah. His home, left to the care of a single old servant, was wellnigh comfortless.

Adam's first necessity, preserved through the very conditions of its transmission, has become the one unimpaired heritage of his latest son. It is still, even as at first, not good for man to be alone. A primary need of his life is yet the sustaining companionship of some good woman, be she wife or mother or sister or friend. And it is well for him if she be better than he; happy for him if she spice the sweetness of her condescension with differences of thought and opinion. Only let him feel that she *understands* him, *and cares*.

Elijah, in spite of all her expressions of kindness to him, and her since becoming reticence, had never quite forgiven the widow Christian for discovering his secret. The rusting hair-pin, always definitely located in his consciousness, even when the summer's full growth had covered it over, was still an irritation to him.

And yet, when the season of shortening days was at hand, when September was waning and October's promise was so very barren, he one day idly wondered if he should never meet, if for but a moment's recognition—"jest for a passin' o' the time o' day"—the one woman on earth who knew *and respected* his secret; the one who, so far as her slight knowledge went, *understood* him.

He saw her again, very soon after this, but there was no greeting. He had taken a fancy to come in by "her gate," and he found she had just preceded him. For the length of such a distance as one would designate as "a block" in New York—it would be "a square" in New Orleans—he walked a short distance behind her. And the morning sun shone full upon her all the way, defining her trig figure, penetrating the coil of her hair. She did not look around, though she must have heard his step.

The widow Christian was, as already seen, a Presbyterian, and as she walked

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"I'M MIGHTY GLAD YOU'VE SPOKE."

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before Elijah down the gravelled path, every hair of her head seemed a fitting expression of her faith. Each strand lay as if obeying a divine injunction dating from the foundations of the world. But it was clean and wholesome, and of a true blue-black.

It was frankly Calvinistic, eminently sure, by every declaration of its polished braid, of its calling and election.

And yet—its conscientious wearer was canonizing a drunkard, reincarnating the tares of his wasted life as flowers, and feasting her famished soul upon their fragrance and beauty, willingly self-deceived—apologizing, as the good always do to the bad. Base indeed must be a life too poor to yield a posthumous flowering of balm for the anointing of loving hearts. The inconsistency of the lonely little Presbyterian woman's daily devotions at a shrine so poor and yet so rich in color and symbols was full of pathos. She reminded one of a little Romanist at her *prie-dieu* burning her candle for a departed soul—without the consolations of purgatory.

Elijah did not try to overtake her this morning, nor, be it quickly said to his credit, did he think these thoughts about her. They are the writer's—and idle enough.

But Elijah was touched with sympathy for her as she walked alone before him—he knew not why.

There was a suspicion of chill in the air as he sniffed its breath this morning. The faint, indescribable atmospheric relief that comes when a Southern September yawns for a minute is hard to describe. It is only as if summer were tired, perhaps. Still, a yawn always presages a new era—a renascence beyond its culmination.

To Elijah it meant that the season of the blooming rose was on the wane. He lingered quite a while at his poor shrine to-day, waiting, for no reason at all. But when he was presently startled by a rustling skirt, and looking up, saw the widow depart, he turned away with a definite sense of disappointment.

She certainly had known he was there, and might have had the grace to look over and nod, or to remark that it was a cool morning, or a warm one. Either would have been true enough.

"The fact is," he reflected, as a fretful ten-year-old boy might have done—"the fact is, she don't keer no mo' for me 'n what she does for the next one. She was jest kind to me because she *is* kind, that's all—an' I was jest big enough of a fool to think she felt reel neighborly."

If there was reason for such misgiving to-day, the morrow brought the lonely man a goodly grain of reassurance. It was indeed a full day.

Unconsciously piqued by his last experience, he determined that it should not be repeated, and so he had risen betimes and gone earlier than usual to the cemetery; and he was turning away, feeling remote enough from all human sympathy, when he saw his neighbor enter the gate, and by first intention start in his direction. His first feeling was a qualm of apprehension lest she had set out on a visit of investigation, and would turn back when she should see him.

But no; she had seen him. There was pleased recognition of his presence in her face as she approached him. This was, by-the-way, the first time that he saw that she was pretty—or thought of it, indeed.

"I thought I'd find you here early this mornin', Mr. Tomkins, an' so I hurried up to ketch you." Such was her frank and friendly greeting. "Mr. Tomkins," she repeated, when she had reached him, "I jest wanted to tell you thet Jim Peters is goin' to be fetched down from Sandy Crik an' buried here to-morrer, an' the men are comin' by sunup in the mornin' to dig his grave; an' the Peters lot is right down there back o' you, an' I thought maybe, like ez not, you'd like to know it. I know you'd likely ruther not meet 'em here. Ef you don't feel like gittin' up about three o'clock—it's high moon then—why, you could easy slip around after sundown. They don't never be anybody here late of evenin's nohow. I often come in an' sprinkle his pansies after the sun's off of 'em, an' I never have met nobody here 'long about dark."

She stood facing the grave on the side opposite Elijah as she spoke. There was a note of real friendliness in her voice, and it touched him deeply.

"I declare, Mis' Christian," he said, with emotion, "I do think you're the best-hearted an' kindest lady I've ever knew in all my life. I do indeed." And then, as his eyes fell upon the grave between them, he hastened to add, "Present company excepted, of co'se."

"Of co'se," she repeated, in generous

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assent. "An' I respect you all the mo' for that polite remark, Mr. Tomkins." And then she added: "I see thet you 'ain't never come over to his square sence that one time. You ought to walk in some time when I ain't there to bother you, even ef you don't need to borry the hedge, jest to see how purty it is. Them pansies have turned out lovely. But the funniest thing happened. Right in the row with the black-faced ones — jest about where you set that mornin' — would you believe it thet one o' them pansies bloomed out pink? Ever' one planted from dead-black seeds, mind you. An' do you know, maybe I ought to 've picked it out quick ez it showed color, but I didn't. I *couldn't do it*, Mr. Tomkins. Seemed to me that pansy stood out there jest to remind me o' the day thet I was enabled to cheer you up a little, an' whenever I'd look into its sassy little pink face with its quizzical eyebrows I'd seem to see you a-settin' there shakin' with laughter. An' it's done me good, too. When the good Lord sends a little thing like that out o' His ground, where He works so much magic for the comfort of our hearts, I believe in jest takin' it ez He sends it. An' that pansy plant has kep' a pink face there for me all summer; an' when I'd look at it I'd often remember to wish a little wish for you, Mr. Tomkins. I've often wanted to ask how yore two babies was comin' on, Mr. Tomkins, but I didn't like to. But ef I'd knew you well enough when she died, I wouldn't no mo' have advised you to let yore sister take them children out o' yore house than nothin'. Ef they's ever a time a man needs his child'en it is when their mother is took away. Goin' to see 'em once-t a week the way you do ain't *livin'*. Ef *I* was *you*, an' them was *my* babies, well — Howsoever, excuse me for meddlin'. Maybe ef I'd ever had any child'en o' my own they wouldn't seem



"PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED."

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like gold an' diamonds to me the way they do. But here I keep on a-talkin'. It's a little fresh this mornin', an' I reckon we'll have the early frost. Sech buds ez you find now must be most too pretty to bury. The fall flowers always seem like they put on their purtiest so ez to make you hate to see 'em go. *Good*-by."

Instead of answering, Elijah stepped quickly around the grave and joined her.

"Don't hurry away, Mis' Christian," he said, as he stepped beside her. "I 'ain't got no nice seat to offer you, like you have, but I want to talk to you a little. It's been on my mind some time to tell you thet you mustn't think I 'ain't got no mo' pride than to let this grave o' mine all run to weeds forever. I'm jest a-waitin' a little — tell it settles solid — an' I'm goin' to have it fixed up decent an' expensive. I thought about havin' a reg'lar long slab laid down over it, an' all cemented round the edges. But I won't do it now tell all the buds give out. I've got so used to layin' the bud under the sod thet I wouldn't feel ez ef she had it ef it was on top a lot o' marble an' stuff. She was a mighty good wife, Mis' Christian — most of her time porely, ez you know. They's many a little thing I wisht I'd 'a' done for her, ez I look back. I'd 'a' had a marble stone there long ago—'ceptin' for the buds."

"Well—I don't know but you're wise, Mr. Tomkins. Sometimes I have thought of cementin' *his* in, an' jest lettin' it rest so. But I haven't never been able to make up my mind what I'd do with the bottles—whether I'd leave 'em inside or take 'em out. Sometimes," she sighed, and hesitated—"*some* times I have reel strange misgivin's about them bottles. Supposin', f' instance, thet at the resurrection he was to be mortified out of all countenance findin' 'em here — with the brewer's name blowed in each one—an' all the white-ribboned angels a-flyin' round. Of co'se *we* can't tell how things is goin' to be—an' they're *bound* to be *some* way. I don't know but I'll change it all yet—some day. But ef I *was* to cement him in I'd feel mighty empty-handed—an' lost. But reely, Mr. Tomkins, instid o' you apologizin' to *me*, I want to tell you thet I've often felt reproached seein' you slip in an' out so reg'lar an' so quiet. You're doin' a thing she *ast* you to do—an' doin' it modest and sincere. An' me—I'm doin' a thing he never would 'a' liked in creation, an' makin' a show of it—though how it would look was cert'nly the last thing on earth in my mind. Somehow pore John never stood ez high ez I'd 'a' liked him to among the livin', an' I have been ambitious to have him stand well among the dead. But you're the only human I've ever spoke to about it, an' the good Lord knows you're the last man I'd 'a' ever thought I could 'a' spoke to—seven months ago. We never know what we'll do—tell it's done."

They were at the opening of the hedge now, and she walked in, Tomkins following.

"Ef you want to see yoreself ez others see you, or at least ez I saw you, Mr. Tomkins, look at this pink pansy."

She chuckled merrily as she turned the saucy face of the flower so that he could see it. Tomkins laughed too as he looked at it.

"Nobody knows how much company them pink faces have been to me all summer. Croppin' out there in the black row they're like jokes at a funeral. We've all told 'em—or listened to 'em—an' they's no place on earth thet a joke gets its own more'n at a funeral, to my thinkin'. Yas, ez I said, Mr. Tomkins— Set down a minute, won't you? I won't charge you any more."

Her playful mood was like wine to poor Elijah after a long thirst. She moved to the end of the bench to make room for him as she spoke, and he sat down.

"Yas, ez I said," she began, in quite a changed tone, and yet with a spring in her voice—"ez I said, Mr. Tomkins, I'd have them babies home — *ef they was mine*—sister or no sister. Why, the way you're a-livin' now, you ain't no mo'n a uncle to 'em. An' the way *I* look at it—of co'se you ain't never goin' to think of marryin' again; you are like me in that—an' so, the way you start out with them child'en o' yores is likely to continue. Ef you was jest holdin' off tell sech a time ez you could turn out among the girls to pick out a step-mother for 'em for her rosy cheeks, it would be different. Yore sister would do jest ez well ez anybody else to ripen 'em for her. But it seems to me thet a man o' yore standin' an' yore stren'th o' mind would 'a' took some nice pious old lady like Mis' Gibbs, f' instance, thet has done quilted all her life away nearly, an' won't accept no

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home thet she can't earn. Seems to me sech a lady ez that would 'a' kep' yo' family circle intac'—an' earned a good home at the same time. An' Mis' Gibbs, why, she thinks the world an' all of you. She grannied yore mother when you was born—maybe you remember—'t least so she says. She says you was the reddest baby she ever see in her life, but I sort o' doubt that—with yore brown hair."

She glanced at Elijah's head as she spoke.

"Well!" she laughed; "don't know ez I doubt it, either, look at you now."

He had, indeed, blushed scarlet, and now he blushed again because she had noticed it.

"I do declare!" she laughed again. "I reckon you must be like a girl I went to school with. She always said she felt humiliated every time she reelized she'd ever been a baby. But I glory in it. The only grudge I've got against it is thet I can't *remember* how folks fed me an' dressed me an' toted me around—waited on me. I 'ain't got a single ricollection of sech ez thet in all my life—not a one. I've done the fetchin' and carryin' for others ever sence I can remember, an' done it willin' enough, too. Still, I'm glad to know thet I have had my innin's. But you think over what I've said about ole Mis' Gibbs now—but don't never let on thet I mentioned it. Some child'en is afeerd of her on account of her wig—but they'd soon git used to it. It does shift some sence she's fell away so, but I don't doubt thet at the head o' yore table she'd very soon grow up to it again. I know what one broke-up home is, Mr. Tomkins, an' I hate to see another. Mine can't help but stay broke—'less'n I'd start adoptin', which would be a hard thing to do—in Simpkinsville. There couldn't never possibly be a orphan without relations here, where everybody is kin—an' a orphan with about twenty-'leven lookers-on is the last thing on earth for anybody to adopt."

This was the last meeting Elijah had with the widow Christian during this season. He staid a few minutes to-day, her willing listener and grateful guest.

When he finally made his awkward adieus his mind was filled with a new hope in her suggestion of reconstructing his broken circle—bringing his children home. Perhaps, after all, *all* of life had not gone out of living.

He wished a little, as he pondered over her plan, that old Mrs. Gibbs's wig were a closer fit, and that she were, perhaps, a trifle less reminiscent. But these were externalities. She would really care for him—and his babes. There would be a light in the front room when he should go home at night.

As he looked back over the last seven months, Elijah felt as if he had always been a widower—and wretched. It must be wretched to be a widower, else why the common race for escape?

Perhaps widowhood is as miserable, but its pangs are different, being matters of a woman's soul. With her it is rarely a question of home-breaking or bodily discomfort. She is herself a maker and disburser of comfort. Where she is is home. And so her sorrow is—otherwise.

The more Elijah pondered over the question of reorganizing his home, the more the desire to do so grew strong within him.

Still—so irreconcilable are sometimes the factors in a difficult situation—the more he thought of old Mrs. Gibbs seated with wig askew behind his coffee-urn, the less the picture invited his consent.

But the new concept had taken shape—a reorganized family table—a little chair on one side—a high chair on the other. If old Mrs. Gibbs's wig bobbed up constantly behind the coffee-urn, there was at least an interrogation point above it. And in the interrogation there is hope.

Elijah was very thoughtful these days—very circumspect—very serious.

Many times he went to the cemetery, paid his tribute, and came away without even looking toward the Christian lot.

Perhaps he was thinking of old Mrs. Gibbs.

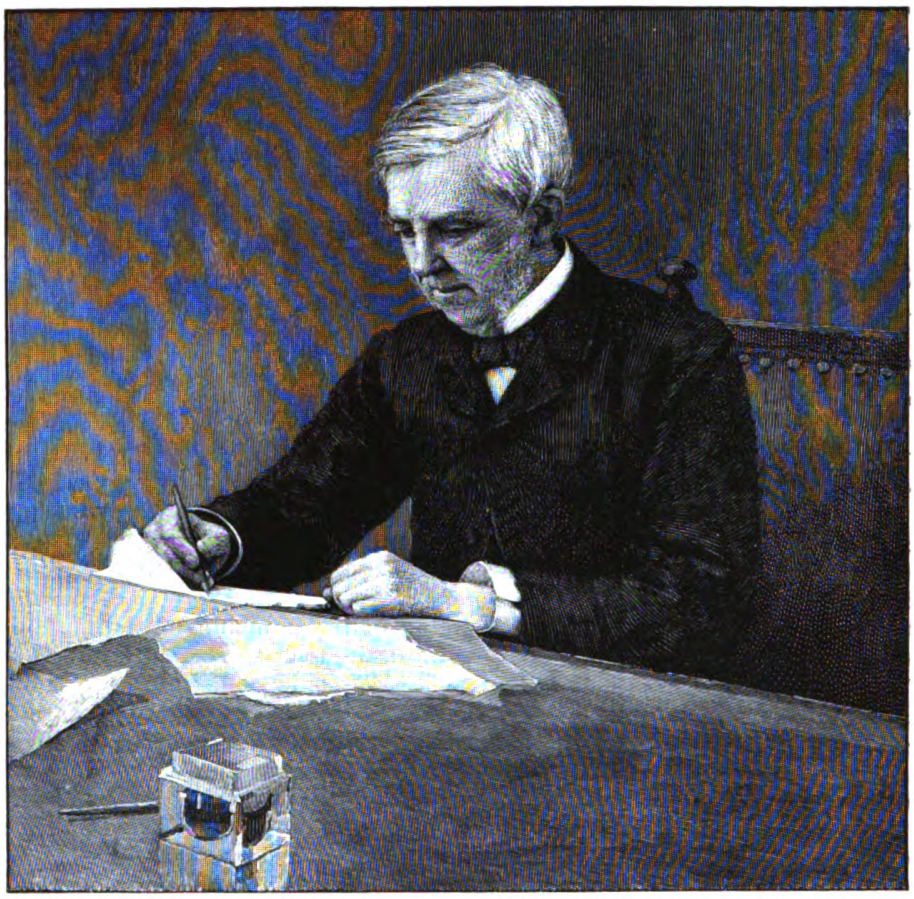
However this may be, a few days after this last interview, when he had as usual deposited his floral tribute, he leaned over the grave, and reaching forward, felt carefully about the roots of a certain clump of grass, as if searching for something, and presently he picked up an old, very rusty hair-pin.

He laid it in the palm of his other hand a moment and looked at it. Then, taking his handkerchief, he wiped it carefully, as if it were a precious thing.

"I don't know what on earth I been a-thinkin' about to let it all go to rust that-a-way," he said aloud.

And then he carefully put it in his pocket.

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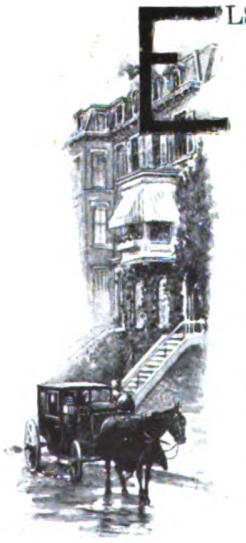


DR. HOLMES IN HIS STUDY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



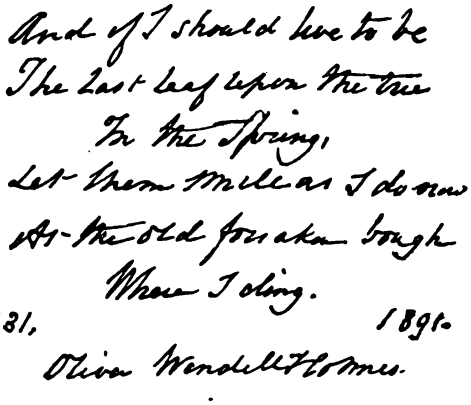
ELSEWHERE we literary folk are apt to be such a common lot, with tendencies here and there to be a shabby lot; we arrive from all sorts of unexpected holes and corners of the earth, remote, obscure; and at the best we do so often come up out of the ground; but at Boston we were of ascertained and noted origin, and good part of us dropped from the skies. Instead of holding horses before the doors of theatres; or capping verses at the plough-tail; or tramping over Europe with nothing but a flute in the pocket; or walking up to the metropolis with no luggage but the MS. of a tragedy; or sleeping in doorways or under the arches of bridges; or serving as apothecaries' 'prentices—we were good society from the beginning. I think this was none the worse for us, and it was vastly the better for good society.

Literature in Boston, indeed, was so respectable, and often of so high a lineage, that to be a poet was not only to be good society, but almost to be good family. If one names over the men who gave Boston her supremacy in literature during that Unitarian harvest-time of the old Puritanic seed-time which was her Augustan age, one names the people who were and who had been socially first in

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the city ever since the self-exile of the Tories at the time of the Revolution. To say Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Lowell, Norton, Higginson, Dana, Emerson, Channing, was to say patrician, in the truest and often the best sense, if not the largest. Boston was small, but these were of her first citizens, and their primacy, in its way, was of the same quality as that, say, of the chief families of Venice. But these names can never have the effect for the stranger that they had for one to the manner born. I say had, for I doubt whether in Boston they still mean all that they once meant, and that their equivalents meant in science, in law, in politics. The most famous, if not the greatest of all the literary men of Boston, I have not mentioned with them, for Longfellow was not of the place, though by his sympathies and relations he became of it; and I have not mentioned Oliver Wendell Holmes, because I think his name would come first into the reader's thought with the suggestion of social quality in the humanities. He was of the brahminical caste which his humorous recognition invited from its subjectivity in the New England consciousness into the light where all could know it and own it, and like Longfellow he was allied to the patriciate of Boston by all the most intimate ties of life. For a long time, for the whole first period of his work, he stood for that alone, its tastes, its prejudices, its foibles even, and when he came to stand in his second period, for vastly, for infinitely more, and to make friends with the whole race, as few men have ever done, it was always, I think, with a secret shiver of doubt, a backward look of longing, and an eye askance. He was himself perfectly aware of this at times, and would mark his several misgivings with a humorous sense of the situation. He was essentially too kind to be of a narrow world, too human to be finally of less than humanity, too gentle to be of the finest gentility. But such limitations as he had were in the direction I have hinted, or perhaps more than hinted; and I am by no means ready to make a mock of them, as it would be so easy to do for some reasons that he has himself suggested. To value aright the affection which the old Bostonian had for Boston one must conceive of something like the patriotism of men in the times when a man's city was a man's country, something Athenian, something Florentine. The war that nationalized us liberated this love to the whole country, but its first tenderness remained still for Boston, and I suppose a Bostonian still thinks of himself first as a Bostonian and then as an American, in a way that no New-Yorker could deal with himself. The rich historical background dignifies and ennobles the intense public spirit of the place, and gives it a kind of personality.

In literature Dr. Holmes survived all the Bostonians who had given the city



DR. HOLMES'S HANDWRITING.

her primacy in letters, but when I first knew him there was no apparent ground for questioning it. I do not mean now the time when I visited New England, but when I came to live in Boston, and to begin the many happy years which I spent in her fine intellectual air. I found time to run in upon him, while I was there arranging to take my place on the *Atlantic Monthly*, and I remember that in this brief moment with him he brought me to book about some vaunting paragraph in the *Nation* claiming the literary primacy for New York. He asked me if I knew who wrote it, and I was obliged to own that I had written it myself, when with the kindness he always showed me he protested against my position. To tell the truth I do not think now I had any very good reasons for it, and I certainly could urge none that would stand against his. I could only fall back upon the saving clause that this primacy was claimed mainly if not wholly for New York in the future. He was willing to leave me the connotations of prophecy, but I think he did even this out of politeness rather than conviction, and I believe

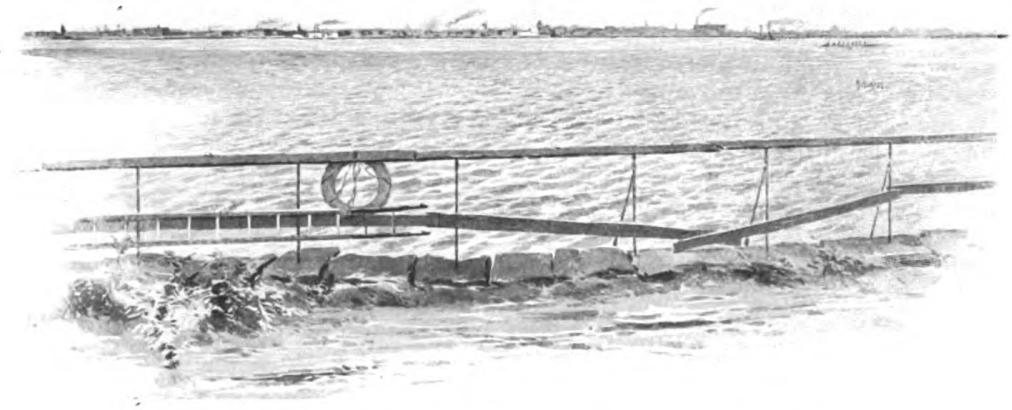
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he had always a sensitiveness where Boston was concerned, which could not seem ungenerous to any generous mind. Whatever lingering doubt of me he may have had, with reference to Boston, seemed to satisfy itself when several years afterwards he happened to speak of a certain character in an early novel of mine, who was not quite the kind of Bostonian one could wish to be. The thing came up in talk with another person, who had referred to my Bostonian, and the doctor had apparently made his acquaintance in the book, and not liked him. "I understood, of course," he said, "that he was *a* Bostonian, not *the* Bostonian," and I could truthfully answer that this was by all means my own understanding too.

His fondness for his city, which no one could appreciate better than myself, I hope, often found expression in a burlesque excess in his writings, and in his talk perhaps oftener still. Hard upon my return from Venice I had a half-hour with him in his old study on Charles Street, where he still lived in 1865, and while I was there a young man came in for the doctor's help as a physician, though he looked so very well, and was so lively and cheerful, that I have since had my doubts whether he had not made a pretext for a glimpse of him as the Autocrat. The doctor took him upon his word, however, and said he had been so long out of practice that he could not do anything for him, but he gave him the address of another physician, somewhere near Washington Street, and "if you don't know where Washington Street is," he said, with a gay burst at a certain vagueness which had come into the young man's face, "you don't know anything."

We had been talking of Venice, and what life was like there, and he made me tell him in some detail. He was especially interested in what I had to say of the minute subdivision and distribution of the necessaries, the small coins, and the small values adapted to their purchase, the intensely retail character, in fact, of household provisioning; and I could see how he pleased himself in formulating the theory that the higher a civilization the finer the apportionment of the demands and supplies. The ideal, he said, was a civilization in which you could buy two cents' worth of beef, and a divergence from this standard was towards barbarism.

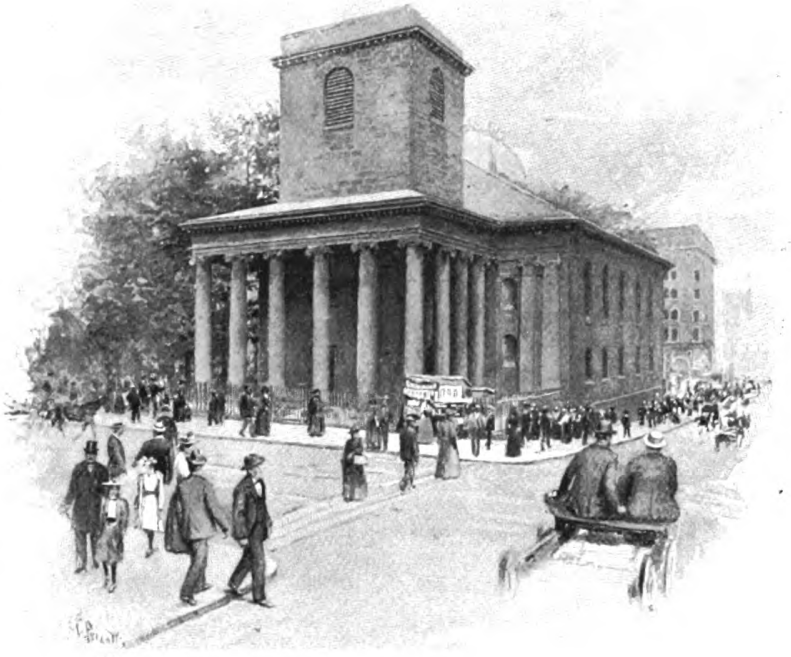
The secret of the man who is universally interesting is that he is universally interested, and this was above all the secret of the charm that Doctor Holmes had for every one. No doubt he knew it, for what that most alert intelligence did not know of itself was scarcely worth



THE OUTLOOK FROM THE HOLMES HOUSE IN BEACON STREET.

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knowing. This knowledge was one of his chief pleasures, I fancy; he rejoiced in the consciousness which is one of the highest attributes of the highly organized man, and he did not care for the consequences in your mind, if you were so stupid as not to take him aright. I remember the delight Henry James, the father of the novelist, had in reporting to me the frankness of the doctor, when he had said to him, "Holmes, you are intellectually the most alive man I ever knew." "I am, I am," said the doctor. "From the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I'm alive, I'm alive!" Any one who ever saw him will imagine the vivid relish he had in recognizing the fact. He could not be with you a moment without shedding upon you the light of his flashing wit, his radiant humor, and he shone equally upon the rich and poor in mind. His gayety of heart could not withhold itself from any chance of response, but he did wish always to be fully understood, and to be liked by those he liked. He gave his liking cautiously, though, for the affluence of his sympathies left him without the reserves of colder natures, and he had to make up for these with careful circumspection. He wished to know the character of the person who made overtures to his acquaintance, for he was aware that his friendship lay close to it; he wanted to be sure that he was a nice person, and though I think he preferred social quality in his fellow-man, he did not refuse himself to those who had merely a sweet and wholesome humanity. He did not like anything that tasted or smelt of bohemianism in the personnel of literature, but he did not mind the scent of the new-ploughed earth, or even of the barn-yard. I recall his telling me once that after two younger brothers-in-letters had called upon him in the odor of a habitual beeriness and smokiness, he opened the window; and the very last time I saw him, which was summer before last, he remembered at eighty-five the offence he had found on his first visit to New York, when a metropolitan poet had asked him to lunch in a basement restaurant.



KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON, WHERE DR. HOLMES WORSHIPPED.

He seemed not to mind, however, climbing to the little apartment we had in Boston when we came there in 1866, and he made this call upon us in due form, bringing Mrs. Holmes with him as if to accent the recognition socially. We were then incredibly young, much younger than I find people ever are, nowadays, and in the consciousness of our youth we felt, to the last exquisite value of the fact, what it was to have the Autocrat come to see us; and I believe he was not displeased to perceive this; he liked to know that you felt his quality in every way. That first winter, however, I did not see him often, and in the spring we went to live in Cambridge, and thereafter I met him chiefly at Longfellow's, or when I came in to

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INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL.

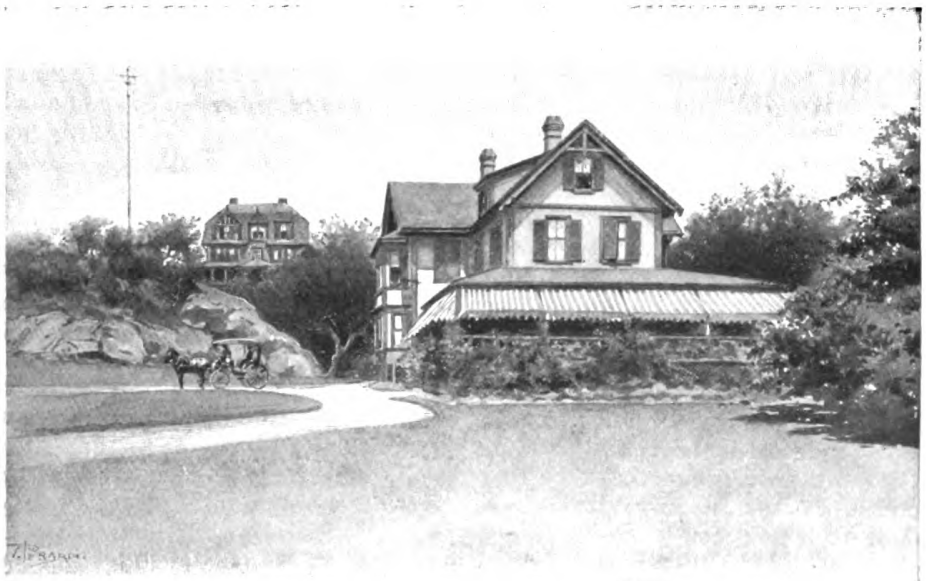
dine at the Fieldses', in Boston. It was at certain meetings of the Dante Club, when Longfellow read aloud his translation for criticism, and there was supper later, that one saw the doctor; and his voice was heard at the supper rather than at the criticism, for he was no Italianate. He always seemed to like a certain turn of the talk toward the mystical, but with space for the feet on a firm ground of fact this side of the shadows; when it came to going over among them, and laying hold of them with the hand of faith, as if they were substance, he was not of the excursion. It is well known how fervent, I cannot say devout, a spiritualist Longfellow's brother-in-law, Appleton, was; and when he was at the table too, it took all the poet's delicate skill to keep him and the Autocrat from involving themselves in a cataclysmal controversy upon the matter of manifestations. With Dr. Holmes the inquiry was inquiry, to the last, I believe, and the burden of proof was left to the ghosts and their friends. His attitude was strictly scientific; he denied nothing, but he expected the supernatural to be at least as convincing as the natural.

There was a time in his history when the popular ignorance classed him with those who were once rudely called infidels; but the world has since gone so fast and so far that the mind he was of concerning religious belief would now be thought religious by a good half of the religious world. It is true that he had and always kept a grudge against the ancestral Calvinism which afflicted his youth; and he was through all rises and lapses of opinion essentially Unitarian; but of the honest belief of any one, I am sure he never felt or spoke otherwise than most tolerantly, most tenderly. As often as he spoke of religion, and his talk tended to it very often, I never heard an irreligious word from him, far less a scoff or sneer at religion; and I am certain that this was not merely because he would have thought it bad taste, though undoubtedly he would have thought it bad taste; I think it annoyed, it hurt him, to be counted among the iconoclasts, and he would have been profoundly grieved if he

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could have known how widely this false notion of him once prevailed. It can do no harm at this late day to impart from the secrets of the publishing house the fact that a supposed infidelity in the tone of his story "The Guardian Angel" cost the *Atlantic Monthly* many subscribers. Now, the tone of that story would not be thought even mildly agnostic, I fancy; and long before his death the author had outlived the error concerning him.

It was not the best of his stories, by any means, and it would not be too harsh to say that it was the poorest. His novels all belonged to an order of romance which was as distinctly his own as the form of dramatized essay which he invented in the Autocrat. If he did not think poorly of them, he certainly did not think too proudly, and I heard him quote with relish the phrase of a lady who had spoken of them to him as his "medicated novels." That, indeed, was perhaps what they were; a faint, faint odor of the pharmacopœia clung to their pages; their magic was scientific. He knew this better than any one else, of course, and if any one had said it in his turn he would hardly have minded it. But what he did mind was the persistent misinterpretation of his intention in certain quarters where he thought he had the right to respectful criticism instead of the succession of sneers that greeted the successive numbers of his story; and it was no secret that he felt the persecution keenly. Perhaps he thought that he had already reached that time in his literary life when he was a fact rather than a question, and when reasons and not feelings must have to do with his acceptance or rejection. But he had to live many years yet before he reached this state. When he did reach it, happily a good while before his death, I do not believe any man ever enjoyed the like condition more. He loved to feel himself out of the fight, with much work before him still, but with nothing that could provoke ill-will in his activities. He loved at all times to take himself objectively, if I may so express my sense of a mental attitude that misled many. As I have said before, he was universally interested, and he studied the universe from himself. I do not know how one is to study it otherwise; the impersonal has really no existence; but with all his subtlety and depth he was of a make so simple, of a spirit so naïve, that he could not practise the feints some use to conceal that interest in self which, after all, every one knows is only concealed. He frankly and joyously made himself the starting-point in all his inquest of the hearts and minds of other men, but so far from singling himself out in this, and standing apart in it, there never was any one who was more eagerly and gladly your fellow-being in the things of the soul.



HOLMES'S COTTAGE, BEVERLY FARMS.

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"DOROTHY Q."

In the things of the world, he had fences, and looked at some people through palings and even over the broken bottles on the tops of walls; and I think he was the loser by this, as well as they. But then I think all fences are bad, and that God has made enough differences between men; we need not trouble ourselves to multiply them. Even behind his fences, however, he had a heart kind for the outsiders, and I do not believe any one came into personal relations with him who did not experience this kindness. In that long and delightful talk I had with him on my return from Venice (I can praise the talk because it was mainly his), we spoke of the status of domestics in the Old World, and how fraternal the relation of high and low was in Italy, while in England, between master and man, it seemed without acknowledgment of their common humanity. "Yes," he said, "I always felt as if English servants expected to be trampled on; but I can't do that. If they want to be trampled on, they must get some one else." He thought that our American way was infinitely better; and I believe that in spite of the fences there was always an instinctive impulse with him to get upon common ground with his fellow-man. I used to notice in the neighborhood cabman who served our block on Beacon Street a sort of affectionate reverence for the Autocrat, which could have come from nothing but the kindly terms between them; if you went to him when he was engaged to Dr. Holmes, he told you so with a sort of implication in his manner that the thought of anything else for the time was profanation. The good fellow who took him his drives about the Beverly and Manchester shores seemed to be quite in the joke of the doctor's humor, and within the bounds of his personal modesty and his functional dignity permitted himself a smile at the doctor's sallies, when you stood talking with him, or listening to him at the carriage-side.

The civic and social circumstance that a man values himself on is commonly no part of his value, and certainly no part of his greatness. Rather, it is the very thing that limits him, and I think that Dr. Holmes appeared in the full measure of his generous personality to those who did not and could not appreciate his circumstance, and not to those who formed it, and who from life-long association were so dear and comfortable to him. Those who best knew how great a man he was were those who came from far to pay him their duty, or to thank him for some help they had got from his books, or to ask his counsel or seek his sympathy. With all such he was most winningly tender, most intelligently patient. I suppose no great author was ever more visited by letter and in person than he,

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or kept a faithfuler conscience for his guests. With those who appeared to him in the flesh he used a miraculous tact, and I fancy in his treatment of all the physician native in him bore a characteristic part. No one seemed to be denied access to him, but it was after a moment of preparation that one was admitted, and any one who was at all sensitive must have felt from the first moment in his presence that there could be no trespassing in point of time. If now and then some insensitive began to trespass, there was a sliding-scale of dismissal that never failed of its work, and that really saved the author from the effect of intrusion. He was not bored because he would not be.

I transfer at random the impressions of many years to my page, and I shall not try to observe a chronological order in these memories. Vivid among them is that of a visit which I paid him with Osgood the publisher, then newly the owner of the *Atlantic Monthly*, when I had newly become the sole editor. We wished to signalize our accession to the control of the magazine by a stroke that should tell most in the public eye, and we thought of asking Dr. Holmes to do something again in the manner of the Autocrat and the Professor at the Breakfast Table. Some letters had passed between him and the management concerning our wish, and then Osgood thought that it would be right and fit for us to go to him in person. He proposed the visit, and Dr. Holmes received us with a mind in which he had evidently formulated all his thoughts upon the matter. His main question was whether at his age of sixty years a man was justified in seeking to recall a public of the past, or to create a new public in the present. He seemed to have looked the ground over not only with a personal interest in the question, but with a keen scientific zest for it as something which it was delightful to consider in its generic relations; and I fancy that the pleasure of this inquiry more than consoled him for such pangs of misgiving as he must have had in the personal question. As commonly happens in the solution of such problems, it was not solved; he was very willing to take our minds upon it, and to incur the risk, if we thought it well and were willing to share it.

We came away rejoicing, and the new series began with the new year following. It was by no means the popular success that we had hoped; not because the author had not a thousand new things to say, or failed to say them with the gust and freshness of his immortal youth, but because it was not well to disturb a form associated in the public mind with an achievement which had become classic. It is of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table that people think, when they think of the peculiar species of dramatic essay which the author invented, and they think also of the Professor at the Breakfast Table, because he followed so soon; but the Poet at the Breakfast Table came so long after, that his advent alienated rather than conciliated liking. Very likely, if the Poet had come first he would have had no second place in the affections of his readers, for his talk was full of delightful matter; and at least one of the poems which graced each instalment was one of the finest and greatest that Dr. Holmes ever wrote. I mean Homesick in Heaven, which seems to me not only what I have said, but one of the most important, the most profoundly pathetic in the language. Indeed, I do not know any other that in the same direction goes so far with suggestion so penetrating.

The other poems were mainly of a cast which did not win; the metaphysics in them were too much for the human interest, and again there rose a foolish clamor of the creeds against him on account of them. The great talent, the beautiful and graceful fancy, the eager imagination of the Autocrat could not avail in this third attempt, and I suppose the Poet at the Breakfast Table must be confessed as near a failure as Dr. Holmes could come. It certainly was so in the magazine which the brilliant success of the first had availed to establish in the high place the periodical must always hold in the history of American literature. Lowell was never tired of saying, when he recurred to the first days of his editorship, that the magazine could never have gone at all without the Autocrat papers. He was proud of having insisted upon Holmes's doing something for the new venture, and he was fond of recalling the author's misgivings concerning his contributions, which later repeated themselves with too much reason, though not with the reason that was in his own mind.

He lived twenty-five years after that self-question at sixty, and after eighty he

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continued to prove that threescore was not the limit of a man's intellectual activity or literary charm. During all that time the work he did in mere quantity was the work that a man in the prime of life might well have been vain of doing, and it was of a quality not less surprising. If I asked him with any sort of fair notice I could rely upon him always for something for the January number, and throughout the year I could count upon him for those occasional pieces in which he so easily excelled all former writers of occasional verse, and which he liked to keep from the newspapers for the magazine. He had a pride in his promptness with copy, and you could always trust his promise. The printer's toe never galled the author's kibe in his case; he wished to have an early proof, which he corrected fastidiously, but not overmuch, and he did not keep it long. He had really done all his work in the manuscript, which came print-perfect and beautifully clear from his pen, in that flowing, graceful hand which to the last kept a suggestion of the pleasure he must have had in it. Like all wise contributors he was not only patient, but very glad of all the queries and challenges that proof-reader and editor could accumulate on the margin of his proofs, and when they were both altogether wrong he was still grateful. In one of his poems there was some Latin Quarter French, which our collective purism questioned, and I remember how tender of us he was in maintaining that in his Parisian time, at least, some ladies beyond the Seine said "Eh, b'en," instead of "Eh, bien." He knew that we must be always on the lookout for such little matters, and he would not wound our ignorance.

I do not think any one enjoyed praise more than he. Of course he would not provoke it, but if it came of itself, he would not deny himself the pleasure, as long as a relish of it remained. He used humorously to recognize his delight in it, and to say of the lecture audiences which in earlier times hesitated applause, "Why don't they give me three times three? I can stand it!" He himself gave in the generous fulness he desired. He did not praise foolishly or dishonestly, though he would spare an open dislike; but when a thing pleased him he knew how to say so cordially and skilfully, so that it might help as well as delight. I suppose no great author has tried more sincerely and faithfully to befriend the beginner than he; and from time to time he would commend something to me that he thought worth looking at, but never insistently. In certain cases, where he had simply to ease a burden from his own to the editorial shoulders, he would ask that the aspirant might be delicately treated. There might be personal reasons for this, but usually his kindness of heart moved him. His tastes had their geographical limit, but his sympathies were boundless, and the hopeless creature for whom he interceded was oftener remote from Boston and New England than otherwise.

It seems to me that he had a nature singularly affectionate, and that it was this which was at fault if he gave somewhat too much of himself to the celebration of the Class of '29, and all the multitude of Boston occasions, large and little, embalmed in the clear amber of his verse, somewhat to the disadvantage of the amber. If he were asked he could not deny the many friendships and fellowships which united in the asking; the immediate reclame from these things was sweet to him; but he loved to comply as much as he loved to be praised. In the pleasure he got he could feel himself a prophet in his own country, but the country which owned him prophet began perhaps to feel rather too much as if it owned him, and did not prize his vaticinations at all their worth. Some polite Bostonians knew him chiefly on this side, and judged him to their own detriment from it.

After we went to live in Cambridge, my life and the delight of it were so wholly there that in ten years I had hardly been in as many Boston houses. As I have said, I met Dr. Holmes at the Fieldses', and at Longfellow's, when he came out to a Dante supper, which was not often, and somewhat later at the Saturday Club dinners. One parlous time at the publisher's I recall, when Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Autocrat clashed upon homœopathy, and it required all the tact of the host to lure them away from the dangerous theme. As it was, a battle waged in the courteous forms of Fontenoy, went on pretty well through the dinner, and it was only over the coffee that a truce was called. I need not say which was heterodox, or that each had a deep and strenuous conscience in the matter. I have always

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felt it a proof of his extreme leniency to me, unworthy, that the doctor was able to tolerate my own defection from the elder faith in medicine; and I could not feel his kindness less caressing because I knew it a concession to an infirmity. He said something like, After all a good physician was the great matter; and I eagerly turned his clemency to praise of our family doctor.

He was very constant at the Saturday Club, as long as his strength permitted, and few of its members missed fewer of its meetings. He continued to sit at its table until the ghosts of Hawthorne, of Agassiz, of Emerson, of Longfellow, of Lowell, out of others less famous, bore him company there among the younger men in the flesh. It must have been very melancholy, but nothing could deeply cloud his most cheerful spirit. His strenuous interest in life kept him alive to all the things of it, after so many of his friends were dead. The questions which he was wont to deal with so fondly, so wisely, the great problems of the soul, were all the more vital, perhaps, because the personal concern in them was increased by the translation to some other being of the men who had so often tried with him to fathom them here. The last time I was at that table he sat alone there among those great memories; but he was as gay as ever I saw him; his wit sparkled, his humor gleamed; the poetic touch was deft and firm as of old; the serious curiosity, the instant sympathy remained. To the witness he was pathetic, but to himself he could only have been interesting, as the figure of a man surviving, in an alien but not unfriendly present, the past which held so vast a part of all that had constituted him. If he had thought of himself in this way, it would have been without one emotion of self-pity, such as more maudlin souls indulge, but with a love of knowledge and wisdom as keenly alert as in his prime.

For three privileged years I lived all but next-door neighbor of Dr. Holmes in that part of Beacon Street whither he removed after he left his old home in Charles Street, and during these years I saw him rather often. We were both on the water side, which means so much more than the words say, and our library windows commanded the same general view of the Charles rippling out into the Cambridge marshes and the sunsets, and curving eastward under Long Bridge, through shipping that increased onward to the sea. He said that you could count fourteen towns and villages in the compass of that view, with the three conspicuous monuments accenting the different attractions of it: the tower of Memorial Hall at Harvard; the obelisk on Bunker Hill; and in the centre of the picture that bulk of Tufts College which he said he expected to greet his eyes the first thing when he opened them in the other world. But the prospect, though generally the same, had certain precious differences for each of us, which I have no doubt he valued himself as much upon as I did. I have a notion that he fancied these were to be enjoyed best in his library through two oval panes let into the bay there apart from the windows, for he was apt to make you come and look out of them if you got to talking of the view before you left. In this pleasant study he lived among the books, which seemed to multiply from case to case and shelf to shelf, and climb from floor to ceiling. Everything was in exquisite order, and the desk where he wrote was as scrupulously neat as if the sloven disarray of most authors' desks were impossible to him. He had a number of ingenious little contrivances for helping his work, which he liked to show you; for a time a revolving book-case at the corner of his desk seemed to be his pet; and after that came his fountain-pen, which he used with due observance of its fountain principle, though he was tolerant of me when I said I always dipped mine in the inkstand; it was a merit in his eyes to use a fountain-pen in anywise. After you had gone over these objects with him, and perhaps taken a peep at something he was examining through his microscope, he sat down at one corner of his hearth, and invited you to an easy-chair at the other. His talk was always considerate of your wish to be heard, but the person who wished to talk when he could listen to Dr. Holmes was his own victim, and always the loser. If you were well advised you kept yourself to the question and response which manifested your interest in what he was saying, and let him talk on, with his sweet smile, and that husky laugh he broke softly into at times. Perhaps he was not very well when you came in upon him; then he would name his trouble, with a scientific zest and accuracy,

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and pass quickly to other matters. As I have noted, he was interested in himself only on the universal side; and he liked to find his peculiarity in you better than to keep it his own; he suffered a visible disappointment if he could not make you think or say you were so and so too. The querulous note was not in his most cheerful register; he would not dwell upon a specialized grief; though sometimes I have known him touch very lightly and currently upon a slight annoyance, or disrelish for this or that. As he grew older, he must have had, of course, an old man's disposition to speak of his infirmities; but it was fine to see him catch himself up in this, when he became conscious of it, and stop short with an abrupt turn to something else. With a real interest, which he gave humorous excess, he would celebrate some little ingenious thing that had fallen in his way, and I have heard him expatiate with childlike delight upon the merits of a new razor he had got: a sort of mower, which he could sweep recklessly over cheek and chin without the least danger of cutting himself. The last time I saw him he asked me if he had ever shown me that miraculous razor; and I doubt if he quite liked my saying I had seen one of the same kind.

It seemed to me that he enjoyed sitting at his chimney-corner rather as the type of a person having a good time than as such a person; he would rather be up and about something, taking down a book, making a note, going again to his little windows, and asking you if you had seen the crows yet that sometimes alighted on the shoals left bare by the ebb-tide behind the house. The reader will recall his lovely poem, My Aviary, which deals with the winged life of that pleasant prospect. I shared with him in the flock of wild-ducks which used to come into our neighbor waters in spring when the ice broke up, and staid as long as the smallest space of brine remained unfettered in the fall. He was graciously willing I should share in them, and in the cloud of gulls which drifted about in the currents of the sea and sky there, almost the whole year round. I did not pretend an original right to them, coming so late as I did to the place, and I think my deference pleased him.

As I have said, he liked his fences, or at least liked you to respect them, or to be sensible of them. As often as I went to see him I was made to wait in the little reception-room below, and never shown at once to his study. My name would be carried up, and I would hear him verifying my presence from the maid through the opened door; then there came a cheery cry of welcome: "Is that you? Come up, come up!" and I found him sometimes half-way down the stairs to meet me. He would make an excuse for having kept me below a moment, and say something about the rule he had to observe in all cases, as if he would not have me feel his fence a personal thing. I was aware how thoroughly his gentle spirit pervaded the whole house; the Irish maid who opened the door had the effect of being a neighbor too, and of being in the joke of the little formality; she apologized in her turn for the reception-room; there was certainly nothing trampled upon in her manner, but affection and reverence for him whose gate she guarded, with something like the sentiment she would have cherished for a dignitary of the Church, but nicely differenced and adjusted to the Autocrat's peculiar merits.

The last time I was in that place, a visitant who had lately knocked at my own door was about to enter. I met the master of the house on the landing of the stairs outside his study, and he led me in for the few moments we could spend together. He spoke of the shadow so near, and said he supposed there could be no hope, but he did not refuse the cheer I offered him from my ignorance against his knowledge, and at something that was thought or said he smiled, with even a breath of laughter, so potent is the wont of a lifetime, though his eyes were full of tears, and his voice broke with his words. Those who have sorrowed deepest will understand this best.

It was during the few years of our Beacon Street neighborhood that he spent those hundred days abroad in his last visit to England and France. He was full of their delight when he came back, and my propinquity gave me the advantage of hearing him speak of them at first hand. He whimsically pleased himself most with his Derby-day experiences, and enjoyed contrasting the crowd and occasion with that of forty or fifty years earlier, when he had seen some famous race of the Derby won; nothing else in England seemed to have moved him so much, though all that royalties, dignities, and celebrities could well do for him had been

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done. Of certain things that happened to him, characteristic of the English, and interesting to him in their relation to himself through his character of universally interested man, he spoke freely; but he has said what he chose to the public about them, and I have no right to say more. The thing that most vexed him during his sojourn apparently was to have been described in one of the London papers as quite deaf; and I could truly say to him that I had never imagined him at all deaf, or heard him accused of it before. "Oh, yes," he said, "I am a little hard of hearing on one side. But it isn't deafness."

He had, indeed, few or none of the infirmities of age that made themselves painfully or inconveniently evident. He carried his slight figure erect, and until his latest years his step was quick and sure. Once he spoke of the lessened height of old people, apropos of something that was said, and "They will *shrink*, you know," he said, as if he were not at all concerned in the fact himself. If you met him in the street, you encountered a spare, carefully dressed old gentleman, with a clean-shaven face and a friendly smile, qualified by the involuntary frown of his thick, senile brows; well coated, lustrously shod, well gloved, in a silk hat, latterly wound with a mourning-weed. Sometimes he did not know you when he knew you quite well, and at such times I think it was kind to spare his years the fatigue of recalling your identity; at any rate, I am glad of the times when I did so. In society he had the same vagueness, the same dimness; but after the moment he needed to make sure of you, he was as vivid as ever in his life. He made me think of a bed of embers on which the ashes have thinly gathered, and which, when these are breathed away, sparkles and tinkles keenly up with all the freshness of a newly kindled fire. He did not mind talking about his age, and I fancied rather enjoyed doing so. Its approaches interested him; if he was going, he liked to know just how and when he was going. Once he spoke of his lasting strength in terms of imaginative humor: he was still so intensely interested in nature, the universe, that it seemed to him he was not like an old man so much as a lusty infant which struggles against having the breast snatched from it. He laughed at the notion of this, with that impersonal relish, which seemed to me singularly characteristic of the self-consciousness so marked in him. I never heard one lugubrious word from him in regard to his years. He liked your sympathy on all grounds where he could have it self-respectfully, but he was a most manly spirit, and he would not have had it even as a type of the universal decay. Possibly he would have been interested to have you share in that analysis of himself which he was always making, if such a thing could have been.

He had not much patience with the unmanly craving for sympathy in others, and chiefly in our literary craft, which is somewhat ignobly given to it, though he was patient, after all. He used to say, and I believe he has said it in print, that unless a man could show a good reason for writing verse, it was rather against him, and a proof of weakness. I suppose this severe conclusion was something he had reached after dealing with innumerable small poets who sought the light in him with verses that no editor would admit to print. Yet of morbidness he was often very tender; he knew it to be disease, something that must be scientifically rather than ethically treated. He was in the same degree kind to any sensitiveness, for he was himself as sensitive as he was manly, and he was most delicately sensitive to any rightful social claim upon him. I was once at a dinner with him, where he was in some sort my host, in a company of people whom he had not seen me with before, and he made a point of acquainting me with each of them. It did not matter that I knew most of them already; the proof of his thoughtfulness was precious, and I was sorry when I had to disappoint it by confessing a previous knowledge.

I had three memorable meetings with him not very long before he died: one a year before, and the other two within a few months of the end. The first of these was at luncheon in the summer-house of a friend whose hospitality made it summer the year round, and we all went out to meet him, when he drove up in his open carriage, with the little sunshade in his hand, which he took with him for protection against the heat, and also, a little, I think, for the whim of it. He sat a moment after he arrived, as if to

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orient himself in respect to each of us. Beside the gifted hostess, there was the most charming of all the American essayists, and the Autocrat seemed at once to find himself singularly at home with the people who greeted him. There was no interval needed for fanning away the ashes; he tinkled up before he entered the house, and at the table he was as vivid and scintillant as I ever saw him, if indeed I ever saw him as much so. The talk began at once, and we left it mostly to him, after we had made him believe that there was nothing egotistic in his taking the word, or turning it in illustration from himself upon universal matters. I spoke among other things of some humble ruins on the road to Gloucester, which gave the way-side a very aged look; the tumbled foundation-stones of poor bits of houses, and "Ah," he said, "the cellar and the well?" He added, to the company generally, "Do you know what I think are the two lines of mine that go as deep as any others, in a certain direction?" and he began to repeat stragglingly certain verses from one of his earlier poems, until he came to the closing couplet. But I will give them in full, because in going to look them up I have found them so lovely, and because I can hear his voice again in every fondly accented syllable:

"Who sees unmoved, a ruin at his feet,
The lowliest home where human hearts have beat?
The hearth-stone, shaded with the bistre stain,
A century's showery torrents wash in vain;
Its starving orchard where the thistle blows,
And mossy trunks still mark the broken rows;
Its chimney-loving poplar, oftenest seen
Next an old roof, or where a roof has been;
Its knot-grass, plantain,—all the social weeds,
Man's mute companions following where he leads;
Its dwarfed pale flowers, that show their straggling heads,
Sown by the wind from grass-choked garden beds;
Its woodbine creeping where it used to climb;
Its roses breathing of the olden time;
All the poor shows the curious idler sees,
As life's thin shadows waste by slow degrees,
Till naught remains, the saddening tale to tell,
Save last life's wrecks—the cellar and the well!"

The poet's chaunting voice rose with a triumphant swell in the climax, and "There," he said, "isn't it so? The cellar and the well—they can't be thrown down or burnt up; they are the human monuments that last longest, and defy decay." He rejoiced openly in the sympathy that recognized with him the divination of a most pathetic, most signal fact, and he repeated the last couplet again at our entreaty, glad to be entreated for it. I do not know whether all will agree with him concerning the relative importance of the lines, but I think all must feel the exquisite beauty of the picture to which they give the final touch.

He said a thousand witty and brilliant things that day, but his pleasure in this gave me the most pleasure, and I recall the passage distinctly out of the dimness that covers the rest. He chose to figure us younger men, in touching upon the literary circumstance of the past and present, as representative of modern feeling and thinking, and himself as no longer contemporary. We knew he did this to be contradicted, and we protested, affectionately, fervently, with all our hearts and minds; and indeed there were none of his generation who had lived more widely into ours. He was not a prophet like Emerson, nor ever a voice crying in the wilderness like Whittier or Lowell. His note was heard rather amid the sweet security of streets, but it was always for a finer and gentler civility. He imagined no new rule of life, and no philosophy or theory of life will be known by his name. He was not constructive; he was essentially observant, and in this he showed the scientific nature. He made his reader known to himself, first in the little, and then in the larger things. From first to last he was a censor, but a most winning and delightful censor, who could make us feel that our faults were other people's, and who was not wont

"To bait his homilies with his brother worms."

At one period he sat in the seat of the scorner, as far as Reform was concerned, or perhaps reformers, who are so often tedious and ridiculous; but he seemed to get a new heart with the new mind which came to him when he began to write the Autocrat papers, and the light mocker of former days became the serious and compassionate thinker, to whom most truly nothing that was human was alien. His readers trusted and loved him; few men have ever written so intimately with so much dignity, and perhaps none has so endeared himself by saying just the thing for his reader that his reader could not say for himself. He sought the universal through himself in others, and he found

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to his delight and theirs that the most universal thing was often, if not always, the most personal thing.

In my later meetings with him I was struck more and more by his gentleness. I believe that men are apt to grow gentler as they grow older, unless they are of the curmudgeon type, which rusts and crusts with age, but with Dr. Holmes the gentleness was peculiarly marked. He seemed to shrink from all things that could provoke controversy, or even difference; he waived what might be a matter of dispute, and rather sought the things that he could agree with you upon. In the last talk I had with him he appeared to have no grudge left, except for the puritanic orthodoxy in which he had been bred as a child. This he was not able to forgive, though its tradition was interwoven with what was tenderest and dearest in his recollections of childhood. We spoke of puritanism, and I said I sometimes wondered what could be the mind of a man toward life who had not been reared in its awful shadow, say an English Churchman, or a Continental Catholic; and he said he could not imagine, and that he did not believe such a man could at all enter into our feelings; puritanism, he seemed to think, made an essential and ineradicable difference. I do not believe he had any of that false sentiment which attributes virtue of character to severity of creed, while it owns the creed to be wrong.

He differed from Longfellow in often speaking of his contemporaries. He spoke of them frankly, but with an appreciative rather than a censorious criticism. Of Longfellow himself he said that day, when I told him that I had been writing about him, and that he seemed to me a man without error, that he could think of but one error in him, and that was an error of taste, of almost merely literary taste. It was at an earlier time that he talked of Lowell, after his death, and told me that Lowell once in the fever of his antislavery apostolate had written him, urging him strongly, as a matter of duty, to come out for the cause he had himself so much at heart. Afterwards Lowell wrote again, owning himself wrong in his appeal, which he had come to recognize as invasive. "He was ten years younger than I," said the doctor.

I found him that day I speak of in his house at Beverly Farms, where he had a pleasant study in a corner by the porch, and he met me with all the cheeriness of old. But he confessed that he had been greatly broken up by the labor of preparing something that might be read at some commemorative meeting, and had suffered from finding first that he could not write something specially for it. Even the copying and adapting an old poem had overtaxed him, and in this he showed the failing powers of age. But otherwise he was still young, intellectually; that is, there was no failure of interest in intellectual things, especially literary things. Some new book lay on the table at his elbow, and he asked me if I had seen it, and made some joke about his having had the good luck to read it, and have it lying by him a few days before when the author called. I do not know whether he schooled himself against an old man's tendency to revert to the past or not, but I know that he seldom did so. That morning, however, he made several excursions into it, and told me that his youthful satire of the Spectre Pig had been provoked by a poem of the eldest Dana's, where a phantom horse had been seriously employed, with an effect of anticlimax which he had found irresistible. Another foray was to recall the oppression and depression of his early religious associations, and to speak with moving tenderness of his father, whose hard doctrine as a minister was without effect upon his own kindly nature.

In a letter written to me a few weeks after this time, upon an occasion when he divined that some word from him would be more than commonly dear, he recurred to the feeling he then expressed: "Fifty-six years ago—more than half a century—I lost my own father, his age being seventy-three years. As I have reached that period of life, passed it, and now left it far behind, my recollections seem to brighten and bring back my boyhood and early manhood in a clearer and fairer light than it came to me in my middle decades. I have often wished of late years that I could tell him how I cherished his memory; perhaps I may have the happiness of saying all I long to tell him on the other side of that thin partition which I love to think is all that divides us."

Men are never long together without speaking of women, and I said how inevitably men's lives ended where they

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began, in the keeping of women, and their strength failed at last and surrendered itself to their care. I had not finished before I was made to feel that I was poaching, and "Yes," said the owner of the preserve, "I have spoken of that," and he went on to tell me just where. He was not going to have me suppose I had invented those notions, and I could not do less than own that I must have found them in his book, and forgotten it.

He spoke of his pleasant summer life in the air, at once soft and fresh, of that lovely coast, and of his drives up and down the country roads. Sometimes this lady and sometimes that came for him, and one or two habitually, but he always had his own carriage ordered, if they failed, that he might not fail of his drive in any fair weather. His cottage was not immediately on the sea, but in full sight of it, and there was a sense of the sea about it, as there is in all that incomparable region, and I do not think he could have been at home anywhere beyond the reach of its salt breath.

I was anxious not to outstay his strength, and I kept my eye on the clock in frequent glances. I saw that he followed me in one of these, and I said that I knew what his hours were, and I was watching so that I might go away in time, and then he sweetly protested. Did I like that chair I was sitting in? It was a gift to him, and he said who gave it, with a pleasure in the fact that was very charming, as if he liked the association of the thing with his friend. He was disposed to excuse the formal look of his bookcases, which were filled with sets, and presented some phalanxes of fiction in rather severe array.

When I rose to go, he was concerned about my being able to find my way readily to the station, and he told me how to go, and what turns to take, as if he liked realizing the way to himself. I believe he did not walk much of late years, and I fancy he found much the same pleasure in letting his imagination make this excursion to the station with me that he would have found in actually going.

I saw him once more, but only once, when a day or two later he drove up by our hotel in Magnolia toward the cottage where his secretary was lodging. He saw us from his carriage, and called us gayly to him, to make us rejoice with him at having finally got that commemorative poem off his mind. He made a jest of the trouble it had cost him, even some sleeplessness, and said he felt now like a convalescent. He was all brightness, and friendliness, and eagerness to make us feel his mood, through what was common to us all; and I am glad that this last impression of him is so one with the first I ever had, and with that which every reader receives from his work.

That is bright, and friendly and eager too, for it is throughout the very expression of himself. I think it is a pity if an author disappoints even the unreasonable expectation of the reader, whom his art has invited to love him; but I do not believe that Dr. Holmes could inflict this disappointment. Certainly he could disappoint no reasonable expectation, no intelligent expectation. What he wrote, that he was, and every one felt this who met him. He has therefore not died, as some men die, the remote impersonal sort, but he is yet thrillingly alive in every page of his books. The quantity of his literature is not great, but the quality is very surprising, and surprising first of all as equality. From the beginning to the end he wrote one man, of course in his successive consciousnesses. Perhaps every one does this, but his work gives the impression of an uncommon continuity, in spite of its being the effect of a later and an earlier impulse so very marked as to have made the later an astonishing revelation to those who thought they knew him. I remember Emerson's saying to me that every one had supposed Holmes had fully said himself, or at least given the compass of his powers, when the Autocrat papers came to confound and amaze even his friends.

It is not for me in such a paper as this to attempt any judgment of his work. I have loved it, as I loved him, with a sense of its limitations which is by no means a censure of its excellences. He was not a man who cared to transcend; he liked bounds, he liked horizons, the constancy of shores. If he put to sea, he kept in sight of land, like the ancient navigators. He did not discover new continents; and I will own that I, for my part, should not have liked to sail with Columbus. I think one can safely affirm that as great and as useful men staid behind, and found an America of the mind without stirring from their thresholds.

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SUNDAY SAM'S STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.

BY HENRY GALLUP PAINE.

THOUGH Sunday Sam was not always the most cheerful companion that Overcoats could have selected, he was the only companion who had ever selected Overcoats; and Overcoats was by nature so averse to labor in any form that, even in the matter of a partner, he was willing to leave the choice to the other fellow.

He started south one fall to escape the rigors of a winter that the Weather Bureau had prophesied would be unusually severe. But he journeyed so leisurely that the cold wave overtook him somewhere in North Carolina.

He set about to replenish his wardrobe, but found to his horror that every man who owned an overcoat was wearing it. The cold wave had pushed on to Alabama and Florida, and he argued that the farther south he followed it, the greater would be his chances of freezing to death. So he turned his face to the north, and in the teeth of a raging snow-storm set out for a clime where cold was so common that people had winter clothing to spare.

The frightful experience of those few days so impressed itself upon his imagination that never thereafter was he without an overcoat, usually three or four of them, which he wore winter and summer, in order to be prepared for the most sudden drop in temperature. It was in this way, though later, that he came to be known as Overcoats.

The man who first came to his rescue was no philanthropic millionaire. His benefactor was a fellow-wanderer whom he met at a freight-yard "hang-out" near Washington. He was the only person there when Overcoats, purple with cold, staggered up and fell in a chill to the ground. In a trice the stranger had Overcoats's wet clothes off, and a warm flannel shirt and the stranger's own overcoat on him, a half-pint of whiskey in him, a cozy shelter of railroad ties built over him, and a roaring fire blazing in front of him, his clothes drying and a meal cooking. Overcoats looked at the man in amazement. Although he had never been in the habit of doing anything for himself, still less had he been in the habit of having other people do anything for him.

"W'at's yer name?" asked Overcoats, as he roused himself at last at the stranger's command to eat the steak and potatoes that had been prepared for him.

"Sam. Have some coffee?"

"You bet. Any relation o' that good Sam Harrin'ton I heard a Salvation Army guy talkin' about one Sunday?"

"Samaritan, yer mean. I guess not; just Sam."

"Well, yer some sort of a Sunday Sam anyhow, fer yer saved my life, by jing."

And "Sunday Sam" he was from that day forth.

Persuaded that he really had saved Overcoats's life, Sam at once began to take a proprietary interest in it. He felt responsible for it, and in this way the strange partnership began.

For Sunday Sam was a hustler. He was never so happy as when he was busily employed, usually at something for the comfort of Overcoats.

From the time Overcoats fell in with Sunday Sam he lived in clover. For Sam was but a "scab" tramp at best. If he could not get what he wanted by asking for it, he would work for it; but no matter how remunerative the job or how long it might promise to last, two or three days was the limit of his effective effort. Days of brightness and good-nature. For Sam was not only always happy himself while working, but he had the faculty of keeping all about him in good-humor with his stories, his jokes, and his droll sayings.

Then, as if to seek a safety-valve for his superabundant good spirits, he would go on a great spree with Overcoats. They would wind up the evening together with a bottle of anything containing alcohol, until they fell asleep.

Sam would wake up late in the afternoon with a fearful case of remorse. Overcome with shame and disgust, he would insist on immediately putting as great a distance as possible between himself and the scene of his latest orgy.

Sam's remorse would last until he secured work. Then he would again become bright and cheerful—while he was working. But as work always involved another spree and more remorse, it can readily be understood that Sam was often a trying companion, especially as Over-

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coats naturally saw little of him during those periods when he was in good spirits. There were two other points on which Sam was insistent. He would not work, beg, nor travel on Sunday, and he would not enter the State of New York.

While Overcoats saw no sense in these cranky notions, he soon found that it was impossible to change Sam's opinions, and that to run counter to them would be to dissolve a partnership the material benefits of which were entirely on his own side. So he gracefully accepted the evil with the good; but deep in his heart he determined to find out the reason of these unreasonable prejudices, and to overcome them if he could. The "Sunday crank" he did not mind so much, as Sam was a good provider, and so long as there was enough to eat, Overcoats was more than content to stay wherever he happened to be.

But to be shut out from the great State of New York irked Overcoats greatly, and the longer he staid out the more attractive that fertile commonwealth appeared to his longing vision. It proved impossible, however, for Overcoats to gain his partner's confidence. While Sam was an inexplicable mystery to Overcoats, Overcoats was as an open book to Sam, and the friendship Sam showed his partner involved no feeling of confidence in him whatever.

So the years rolled on.

But while they rolled lightly over Overcoats, they pressed heavily on Sunday Sam, and little by little they wrought a great change in him. Unnoticed by Overcoats, he was undergoing a process of moral deterioration. He worked less and begged more. His frequent excesses, punctuated though they were by periods of abstinence, his very association with Overcoats, and the unsettled, debasing life of the road, produced their inevitable effect.

Constant companionship developed in each some of the traits of the other, and though Sam's was by far the stronger character, unfortunately Overcoats had no good traits for Sam to assimilate, and as it was easier for Overcoats to assimilate Sam's evil traits than his good ones, he naturally followed the dictates of his indolence. The consequence was that while the two men became more and more alike, they became more like Overcoats than like Sam. They even grew, as people will under such circumstances, to look alike, and were generally known as the "Twins."

As time went on and this appellation clung to them, it became Sam's whimsey to accentuate the resemblance. He spent much of the energy that he formerly would have devoted to productive labor in hunting up suits of clothes for himself and Overcoats that would match, garment for garment, however variegated each might be in its own component parts. He habitually wore an overcoat as closely as possible resembling the outer one of his partner's series.

But however much he changed in other respects, Sam remained steadfast in his observance of the Sabbath and in his avoidance of New York.

One hot, dusty summer's night, as the Twins were speeding westward from Hoboken in an empty cattle-car, *en route* for Massachusetts by way of the Great Lakes, Canada, and Vermont, the long-suffering Overcoats broke forth in complaint to a chance acquaintance who was sharing with them the unasked hospitality of the railroad.

"Yes, it's awk'ard," commented the stranger. "I know, fer I been in the same fix myself. Had ter fight shy o' Troy fer five years; dassent show myself as near 's Albany. Never went s' far as ter keep out the *State*, though. Still, p'r'aps I ain't so well known as you be. P'r'aps w'at I done didn't make so much noise—jest w'at yer might call a mis'propriation o' funds.

"Yep, it was jest a matter o' keerlessness. I didn't take keer ter find out that the funds was the property of the District Attorney. Well, it seemed ter me I never did want ter go ter any place 's much 's I wanted ter go ter Troy them five years. Well, they kep' on re-electin' that District Attorney; and the chief o' police he knowed me too, b' sight, so I steered clear o' the town. Fellers said, all damn nonsense; in two years nobody 'd know me. But I wasn't runnin' no chanstses. I kep' away—kep' away fer five years. Then I went back. Yes, sir, I went back, and durn if the fust man I run up agin wasn't the District Attorney a-talkin' with the chief o' police. They both sawed me ter wunst, an' both reckernized me ter wunst, an' I was run in ter wunst."

"Gosh!" whispered Overcoats, in awed accents; "w'at did yer git?"

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"I got out ter wunst."

"How did yer work it — break out?" asked Overcoats.

"Break nothin'. Say, that was a dead easy snap, that was. I got the law on 'em, an' they had ter let me go."

"Got the law on the District Attorney?" queried Overcoats, in amaze.

"You bet. Jest sprung the Statoo of Limmertations on 'em. 'W'at d' yer suppose,' says I; 'that I'm comin' back here ter stan' trial? Not much,' says I. 'Yer can't indict a man in this State fer nothin' under homicide after five years,' says I.

"'That's so; but 'tain't five years,' says he.

"'Yes, 'tis,' says I, 'or I wouldn't 'a' came back. Look it up.'

"He looked it up and seen I was right. He let me go. He had ter, but he didn't encourage me to stay 'round much."

"Say, is that dead straight 'bout that Statoo of Limmertations you was talkin' 'bout?" queried Overcoats, looking towards Sam, who sat where the moonlight shone in his face.

"Straight 's a string, an' I'm a livin' everdence of it," replied the stranger. "It's a good thing to know. Most States has it, some longer, some shorter. A hobo w'at had been a lawyer put me on ter it."

Overcoats watched Sam closely, but saw nothing in that Sphinx-like countenance to confirm or to dispel any suspicions he may have had.

The Twins completed their journey according to the original itinerary, and roamed through Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut during the summer. They crossed the Connecticut River and kept on to the westward. Overcoats had almost forgotten the conversation in the cattle-car. Times were fairly good, and he paid but little attention to the towns they passed through.

Suddenly one day they stood on the bank of a great river.

"Durned if I 'ain't got clean turned round!" ejaculated Overcoats. "Here we are at the river again, and I thought we was goin' West. W'y this is the *Hudson*. Sam, we're in dear old Noo York!"

"I guess that's all right," was all the reply that his partner vouchsafed, and all the explanation that he offered.

The two men made their way leisurely up the east bank for a way. One morning a New Hamburg farmer woke up and found his row-boat missing. Next day it was discovered pulled up on the opposite shore. By that time Sam and Overcoats were well out of harm's way, trending northwesterly toward the lake region of central New York.

Getting back into New York, to which Overcoats had looked forward for years with eager anticipation, did not prove to be as happy an occasion as he had counted on.

Somehow or other the country and the people did not seem much different from those of some other States, and Sam was in one of his least agreeable moods. He seemed nervous and anxious, and was longer in regaining his good temper after his last attack of intemperance than had ever occurred in Overcoats's experience. As he counted back by Sundays he was appalled to find that it was over three weeks since Sam had been intoxicated.

For almost the first time in his life he suggested to Sam that it might be a good idea for him to get a job at something.

Sam gave him a withering glance. "If you want to get drunk, get drunk on that!" he said, and threw a half-dollar at his partner.

Overcoats followed out Sam's suggestion, and was just about getting over the effects of his lone spree when Sam suddenly left him on the outskirts of Syracuse, saying he would return shortly.

"Where yer goin'?"

"Git a job."

"Well, by jing, if you ain't the meanest! Why didn't yer tell me? Why, durn me if I wouldn't 'a' waited!"

Sam said nothing and walked away; but Overcoats comforted himself with the reflection that his partner's spirits would at least have improved by the time he returned if he were successful in his quest.

Sam returned in a few hours more morose and unsociable than before.

"What luck?" asked Overcoats, almost timidly, as he noticed Sam's surly manner.

"There's nothin' doin'," Sam replied, with a sneer, as he tossed him some scraps of food.

Affairs went on this way for several days. It was getting late in the fall, when winter clothing and winter quarters became serious considerations in Trampdom. But still Sam kept up his daily search for work without success. And every day he was more and more moody and more depressed.

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Sam's continued lack of success in finding something to do struck Overcoats as peculiar, and one day he aroused himself sufficiently to follow Sam into town to see where he went. To Overcoats's surprise, Sam walked steadily on until he came to the post-office. He went inside, and Overcoats saw him go up to the general delivery window. The clerk ran over a lot of letters and shook his head, and Sam turned away with a bitter expression on his face and went out, nearly brushing against Overcoats, who was so filled with amazement that he entirely forgot to get out of the way. But Sam was so taken up with his own reflections that he failed to see his partner. The explanation proved more mysterious to Overcoats than the mystery itself. What letter could Sam possibly be expecting? Had it something to do with his past life? If Overcoats could only get a look at it, many things that had troubled him might be explained.

Overcoats was still trying to formulate his thoughts when the noon whistle blew, and presently the clerk who presided at the general delivery window came out into the corridor of the post-office on his way to dinner. He nodded to Overcoats and said:

"Ah, Mr. Estabrooke, waiting for the next mail? Well, better luck next time. Odd that your bankers should neglect to send your remittance, though," and with a self-satisfied laugh he passed on.

Overcoats went out and sat on a bench in the square. Things were getting altogether too much mixed for his intellect. But after an hour of mental incubation he hatched out this much of an idea: that the postal clerk had mistaken him for Sam on account of their similarity of appearance and clothes; that Sam had been going to the window often enough for the clerk to remember his name; and that the name was Estabrooke. For fear he would forget it he wrote it down on a scrap of newspaper.

Then suddenly came the thought that there was nothing to prevent him from going to the window and obtaining the letter himself, if he could get there before Sam. The thought made his head swim, and to nerve himself for the job he asked a benevolent-looking gentleman for the price of a drink, but unexpectedly receiving a quarter, he quickly put himself in such a condition that he totally forgot his resolution. In some unknown manner he found his way back to the deserted shanty where he and Sam had established their headquarters.

When he came to he found a bountiful breakfast awaiting him, some winter flannels, and an ulster of ample dimensions.

"W'ere's yourn?" queried Overcoats.

"Oh," said Sam, "I'm more active 'n you be; I don't need nothin' more 'n w'at I got."

To Overcoats there seemed something suspicious in this abandonment of Sam's conceit of their dressing alike. He observed his partner closely. Sam seemed restless and ill at ease. Yet the sullen, depressed look had disappeared. Presently Sam said,

"Well, I guess I must be gittin' a move on."

"W'ere're ye goin'?" asked Overcoats.

"Up t' the post—?"

"The w'at?" Sam snapped out.

"Up t' town lookin' fer work?"

"No; I'm goin' up the State a ways."

"All right. I ain't dead stuck on Saltville; let's mosey."

"Well, it's quite a piece," objected Sam, rather nervously.

"Oh, I guess 'tain't further 'n we've went in the last six years," said Overcoats, cheerfully.

Sam gave a sigh, and the two men started off together. Sam strode along at a brisk gait that gave Overcoats all he could do to keep up. He wondered if his chum had got the letter, or had given it up and left town in disgust.

They went to bed, after a cold and scanty supper, in the hay-mow of a big red barn. Sam had been acting strangely all day, and quite at variance with his ordinary behavior. Part of the time he would be jolly and gay, singing snatches of songs and making droll comments on things and people they met. Now this was a condition that usually only accompanied spells of working. Then of a sudden he would turn nervous, irritable, and disagreeable — a state of mind that Overcoats had been in the habit of associating only with the periods following Sam's lapses from sobriety. Yet Sam had neither worked nor drunk. It was bewildering and distressing to Overcoats. Then, when he came to think it over, there was something ominous in the way Sam had spoken in the morning. It had not made any particular impression on

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him at the time, but little by little it was borne in upon him that Sam had apparently contemplated making this present trip alone. He certainly had not counted Overcoats in with any degree of enthusiasm. When this conviction took possession of Overcoats it sent a cold chill to his heart. There was only one explanation. Sam must have received a letter, and the letter must have contained information of a very disturbing nature.

He was wondering if it would be possible for him to broach the subject in an off-hand manner, when Sam suddenly broke the silence with,

"W'at was you goin' to ask me about the post-office this morning?"

"Oh, nothin', on'y I—I seen yer goin' in th' other day, an' I didn't know but w'at yer was goin' agin."

"Seen me goin' in, did ye? Spyin' on yer friend—fer I been yer friend, 'ain't I?"

"Yes, we been friends—but I wa'n't spyin', only I jes happened to be up in town, and seen yer goin' in."

"P'r'aps yer don't remember w'at yer said to me last night w'en yer come in," said Sam.

Overcoats acknowledged that he had no recollection even of coming in, much less of any remarks he might have made.

"Well, yer said, 'Good-evenin', Mister Estabrooke; did yer git yer letter?' that's w'at yer said. So don't give me no fairy story 'bout *happenin'* to see me go in. I'm on ter yer."

Overcoats felt that he was not only in a hole, but that in his struggles to get out he was pulling the hole in after him. Still he made a desperate effort. He told the truth; and when Sam laughed at the story of his encounter with the post-office clerk, his resolve to ask for the letter, and the manner in which his plan was foiled, he began to feel the ground under his feet once more.

That laugh spoiled all Sam's plans. He had meant to break off his partnership with Overcoats finally and irrevocably that night. He had meant that their parting should be in anger and on the ground of Overcoats's treachery. But Overcoats's own account of his inability to carry out his treasonable plan was too much for Sam's resolution.

There was nothing for him to do but to take a leaf out of Overcoats's book and to tell the truth himself—at least so much of it as suited his purposes.

"W'y," he said, "I'd meant to tell yer 'bout that letter if I'd got it, all erlong. 'F I hadn't a-got it, ther' wouldn't 'a' been nothin' ter tell. Well, I got it, an' ef yer hadn't cut up so rusty you'd 'a' knowed all erbout it long ago, so I hope it 'll teach yer a lesson; but it won't, fer yer 'ain't never learned nothin' yet, an' yer never will. Here 'tis. Like ter read it?"

Sam pulled a candle end out of his pocket and lighted it, and handed it to Overcoats. Then from some inner recess of his clothing he produced, wrapped in a bit of newspaper, an envelope addressed to Sam'l A. Estabrooke, Esq., General Delivery, Syracuse, N. Y.

Overcoats reached out for it with trembling hand, and taking out the enclosure, read as follows:

"———, N. Y., *November* 20, 189–.

"DEAR BROTHER,—We were glad to get your letter, and to know that you are alive and well after all these years.

"Father and mother are getting pretty old now, and out of the way of writing much, but they send their love, and say that they hope you will come back to the old home and never go away again. They both miss you and need you very much. I am working at the store now, so I am not much use about the place, and never was as handy as you about everything. I wonder if you have changed much. You will hardly recognize me as the little 13 yrs. old boy you left behind. I am nearly six ft. tall now, and wear glasses and a mustache, which make me look older than I really am. We can hardly wait till Thanksgiving day to see you, but think your idea of celebrating your home-coming on that day a good one. Dinner at twelve as usual. Better come about eleven, when the chores will all be done and mother's cooking well started. We are preparing a great surprise for you. So no more at present from Your aff. bro., BILL."

By the time Overcoats had finished reading the letter his hands were shaking so that he could not put it back in the envelope, and he handed them both to Sam without a word. So this was to be the end of it all! Sam was going to give up the road and to return to the bosom of his family to live in comfort for the rest of his days, and Overcoats was to be left outside, the door shut in his face, and a hard winter coming on. It did not seem

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to him that human ingratitude could go further. As Overcoats had not been taught to love those who despitefully used him, his friendship for Sam ceased from that instant.

Sam replaced the letter in the envelope, folded it in the piece of newspaper, and stowed it carefully away in his clothes. "Well," he said at last, "looks like business, don't it? Tell the truth, I was jest sick o' the life—so one day I writ home, an' ther's the results. Well, old man, we had some ups an' downs tergether, and partin' comes hard—but you kin see fer yerself I'm needed—folks growin' old, an' 'tain't right I should stay away no longer. So ter-morrer it's good-by, an' now, good-night."

Sam would scarcely have slept so soundly could he have known of the murderous thoughts that surged through the brain of Overcoats that night. And that unhappy individual would perhaps have lain awake till morning if it had not been for one little thought that came into his mind, one little drop of oil on the troubled waters of his soul that brought a calm in which he, too, at last fell asleep.

When morning broke and the two men found themselves once more on the highway, Sam hesitated a moment, and then held out his hand to Overcoats. Overcoats, however, knocked it aside and said, with a laugh:

"Oh, I guess I'll toddle 'long with yer ter-day. We got ter hev one last night of it. Such a pardnership as ours can't be broke up without a celebration ter drown the mournful featur's of it."

"I guess not," replied Sam. "I quit all that now. No more pots fer me. I done with drinkin', fer keeps. 'Ain't teched a drop in nigh on ter a month."

"Yes, an' how yer done it? By not workin'. W'at 'll happen w'en yer git ter home? Yer won't be chorin' roun' fer a couple o' days before yer'll be off on a reg'lar ol'-timer. I know yer."

Sam looked grieved, not to say nervous, at the suggestion, the force of which he felt. But he also felt strong in his resolution to keep straight, and stronger in the course of training under which he had been putting himself.

"Come erlong, then," he said; "this road's ez free ter you 's 'tis ter me. But if yer kin git me ter take one drop o' booze 'tween now an' Thanksgivin' day, I give yer leave ter take my place."

"I'll go yer!" cried Overcoats, rubbing his stomach. "Say, I kin taste that dinner now, by jing!"

Sam laughed. "It's good yer got sech a good 'magernation," he said. "Cause thet's the only way yer will taste it. *W'at's that?*"

The men had been approaching the railroad track along which Sam's nearest route lay when suddenly, in the still, frosty morning air, there came an awful sound—the sound of a blow, the most terrible blow that man's power can let loose—the blow dealt by one swiftly moving train when it strikes another train moving swiftly toward it, and the air seemed full of crash—such crashing and wrenching and tearing and destruction as no other force produces, and in the midst of it and overpowering it came a fearful cry—not a human cry, but the cry of outraged nature. No one who has ever been near an end-on collision but has heard that sound; yet who can describe it?—and the air was full of steam.

Then came a silence so silent that it was like a deafness, and perhaps it was—a momentary reaction.

And then, and not till then, came the shrieks of the people—the torn bodies and the tortured souls.

"It's an end-on," gasped Sam, in a husky voice. "Come!"

But Overcoats stood trembling, pale. "Th-th-they'll think we done it," he whispered, shaking his head.

"Come *on!*" yelled Sam. "Yer'll work fer oncet, yer sneakin' coward," and grasping him by the collar, he ran him down the short hill that led to the track and to the scene of the accident.

And Overcoats did work a little. There was so much to do that he couldn't help it. But Sam worked as he had never worked in his life. Next to Overcoats he was the first person at the wreck. And not even the grewsome nature of his task could down his rising spirits, for the more there was to do the more cheerful he became. He did not offer to quit until the relief train pulled away in the afternoon with the doctors and the last of the victims. Then he threw himself down by Overcoats, who was warming himself by a little fire at the side of the track.

"By cracky!" exclaimed Sam. "Let this be a warnin' ter yer, Overcoats, and don't never invest yer capital in railroad sekoorities. There'll be Dutch dividends

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on this road this year. I helped load over one hundred an' eight thousand dollars' wuth o' damages on them four cars at easy count. That's more cash than I've handled in some time."

"W'y, ther' was on'y three on 'em dead," commented Overcoats.

"Yes, an' it would be money in the comp'ny's pockets ef ther' was more on 'em—at five thousan' apiece. I tell yer, it's the folks that ain't hurt too bad ter go ter law that proves the expensive luxuries!"

"Have some?" Overcoats was stretching out to him a silver-mounted flask about half full. Sam took it, removed the stopper, and took a long sniff.

"No, I guess I won't take any," he said, replacing the stopper and handing back the flask. "Yer might feel chilly one o' these cool nights an' need it yerself."

"Wher' yer goin'?" asked Overcoats, as Sam started to move away.

"Back ter wuk," answered Sam; "I'm took on extry."

Sam toiled, with many a merry quip and jest, until midnight. Then he flung himself in an empty freight-car and slept for five hours, when he was aroused, and worked till noon. By that time the landscape had resumed its natural appearance —a few new ties, a few lengths of new rail, and a few rods of newly mended embankment were the only indications of the worst railway disaster of the year.

"Don't go," said the section foreman, when Sam went to see about his pay. "Stay on with us now, and I'll give you steady work as long as you behave yourself. I like to have a man like you on the gang. We had a funny fellow till last month, but he made the superintendent laugh so one day that he promoted him, and I haven't been able to get a good day's work out of the men since. Now if you come on, you see what a chance you'll get."

Sam laughed and shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "but ter-morrer's Thanksgivin' an' I got ter git home. However, ef the folks gits tired of me, I may come down ter play comeejun in yer troupe, ef the place ain't filled. Good-by."

He stepped off with a light heart, and had gone about a quarter of a mile when he saw Overcoats coming out of a farmhouse, waving to him. Sam's language was not polite, but no one heard him.

When Overcoats woke up the next day he did an unusual thing. He went out to the horse-trough back of the barn where he and Sunday Sam had spent the night, put his head under the pump, and worked the handle while the icy flood drenched his hair, his face, and his beard, and trickled down the back of his neck. He kept it up as long as he could stand it, and then, shivering and blinking and rubbing himself dry with an empty oat-sack, he went back and looked at Sunday Sam.

Sam was still sleeping, and judging by his stertorous breathing, the bloated look about his eyes, and other symptoms, which included two empty whiskey-bottles, Overcoats concluded, from his previous experiences, that awakening his companion would be attended with some difficulty. He evidently thought it would be a pity to disturb Sam, for he pulled the sleeper's limbs out of tangle, placed his head in a more comfortable position, and covered him up warmly with an extra horse-blanket.

"There," he said, as he gazed complacently at the result of his efforts, "I reckon yer'll sleep comf'ble 'bout all day. Goin' ter give me the frozen hand, was yer? Well, ther's two kin play at givin' ther shake, as the kwynine said ter the ager." And kneeling down, Overcoats felt in Sam's pockets until he found the fateful letter, which he placed in his hat.

Overcoats completed his toilet with some care, brushing his clothes with the whisk-broom which Sam always carried, oiling his shoes from the can in the farmer's mowing-machine, and combing his damp hair in an artistic wave over his right eye. He then transferred Sam's available cash assets to his own pocket, cast a critical eye at the sun, and murmuring, "'Bout half past nine, an' four miles ter go; well, I'm off, as ther w'eel said ter th' axle-tree," he suited the action to the word and disappeared.

And Sam slept on.

How long he might have slumbered it is impossible to say, had not, about two hours later, a vagrom dog of an investigating turn of mind discovered him and proceeded in friendly fashion to lick his face. Sam awoke with a start and looked perplexedly around him. He saw the empty bottles, and his aching head told him the rest. He called to Overcoats, and getting no reply, he went outside. He did not see his partner, but he did see that

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the sun was very high in the heavens. It must be nearly dinner-time, and then the thought occurred to him what day it was! And he was four miles at least from home. What would they think of him? Would they wait for him? A sudden suspicion crossed his mind. He felt for his letter; it had vanished; for his money; it was gone—all but fifty cents that had slipped through a hole in his pocket into the lining of his vest. In an instant he saw the whole plot.

"Overcoats," he cried, "I done yer injustice! Yer was smarter'n I cal'lated on; but, by cracky, ef I kin stop yer I will; an' ef I can't, I'll spile yer digestion!" and with teeth set and hands clinched he started down the road on a run.

But Sam had broken training and soon was compelled to stop, panting and dizzy, and to lean against a tree. Fortunately a passing farmer saw him and offered him a lift to within a short distance of his destination. Sam accepted gladly.

The ride enabled him to regain his wind and his composure at the same time. He determined not to be in too much of a hurry, but to find out how the land lay before taking any definite action. He walked briskly but apparently unconcernedly through the outskirts of the town, noting the familiar landmarks and the few changes that time had wrought during the past five years. As it was about dinner-time, Sam had expected to find the streets almost deserted. It was with considerable surprise, therefore, that he beheld a large crowd coming toward him. It turned aside across the common toward the county court-house.

As he approached nearer he perceived that the event which had caused so great a disturbance was evidently an arrest, as the crowd was by this time gathered around the jail, which was immediately in the rear of the court-house.

Other people, attracted by the commotion, were flocking to the public square in large numbers, and Sam soon found himself among many of his old friends and associates, none of whom, however, appeared to recognize him. The experiences of the years that he had been away had greatly altered his personal appearance. He forgot for a moment the urgency of his own errand in the interest aroused by the unusual excitement of the quiet place and in listening to the comments of those about him.

"Why, I thought he was dead!" exclaimed one woman, whom Sam recognized as an old schoolmate.

"Not much," remarked the local photographer; "they save such as him for hangin'."

"Well, he had a terrible cheek ter come back," commented a former crony of Sam's. "I dun'no' w'ere he's been, but I guess he's in the right place now."

"Waal, now, I think ye're pooty hard on the lad," broke in an old fellow, one of the village ne'er-do-weels. "Allus seemed ter me ter be a pooty decent sort o' chap. 'N' somehow er ruther 't allus looked ter me, 'f ther truth was knowed, p'r'aps he wouldn't 'a' seemed ter be so much ter blame ez some folks ud like ter make out."

There was something so mysterious in what he heard, and withal so disquieting, that Sam gave over his intention of revealing himself to one of his old friends, and going up to the man who had last spoken, he said: "W'at appears ter be up? Lively times fer a quiet place, ain't it?"

"Stranger?" inquired the old man.

"Yes," said Sam; "I been here before, but not lately."

"Waal, so I supposed. It's quite a long story, too. P'int o' the matter is the Sheriff's a mighty smart man. Did ye see him—a tall, young-lookin' feller, w'th a light mustache an' eye-glasses. Waal, I bet ye, he's a cute un. Jes done one o' the brightest bits o' detective work anybody ever did outside a story paper. But p'r'aps ye ain't interested?"

"Yes I be, too," said Sam. "Wher's the tavern?"

"Right over this way. Waal, ez I was sayin', this young feller I was goin' ter tell yer 'bout—"

"Who, the Sheriff?"

"Naw, Sam Estabrooke— Say, w'at's the matter; feel sick?"

"No," said Sam, faintly; "but I guess I got a little chill drivin' over. Le's have somethin'.... That's right; I'll take the same. Well, go on."

"Waal, ez I was sayin', this young feller was a son of old George Estabrooke; lived up by the saw-mill. Waal, Sam was a good sort o' feller—one o' the boys, he was, and no mistake. B'longed ter ther Crystal Hose—thet's my ol' comp'ny—an' he was a dandy fer work. Slep' in the house 'bout three nights every week. Waal, like all young fellers, Sam ud h'ist

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a load aboard oncet in a w'ile, an' then he was a holy terror. But he allus was straight by Sunday, an' then he'd be settin' up in the Methodis' choir ez sober ez a jedge. Folks said he had a mash on the sopranner— What, another? Waal, don't mind ef I do. Waal, ez I was sayin', Sam was a nice young feller ez ever lived; he'd turn to ter help anybody, but he was just dead stuck on fires. But, Lord, ther' wa'n't sca'cely ever no fires here; an' goin' erlong about six years ago, Sam said one night, said he, he guessed he'd hev ter set fire ter some house jest ter keep the boys in practice. Ev'ybody s'posed he was jes jokin', an' so I guess he was; but thet night he got plumb full, and, by George, the fust thing anybody knew ol' Jedge Springer's house was took on fire, 'n' come to find out arterwards, it got out that his daughter Sophy, the one w'at sang in the choir with Sam, hed give him the mitten thet very night. Waal, ez I was sayin', the house was took afire, an' Sam wasn't nowher' ter be found. Fust fire he'd missed, man 'n' boy, in nigh onter twenty year. Course ev'ybody noticed it, an' then folks begun ter put two 'n' two tergether—w'at he'd said, w'at the girl hed done ter him, how full he was, an', by George, ef it didn't look bad fer the boy. W'en the boys got back arter the fire, ther' he was asleep in his bunk. Waal, ez I was sayin', the boys was hot, an' some said fer one thing, an' some fer another. Some wanted ter arrest him. Some said give him a show. In the end they com*promi*sed. They roused him up, took him to the town limits, and told him he'd better light out ef he didn't wanter go ter prison."

"Yes," interposed Sam. "But w'at's all this got to do with the Sheriff?"

"I'm goin' ter tell yer. Nothin' was ever heard or seen of him arter that. His folks moved away— Hullo! feel sick agin? 'Nuther chill? Better take somethin' with me; that 'll fix yer all right. Waal, ez I was sayin', nothin' was heard of him till 'bout two or three weeks ago a letter come addressed ter George Estabrooke, Esq. The Sheriff he was in the post-office helpin' sort the mail, seein' Jim Evans—thet's the postmaster—hed gone off fer a day's shootin'. Waal, the Sheriff he suspicioned somethin' right off, an' he showed the envelope ter Mis' Evans, and she said sure 'nough 'twas Sam Estabrooke's handwritin'. And so the Sheriff he opened it, and, by George! so it was. It seemed Sam hed been keepin' out o' the State fer five years on account o' bein' afraid o' bein' arrested. But he said he was comin' back—ef the folks wanted him, because the Statoot of Limmertations was up, an' the law c'uldn't tech him. He said thet then he was goin' ter 'stablish his innercence. W'en the Sheriff read that he jest laughed. I happened ter be sittin' in Evans's store w'en he read the letter. 'W'y,' said he ter me, 'any fool 'd oughter know thet the Statoot don't apply ez long ez a feller keeps out o' the State. Ef he hedn't run away, an' the grand jury hedn't indicted him fer five years, they c'uldn't do nothin' to him now. But ef he scoots away out o' the State, the statoot don't begin ter run till he gits back, an' he kin be arrested ez soon ez ever he does git back—' Say, young feller, you'd oughter take some doctor's stuff for them chills. Waal, ez I was sayin', the Sheriff jest set down and wrote a letter ez ef it was from Sam's brother Bill, tellin' him ter come home on Thanksgivin' day an' ther'd be a great surprise fer him, an' tellin' how he'd changed since he'd growed up, an' then he described himself ter the life. Waal, ter-day, 'bout ten o'clock, ther Sheriff an' Jim Studley—thet's the depitty—an' Bart Jones, the constable, an' me an' a lot o' other folks goes up ter Joe Small's house by the saw-mill, where Sam used ter live, an' we hid an' waited. 'N' sure enough, 'bout eleven o'clock Sam come walkin' up the road. The Sheriff met him an' asked him who he was, an' Sam said, right off:

"'W'y, Bill Estabrooke, how yer growed! but I'd 'a' knowed yer anyw'ere. Don't yer remember yer brother Sam?'

"So with that the Sheriff called in the folks, an' then of a sudden he claps the han'cuffs on him an' tells him he's under arrest, an' Jedge Springer'll hev a go at him ter-morrer.

"My, but Sam was *mad!* Said he warn't Sam, after all, but jest a friend o' his come ter play a joke on the folks, an' thet Sam ud proberly be erlong in the course o' the afternoon. But, law! he had the letter in his hat, an' lots o' folks reckernized him. W'y, I'd 'a' knowed him anyw'ere. Changed? Yes, o' course; but a man can't change in five years so's his friends won't know him. He favors you consid'ble, come ter git a good look at

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yer. W'at, got ter go? Waal, I'm pleased ter hev met yer. Good-by. Hope ter see yer agin some day. Good-by, good-by."

Sunday Sam stood on the village street and looked over toward the jail. Then he looked toward the old house up by the saw-mill, and then at the new Queen Anne villa where the Judge's big white house with the Doric columns used to stand. Again he looked at the jail. Once more his glance wandered over the Judge's new house, and at one of the windows it fell on a tall fair-haired lady with a little child in her arms. Then he made a bee-line for the railway station, and by nightfall he was resting securely on the alien soil of Pennsylvania.

ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM COAL.

BY DR. WILLIAM W. JACQUES.

A LUMP of cannel is burning on the grate. What takes place? The air is drawn in beneath the grate and rises through the bars. Its oxygen combines with the coal to produce carbonic-acid gas, which, together with the inert nitrogen of the air and the smoke or unconsumed carbon, rises in the chimney and escapes. This is the rôle played by the *materials*. How about the *forces*? The chemical union of the oxygen with the coal sets free the coal's stored-up energy, and this energy, being indestructible, must manifest itself in some way, and so shows itself as *heat*. This is the whole story of combustion.

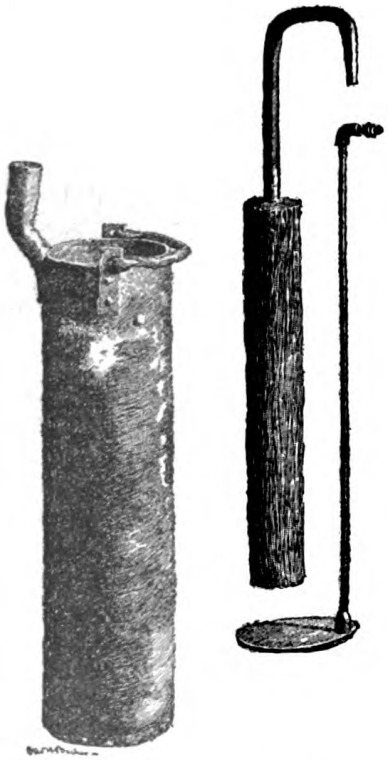


FIG. 1.—AN ELEMENTARY CELL,

Taken apart to show iron pot, stick of carbon with iron suspension, and air-supply pipe with rose nozzle. This carbon is twenty inches long and ten inches in circumference, and yields a current of about one hundred and fifty amperes. The electro-motive force is one volt.

Sitting before an open fire I have often dreamed of converting the stored-up energy of the coal into some form of energy even more useful to man than heat. We know that, theoretically at least, all of nature's forces are interconvertible; why should not the potential energy of coal be converted directly into electricity instead of into heat? Could all of the energy be extracted from a single pound of coal and made to do mechanical work, this work would more than equal a day's labor of a very strong man. In the great coal-fields that are distributed over the surface of the earth nature has stored up a supply of energy safely estimated to equal the hand labor of the entire population of the world continued for a thousand years.

The most convenient and useful, because the most tractable, form of energy is electricity. In the facility with which we may at will and without waste convert it into such other form of energy as happens to be desired lies the superiority of electricity over all the rest of nature's forces. Having electricity, we may easily produce heat or light, or mechanical motion, or chemical force; but electricity itself has hitherto been produced in quantity only by the use of complicated mechanism and with great waste.

Electricity is to-day generated by a dynamo that is turned by an engine which is operated by steam, and the steam is made from water by means of heat de-

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rived from the combustion of coal. But this is a long and circuitous process, with a large leakage at every step. Much of the energy of combustion goes up chimney as heat or smoke; much of the heat is lost in boiling the water to make steam; much of the expansive force of the steam is wasted as it escapes from the engine; much of the power of the engine is wasted as friction; and there is some loss in the dynamo itself. Recent tests, made by a committee of the National Electric Light Association, of eighty modern electric light and power plants, show that the average plant wastes 97.4 per cent. and utilizes as electricity only 2.6 per cent. of the energy theoretically obtainable from the coal.

The problem then was to convert the energy of coal more directly into electricity; to do away with the dynamo and the steam-engine; possibly even to do away with heat itself.

A multitude of experiments were made. In the earlier days my attempt was merely to do away with the dynamo and with steam, and convert heat into electricity. A fire of coke, burning on an insulated grate, gave some slight electrical manifestations, but they were not encouraging. Experiments with various novel forms of thermopile were tried, but a consideration of the theory of the subject soon made it evident that it was not even theoretically possible to convert more than a very small percentage of the energy of the coal into electricity in this way. The generation of electric currents by alternately heating and cooling the magnetic cores of wire coils gave no promise of efficient results. I tried nature's plan of producing lightning—the evaporation of water and continual dissipation of vapor globules—and though I succeeded in producing miniature thunder-storms, the quantity of electricity obtainable was not sufficient for any commercial use. Indeed, my researches have led me to doubt whether the total energy of a good brisk thunder-storm, dramatic as is its display, is equal to the energy radiated from a bedroom fire. For a minute fraction of a second the force of a stroke of lightning is terrific, but its duration is so brief that, even if it could be harnessed, it would be capable of doing very little useful work. Many other plans, all of them intensely interesting from a purely scientific point of view, were tried; but from most of them no current was obtained that was economically capable of being put to any industrial use.

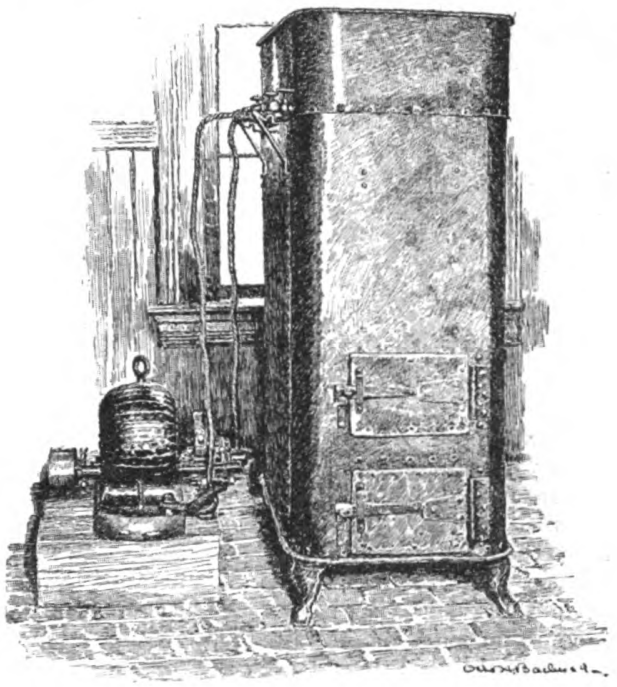


FIG. 2.—CARBON ELECTRIC GENERATOR,

Operating an electric motor. This generator consists of a heat-tight oven within which six cells like Fig. 1 are connected in series, and suspended over a coal-burning grate.

Nature is a coy mistress, yet she likes to be wooed, and to the diligent suitor gives occasional tokens of encouragement; and it happened that one day I surprised her in her secret, and discovered the way by which we may abandon even combustion and heat itself, and convert the stored-up energy of coal *directly* into electricity.

It came to me almost as a revelation that if the oxygen of the air could be made to combine with the coal under such circumstances that the production of heat could be prevented, and at the same time a conducting path could be provided in which a current of electricity might develop, the chemical affinity of

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the coal for the oxygen would necessarily be converted into electricity and not into heat; for any given form of energy will be converted into such other form as the surrounding conditions make most easy. Given the proper conditions, the potential energy of coal would rather convert itself into electricity than into heat.

This led to experiments in which coal was submerged in a liquid so that the oxygen of the air could not come in direct contact with the coal and produce combustion. Further, such a liquid was chosen that when air was forced through it to the coal, the oxygen of the air would temporarily enter into chemical union with the liquid and then be crowded out by a further supply of oxygen and forced to combine with the coal. We may picture each successive atom of oxygen, on its way from the source of air supply through the liquid to the coal, as temporarily entering into chemical union with each of a row of atoms of the liquid, just as each successive man as he circles around in the "grand right and left" of dancing temporarily clasps hands with each of the ladies of the set. When one substance passes through another in this way it furnishes a path in which an electric current may flow, so that by causing the oxygen to combine with the carbon through the intervening liquid opportunity is furnished for an electric current to develop, and since combustion cannot take place, the chemical affinity of the coal for the oxygen is converted directly into electricity, and not into heat. Liquids which thus allow atoms of oxygen and a current of electricity to pass through them may be called "electrolytic carriers."

I have thus discovered what I believe to be a new fact or principle not hitherto known to natural science—a principle which I hope may be as valuable to pure science as my invention promises to be valuable to the useful arts. Stated scientifically, my discovery is that if the oxygen of the air be caused to combine with carbon, not directly as in combustion, but through an intervening electrolytic carrier, the stored-up energy of the carbon may be converted directly into electrical energy, and not into heat.

Crudely speaking, my invention consists in generating electricity by causing the oxygen of air to combine with coal beneath the level of a suitable liquid.

The invention is a process; it is not a machine. The process may be carried on with very simple apparatus. An early form of apparatus consisted of a platinum crucible of the size and shape of an after-dinner coffee-cup, partially filled with common potash, that was kept liquid by suspending the crucible over a gas flame. Within the molten potash was suspended, by means of a platinum wire, a lump of ordinary coke of the size of a peanut. Into the molten potash a stream of air was blown by means of a platinum tube like a straw. The wire by which the carbon was suspended formed the negative pole, and a second wire attached to the crucible the positive pole, of the generator. Attaching these wires to a small electric motor, I found that when air was blown into the potash the motor started, and moved more rapidly as air was blown in; when the current of air was interrupted, the motor stopped. From this minute apparatus a current of several amperes was obtained. The electro-motive force was a little over one volt.

That the electric current was due to the chemical combination of the oxygen of the air with the coke (carbon), there could be no doubt. Quantitative tests showed that oxygen was taken from the air; that the carbon was consumed; that carbonic acid was formed. Moreover, the electromotive force obtained agreed almost exactly with that which is theoretically obtainable from the combination of oxygen with carbon to form carbonic acid (1.04 volts). That the phenomenon was not due to thermo-electric action was proved by the fact that when the whole apparatus was so enclosed that all parts were kept of uniform temperature the maximum electro-motive force and current were obtained. Again, later experiments with far larger apparatus have not only confirmed these results, but have shown that under proper conditions the electrical energy thus obtained is substantially equal to the potential energy of the weight of carbon consumed within the pot.

The invention had now been made. Electricity had been obtained directly from carbon. Would it work on a larger scale? Could the numerous practical difficulties be overcome? Platinum is more expensive even than gold, and hence some other metal must be used. Iron was tried, but the current obtained when the invention was practised in an iron vessel was very small.

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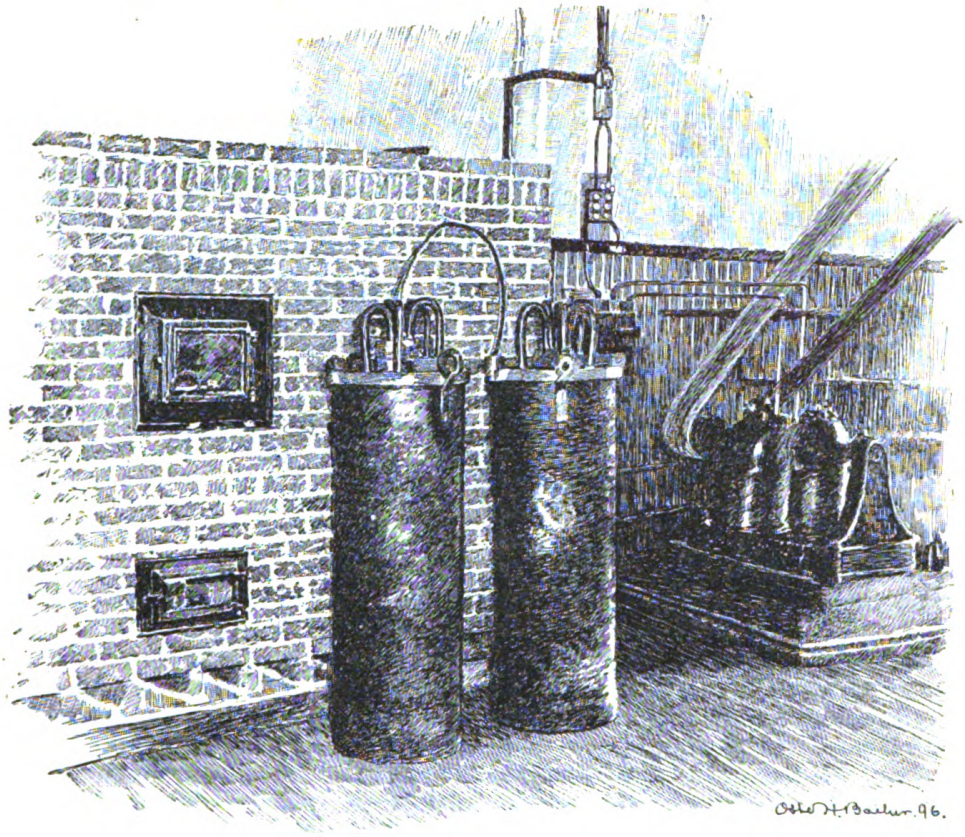


FIG. 3.—LARGE CARBON ELECTRIC GENERATOR,

With which experiments are now being made. The brick oven is ten feet square and six feet high. Two of the cells are shown removed. Each contains six carbons three feet long. It is expected that, when perfected, this generator will yield about forty electrical horse-power.

Vessels of copper, lead, zinc, tin, aluminum, nickel, magnesium, were destroyed. Gold and silver gave good results, but inferior to platinum. Again and again the experiments were repeated. There seemed to be no reason in theory why iron should not work as well as platinum, and vessels were made from samples of iron of all kinds.

Finally the reason was found. Most specimens of iron have an oily surface, which, when heated, becomes converted into carbon, so that the action upon the carbonaceous surface of the iron tends to offset the action upon the proper carbon itself. This led to a method of cleansing the surface of the iron; and when properly cleansed an iron pot is as good as one of platinum, and of course far cheaper.

The pots were now made larger and larger, until to-day they are made as large as a barrel; and the current is measured in hundreds of amperes.

Numerous other difficulties have had to be overcome. Coal, as it comes to us from the mines, is not a good conductor of electricity, and though an experimental apparatus was constructed in which it was found possible to consume ordinary coke shovelled on to a submerged grate, it has been found best to crush the coal and mould it into large sticks of convenient size to handle, and bake them to drive off the included gases and give them good electrical conductivity.

The rapidity with which the carbon is consumed, and consequently the strength of the electric current yielded by a cell, is greatly increased by thoroughly impregnating all parts of the liquid with an excess of oxygen; and this is best done by terminating the air-supply pipe in a rose nozzle something like that of a watering-pot, so that the air is injected into the liquid in a large number of fine sprays.

There are many liquids that may be

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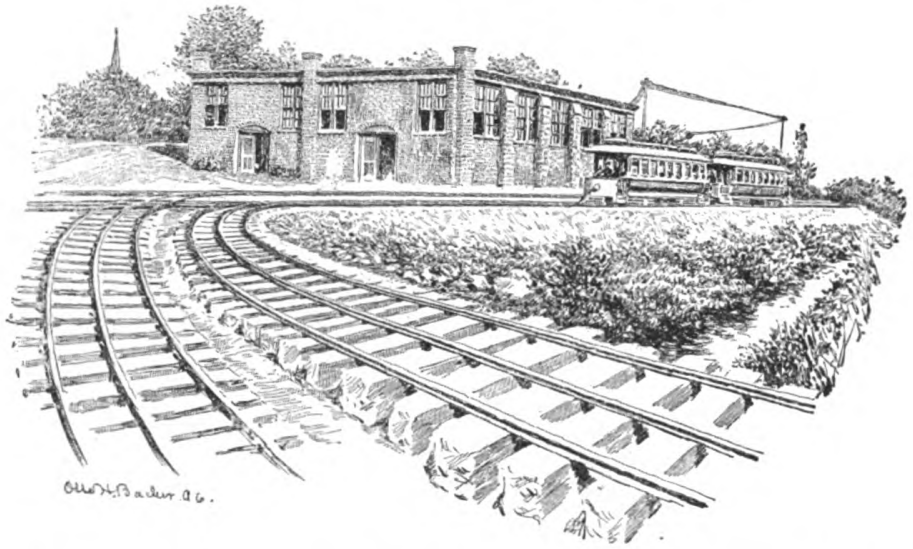


FIG. 4.—PROPOSED CARBON ELECTRIC POWER STATION FOR SUPPLYING CURRENT, BY MEANS OF A THIRD RAIL, TO HEAT, LIGHT, AND PROPEL RAILWAY TRAINS AND INDIVIDUAL CARS.

used as electrolytic carriers, but unfortunately the most suitable become liquid only at elevated temperatures; so a certain amount of coal or other fuel has to be burned on a grate beneath the pots to maintain this temperature. As, however, there is no considerable consumption of heat, excepting as it is used in warming the incoming air or is lost by radiation, we may expect that in large apparatus, where a number of large pots are enclosed in a reasonably heat-tight oven, the consumption of coal on the grate will become comparatively very small. Even with a small two-horse-power apparatus, in which no very great precautions were taken to retain the heat, measurements showed that only one-third of a pound of coal per electrical horse-power hour was burned on the grate. A steam-engine and dynamo of equivalent power would have consumed at least forty times as much.

Molten potash has many advantages as an electrolytic carrier, but it has the disadvantage of absorbing more or less of the carbonic acid given off by the carbon or contained in the air; so that if potash be used, although a part of the carbonic acid is swept away by the nitrogen, and more may be carried to the surface and liberated by adding to the potash suitable carriers of carbonic acid, sooner or later the potash becomes contaminated and has to be cleansed. By choosing electrolytic carriers that have no affinity for carbonic acid the need of frequent cleansing is avoided, since, fortunately, the consumption of the carbon is so much more complete than it is in ordinary combustion that with reasonably pure grades of coal only a small amount of easily removable ash is formed.

The quantity of current that may be taken from a pot is about three-quarters of an ampere per square inch of carbon surface; so that a pot containing six sticks of carbon, each three inches in diameter and eighteen inches long—a size conveniently manufactured, handled, and used—yields about seven hundred and fifty amperes, or a little more than one electrical horse-power. The electro-motive force of each pot, whether large or small, is a little more than one volt. When greater voltage is desired, the requisite number of pots are connected in series and heated in one common oven. The air is pumped in by means of an electrically driven air-pump, operated by a small portion of the current generated.

It would be premature to attempt to give any final data as to the efficiency of the new process when practised on a large scale. Improvements are constantly being made. As compared with modern steam-engines, only relatively small carbon electric generators have as yet been built; and it should be remembered that with this generator, as with the steam-

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engine, increased size means increased efficiency per pound of coal, particularly in the coal consumed on the grate. Following, however, are some results of a test (made by experts not connected with the development of the invention) upon a small and comparatively crude two-horse-power carbon electric generator that has been in occasional use for some six months:

Average electrical horse-power developed	2.16 H. P.
Average electrical horse-power used by air-pump	0.11 "
Average net electrical horse-power developed	2.05 "
Carbon consumed in pots per electrical horse-power hour	0.223 lb.
Coal consumed on grate per electrical horse-power hour	0.336 "
Total fuel consumed per electrical horse-power hour	0.559 "
Electricity obtained from 1 lb. of coal (of which 0.4 lb. was consumed in the pots and 0.6 lb. was burned on the grate)	1336 watt hours, or 32% of that *theoretically* obtainable.

Thus the efficiency of this particular generator was twelve times greater than that of the average electric light and power plant in use in this country, and forty times greater than plants of corresponding size.

There are, however, many details still to be worked out, and many improvements yet to be made, before the carbon electric generator can be put into general commercial use on a scale comparable with that of modern steam-engines. Contrary to some statements that I have read, I believe it will be some time yet before the dynamo is relegated to the attic with the spinning-wheel, or the wheels of the steam-engine cease to revolve.

It is interesting to speculate as to what may be the outcome of this discovery when, in the fulness of time, all of these details shall have been worked out.

The first great field for this invention is power. The invention of the steam-engine soon doubled the productive capacity of the labor of the world. In this country alone it is to-day doing work equal to the hand labor of 100,000,000 men, or a population of 350,000,000 people. Now comes a power many times as efficient as steam, and much more convenient and useful.

There appears to be no insurmountable obstacle to the construction of carbon electric generators that shall heat and light our railway trains, and propel them with a velocity of one hundred miles an hour. Since electricity, unlike steam, may be applied directly as a rotary motion to every pair of wheels throughout the train, not only could the train be safely propelled with great velocity, but it could be started and stopped quickly, and would be under perfect control. There would be no cinders or smoke.

Our transatlantic liners — no longer "steamships" — would not then find a limit of speed set by fuel-carrying capacity. The greater part of the space now given up to coal, and all that is now devoted to boilers and engines, would be available for passengers and freight. Down near the keel are the generators, and along the shaft, gripping it and turning it at tremendous speed, are the mo-

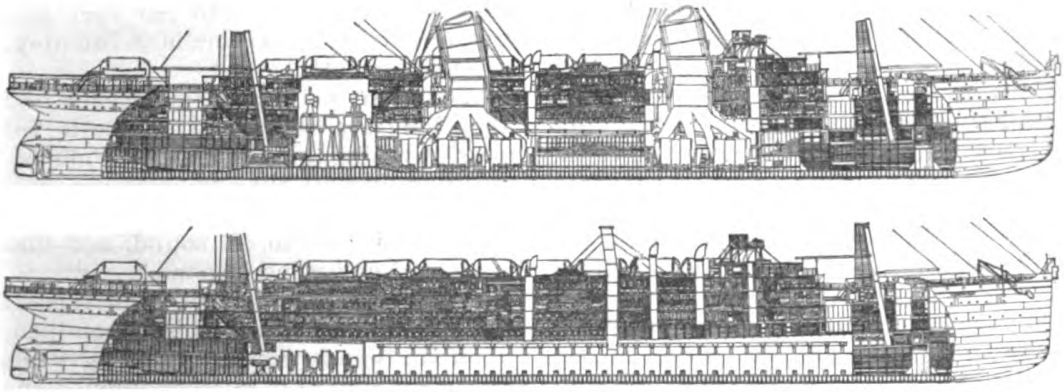


FIG. 5.—THE "CAMPANIA" AS SHE IS AND AS SHE WOULD BE IF EQUIPPED WITH CARBON ELECTRIC GENERATORS; SHOWING SPACE OCCUPIED BY MACHINERY IN EACH CASE.

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tors, working directly and noiselessly, forcing a great ship like the *Campania* at a pace which breaks all records, and lands her passengers at Queenstown perhaps within three days of leaving Sandy Hook.

Our White Squadron, with its vital machinery safely placed well below the water-line; with its bunkers easily containing sticks of carbon sufficient to make it independent of frequent coaling stations; with its turrets revolved, its guns trained, its ammunition raised, and all its complicated mechanism moved by electrical hands; with absence of the telltale clouds of smoke, and with its superior power and speed—would be a formidable adversary to the other navies of the world.

Nor is the prospective change less startling in matters of household economy. Cheap current means not only cheap electric lighting, but heating and cooking by electricity. Apart from the question of expense, the electric warming of dwellings is ideal; for it means even temperature, automatically maintained in each room at any desired degree, perfect ventilation, and doing away with the wasteful use of coal, with the labor and the dirt and the dust which accompany it.

We are just beginning to appreciate the value of the electric current in metallurgy as a means of reducing metals from their ores. Cheap electricity means the cheap production of copper; it means bringing aluminum into general use in the arts; it means great increase in the production of gold and silver; it means changes in the great iron industry and the production of steel.

The possibilities of the future application of electricity to other branches of chemistry we can now but dimly see, but it is certain that the use of this form of energy, whose chemical power is such that it can dissociate comparatively valueless forms of matter into their constituent elements and recombine these elements into new compounds of great value, has far-reaching possibilities upon the future civilization of man.

Then there is the advantage of comparatively pure air in our larger cities that would result from the absence of the smoke and soot of the millions of tons of coal now burned. The difference between city air and the pure air of the country is largely, if not chiefly, due to the contamination by carbonic-acid gas and smoke. Think of a smokeless London!

CLAVIS.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

PERHAPS the child's mother might have found it out sooner than I did if she had lived; I cannot tell. I know she could not have loved the little one more tenderly, watched her more closely. From the hour when I took the child into my arms, out of whose clasp the mother had just slipped away quietly and forever, the little girl was all the world to me.

There was a strange and wonderful sympathy between us two. She understood me always when no one else could, and she told me so. That this comprehension was not gained through the ear, expressed by the tongue, I did not for a long time notice. We lived so quietly, you see, far away from the busy world, in the very heart of nature, among trees and hills and streams, with birds and flowers and wild free things, and we did not talk much. When I held her close to my heart and we looked out upon the shining river, up to the purple hills, into the rosy clouds, or over to the dark deep forest, there was no need of words. And when there came the rushing sound of the wind among the trees, the music of the brook whose white waters ran over the stones, the glad song of the bobolink, or the tender strain of the thrush, I looked into her deep still eyes and felt that we were both listening, and that we both heard.

We had no neighbors, few friends, and for a long time there was no one to tell me of anything the child lacked or missed. But there came a time when it was said that my little child did not hear, that her ears were sealed to all sound, and that she would never speak to me.

I do not remember that even then it was a great grief to hear this. Even then, when she was so small, so young, I felt that, silent and deaf to others though she might be, yet she understood me well, and could tell me so. I do not know how

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this was; I cannot explain it. I know only that I, who had failed hitherto to make my meaning clear to those around me, found comprehension, full understanding, perfect sympathy, in my little silent child.

I had always been a shy, awkward, reticent man. A strange, sad, loveless boyhood, a youth of struggle unrewarded, privation unpitied, longing for affection unsatisfied, had made me this. And now, just when I had ceased to expect it, there came to me all I had needed, craved, despaired of, so long. There had always been a strange thing in my life which no one understood or cared for. From my earliest years there had been a constant wonder in my mind, a strange eager questioning about the meaning of things. I did not care for the answers men give to such questions—for the explanations found in learned books or the wisdom taught in schools. All my life long I had known that there was one key to all the mysteries of which this world is so full, but that no man had ever found it.

I had felt sure that if any one could learn the meaning of just one simple thing in the woods, or on the hills, or among the flowers or birds, he would understand everything; there would be no more puzzles, nothing hidden or unexplained, and from my boyhood I had striven, thirsted, to find that key. Many, many times I had seemed to almost grasp it. Some sight, some sound, some faint elusive odor, would give a hint, a suggestion, and quick, sudden as the flight of a darting bird, the truth I had sought so long would flash before me and was gone. There were so many things to wonder at even in the simple life which my little girl and I lived, and we were always wondering.

Perhaps to you there are no mysteries in the wild flowers. They are so simple, so fair, seen at a glance, passed by, or gathered and thrown aside. But to us there were such strange puzzles there. In the spring, when the little linnæa crept over the ground and lifted its pink bells on slender hairlike stems, there came to us from it always the same fragrance, a subtle perfume we could not define. We were sure no other blossom, no other thing on earth, held that odor; and yet it brought us memories, was linked with something we could not recall; it was full of association, but with what? Where had we ever before breathed that aroma of spice, of sweetness, that it should bring us that strange feeling, half sadness, half joy, a memory so like a hope?

And the colors of the flowers—they surely held a meaning if we could but catch it. The speedwell's gentle blue, the bear-plum's pale yellow, the buttercup's polished gold, the aster's lavender and mauve and purple, the cardinal-flower's vivid red, the crimson pink of the wild rose—we knew them all, and almost understood them. One touch, one word, to help us, and the whole world of color would fall into harmony. I think my little girl understood these flower tints better than I did; perhaps because she did not hear or speak as others hear and speak her eyes saw more than most, and she would hold a brightly tinted blossom and gaze into its blue or pink or yellow with such deep content in her strange eyes that I felt she was learning much of the meaning it held.

But she did not know all. One summer she had been day after day among the cardinal-flowers by the brook. She had bent over them and touched them, drinking in the warmth and glow of their brilliant red till she seemed to comprehend all, and to know why these flowers alone held such living fire. But one hot August noon when she was among them, watching them burn to more vivid crimson under the sun's fierce heat, she found, among the others, a stalk of pure white blossoms. They were cardinal-flowers too, but pale and cold. She led me to the place and showed me the delicate snowy flowers, with a look on her face half sad, half frightened, and very wistful. I could not help her. How could it be? What was the meaning? It was the warmth, the glow, the depth and vividness, which made the other blossoms cardinal-flowers. But here was one which lacked all these qualities, and was like snow, not fire. Never again did my child tell me that she knew the meaning of the cardinal-flower.

And there was a certain plant which always grew in the forest, under the pines, and bore one large rose-colored blossom, just one solitary pouchlike flower upon each slender stalk, always alone, always by itself; we knew it by its oneness, its being single and solitary. One day we found among the rest a plant just the same but that its slender stalk bore two

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twin blossoms, and they were white, not pink.

But I think there was no puzzle among the flowers so hard to solve as that of the closed gentian. No one could help wondering over that. Why, if it is never to unfold, if no sunshine or dew or soft warm air can ever open its fast-closed petals—why should it be so fair within? For we had looked inside, gently opening the dark purple-blue budlike blossom. It was quite finished within, tinted and veined, satin-smooth, as dainty and complete as any of its sisters who open their eyes to the light and air. We could find no secret there, no reason for the shut-up, lonely life, and while I thought and queried and surmised, I could see the wonder grow and deepen in my little voiceless child's tender eyes of darkest blue. But no one helped us; nothing told us the meaning of it all.

The birds made us wonder too. We could not understand their songs, though each had its meaning; we were sure of that. For she heard them too. Sealed as her ears might be, she felt the notes in some strange unexplained way, and I read them over again in her eyes. The clear, sweet, far-reaching whistle of the white-throat sparrow, the soft, gentle whisper of the waxwing, the swamp-sparrow's trill, the plaintive cry of the wood-pewee, the glad, free strain of the bobolink, the gurgle and croon of the cuckoo —we knew them all. But why did each bring such a different thought? There was one small bird whose color was like that of the dark pine-trees where he sang, and his strain was almost like human speech, always the same—just a few appealing words, then silence. Up on the hill above the lake the winter-wren sang. There were so many different meanings in his song, bright and sad and tender. We smiled as we heard it, but the tears were very near our eyes. And in early morning and in the twilight the veery always rang his silver bells. Over and over again they rang and vibrated, till our hearts ached with the sweetness and mystery of it. Why did the bird sing that strain and never any other? And what did it mean?

And there was the hermit-thrush. I have said that there were many things which seemed at times about to give us the light we sought. But of all these the song of the hermit-thrush most often brought us such glimpses. In the evening twilight of a June day, when all nature seemed resting in quiet, the liquid, melting, lingering notes of the solitary bird would steal out upon the air and move us strangely. What was the feeling it awoke in our hearts? Was it sorrow or joy, fear or hope, memory or expectation? And while we listened, my little quiet girl and I, suddenly we would turn with quick, eager looks and read in each other's eyes the same thought. The meaning of it all — it was coming; we should know; it was trembling on the air, and in an instant it would reach us. Then it faded, it was gone, and we could not even remember what it had been.

The name of my child was Clavis. When I had first looked into her deep earnest eyes of violet-blue there had arisen in my heart a strange hope that through this little girl I might find the meaning, the key, I had sought so long, and in that hope I gave her this name. As the years went by, hope became expectation, expectation foreknowledge, and I knew that sooner or later my silent child would bring me the truth.

I do not know just how it came about, but many people learned of this strange questioning of ours. I sought no knowledge, no help, in the matter from others, even from the most learned men. For I had read their books, and I knew they themselves had never found the key. But they came to me from far and near, and each one brought his own explanation, his own theory or creed. I will own that sometimes—for they were very learned men—their words half satisfied me, and for a moment I felt that I had grasped the clew I sought. But always, always when I turned and met the quiet eyes of my child, I saw in their dark blue depths the certainty that I had but touched the surface of things, and that far, far below lay the truth I was seeking.

There was a strange thing about these meetings. However earnest and enthusiastic the man might be who came to expound his own belief and teach us the meaning of things, I always saw a change come over him before he went away. For when he looked into my child's quiet eyes, so deep, so full of hidden meaning, his own eyes were troubled, his looks confused; his voice lost its self-confident ring; his words came more slowly and with hesitation, and sometimes ceased ut-

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terly. Such a one would sometimes tell us before he went away that perhaps, after all, he had not discovered the real meaning of things: perhaps the key was yet to be sought and found.

So the months and years went by, and more and more often came to us both those faint brief glimpses of a great satisfying truth, of one single simple key which should unlock all our mysteries. There were mountains about our home, and strange things happened upon those hills. Sometimes when the summer sun lay hot and bright upon them we saw shadows upon their peaks and sides. Some were shadows of clouds which floated above them; these we saw and recognized. But there were other shadows there, strange unfamiliar things, like nothing in the sky, like nothing on the earth, wonderful shapes and full of meaning. As I clasped my little Clavis's hand tightly and we gazed eagerly, tremblingly, upon those dark rolling shades cast there by something we could not see, of which we knew nothing, we felt the whole truth very near. There is a wonderful light that comes sometimes at evening upon those hills, creeping from base to summit, changing from pink to purple, from purple to blood-red, till all is fire and glow and glory, and every time it came it flashed a quick, fleeting hint of what we sought. And never, never did the hermit-thrush chant his silver, melting, throbbing, ringing strain without our seeming to hold for one short, vanishing instant the key to all things. If it could but sing always, we thought, or even a little longer, we should know all.

The learned men, the great scholars, thinkers, writers, came more often to us. I do not remember how it happened that at last these many great men agreed to assemble together at our home—my little girl's and mine—and listen to what we should say to them. They knew well, for we had told them so, that we had never yet found the one password, the true solution, the right key to all the strange things about us. But I think they wished to be convinced that any one key would open all, that there was but one solution to all problems, one answer to all riddles, as I believed, and as Clavis knew. And I talked to them. It was early June and in the evening twilight, and we were out-of-doors. It seems strange to me, as it doubtless does to you, that so many great men came together there to listen to one unsatisfied, questioning man and one little, silent, expectant girl. But they came, and under the shadow of the mighty hills they gathered there, and I stood in their midst, with Clavis at my side. I cannot tell you what we said to them: because of all that came afterwards, I forget much. I know that we spoke of the strange mysteries about us even there in that quiet spot, among the dark pines and under the shadow of the mountains. Then I told them, and Clavis said it over and over again in that silent way I cannot make you comprehend, that we felt sure that there was one single clew to all these riddles, if we could but find it. The secret of the flower that never opens, like a bud, an undeveloped, immature, unfinished thing to outward seeming, but a fair, complete blossom within; the meaning of the purple light that comes upon the hills at evening; the suggestion in the perfume of the linnæa; the memories—or hopes—awakened by the thrush's song; the black shadows on the sunny mountain-side, cast there by something far above which our eyes cannot see; the frost-white cardinal-flower springing up among its glowing sisters; the large pink blossom in the forest, whose very nature and property seems to be that it should be solitary on its slender stem, yet bearing sometimes fair twin flowers—all these things, and many more which made us wonder and question now, would lie open, plain, and simple before us could we touch the key we sought. We told them how near it sometimes came to us—how a perfume, a sight, a sound, a touch, seemed so close to bringing the clew. And I saw, and my little girl's eyes shone with a glad but still light as she saw it too, that one after another remembered how such moments, such glimpses, had come to him, and how brief, how sweet, how fleeting, they had been. While I talked, the breeze that always comes down at sunset from the cool mountains sprang up, and as it reached me it brought that strange elusive odor of spice, of sweetness, from the pink bells of the linnæa growing thickly among the pine-trees, and for one brief sudden instant I remembered or foresaw its meaning. Then, like the faint evanescent perfume itself, the thought was gone, and I could not recall or tell it. I looked at Clavis. She too had read that

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meaning, but it had vanished; yet her deep eyes shone with a still glad light, which said that it would surely come again, and we should keep it.

Now the wonderful light crept up the hills. It was golden at first, and turned the grass and the tree trunks yellow and russet, then it changed the leaves overhead to orange, and then flushed and reddened as it crept up the hill-sides, crimsoning the lower peaks, and still rising, rising, till, as it touched the top of the highest, grandest mountain, it made its rugged rocky summit as red as blood. Suddenly all my being was flooded with a quick, glowing flame which showed me all we were seeking. For the instant I knew it; I could tell it to the people. But before my slow tongue could form the words the color upon the hill-tops faded, the flush died away, and I had forgotten. I turned an almost hopeless, despairing look upon my little girl. She was very still, as always. But upon her soft cheek lingered the flush of rose which had left the sky, and in her quiet eyes there shone an almost triumphant light which spoke of victory very near. They saw it too, and clustered close together and around us, while over all came that hush which seems to throb with expectancy and thrill with anticipation.

Up in a lofty pine above our heads a little lonely bird uttered his simple strain, a few appealing wistful notes, then silence. Then a veery rang his silver bells. Over and again they rang and vibrated, till our hearts ached with the sweetness and mystery of it.

Then from the hill-side across the river a hermit-thrush began to sing. Everything besides was very still, and the air throbbed and trembled, pulsated and quivered, with that wonderful strain. And I knew all: I held the key. A moment of suspense, of waiting, fearing lest it vanish as had died into silence the bird's song, then I looked into my child's eyes. Yes, she knew it too. I read it over again in the dark depths of her eyes, and the strange, sweet, mysterious smile that lingered about her silent lips.

Then I spoke. For the first time in all the ages was told the secret of things. I held the key, and I showed it to them all. I cannot tell you of that hour, the wonder, the exultation, the glad surprise; no words could make you comprehend. It was my voice that spoke, but it was at Clavis that they looked, and from her stillness they gathered more than from my spoken words.

Then hands clasped hands, eyes gazed into each other, lips quivered, cheeks were wet with tears. They knew all now, and it was all so simple, learned in one brief second. How had we missed it so long, sought it so vainly? How could there have been any key but this, now ours forever? No, I say again, I cannot tell you of it. In all time there never was an hour like that. Will ever such a one come again?

Darkness came on, the breeze from the mountains grew chill, and we must separate. On the morrow we would meet again, and then decide how this great news might be told to the world. When all had gone, and my little girl and I were left alone, I took her to my heart, and we talked in our strange silent way of what had come to us. I was full of a solemn, awed wonder, but she felt no surprise, only a still joy that what she had known was coming should be here now. I had thought that the excitement and wonder would banish sleep from my eyes, but I slept long and dreamlessly. I awoke to dark skies, thick clouds, and a chill air. By degrees I remembered. I thought of the assembly of the night before, of the questioning looks, the earnest faces upturned to mine, of the purple light, the linnæa's fragrance, the lonesome bird in the pine-tree, then the hermit-thrush's song. I saw the glad, the solemn, exulting faces, recalled the joy, the peace, the wonder of those to whom the key was shown. But—what was that key? For an instant I had lost it as in the old days. But it would return; never could such a blessed thing as came to me that fair June evening and staid so long—never in life could it be forgotten, lost. I was but half awake; I was yet dazed with sleep; I would go out into the morning air, look up at the hills, and remember all. But I could not grasp it; it just escaped each time I sought to seize it. Like the vanishing perfume of a flower, the fading light upon the hills, a bird's faint dying song, it drifted from me.

But I was not afraid. So many knew it now, it could not be lost. While I stood in the raw chill air of the dark morning, one of the learned men who had been with us the night before came to me. His face was a little troubled, but bright-

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ened as he saw me, and he spoke quickly, eagerly. He told me that in his sleep the clear outlines of that wonderful truth he had held the last night had become somewhat blurred, confused. Would I tell him again, now in the light of day, just what had brought such joy, such peace, when he first heard it? For the moment I could not tell him, and I said so. One after another came to us those who had listened and heard and rejoiced a few hours before, and all with the same troubled confusion. Was it so with all? Had we let sleep steal away that wonderful, priceless treasure? So it seemed; for all came, and all had forgotten. For a brief instant I was seized with a terrible fear. Then I smiled, and remembered there was no cause for alarm: Clavis knew all; Clavis never forgot, never lost anything she had once held fast. I went to her. She was asleep, her fair hair like sunshine about her head, the white lids shut down over her dark eyes. As I looked at her she awoke. I need not have been afraid. One glance into her still, glad eyes showed me she had not forgotten. The key was not lost: Clavis knew all. She told me in her silent way, as I took her in my arms, that all was well: she held the key; we should all have it—we need not fear; she knew all, and we should soon know all likewise. She was very weary, she said, and would like to rest a little while—only a little while, and we should come to her and know all. It was almost like the hour in which I first held out the key when I went back to the fearful, trembling men and told them that my little child remembered. Not one doubted; all believed and were at peace. By-and-by I went to her again. She was asleep. The white lids lay over her dark, deep eyes, and hid their meaning. But the old, mysterious, all-knowing smile rested about the silent lips, and I was not afraid. Nor am I afraid now. No, though she never wakened. Has she not given me the secret she held?

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE human race is a hard race to please. It even makes a merit of being dissatisfied with everything, and says that discontent is a necessary element of progress. Its progress is, however, sometimes a thing to make you laugh, for it is evidently after not self-improvement, or individual evolution to a better being, but only change of condition—that is, displacing some one else in the situation he has, or getting possession of something belonging to somebody else. Many people do not like December, and have no sympathy (in temperate zones) with the ripening of the year, the halt called to feverish haste, and the gracious covering of the troubled earth with the white mantle of oblivion. The waning year makes them melancholy, as if the order of nature were hostile to them and associated with their own passing away. They resent the fillip of frost to their enervated systems. They say, and say truly, that they are not annuals like garden vegetables and the foliage of trees, and should not be interrupted in their longer career, as the vegetables often are, by untimely frosts. Granted that man has, like the cabbage, a natural life, he ought to be undisturbed in it. So he might be, as far as the seasons go, if he planted himself in a genial place. The cabbage would not be nipped by early frosts if it were left in its natural habitat, I suppose. Again, many people are equally discontented with the monotony of the lands of equable temperature and uniformly sunny skies. They are tired of days all pleasant and nights all serene. An everlasting summer palls upon the mind, which, after all we may say of it, likes the condition of uncertainty. We are said to derive our chief pleasure out of expectation, but I am not sure that our chief delight in life is in not knowing what will turn up the next minute.

The philosophers have noticed that the best people on this earth live, and no doubt by choice, in the worst climates—if not the very worst, then in those most subject to sudden and violent changes, to daily fluctuations and yearly extremes.

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There must be some reason for this. Either the most trying climates, as some maintain, breed the best races, or the virile races have an inherent inclination to cope with Nature where she is most aggressive and bothersome. The earth was laid out to please a great variety of tastes. It was a long time in formation before it had any place fit for man, but when it was ready (admitting that it is now ready) it offered for settlers almost every conceivable condition of pleasantness and unpleasantness. It would seem that there could not be a temper born into the world that could not find a home congenial to it. Yet it seems by the common complaints that content with one's situation on this earth is rare.

These commonplace observations would not be worth repeating if they did not lead to the suspicion that the race itself has only got a very little way in its evolution. Either the earth is as yet really undeveloped, as to its final form and condition, or man is only in his infant stages, for the two are very far from being in harmonious sympathy. We are ignorant of what man was in his early stages. We can only inspect him as he was in Chaldean and Egyptian days, some say five thousand and some say nine thousand years B.C., but he has made very slow progress since his first historical appearance. It is astonishing how long he blundered along in profound ignorance of nature and the world in which he lived, and still more astonishing that until very recently he knew nothing about his own frame. Up to this year of grace he is the prey of the most childish superstitions and delusions. He does not know, with a few exceptions, what is good for him physically or mentally. As a rule, he is still ignorant of the laws of health or of his mental development, and it is in trading on this ignorance that thousands of people make their living. To go low down for an illustration, take the patent medicines, for instance, and the many schemes for an easy and cheap education. He doesn't even know how to vote—but this is an unfair illustration, for voting is a very modern invention. I know it is said to be an evidence of man's superiority to the other races that he is more conceited. But this is not certain ground. The camel and the donkey are probably fully as conceited as man, and many of the animals are his match in cunning. It is true that in the last two hundred years man has made great progress in his scientific knowledge of the world and his use of its forces, and he seems on the edge of greater discoveries. It is also no doubt true that he has had an extraordinary development, physically and mentally, since Niagara Falls took substantially its present form. But individually during historic periods he has not distinguished himself, except by his uneasiness, his discontent, his quarrelsome disposition. It is doubtful if he is any better now, even as a fighter, than Agamemnon. I doubt if the Washington Monument is as high as the Tower of Babel was. We admit his triumphs in architecture, in painting, sculpture, and in literature, but the animal man gets on slowly. In knowing how to take care of himself, for any derangement of body or mind, he has until recently shown not so much sense as the wild animals. He has been subject to epidemics of disease and mental delusions in mass, from which the other animals have been comparatively free. It is said that during this century the average of human life has been considerably raised by the decrease of ignorance of hygienic conditions, but when we see how deep this ignorance still is we have small cause to boast. A few educated persons have been able to force sanitary practices upon whole communities, but the mass of the people regard these as interferences with their liberty. We are not astonished at the splendid growth and great age of a tree which has had plenty of moisture in a good soil, but all very old persons are matter of wonder to us. We do not yet study the conditions of a good breed of men half as closely as we do those of a good breed of horses or sheep. It is only a little while ago that we considered a plague that destroyed half the inhabitants of a city as a visitation of God for somebody's misconduct, and diseases as evidences of divine displeasure and chastening, or of Satanic possession. We have only recently learned by scientific methods to check epidemics (not yet of mental fads, but of physical disease) and to prevent ravages of pestilences, but we still stand helpless before many diseases which cut down the young and the blooming all around us. We are yet very far from the point of saying that every disease is curable, except those which the subjects of them have incurred by ignorance which

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led to the destruction of a vital function. We do not expect a tree to live with its roots cut or its bark peeled off. We talk about the diseases incident to old age. There should be no such. They are probably due to early ignorances and perversions. If the race had itself in hand, old age would have no diseases, only the weaknesses proper to a machine running down. And a good machine ought to run down harmoniously. How long man might live if all the conditions were what they might be we cannot guess, but it is evident that few people yet know how to live. And this single fact is a testimony to the very slow progress of the race.

It seems to be assumed that the race has got its final shape—this assumption was before the bicycle came in—and physical proportion, and that any change hereafter will be a moral one. The scientists say that certain rudimentary organs have been got rid of, though many of them yet do not know what to do with a thing called the spleen. But I am not so sure that all this can be taken for granted. There are forces at work that may greatly modify the human race as it exists at present, improve it in strength, power, and adaptability to what is called its environment. Who can say what the women are going to do? If they keep up their increase of physical and mental vigor and lose gradually the sense of dependence, who can calculate the effect of this invigoration upon the coming race? If every coming individual starts with a better capital of physical strength and brain power (that is the word now) than his predecessor, it will need only a few hundred years to make radical changes in the race. The common interpretation of the phrase "knowledge is power" was that it gave the possessor power over other people. If it comes to mean power to make himself a superior man, with a like effect upon coming generations, then real progress will begin. If that progress does not evolve any further structural change, it may well be that the frame of man will be a much sounder and more efficient organism, and capable of longer endurance in good working order, and of accomplishing much more in intellectual development and in the control of the forces of nature. There are already visionaries who fancy that man will be as free in the air as he is now on the land and the sea, and who regard as a puny being the creature who now is fast to the earth in comparison with the man to be, who will sail the air in freedom and make voyages perhaps into the limitless space. He is thinking even now that he ought to go anywhere that light and electricity go.

II.

But these are still dreams. Man is subject to diseases and accidents which he has not wit enough to cure or prevent. Physically his days are still few and full of trouble. He is perhaps getting on very well in the long-run, but, as we reckon time, his progress is very slow. And if this is true in regard to his command of himself and of the forces of nature, how is it about his moral condition? It is well known (to one person) that the writer of these pages is not a pessimist. Indeed, taking life as it is, he is daily surprised at the number of good, cheerful, helpful, unselfish people in this world—at the growth of charity and the spread of brotherly kindness under so many adverse circumstances. But an optimist must often get impatient at the way things go. It is almost ludicrous, for instance, to look over a world evidently intended for the best development of man, if not for his happiness, and see such a large proportion of the people organizing and arming and drilling for the express purpose of killing each other, on land and on sea, and fancying that they are making progress in civilization because they are constantly inventing superior machines for doing so, while all the rest of the people submit to heavy taxation to keep the killing contingent in trim for their work. And it is enough to make Olympus explode with laughter to hear the earthlings say they are doing this for the sake of peace! This may be all true, and it also may be true that war is necessary to preserve a manly spirit and bring out the sturdy virtues. But if it is true, the fact is a queer comment on the stage of civilization which man has attained. And this is not the worst feature of our civilization. It is still more melancholy to see such a large proportion of the race simply engaged in a fight to get away each other's property. Men were always engaged in this struggle, and we call it increase in civilization because they use legal methods now more than they did in former ages. Still, it is admitted that the legal rights of all men are better secured now, and that this

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struggle, though not less keen than formerly, is more orderly. And then it can be justly claimed, at the close of this very exciting, disturbed, and bellicose year, that there are now more people on the earth who live by the golden rule than in any year before. There are more people who are willing to earn their living by honest labor of hand and brain, more who intend to pay their debts, more who intend not to incur obligations that they cannot meet, and there are a great many more who are in sincere sympathy with the penury and suffering and ignorance of this world, and are lavish in their gifts to relieve them. If you stop to think of it, there has been a great increase in 1896 of the number of people who have made large gifts for schools, libraries, hospitals, and beneficent charities. It is becoming more and more the fashion for the well-to-do to make these gifts. A public expectation exists in regard to this, so much so that surprise is expressed when a rich man or woman does nothing for the public benefit. These things are mitigations of the general situation.

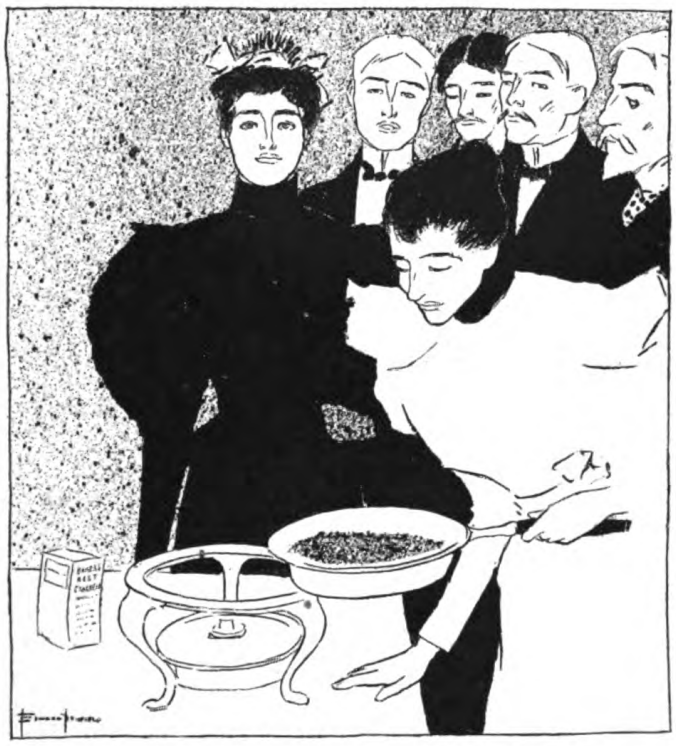
III.

I am not saying that the race is not getting on, but merely commenting upon its slow progress. This is illustrated by comparing the condition of our great modern cities in regard to administration and to vice with the great cities of former times. Improvement there is, in order and in health, if not in morals, but it needs a stout optimist to be satisfied with the spectacle. An illustration of the slowness of the race in adapting itself to the world which is the theatre of its development is found in Mr. Andrew D. White's *Warfare of Science and Theology*, a work which has occupied the liberal, tolerant, and intelligent scholar for many years. It is wholly historical, and not at all controversial or theoretic. It does not profess to be a moral history of the race, but confines itself to the struggle science has had in opposition to dogma. Incidentally it speaks of the impediments science has encountered in its own field, from its own disciples and from the general ignorance of men, as, for instance, in the field of medicine; but the thesis is the narrow one of the opposition of dogmatic theology to the attempts to discover the truths of nature, to the great injury of both science and religion. This historical record, even in the feeble light of today, is almost incredible. If this spectacle of the slowness with which man has opened his eyes to the world in which he lives were not so sad, it would be most amusing. The story related of any other planet, less developed than we think we are, would be received with merriment. But we cannot afford to laugh at our own superstitions, nor at the dogmatic contrivances which have so retarded our civilization, and so long have obscured our conception of the wisdom and greatness and fatherhood of the Creator of the universe, and of his immanence in human affairs everywhere and with all men since man existed. These learned volumes, which carry on every page proofs of the record spread out, are written in an excellent spirit and temper, and with calm, good-natured fearlessness. It is not there urged that scientific men do not make mistakes, or are not often carried away by a spirit of controversy, or do not make claims in advance of proved facts, but that science should be absolutely free to pursue its investigations after truth, regardless of any formulated opinions. And there is less and less fear that the discovery of the truth about the world we live in, about the once heretical notion that the earth revolves about the sun, about the long geological periods, about the age of man on the planet, and about God's continued enlightenment of his creatures will harm anybody. Indeed, the increased well-being of man during the last hundred years under the freedom of scientific investigation is sufficient answer to any doubt.

We must still think that the race is a pretty difficult one to do anything with, and that it slowly moves out of its brutality into spiritual conditions. Taking a horizontal parallax of its positions in the historic ages, we can see that it does move. So far as we can trace it back, it has not yet much changed its physical form or its mental capacity. But that it has got an enviable moral stature, or that it knows itself, or is yet adapted to a high life on this planet, no one can affirm. It is still in the freezing and thawing winter of its discontent. But because we believe in divine purposes, we believe it will have a spring, a summer, a ripening autumn, and that when the December of the planet comes it will be a consummation of rest and peace.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER



A Chafing-Dish Party

By

John Kendrick Bangs

CHARACTERS:

MR. ROBERT YARDSLEY, *an expert amateur cook.*
MR. JOHN BARLOW, *an expert guyer.*
MR. THADDEUS PERKINS, *a householder.*
MRS. THADDEUS PERKINS, *his wife.*
MR. EDWARD BRADLEY, *another guyer.*
MRS. EDWARD BRADLEY, *a peace-maker.*
JENNIE, *the house maid.*

The scene is laid in the drawing-room of the Perkins *residence. It is nearing eight o'clock of a mid-December evening. A plain kitchen table has been placed in the centre of the room. It is covered with a cloth, and has upon it a half-dozen tumblers and a large spoon. The curtain rising discovers* Mrs. Perkins *looking out of the window.*

Mrs. Perkins (*turning to table*). Oh dear! everything has seemed possessed to go wrong to-day. The idea of having a chafing-dish party in a parlor is the most absurd thing! I don't see why decorators can't keep their words and finish up their work on time. I'd never have thought of asking the club here to-night if Mr. Wilbur hadn't promised me faithfully to have the dining-room finished last Tuesday, and now it's next Wednesday—or rather the Wednesday after last Tuesday—and the place is entirely upset and only half finished. And on top of it all, Thaddeus isn't home. I ought to have bought that chafing-dish myself. It's awful for a man to get caught in the shopping district in these Christmas days. I'm afraid he'll be a dreadful woman-hater when he gets here. (*She pauses, and walks to window again.*) I do wonder where he is; he promised faithfully to come home early, and to bring the chafing-dish with him.... If he doesn't get here with it I don't know what on earth I'll do—with all these people coming, and no chafing-dish in the house, and nothing else prepared for them. It's just too bad. I don't believe Mrs. Job ever had her patience tried half as much as I have to-day. (*The front door is heard opening and shutting.* Mrs. Perkins *turns delightedly and hastens toward door.*) I'm in here, Teddy dear—in the parlor.

Enter Perkins, *hat and coat on, collar up. He carries a chafing-dish stand under his arm, the hot-water pan and cover in one hand, and the upper pan in the other.*

Perkins (*sinking into arm-chair, apparently ex-*

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hausted). Well—Bess—I'm home at last—and—and there are still signs of life—

Mrs. Perkins (*with a sigh of relief*). But how late you are, Teddy!

Perkins. Late? Well, my dear Bess, you're in luck to have me here at all. This confounded portable kitchen you sent me after is harder to get home than driving pigs to market. Particularly in these so-called holiday days, with women by the billion on the street. Really they're so thick, if it wasn't for tripping on their sleeves, you could walk on their shoulders. And why they call these fearful times the holidays I don't know, for I've never had to work so hard in my life!

Mrs. Perkins. I don't see—

Perkins. Of course you don't, my dear. You couldn't see even if I explained it with a working diagram to make it clear. It surpasses the imagination. Ah—Jove, I'm tired fighting my way through shoppers, and squalling though happy babies, and toy-fakirs, with this—this—*thing* impeding my every step! Did you ever see a potato-race, Bess?

Mrs. Perkins. No—but—

Perkins. Well, you ought to; it's the greatest thing in the world—to look at. In a potato-race you have to run about a hundred yards, stooping over to pick up a potato every two or three feet, and the man who gets across the line with the most potatoes first wins. It's more like trying to get a chafing-dish home than anything I know. (*Rises and removes his coat.*) The man who sold me this barbaric contrivance tied it up with zephyr, I imagine, and considerately put one of those wooden bundle-handles on it, so that I wouldn't be bothered carrying it. Very good of him, that! "Awkward things to carry, these shaving-dishes," said he—and he was right. He must have suffered himself. I hadn't gone a block before the zephyr broke.

Mrs. Perkins. Thaddeus!

Perkins. Solemn truth, my dear. The wooden bundle-handle was willing, but the zephyr was weak—and then you should have seen that street covered with zinc. Hot-water pan rolled up street; top pan fell into gutter; stand landed on sidewalk; lamp flew into the basket of a tinsel-snow fakir and got tangled up in two dollars' worth of that interesting stuff, which of course I had to buy; the snuffer disappeared wholly, and the cover gave beautiful imitations of a hoople going into business on its own hook. I'd never have caught it if it hadn't been for an automatic tin alligator that got in its way, which I likewise had to buy of the poor ragged devil that was trying to sell it. Here it is. (*Takes it out of his pocket.*) It will please the boy, anyhow. But what made me so eternally mad was that even the policeman thought I'd dropped the dish for fun, and grinned, and a million shoppers stopped shopping to smile sympathetically. If there'd been a lobster Newburg in that chafing-dish I'd have rammed it down that bobbie's throat, even if I had to hang for it. As it was, I had difficulty in keeping from sicking my tin alligator at him.

Mrs. Perkins (*with a laugh*). Poor Thaddeus!

Perkins. Yes—that's it. Poor Thaddeus! and with the poor Thaddeus you throw in a ha! ha!—an unfeeling ha! ha! Bess, I'm surprised at you. Even you seem to think it's funny; but you wouldn't have thought so if you'd been compelled, as I was, to go about gathering the myriad portions of that scattered utensil, with a constantly growing crowd of small boys and other human hyenas, with laughs like thunder-claps, watching the operation with glee.

Mrs. Perkins. I'm sorry, dearest. You ought to have had it sent.

Perkins. Sent? A chafing-dish sent? Particularly these days, holidays—hollow days, I call 'em. Sent by what—a platoon of police to keep it in order? I believe it would require the united efforts of the whole National Guard to manage a machine so lacking in conscience or cohesion as a chafing-dish. If ever I have to choose between bringing one of these things home again and becoming a prize-fighter, give me the ring! And that wasn't the worst of it. When I got on the L with it the car was jammed with savages bearing bundles, and one of those women who are always in a hurry to get off rushed past me and knocked my amateur bundle to smithereens a second time, and I had to grope around under the feet of about ten thousand people to corral the pigs—I should say the pans and lamps—again. I was half inclined to let the whole thing slide. The wrapping-paper was burst beyond hope of redemption, the zephyr flew off into space, and that is why you see me coming home looking like a knight of old, covered with armor. For zinc, Don Quixote was not in it with me. Here's the lamp. (*Takes it out of his coat pocket.*) I'll let you extricate it from the tinsel snow. The snuffer, as I said, is gone, and if there's anything else missing you'll probably find it somewhere in New York, between Fourteenth Street and here. Only, if you wish to live, don't venture out after it until this season of peace on earth and good-will to men is over.

Mrs. Perkins. All right, Teddy. It appears to be all here except the snuffer, and I guess we can get along without that. Snuffers aren't of the least importance.

Perkins. Ought to. If we can't blow the lamp out, we can use the fire-extinguisher. By-the-way, I want two of those fire-grenades in the room, in case of accident. If Bob Yardsley's going to have charge of the obsequies, we may need 'em. He's a trifle careless sometimes. The way he drops lighted cigarettes about in amateur theatricals is a caution.

Mrs. Perkins. Very well, Teddy. I'll have Jennie bring them in. (*Rings bell.*) Now go out and get your dinner and dress; they'll be here in a very few minutes. I'm sorry, but your dinner is waiting for you in the laundry. The dining-room won't be done until Saturday, thanks to Mr. Wilbur's delays.

Perkins. Don't want any dinner. Had a very late luncheon. Besides, I want to save up for that (*pointing to dish*). I meant to have doubled my life-insurance beforehand, but I've spent all my spare time getting that tin-plate industry home.

Enter Jennie.

Jennie. Did you ring, ma'am?

Mrs. Perkins. Yes, Jennie. Bring two of those fire-grenades in here, and put them on the mantel-piece. Bring some plates, and tell Mary to make sixteen pieces of toast. We'll want knives and forks and napkins too.

Perkins (*aside, gathering up his coat*). Likewise a physician, two undertakers, and a coroner. I'm likely to need 'em all. [*Exit* Perkins.

Mrs. Perkins. A little mustard and— (*Calling through door.*) Thaddeus!

Perkins (*from a distance*). Well?

Mrs. Perkins. What goes with Welsh rabbits—beer?

Perkins. I don't know. Ipecac, I guess. Look

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it up in Dick's Cyclopædia; that's got prescriptions to burn.

Mrs. Perkins. Oh dear! Teddy is so flippant—

Jennie. I've always served beer with them rabbits, ma'am.

Mrs. Perkins. Very well, then, Jennie; that's what I thought. You may bring some beer and—

Jennie. Yes, ma'am. How many bottles — a case, ma'am?

Mrs. Perkins. A case, Jennie? Dear me, no. The receipt calls for one for the dish, and I think we'd better have one apiece for the men; that's five altogether.

Jennie. I've always served two apiece for the men, ma'am, if you'll excuse my telling you.

Mrs. Perkins (*severely*). Well, that is too much. One apiece will do.

Jennie. Very well, ma'am. (*Aside.*) I'm glad I've got twenty-four on the ice, just the same.

[*Exit.*



"YOU'RE IN LUCK TO HAVE ME HERE AT ALL."

Mrs. Perkins (*turning her attention to the scattered sections of the chafing-dish*). Now let me see if it really is all here. (*Gathers them together.*) Poor Thaddeus! It's a shame to make him carry home a thing like this—all legs and handles.

Enter Jennie *with the fire-grenades. She places them on the mantel.*

Jennie. I think you're very wise to have them, ma'am. Last place I was in a gentleman he set fire to a lady's gown, cookin' a pancake, and if he hadn't poured one of them on the poor dear thing—

Mrs. Perkins. Bring some alcohol too, Jennie, for the lamp.

Jennie. Yes, ma'am. She'd ha' burnt to death.

[*Exit. The front-door bell rings.*

Mrs. Perkins. Dear me! can it be time already?

[*A pause, during which* Mrs. Perkins *rearranges the table.*

Enter Jennie, *followed by* Yardsley *and* Barlow.

Jennie. Two gentlemen, ma'am. [*Exit* Jennie.

Mrs. Perkins. Good-evening. How do you do? We are all ready, you see, except that the dining-room is given over to the painters. Thaddeus will be down in a minute. He was—ah—he was kept down very late to-night on business.

Yardsley. It's nice to be here, Mrs. Perkins. You mustn't let Thaddeus work too hard. He'll wear himself out. He has a tendency to work too hard.

Barlow (*with a bow*). I echo those sentiments, Mrs. Perkins. I see you are busy with this engine of death (*pointing to the chafing-dish, by this time set up on the table*). A chafing-dish is a terrible thing in the hands of one who—

Mrs. Perkins (*laughing*). I fancy that in Mr. Yardsley's hands it will not prove to be too dangerous.

Barlow. Oh no, indeed. In Yardsley's hands it's all right; but taken internally—

Yardsley. Oh, pshaw, Jack! I was brought up on a chafing-dish.

Barlow. That's just it—I wasn't. The New-Englander can eat pie for breakfast and it does him good, because he's used to it. I couldn't do it without losing my digestion, because I'm not used to it. That's why I say—

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Enter Perkins.

Perkins. Hello, boys! Howdy? Glad to see you again.

Yardsley. Really?

Perkins. Yes—really. You may not believe it, but I've always said I wanted to die surrounded by my best friends. Jack, how are you? And you too, Bob? How goes the world?

Barlow. Don't ask so many questions, Ted. The world goes round, as usual. It isn't going to change because Yardsley takes up cooking. As for me, I'm in perfect health. Been training—for this.

[*Points to chafing-dish.*

Yardsley. Oh, come off that, Jack. I'm a professional cook, my dear boy. (*Turns to chafing-dish and inspects it.*) Been at this sort of thing for a decade, and haven't killed my man yet.

Barlow. But I haven't seen your references, Bob, and that's important, as Mrs. Perkins knows.

Mrs. Perkins. Oh, not so very. The way references are written nowadays they don't cut any—ah—

Perkins. Ice?

Mrs. Perkins (*severely*). —figure! They don't cut any figure at all. My last cook was recommended as being magnificent, and she was. She couldn't cook, but her manner was regal, and her dress absolutely overpowering.

Perkins. Well, just the same, I'd like to know, Bridget Yardsley, if you are sober and industrious. And what wages do you expect? How many nights off a day, and how many cousins had you on the police force at the census before the investigation?

Yardsley (*ignoring* Perkins *and* Barlow). This dish looks as if it had seen service, Mrs. Perkins. I almost hesitate to try a chafing-dish that has been so long in the family. It indicates—

Perkins (*aside*). Seen service! Well, I guess! Long in the family! He little wots those dents came from contact with the sidewalk this very afternoon.

Yardsley. —and that you are not at all strangers to the—er—art of— [*Bell rings.*

Mrs. Perkins. Good! here come the others. Now we can begin.

[Jennie *ushers* Mr. *and* Mrs. Bradley *into the room. The customary salutations are exchanged, and the wraps and coats of the newly arrived ones removed.*

Barlow (*shaking hands with* Bradley). Made your will, old man?

Bradley. Yes, just before I left home. By-the-way, Yardsley, my coachman's waiting outside. How long will it take you to get this rabbit into a proper state of resistance?

Barlow. I ordered my ambulance at 10.30.

Yardsley (*dryly*). Better go now, if you're so deucedly timid.

Perkins. Oh no. I think Mrs. Perkins is going to have a supper after we've eaten the rabbit—aren't you, Bess?

Mrs. Perkins. Why Thaddeus! Of course not.

Mrs. Bradley. Mr. Yardsley's rabbit will be enough, I've no doubt.

Barlow. Of course. Perkins, what can you be thinking of? Billie Wilkins tried one of Yardsley's clam sautés once at the club, and hasn't had to eat anything since. That was two years ago.

Bradley. Great idea that. How one could economize! We'll stay and eat that rabbit, and what we save from never eating again we'll divide with Yardsley. Eh?

Yardsley. If we can have the cheese now, Mrs. Perkins, I'll begin. The only way to keep this from becoming a repartee party is for me to fulfil my mission.

Mrs. Perkins. Certainly. Thaddeus, will you bring the cheese? It's in the pantry, on the dresser. It's all ready to put in.

Perkins. I'm off. Glad to go, too. Nothing like exercise when you're contemplating a home-made rabbit. [*Exit.*

Bradley (*calling after him*). Don't eat it all on the way back, Thad.

Perkins (*from without*). No fear. Raw rabbits are worse than cooked ones.

Yardsley. How is it cut, Mrs. Perkins?

Mrs. Perkins. In small dice, just as the cookery-book says.

Mrs. Bradley. I don't think that's the best way. We always cut ours in slithers. The cheese melts more rapidly when cut in slithers.

Yardsley. In what? I'm not familiar with the term, Mrs. Bradley.

Mrs. Bradley. Slithers—don't you know what a slither is? Like a shaving.

Yardsley. Oh—ah! Yes—I know. They are good. Don't make much difference, though. Some people grate it.

Mrs. Perkins. I wonder what is the matter with Thaddeus? I fancy he can't find the cheese. I'll have to go get it myself. [*Exit.*

Barlow. He's probably stopped to throw the dice. Thaddeus always was fond of a quiet little gamble.

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. Perkins, *the latter with a dish of cheese in her hand.*

Perkins. I didn't know that was it, my dear. I was looking for a pineapple.

Bradley. Intelligent man! Sent for a cheese and looks for a pineapple! It's a wonder to me you didn't go into the dining-room and bring in some of Wilbur's putty.

Barlow. I wonder how putty compares with a golden buck for digestibility?

Yardsley (*scornfully*). That's an interesting point. Suppose you eat a pound of putty and tell us about it.

Enter Jennie *with butter and beer.*

Barlow. Ah! that looks like business. Mrs. Bradley, can't I help you to a pat of butter?

Yardsley. Now for the hot water.

Bradley. Do we drink the hot water first, or afterwards?

Jennie. I'll bring it right away. [*Exit.*

Yardsley. Give me a match, Perkins, will you? (Perkins *hands him his match-box.*) Thanks. (*Strikes match. All gather round.* Yardsley *endeavors to light lamp. It will not light.*) Humph! —doesn't seem to work.

Bradley. Why is the lamp like a tramp? Because it won't work. Next.

Barlow. Doesn't seem to have any wick.

Yardsley. Doesn't need any—alcohol-lamp. Don't you know anything, Jack?

Mrs. Perkins. Oh, I declare—I forgot to fill it. Teddy, will you take it up stairs and fill it, please? The alcohol is on the shelf in my medicine-closet. Small white bottle. I told Jennie to get the alcohol, but she has apparently forgotten it. I'd send her again, only she is getting the hot water.

Perkins. Certainly, my dear. More exercise—I'll be fit as a fiddle. Small white bottle on shelf.

[*Takes lamp. Exit.*

Bradley. What beer is this? (*Picks up bottle and inspects label.*) Munich—good enough, first

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rate—straight. Little dark for a rabbit, if you want color, but still— [*Puts bottle on mantel-piece.*

Mrs. Bradley. Doesn't tone in with the cheese very well, does it?

Barlow. No; it's rather dark—like the prospect before us. Still, I've seen worse combinations in a Worth gown. (*Catches sight of fire-grenade.*) What's this, Mrs. Perkins? Rhine wine?

Mrs. Perkins (*laughing*). No. Thaddeus thought it was safer to have the fire-grenade at hand, in case Mr. Yardsley upset the lamp. He's very timid about fire. Ever since that false alarm off in the country, when the volunteers destroyed our parlor floor, he's had a horror of firemen.

Yardsley (*dryly*). It's always well to take precautions—though I've never upset a lamp yet; but it's just possible I'll do it to-night. It is the unexpected that always happens at chafing-dish parties.

[Barlow *picks up fire-grenade, holds it up to light, and then lays it down on table, alongside of chafing-dish.*

Barlow. Better have it handy. If your rabbit tries to run away, Yardsley, throw the bottle at him.

Enter Perkins *with lamp.*

Perkins. There you are; she's brimful.

Yardsley. Good enough.

[*All gather about table again.* Jennie *enters with the hot-water pan. The butter and cheese are heaped in the chafing-dish, and* Yardsley *again attempts to light the lamp, but in vain.*

Yardsley. There's something wrong yet. (*Strikes a third match.*) Where did you fill this, Thaddeus—from the water-spout?

Perkins. Nope—out of small white bottle—off shelf—medicine-closet. Had to pick it out in dark, but I got there just the same.

[Mrs. Perkins *removes lamp and inspects it. Puts it to her nose and sniffs.*

Mrs. Perkins. Why Teddy, how stupid of you! You've filled it with rose-water. Jennie, take this and fill it with alcohol. [*Exit* Jennie.

Yardsley (*impatiently*). You are a dandy, Perkins. I'd like to have you for a professional nurse if I'm ever seriously ill. You've a genius for picking out bottles.

Bradley. Almost intelligent enough for a professional cook, I should say. Takes such interest in his work—regular ten-thousand-dollar *chef.*

Perkins. Well, I followed instructions. Bess said small white bottle—shelf—medicine-closet. That's what I did. You never seem to like anything I do, so what's the use of seeking after perfection? I never pretended to be an accomplished scullery-maid, anyhow.

Mrs. Bradley. Edward needn't talk, Mr. Perkins. He is always doing things that are quite as bad, so you needn't mind what he says. Why, only the other night he tried to make me a hot Scotch, to drive away my cold, with witch-hazel.

Yardsley. It's a good thing for both you men you're married and have somebody to look after you. If you were lone lorn bachelors like me, they'd have to put you in an orphan asylum.

Perkins (*winking at* Bradley). You weren't any wiser than we are when you were our age, were you, Bob?

Yardsley (*with a laugh*). No, but I *will* be.

Enter Jennie *with lamp.* Yardsley *lights it successfully.*

All. Ah! Now we're off.

Yardsley. Perkins, open the beer, will you, while I stir?

Perkins (*feeling in his pockets for corkscrew*). I wonder where my corkscrew is?

Bradley. You probably put it in the plate on Sunday, in one of your fits of absent-mindedness.

Perkins. It's more likely Bess has used it for a hat-pin. Anyhow, it's gone. Confound it, I—

Barlow. Here's mine, Thad.

[Barlow *takes knife with corkscrew attachment from his pocket.*

Perkins. Ah! thanks. The ever-ready universal Barlow. You don't happen to have a nutmeg-grater and grindstone with you too, do you?

[Perkins *takes corkscrew and absently removes cork from fire-grenade, which he hands to* Yardsley, *putting corkscrew on table, whence it falls to floor.* Yardsley *is about to pour the contents of the grenade into the dish.*

Mrs. Perkins (*excitedly*). Oh dear no!—no! Mr. Yardsley—that isn't the beer; it's the fire-extinguisher! Don't!

Yardsley (*looking at bottle*). Well, of all the idiotic—

Perkins. Jove! I must have made a mistake.

Yardsley (*dropping spoon*). Yes—and a nice mistake it would have been! Do you know what would have happened, Thaddeus Perkins, if I had gone on and made this rabbit with that stuff?

Barlow. His wife would have become a rich widow. I almost wish he had gone on, because I'm getting tired of single-blessedness, and Mrs. Perkins is—

Yardsley. It would have killed every mother's son of us.

Bradley. What of it? We've all got to die some day, and why not now? Sudden death is better than the lingering agony induced by a Welsh rabbit, and while I wouldn't willingly drink the contents of that fire-grenade, even at the club on Sunday, I—

Mrs. Bradley. Edward!

Bradley. Yes, dear?

Mrs. Bradley. Don't be flippant. When you die, you die at home. It isn't good form to impose on your friends—

Bradley. Yes, it is—it's perfectly *de rigger.* If your friends invite you to join them in a progressive-suicide party, you owe it to them to fall in entirely with their ideas.

Barlow. Well, if one has lived a wicked life, the contents of a fire-grenade might help in the future world—

Yardsley (*with a glance at the steaming chafing-dish*). Thunderation! I've neglected the stirring. Perkins, if this rabbit is a failure, it's all your fault. (*Begins to stir rapidly.*) You fairly rattled me with your fire-grenade.

Perkins. Well, I move we fail right off and save our lives—make an assignment in favor of a cold chicken—eh? We've got one downstairs—that is, we had one a week ago. I'm not going to partake of an indigestible prepared by a cook who admits he's rattled.

Yardsley (*inspecting the cheese and butter carefully*). It's all right. Now hurry up with the beer.

Enter Jennie *with plates. She places them on table. Exit.*

Barlow. Let me take charge. Perkins is rattled. (*Takes up bottle of beer.*) Give me the corkscrew, Thad.

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Yardsley. And hurry up about it, too; it's just ripe now, and we haven't a second to spare.

Perkins. What the deuce did I do with it? (*Feels in his pockets.*) Didn't I give it to you, Jack?

Barlow. No, you didn't, and you know you didn't. You never return anything except repartee and in nine cases out of ten to people who don't want it.

Mrs. Bradley (*looking about the room*). You must have laid it down somewhere.

Perkins (*going through his pockets again*). I thought sure I gave it to Jack. You haven't it, have you, Brad?

Bradley. Don't try to work your carelessness off on me. I haven't seen the thing since you tried to poison us. Nice treatment from one's host!

Yardsley (*in despair*). Oh—hur—ry—up! The whole thing will spoil. Break the top off.

Bradley. That's it—break it off, Teddy. Knock it against the piano, or the fireplace—only get it open.

Perkins. Not if I know it. You don't know this beer. It goes off like a torpedo anyhow, even if you pull the cork.

Yardsley. Well, do something—only get me the beer.

Mrs. Perkins. Here it is (*catching sight of corkscrew on the floor, picks it up*)—here, Teddy. Now do be quick!

Perkins. I'm hustling, my dear; but you must remember that I never posed as an electric man. I don't do things with lightninglike rapidity. I've got a streak of messenger-boy in me, and I'm deliberate. Make haste slowly is—

Yardsley (*interrupting*). No—you can't be stampeded, that's evident. You're never asked to do anything that you don't strike.

Perkins (*indignantly*). Strike? (*Putting down bottle.*) Strike? I like that! See here, Bob—I know I'm host, and I want to be polite to my guests, but—

Yardsley. Oh, go on, old man, and open the bottle. I didn't mean anything.

Mrs. Perkins. Of course he didn't, Thaddeus.

Perkins. Well, I—it seems to me that every single time—

Yardsley. For the love of this rabbit, Perkins, open that bottle.

Perkins (*picking up bottle again, screwing the cork*). All right. But (*pausing*) I don't want you to think I'm an idiot, or quarrelsome, Yardsley, because I'm not.

Barlow. Nobody does, Teddy. Nobody does. We all know you. You aren't even irritable. You're a splendid, genial fellow, but—

Perkins. I hate to quarrel, Bob, but I don't like—

Yardsley (*with a mournful, pleading, rising inflection*). *Open the beer*, will you? I don't want this thing to turn into a sole-leather trunk. I'm trying to make you something to eat.

Perkins. Certainly. (*Pulls cork half-way and pauses.*) But I'm trying to make you understand that I'm a victim of circumstances — not design. I'm just as anxious to be useful as you are, but unfortunately things sometimes go wrong, and generally when I am concerned. I—

Bradley. Oh, go on, Perk; pull the cork. You're the nicest fellow in the world. We all love you more than we do anybody else—so *pull* the *cork*. We believe in you. We know you haven't a mean bone in your body — so pull the cork and give Yardsley the beer.

Perkins (*pulling the cork*). All right. There, Bob, pour it in, and accept my blessing.

Yardsley (*with a sigh of relief, as he pours in a portion of the beer*). Ah! Now we've got it going all right, I guess. Came pretty near being too late, but I guess, with a little close attention, it will be all right. Now for a little pepper. You'll excuse me, Mrs. Perkins, if I remove the top of the pepper-pot. It is difficult to stir and shake at the same time. (*Puts in pepper and stirs.*) This is—almost as—good exercise as—bicycling. Keeps the muscles of the arm right up in G. Just try the—rotary motion of this combination for a minute, will you, Barlow?

Barlow. Certainly.

[*Takes spoon and begins to stir. As he does so he upsets the pepper-pot on the table. Stoops and blows particles away, and in so doing unconsciously blows out the lamp. Resumes stirring, but reverses direction.*

Mrs. Perkins. Here—oh—Mr. Barlow! Not that way; the other way. You'll roil it all up.

Perkins. And there's no more dangerous wild beast in digestive zoology than a roiled Welsh rabbit.

Bradley. I should think you'd have known that, Jack. The idea of a man who's had the free and easy bachelor life that you have, not knowing that there is no worse culinary crime than to stir melted cheese the wrong way!

Yardsley. Exactly; it's like rubbing a cat's fur the wrong way. Rabbits are of the feline tribe—

Barlow. I don't think this one is. Its resistance reminds me of the elephantine tribe. I'm not stirring the blooming thing—I'm revolving it. It seems to have lost its liquidity. It's ossifying, Bob.

Yardsley. What on earth has happened? (*Inspects the rarebit. Then looks underneath at lamp.*) Why, you clumsy idiot, you've blown out the lamp! Give me that spoon and go hide yourself, Jack Barlow. Oh, of all the awkward— (*Lights lamp again.*) If this is spoiled, it's all your fault.

Perkins. Ah—you don't know what a load that takes off my mind. It was all my fault a minute ago.

Mrs. Perkins (*anxiously*). Is it ruined, Mr. Yardsley?

Yardsley. Can't say yet—it's beginning to melt again. Possibly we can save it, but I have my doubts. A Welsh rarebit is like a jealous woman. It doesn't pay to neglect her a minute, if you don't want her to disagree with you afterwards. Yes—it's softening.

Barlow. It would be a stony-hearted rabbit that wouldn't yield to you, Bob.

Mrs. Bradley (*with a glance into the dish*). Oh—I think it 'll be all right—it looks fine. It's a picture—

Bradley. Exactly—like an impressionist sunset. Ought to frame it, Bob.

Barlow. Rather wiry, though, isn't it, Bob? You don't want it too muscular.

Yardsley. Well, it won't be.

[Mrs. Bradley *sits at piano and plays.*

Barlow. Good idea—music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. Play the Intermezzo, Mrs. Bradley, will you? Nothing could be stringy after that, not even a rabbit.

[Mrs. Bradley *begins. All but* Yardsley *gather about the piano.* Yardsley *continues to stir.*

Perkins. That's a great opera, that *Cavalleria*.

Barlow. Best going, I think. (*Sings.*) Ta-tum-ti-tum—

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Perkins. Who was it sang Taradiddle, Bess, the day we heard it?

Yardsley (*with a chuckle*). Sang what?

Mrs. Perkins. Turiddu, Thaddeus, Turiddu, not Taradiddle. It was Cremonini we heard.

Perkins. Well, whoever he was, he was immense. We heard him twice that afternoon. Once in *Lucia* and once as Taradiddoo, and you never saw such a difference in your life. He looked as if they'd pulled him off a Christmas tree in *Lucia*, but as Ta-rara—

Bradley. Boom-de-ay?

Yardsley. All ready for the toast.

[*Blows out lamp.*

Mrs. Bradley. Remember this, Bess, as Maurel sang it? [*Plays the Toreador song.*

Perkins. We didn't care for Maurel's singing, did we, Bess?

Mrs. Perkins. Well—no—he flatted the day we heard him, but—

Barlow. He's just a little too much given to posing, too, I think.

Bradley. I was afraid he was going to swallow Calvé the night I was there. Why, really, when he opened his mouth, allowing for perspective and all that, it seemed to me as if he could have gulped down any ordinary bull without blinking.

Yardsley. Hurry up that toast, Perkins. Perkins! Toast!!

Perkins. What toast? We're not singing toasts, Yardsley.

Yardsley. Oh, let's have the toast, and stop your nonsense.

Perkins. Well, if you must have it, here goes. My voice isn't in condition, but anything to oblige:

"Here's to the maiden of bashful sixteen;
Here's to the maid—"

Yardsley. Oh, tut! Mrs. Perkins, can we have the toast?

Mrs. Perkins. I'm looking for it, Mr. Yardsley. I wonder where Jennie put it? Did she bring it in, Thaddeus?

Perkins. I haven't seen any toast since breakfast, my dear. [*All search for the toast.*

Barlow (*looking under sofa*). We'll have to put a personal in the papers to-morrow: "Toast, return at once and all will be forgiven." Signed, "Rabbit."

Yardsley (*in despair*). All right, joke away; but the next time I make a rabbit for you—

Mrs. Perkins. I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Yardsley, but I was sure Jennie brought it in. [*Rings bell.*

Mrs. Bradley. I haven't seen any, Bess. In fact, I meant to have spoken about it five minutes ago, when Mr. Barlow's putting out the lamp drove it out of my head.

Enter Jennie.

Jennie. Did you ring, ma'am?

Mrs. Perkins. Yes, Jennie. Did you bring the toast?

Jennie (*distressed*). Yes, ma'am—that is, ma'am—no, ma'am. I told Ellen to make it, ma'am, but—

Yardsley (*with a groan*) But!

[*Mutters angrily to himself.*

Mrs. Perkins. But what, Jennie?

Jennie (*tearfully*). She said there wasn't no bread in the house, and I forgot to tell you, ma'am; but there's a chocolate cake. (*Hopefully.*) Shall I get the cake?

Yardsley (*irritated, aside*). Chocolate cake? She's a genius, she is.



THE AWARD.

Perkins. I think I'd prefer to take my rabbit on trust.

Barlow. Me too. I like cheese, and I like chocolate cake, but the two together is what bothers me, as the man said when he met his two best girls at the same dance.

Mrs. Bradley. It's too bad, Bessie dear, but—

Mrs. Perkins (*mortified*). Never mind the cake, Jennie. You may go.

Perkins. Oh, I say, Bess—let's have the cake. We can shut our eyes and pretend we're eating Yardsley's rabbit. I'm hungry as a bear, anyhow. Bring the cake, Jennie.

Jennie. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Yardsley (*trying to be cheerful*). Exactly, Mrs. Perkins, and no doubt it will be pleasanter eating than this. But excuse me, Teddy; this isn't *my* rabbit. It's your rabbit. You own the dish and the cheese and the house. It isn't any of it mine. I won't even be a brother to it. I was only trying to coax it out of its lair in your behalf.

Mrs. Perkins. Well, I'm sure, Mr. Yardsley, I hardly know what to say. After all your trouble—

Yardsley. Oh, don't mention it, Mrs. Perkins; we still have the beer and the fire-extinguishers and

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the chocolate cake—and, after all, what is a chafing-dish party for?

Perkins. That's the spirit. Hurrah for Bob! If he can't give us a rabbit, he can give us a riddle, and I always did like riddles. Mr. Bones asks us, Professor Tambo, what is a chafing-dish party for? I am sure, Brudder Bones, I do not know what a chafing-dish party is for. What is a chafing-dish party for?

Yardsley (*scornfully*). You make me tired, Perkins.

Barlow (*inspecting remains of rabbit*). How beautiful in death it lies!

Bradley (*addressing* Perkins). Mr. Chairman, I move you that a vote of thanks be extended to Professor Yardsley for this interesting experiment in the production of armor-plate for the new cruisers.

Mrs. Bradley. Edward, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Barlow. I second the motion, with the amendment that at our next meeting the Professor be invited to enlighten us upon the point as to whether the most recent projectiles can penetrate substances of this nature.

Perkins. All in favor will say aye; contrary-minded, no. The motion is carried. Yardsley, have a glass of beer and some chocolate cake, will you?

Mrs. Perkins. Yes, do. Let's all sit down now and enjoy what there is, anyhow.

Enter Jennie *with the chocolate cake.* Barlow *and* Yardsley *open the remaining bottles.*

Yardsley. We can still enjoy life—only that was a splendid rabbit up to a certain point, and it is a pity it should go to waste.

Perkins (*pouring out a glass of beer*). Oh, we can attend to that, Bob. We won't waste that—not we.

Bradley. You might use it for string to tie up bundles with, Teddy.

Mrs. Bradley. I think you're horrid, Ed.

Perkins. I take an entirely different view. (*Rises, and taking a knife, loosens the now thoroughly cold and hardened disk from the chafing-dish; holds it up.*) Use that for string? Never! I am going to have that polished and inscribed with Yardsley's name, and hang it on the wall here in memory of this evening.

Mrs. Perkins. Won't you have some more chocolate cake, Mr. Yardsley?

Perkins. It will serve as a brass tablet.

Yardsley. No, thank you, Mrs. Perkins; I'll take another cracker, though. Thank you.

Bradley. You might make a bicycle seat of it—

Barlow. Splendid idea! Make another, will you, Bob, for me, and if it works, we'll go into the manufacture of 'em, wholesale. "The Yardsley Bicycle Seat. Quite the Cheese." Eh? What a taking advertisement that would be!

Perkins. Fine as silk. Take a page in the *Every Other Weekly Bazoo*, reading: "What Wheel do You Ride? Try the Camembert Scorcher, Gorgonzola Tires. None genuine without Yardsley's Rarebit Rocker. Send ten cents for an Illustrated Catalogue."

Yardsley (*laughing*). I'll do it—if you fellows will put up the capital.

Mrs. Perkins. I think you're awfully good-natured about it, Mr. Yardsley. I feel so mortified about that toast—

Perkins. We ought to make Jennie eat that bit of metal for forgetting to tell you, Bess.

Yardsley. Oh, well, what's the odds? We've had our evening together, and, after all, as I said before, what's a chafing-dish party for?

Perkins. Once more, ladies and gentlemen, Professor Bones asks the question, "What is a chafing-dish party for?"

Mrs. Bradley. Well, I can answer that riddle, Mr. Perkins. It's a test of character—that's what it is for. And I withdraw my husband from the competition. He is not in the same class with Mr. Yardsley, who has shown us this evening that he possesses the virtues of patience, endurance, amiability—

Mr. Bradley. Wherefore I move you, Mr. Chairman, that this golden medal be presented to him in commemoration of those virtues.

Barlow. As one of the defeated, I second the motion.

Perkins. Well, it's easily carried, that motion. We are all agreed as to Yardsley's virtues (*opening escritoire drawer and taking out a spool of lawyer's red tape, a yard of which he fastens to the disk*). In view, Mr. Yardsley, of the apparent unanimity of opinion, I present you with this enduring monument to your amiable qualities. I think, if you all knew how many impatiences I myself suppressed while trying to get your medal-foundry home, I should have pushed you hard for this honor, but under the circumstances I yield to the inevitable, relinquish my claims, and surrender the prize.

[*Hangs it about* Yardsley's *neck. All applaud.*

CURTAIN.



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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

He didn't believe in Santa Claus.
When they asked him why, he replied, "Because!"
And that was the only reason why
He deemed the dear old Saint a lie.

But nevertheless on Christmas eve
He watched for the thing he didn't believe.
He lay awake nearly half the night,
And his eyes grew big and round and bright

As a rotund form came through the door
And tiptoed softly across the floor—
A man red-cheeked, with long white hair,
And of twinkling eyes a remarkable pair;

And laid on his back was a well-filled sack—
A wonderful, rich, overflowing pack—
Filled up with the things the lad loved best,
And he knew in a jiffy his genial guest.

And ah! how he wept, that Christmas eve,
That he was the boy who didn't believe!
And ah! how he cried, that Christmas day,
At what Santa left when he went away!

'Twas only a note to the poor little lad—
No toys, not a book, to make him glad—
"If you don't believe *I'm* real and true,
How can I ever believe in you?"

Thus the note ran. The little boy wept
As back to his nursery-room he crept;
But, to his surprise, not far from the door,
Stood the same old man of the night before;

And the same old sack laid across his back—
That wonderful, rich, overflowing pack—
And the twinkling eyes, and the sweet round face,
And an air of kindly love and grace.

"Now do you believe?" asked Santa Claus.
"I do indeed," said the child, "because—"
The Saint, with a smile, quoth "Never mind,"
And vanished, but left his pack behind.

And so I ask at this Christmas-time,
Who can fail to believe who *hears* the chime,
Who *sees* the joy writ on every face
In the generous Spirit of Love and Grace?



TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

He. "I never kissed a girl in my life, and what's more, I never wanted to and never will."
Boy (*who has been stealing a ride*). "Say! slack up a bit, mister; I want ter jump off. I don't feel safe ridin' with a darned fool."

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ROARING SPRING'S ÆSTHETIC CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE report becoming current about town Christmas day that Mr. Milo Bush had, the night before, been attacked by a pack of hungry wolves and chased half a dozen times around the track of the Bon Pierre County Horse-racing Association, as a faithful chronicler of events I sought out the gentleman to obtain the facts in the case. Unhappily for the languishing cause of local contemporaneous history, it speedily became apparent that there was nothing in the rumor; indeed, Mr. Bush stoutly maintained that no wolf had so much as said boo to him.

"I was," he said, in an explanatory tone, "down at Bob Cat last night to a Christmas tree in the Methodist church. Feller put on a bull-terrier pup for Jim Cozzens. Something the minister said in his remarks to the infant class riled the dog—he didn't seem to know nothing about dogs anyhow—and he begun to bark and jump on his chain—the dog did, not the minister—he wasn't hung up with the dolls and things, but was tied to the trunk—and he carried on so that nobody could get within forty rods of the tree, and they had to fish off the presents with a split bamboo rod. That's what comes of a man who don't understand bull-terriers trying to run a Christmas tree."

"Yes," I answered, reflectively, "a man who doesn't thoroughly understand dogs should avoid Christmas festivities. They are apt to develop undesirable complications."

"That's what," returned Mr. Bush. "Did I ever tell you of the fancy, improved, and patent-applied-for Christmas tree that we had once back in Pennsylvania?"

"I don't recall it."

"Then I never told you. It was this 'ere way: A Philadelphia schoolma'am come out there to Roaring Spring to teach the school. She was one o' these here 'way-up women, al'ays a-quoting poetry and such guff and talking 'bout art. She boarded at old Deacon Pulseater's. Took down the picture of 'William Penn treating the Indians' in the deacon's parler, and put up what she called an edging. Some good jedges of pictures didn't cotton to hern as much as they did to the deacon's, either.

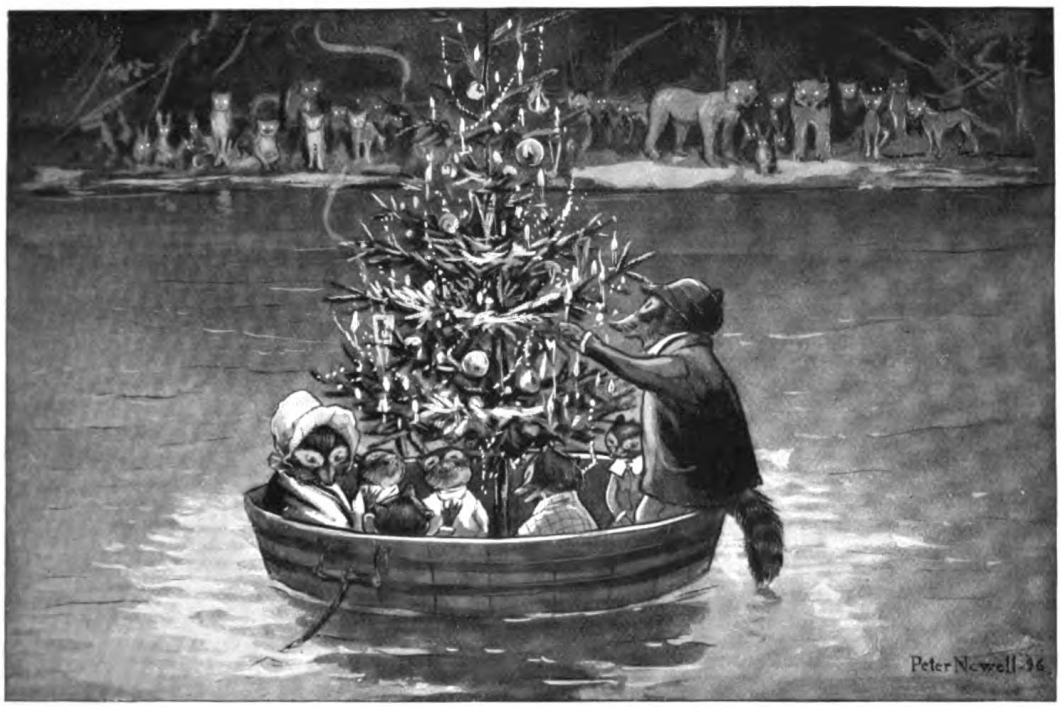
"Well, the hollerdays began to loom up ahead, and this here schoolma'am come out with the blamedest idea *you* ever hearn tell of. It was to have a new kind of Christmas tree. She said the old kind was too common and ord'nary. She ranked 'em with the picture of Penn's treat, I reckon. 'Let us have something new and picturrecks,' says the schoolma'am. Her notion was, in place of the tall, live, springy tree, to get an old broken-topped one, with mebby one or two limbs reaching out sideways, and with a big holler trunk with moss on it. And you may put me down amongst the Injuns, *not taxed*, if in a week she didn't have every last one of us in Roaring Spring crazy about it.

"So the day before Christmas a lot of us sashayed out into the woods for a likely tree. We found one with a trunk as big as a barr'l, or bigger, broke off fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, leaning over a good deal, and with one long limb and two or three small ones. We rooted it up and loaded it on the deacon's sleigh, which wasn't hard, being as it was holler; though I reco'lect remarking, 'Boys,' says I, 'this is the all-firedest heaviest *holler* tree I ever lifted on'—just like that, I says; but somebody speaks up and says he that I never lifted on *no* kind of a tree before, which wa'n't fur from the truth, so I didn't say nothing more. Well, we set up the tree in the Presbyterian church, and everybody brought their presents, and the schoolma'am and the committee put 'em on, with pop-corn and red apples and taller candles. It was the funniest-looking tree you ever seen, with a lot of rocks around it covered with cotton bat'n', to look like snow, and a stuffed owl on the big limb; but the schoolma'am was happy, and we didn't care. We'd 'a' brought in Paxawaxa Mountain and set it up for her if she'd a-said so. It's cur'ous about schoolma'ams, 'specially *Philadelphia* schoolma'ams. Man in their hands becomes no better than a—no, sir, not a doggasted speck better than a yaller-faced Chinaman.

"Well, sir, at seven o'clock that evening we was all in that church, waiting for the thing to open up. The schoolma'am set on the front seat, a-smiling and a-beaming, and we all set on back seats, also a-smiling *and* a-beaming, just because we had made her happy and had got something new in Christmas trees. Young man, we had!

"Then Deacon Pulseater got up to make some suitable remarks to the infant class. The deacon was sup'rentendent of the Sunday-school, and he done it every Christmas, though this time, being soft on the schoolma'am and tickled to death over the idea of the tree, like the rest of us, he let himself out stronger than usual. 'Little ones,' says the deacon, 'we-uns have gathered together here in this here place for another happy Yule-tide'—that's what the deacon said, just like that—'Yule-tide'—got it from the schoolma'am, you see. 'We are here again,' says the deacon, a-rubbing his hands and sort of swelling up, 'once more to make glad the hearts of loved ones. But we have not the old-fashioned tree, have we? No, little ones, we have not the old-fashioned tree. We have a better tree—a tree which is beautiful and picturrecks. See its grand old trunk, children, which has braved the ripsnorting gales of ten thousand winters. But, my little hearers, that trunk is holler, like the sins and vanities of this world. It is holler, I repeat. Do you reckon there's a squirrel down in the holler trunk of this here old tree?

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THE ONLY WAY THE RACCOON FAMILY WERE ABLE TO ENJOY THEIR CHRISTMAS TREE IN PEACE AND COMFORT.

Who knows? *I* think there *is* a squirrel down in it. I thought I heard one then. What little boy will volunteer to go down into the holler trunk of our old tree and drive out the squirrel? Ah! I see hands raised—one, two, three little boys want to go down into the holler trunk of our old tree and drive out the squirrel. But there are no bad, dangerous beasts down in the holler trunk of our old tree—oh no! There are no—' Just then the deacon looked 'round, and seen a big, black, hungry b'ar coming up out of the top of the trunk. 'Children,' yelled the deacon, 'the blame thing is loaded, after all!' and you may snatch me baldheaded if the deacon didn't go over the backs of them pews for the door like a tight-rope-walker, hollering bloody murder every jump, and the rest of us wa'n't much behind him; and the only one of us that had plain fool sense enough to think of the schoolma'am was Hank Scott, and he come out last, a-carrying her right in his arms in a dead faint; and Hank said that when he left there was four b'ars out and more boiling up into sight; and two weeks later I'll be snaked if Hank didn't marry the schoolma'am; though some people said, a long time afterwards, that Hank did say to 'em one day that he wished he'd staid and faced the b'ars like a hero an' a gentleman and let some other blooming idjet rescue the schoolma'am."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

"YES," said the old man, reminiscently, "you may make all the fun of the old-fashioned Christmas stories you want to, but there's a right smart bit in 'em, after all. The wanderer does come back Christmas eve, sometimes, say what you've a mind to. There was that boy Bill of mine—went away to the West, and we never seed hide nor hair of him for years. Never heard a whisper from him neither."

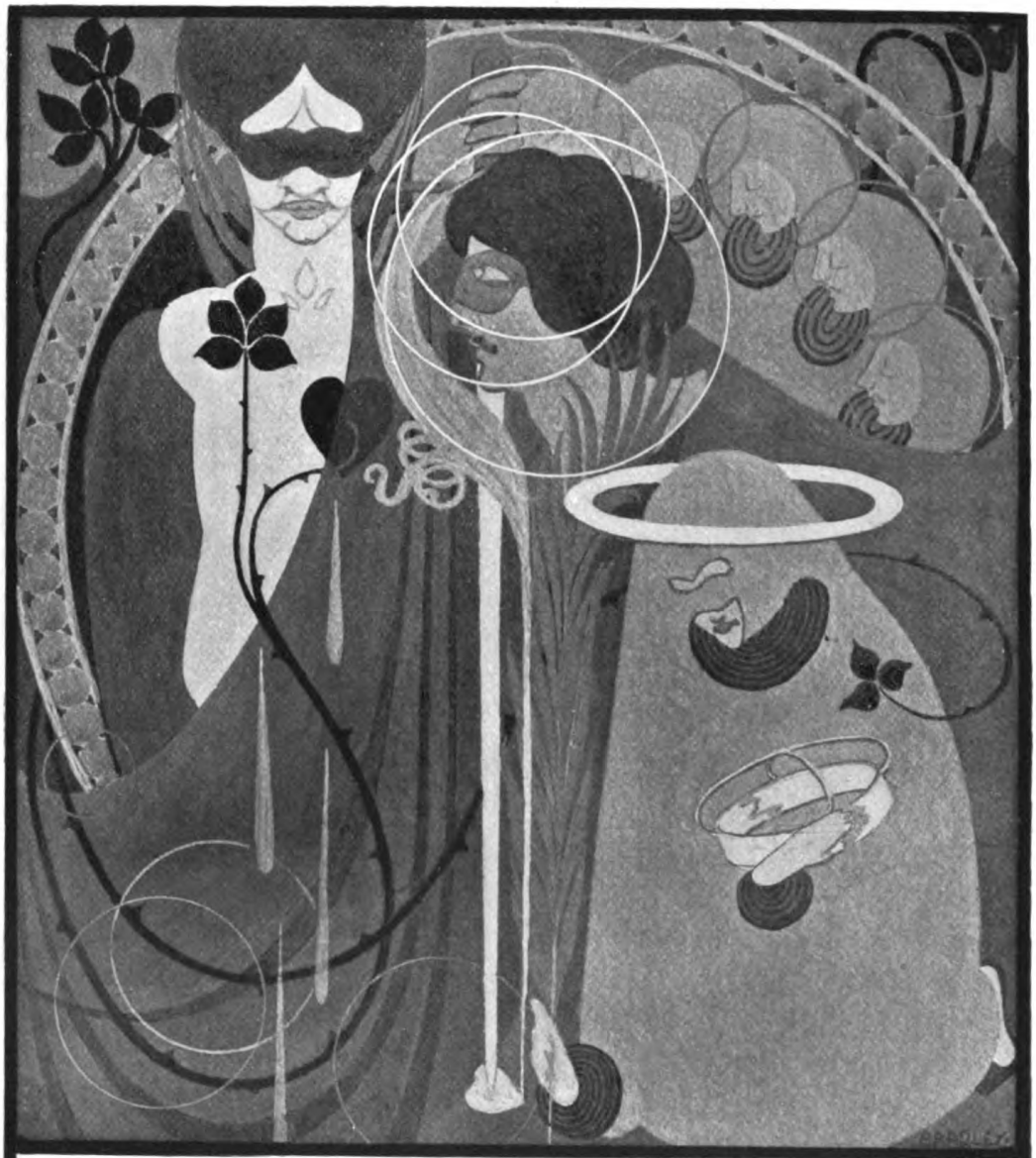
"Came back the night before Christmas, eh?" observed the visitor.

"That's what," returned the old man. "It was ten year ago. I didn't believe he'd come, but Marth' Ann said he would. 'It don't stand to reason,' says I. 'It's what happens in all the stories,' says she; 'just you wait and see.' So we and the seven other children sot and waited. Bime-by there was a knock, and I went to the door," and the old man stopped, as if overcome by emotion.

"And there stood your long-lost son?" eagerly said the visitor.

"Yes, there stood Bill, and also his wife, and likewise three tow-headed children and two lean houn'-dogs; and the hull caboodle of 'em walked in, and have lived on us ever since, with appetites getting better each year. Yes, I know what I'm talking about when I say that they do come back to the old home Christmas eve," and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and sighed.

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ARTIAN SONNETS: BARREN TRIVMPH.

BY E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

Thou whose low star, twin gods, through haggard years,
Enriched with desultory gold and fire:
Illuminate my head! Lo, amethyst tears
Drip down my purfled robe, and drown desire.
The lightning was thy pillow. Mine is stone!
Thy nimbus was Time's orbit. Mine so small,
That all thy Watchers sob in monotone
——"Life's blackest rose is his! Flower, thorn, yea, all!"
O Artius! In thy trial's abhorred surcease,
(When woman-weakness wooed thee to thy fate)
To the glad mystery of an echoed peace
Was not thy hero stuff commensurate?
While I, in sullen folly her invoke
——To make it deadly plain this rot's a joke!

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

CURIOUS is the part which color plays in the nomenclature of modern fiction. In other days we had Little Red Riding-hood, The Black Dwarf, The Scarlet Letter, and The Woman in White; but within the last few years we have had given to us The Red Mustang, The Red Cockade, The Red Badge of Courage, The Red Republic, The Reds of the Midi, Under the Red Robe, Under the Red Lamp, and Red as a Rose is She. We have had The Scarlet Poppy, The Crimson Sign, The White Company, White Heather, White Beeches, The Golden House, The Golden Wedding, The Golden Goat, Golden Beak, The Lilac Sunbonnet, The Green Carnation, The Yellow Aster, The Dancer in Yellow, The Grey Lady, and this month comes *The Gray Man*,[1] which treats, in different chapters, of The Lass of the White Tower, of The Inn of the Red Moss, and of The Blue Blanket, and whose hero is a youth who is ready to fight to the death for the blue and the gold. The Blue Blanket is the famous flag which for so many years waved in the front of every Scottish contest of words or deeds, foretelling civil and religious storms, the upsetting of churches, and the shaking of thrones; the blue flag of the Trades of Edinburgh which now figures so prominently in the Union Jack of the British Empire.

In "The Gray Man" Mr. Crockett has gone back to the wars and the battles of The Raiders of other days. The scenes are laid in Scotland, of course, and the period is during the reign of James VI., and before that Sovereign came to the throne of the English Queen as James I. The story is told in the first person by a young soldier who divides his time and attention, under The Blue Blanket, between fighting and the making of love, excelling all others in both professions. "Ye are perfect for a lad that comes courting," said one of his many sweethearts to him, "and I liked ye fine—ay, and like ye yet. But I saw lang syne that the lads that court best are not the men that marry best;" and so he was dismissed, and was forced to carry the heart he wore upon his sleeve to be pecked at by other daws.

Mr. Crockett is more happy in his domestic tales, like The Lilac Sunbonnet, The Stickit Minister, and Cleg Kelly the Arab of the City, which last is, perhaps, the most perfect piece of work he has yet done; but "The Gray Man" is an admirable production, showing careful study of the men and manners of which it treats.

[1] *The Gray Man.* By S. R. CROCKETT. Illustrated by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R. A. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

BOY HUGH, subsequently the brother-in-law of Mr. Crockett's Street Arab, found himself in very serious trouble one day, in his early childhood; and he prayed a very original and effective prayer, closing with this following comprehensive petition:—"And bless Vara and Gavin, my faither and Cleg Kelly, and a' inquirin' freends. Amen!"

All inquiring friends of Mr. Julian Ralph, and of The People—Arabian and otherwise—whom We Pass in the Night, will spend many a pleasant hour *Alone in China*[2] with Mr. Ralph, and will be glad to make the acquaintance of the new friends Mr. Ralph met in the antipodes a few years ago. In the winter of 1894, he tells us, he visited the Chinese Empire in order to see and to learn what he could, in their own land, of those silent, dogged workmen who pass to and fro before our eyes in every town and village of the United States, and who still remain to us vaguely comprehended, almost mysterious strangers. He spent some time among the Chinese themselves, denying himself the company of the hospitable white men and women in what are called The Treaty Ports; and the result is a most interesting series of experiences and impressions, told in the form of short tales and romances, each of them novel, and some of them, as he expresses it, almost dreamlike, even to him, as he looks back upon them. They exhibit all that keen sense of observation and all that happy gift of clear and vivid expression for which Mr. Ralph is peculiarly distinguished.

MR. HOWELLS'S *Impressions and Experiences*,[3] just published in book form, are not the delightful Reminiscences of his association with the great men of the pen whom he met in his early manhood, and as he is setting them down, from month to month, in the columns of this Magazine; but certain views and descriptions of life as he found it in a country printing-office, in the Ohio town in which his boyhood was spent; in the Police Courts of Boston; in Central Park; in New York Streets; and in a rural hotel at the close of its summer season.

The best of these, perhaps, are "An East Side Ramble," "The Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," and the account of his own adventures among the compositors, the press-men, and the apprentices employed in making the Whig newspaper which his father edited to the confusion of the local Locofocos, and in the

[2] *Alone in China, and Other Stories.* By JULIAN RALPH. Illustrated by C. D. WELDON. Post 8vo, Cloth, $2. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Impressions and Experiences.* By W. D. HOWELLS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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especial political interest of Henry Clay. He made the hero of one of his novels a printer, it will be remembered; and in a few strong words he draws here a character who plays a much more important part in the political and literary history of his country than his fellow-countrymen give him credit for. He is the boy who comes from the paternal farm with the wish to be a printer, because Franklin was a printer, and with the intention of making the office his university. He begins by the sweeping of floors, by the hewing of wood and the drawing of water; he becomes a roller-boy before he serves behind the press, and is promoted to the case; he is glad of being inky and stained with the marks of his trade; his work makes him acquainted with a vast variety of interests, and keeps his mind as well as his hands employed; his fellow-students have been, and are, some of the brightest men of their times; and he graduates with the degrees of Experience and Common-Sense, which are better than those of Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws. If Mr. Howells had gone to a less practical college we might never have had the pleasure of his Chance Acquaintance, or the benefit of the many good things we have gained from him since.

WHEN we read, in the very opening paragraph of the reminiscences of *Amyas Egerton, Cavalier*,[4] that "the rascal knaves miscalling themselves the Parliament of England, drave his Sainted Majesty King Charles to raise his standard at Nottingham"; and when, on the next page, we are told that a certain maltster of Huntingdon, one Oliver Cromwell, had banded seven counties into a "devilish confederacy," we get a pretty fair notion of the scope and sentiment of the volume in question. Amyas Egerton, the Master of Holcombe, is a camp-mate of Master Tom Duncombe, whose adventures were recorded lately in "The Cavaliers" of Mr. S. R. Keightley; and they fight together against Cromwell and the Round Heads to save the crown and the life of the King. The scenes are the same, as the period is the same; many of the same real characters of history figure in both books; and, strangely enough, both young heroes act as the confidential and sole friend of Charles, in Carisbrooke Castle, at the same time; each hero, in his old age, narrating his own individual and unassisted attempt to compass the escape of his Master; and each, from the same point of view, painting a lifelike, familiar portrait of the Royal and Sainted Martyr.

Mr. Maurice H. Hervey, the author of the present tale, must, of necessity, have had his work well under way when "The Cavaliers" appeared, some six months ago; and he cannot, of course, be accused of borrowing, or appropriating, any of Mr. Keightley's thoughts. The incidents are established matters of history, and long have they been common property, on which there is no fictional copyright. The coincidence is simply a curious one; both books are well worth reading, and well worth reading together for the sake of comparison. Like "The Gray Man," they are both superior to the average autobiographical historical novel which is now the fashion; and in both the style and the arrangement are good. Mr. Hervey gives us more of the "I wot not," "beshrew me," "so please ye," "marry-come-up," "quotha," and "yclept" style of diction than does Mr. Keightley, and his plot is a little more complex, perhaps, if not more new. The idea of the brother and sister, so unlike in character, but the exact counterpart of each other in face and in figure, is as old as "The Twelfth Night" of "honest Will Shakspere," whom Amyas quotes so freely; and Geraldine and Gerald are Viola and Sebastian over again, in a different country and in different environments.

Mr. Hervey permits his Amyas to do tardy justice to Cromwell, to whose single vote, at the close of the narrative, he owes his own life; and an admirable piece of work, in the chapter entitled "Cromwell in Camp," is the description of the iron-willed leader quieting the mutiny among his troops. An historical novel, as historically correct as this work seems to be, is an excellent preparation for the study and for the better understanding of history proper, and if Amyas Egerton tempts the more immature reader to turn to Clarendon and the other established authorities he will serve a better purpose than simply to amuse.

IN his *Naval Actions of the War of 1812*[5] Mr. James Barnes is writing history, and is writing it well. In noticing his first published book in these columns a half-year ago, the reviewer spoke of its promise of good work in the future. "For King and Country" is a story of the American Revolution, in which the soldier, not the sailor, plays a prominent part, and he is the soldier of fiction rather than of real life; the present volume is devoted to a narration of the brave deeds of the actual seamen who preserved us as a nation. "To study the condition of affairs which led up to the declaration of a second war against Great Britain," says Mr. Barnes, "we have but to turn to the sea." The impressment of American sailors into the English service, despite continued remonstrances from our government, was the prime cause of the trouble; there was no serious fear of any great invasion of our country; and as it was a struggle for the rights of our seamen, for the freedom of the high seas, so, as was natural, the

[4] *Amyas Egerton, Cavalier.* A Novel. By MAURICE H. HERVEY. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Naval Actions of the War of 1812.* By JAMES BARNES. With 21 Full-page Illustrations by CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, printed in color, and 12 Reproductions of Medals. 8vo, Cloth, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $4 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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high seas saw the brunt of all the battles fought.

Mr. Barnes does not attempt, nor does he intend, to record the full annals of the American Navy, but simply to give an account of the most prominent actions in which the vessels of the regular service participated. Only two affairs in which American privateers took part are introduced; and he declares, and truly, that the doings of the Yankee privateersmen would make a history in themselves. Let us hope that Mr. Barnes may be moved, and spared, to write it.

The Ship's Company, and Other Sea People,[6] tells us the story of the life of Poor Jack in the times of peace and in the present day. Mr. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, its author, is a Lieutenant-Commander in the United States Navy, a graduate of the Academy at Annapolis, who has spent many years in ships and among people of the sea; he has had, as well, no little training and experience as a writer upon naval matters, and he speaks, therefore, as one having authority upon the quarter-deck and in the editorial sanctum. He knows his subject thoroughly, and he knows how to treat it in a thorough, scholarly, and comprehensive manner. "The Ship's Company," which opens the volume, is an account of the manning and managing of an Atlantic-liner, and is devoted to the merchant service; "The Squadron Cruise" is a chapter upon yachts and yachting; "Midshipmen, Old and New," is a history of the course of study at the Naval Academy. These are followed by "Superstitions of the Sailor"; by "The Basket of the Sea," which is Papeeté, the capital of the Society Islands, in the Pacific; by "The Rigor of the Game," describing the denials and hardships of professional sea-going; by "The Spirit of Libogen," the yarn of a very mysterious incident connected with the wreck of the American merchant ship Rainier in 1883; and by "Queer Pets of Sailor Jack."

It would be an easy matter to quote many entertaining and effective passages from Mr. Kelley's book, did space permit. His style is vigorous and hearty and clear; and, as he sings the dangers of the sea, landsmen will listen to him with as much interest as do his messmates and brother sailors.

VERY rich in the matter of illustration are the books of the month. Mr. Carlton T. Chapman, whose spirited paintings of Naval Actions are reproduced in color in the volume by Mr. Barnes, has, as its author says, in the preface, "caught the atmosphere of action and has given us back the old days in a way that makes us feel them." "The Gray Man" has twenty-six drawings by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R. A.; "Alone in China," sixty by Mr. C. D. Weldon; "The Ship's Company" has many pictures by Mr. de Thulstrup and others; "Amyas Egerton" is illustrated by an English artist; while Mr. Howard Pyle's and Mr. Harry Fenn's illustrations of Mr. Wilson's "Washington," noticed below, serving as they do as a series of object-lessons as well as of ornament, add not a little to this historical value of that very valuable work. Two of the books of the month which are illustrations pure and simple, with a very thin rivulet of text, are *Pictures of People*[7] by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, and "In Vanity Fair" by Mr. A. B. Wenzell.

Mr. Gibson's book is printed entirely from new plates, made especially for it, and upon especial paper; and, as an example of press-work and of artistic excellence, it is even better than is Mr. Gibson's volume of two years ago, which is saying a great deal for it. It includes his recent studies of English society and of Parisian life, and it is an admirable exhibition of what this accomplished master of his particular branch of his profession can do. It is always a pleasure to notice Mr. Gibson's beautiful drawing of the hands, which invariably express as much character as do his heads. He seems never to be afraid of any movement of the expressive human organ of touch. He is conscientious to a degree in everything he does, and the most simple of his drawings are the result of careful work from the living model.

MR. WENZELL'S happy excursion *In Vanity Fair,*[8] uniform in size and shape with Mr. Gibson's "Pictures of People," is a very worthy companion to that volume. Mr. Wenzell was born in this country, a little more than thirty years ago; he has studied under Professor L. von Loefftz in Munich, and under Febvre and Boulanger in Paris; he combines in his work, therefore, the teachings of the German and French schools, while he has a certain richness of color and delicacy of touch which are all his own. He is a young man of excellent natural endowments. His handling of light and shadow is most skilful, although some of his friendly critics, among his fellow-artists, prefer his drawings made with the point. His lack of knowledge of anatomy is shown now and then, in his handling of the nude; and it is to be regretted that he uses so frequently that peculiar type of young woman who is fond of displaying her front teeth. But he composes well. His work, always, has what is called "style"; some of it displays particularly fine action; and his interiors of theatres and the like, wherein he treats of groups of persons, have rarely been excelled.

Both books speak a very good word for themselves, and for their creators.

[6] *The Ship's Company, and Other Sea People.* By J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Pictures of People.* Drawings by CHARLES DANA GIBSON. Folio, vellum, $5. New York: R. H. Russell and Son.

[8] *In Vanity Fair.* Drawings by A. B. WENZELL. Folio, $5. New York: R. H. Russell and Son.

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LITERARY NOTES.

MR. WOODROW WILSON has been doing lately for the Father of his Country what Mr. Mark Twain was doing, not very long ago, for the Savior of France:—to wit, humanizing his subject. He has removed the halo which *George Washington*[9] has worn for an hundred years, and he has made Washington a Man. His Washington is not the hemi-semi-demi-god of song and story; not the faultless, perfect hero of romance; not even the great soldier and the magnificent statesman of history; but the boy Washington as he was familiar to his mother and to his brothers, the youth Washington as he was known to the companions of his youth, the man Washington as he was known to his wife, to his friends, and to the children of his adoption. Since Thackeray, in "The Virginians," and in a cursory way, took Washington off his pedestal for a few moments and put him upon a commonplace, ordinary chair where he was on a level with the modern human eye, no one but Mr. Wilson, and General A. W. Greely, in a contemporary periodical, have had the courage to paint Washington as he *must* have been. There were no paragraphers in his day, no snap-shot interviewers, no collectors of Celebrities at Home, no Society Gossipers to picture him in mufti; and since he took command of the American Army, at Cambridge in 1775, and became President of the United States in 1789, he has marched, in the hearts of his countrymen, as first in peace with the set smile of Gilbert Stuart, and as first in war in the full uniform of John Trumbull, always in dress-parade.

The present biography—for biography it is, although it does not pretend so to be—opens with a clear and vivid description of the Colony of Virginia, its society, and its part in the conflict between the British and the French for the possession of this continent of ours, where Washington was born, in that plain but spacious homestead on Bridge's Creek, in the year of our Lord 1732. The later chapters treat of Washington in his early manhood as a surveyor, and as a soldier in the unfortunate campaign which culminated in Braddock's defeat; of Washington "At Home in Virginia," before and after his marriage; of "Washington during the Revolution"; of "Washington as First in Peace," and of "Washington as President of the United States."

It is pleasant, and refreshing, and, somehow, it is not at all shocking, to read of Washington as loving a game of cards in almost any company, and as paying his stakes, when he lost the rubber, like every other well-conducted man of his century; as going to Annapolis, and even so far as Philadelphia, to see a good horse-race, or to have a round of balls and evenings at the theatre; as enjoying horses and dogs and the stalking of deer; as indulging in small-beer and cider, and his couple of glasses of Madeira after dinner; and as sending careful orders to his London tailor. "I want neither laces nor embroidery," he wrote to the Poole of the period; "plain clothes with a gold or silver button (if worn in genteel dress) are all I desire. My stature is six feet; otherwise rather slender than corpulent." It would be an additional comfort if one could catch "The Brave Sire of Columbia" in the employment of bad or inelegant English. "Genteel," as we now know it, is a vile word; but the contemporaries of Washington, and those upon whom they based their literary style, employed "genteel" very freely. Goldsmith, who died when Washington was forty-two, said that "the genteel thing is the genteel thing any time"; Sheridan, who survived him twenty years, spoke in "The Rivals" of "a genteel man, a pretty figure of a man"; Jane Austen wrote of "an unsupportable crowd, in which there was not a genteel face to be seen"; and they all followed in the wake of Ben Jonson, of Sir Richard Steele, and of our own countryman, Mr. Cotton Mather, who reported that "the colony at New Haven was under the conduct of holy, prudent, and genteel persons." The London tailor, therefore, comprehended the allusion to "genteel dress" which is the genteel thing at any time, and no doubt he made Washington a pretty figure of a man, and justified the use of the word.

Mr. Wilson's Washington is the Washington of the author of "A Shabby Genteel Story," who, in portraying genteel society in Virginia, which was anything but shabby, showed us Major Washington as very handsome, very tall, and very good, but with not a grain of wild-oats to exhibit as the result of the sowings of his youth. Madam Esmond, who admired him greatly, was never weary of praising him to her sons; and once, when he gave an imitation of Braddock's heavy person and great boots floundering through the woods after the wild turkey, she even conceded, to his face, that he was "vastly comical." Thackeray hints that the young Major had a tender feeling for Madam Esmond, who was his senior by some fifteen years, and Mr. Wilson proves that Washington was fond of ladies and of their society at all periods of his existence. It is to be regretted that he does not give us more of the details of Washington's wooing of the Widow Custis near Williamsburg in 1758.

Mr. Wilson is to be thanked for putting flesh upon Washington's bones and for injecting blood into his veins. He does not lessen our admiration and affection for the individual Washington in the slightest degree; although he leaves in our minds a certain impression that even Mr. Wilson, notwithstanding his familiarity with his subject, is still a little bit afraid of Washington!

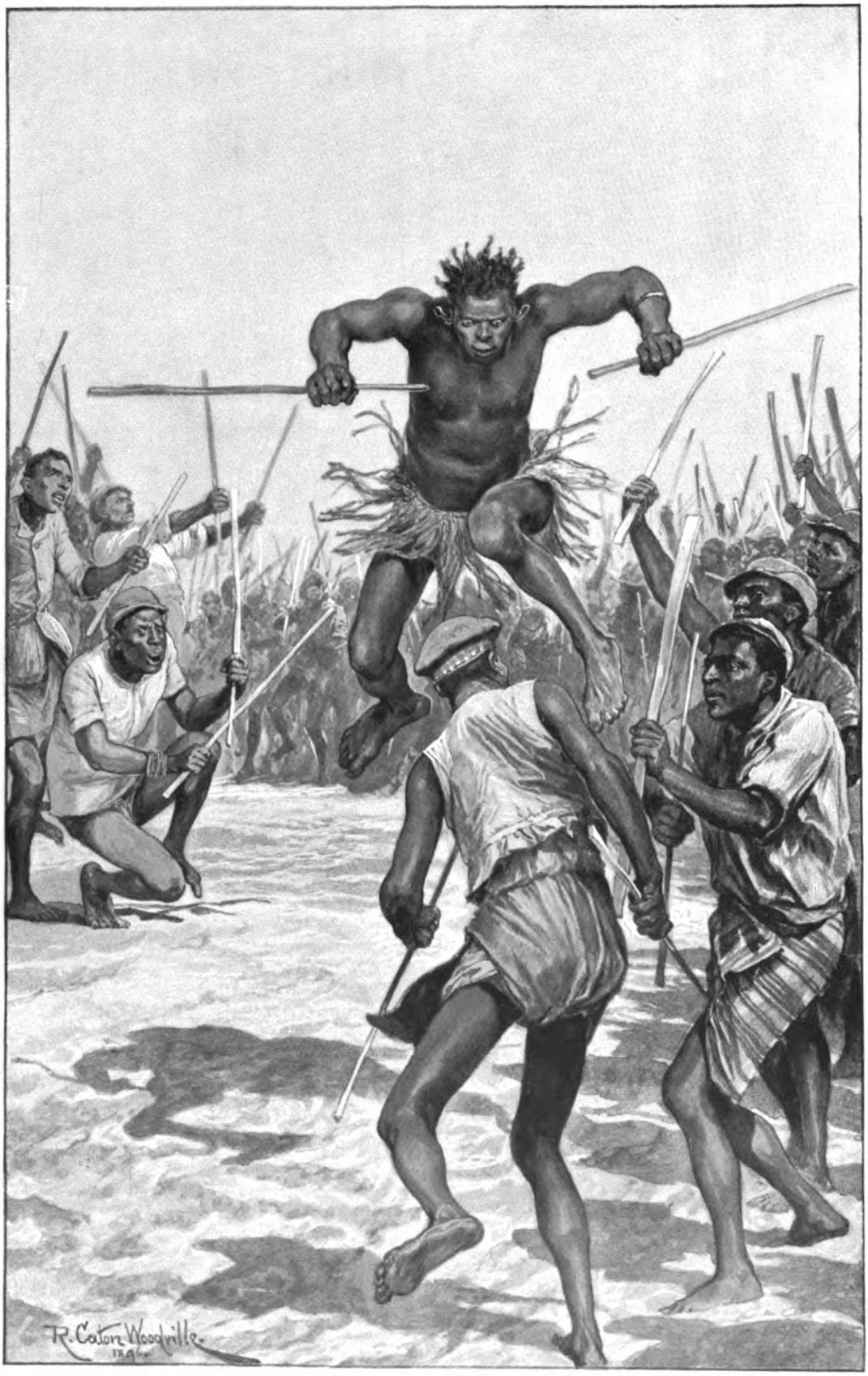
[9] *George Washington.* By WOODROW WILSON, Ph.D., LL.D. Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE and Others. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $3. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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THE WAR-DANCE OF THE ZULUS.

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WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART III.—PORTUGUESE PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

HUNDREDS of well-built and wide-eyed Zulus were at work as we landed on the beach. They were engaged in piling up thousands of huge beams that had been floated ashore from a four-masted 3000-ton sailing-bark anchored in English River, which constitutes the port of Lorenzo Marquez. As they worked they sang, and when thirty or forty of them lifted high some monstrous bit of Oregon pine it was as though the act was part of some fantastic musical drill; for at a certain stage of their song up went the great beam, tossed high by one impulse, and with it on their shoulders they marched away, singing in unison, and bearing their burden to its appointed resting-place. Then they moved back to fetch another beam; but not as day-laborers move in the land of the "walking delegate." These unspoiled savages moved with the elasticity of young athletes; they chuckled and gurgled and crooned, and made those thousand idiotic noises which in children correspond to irresponsible satisfaction touching nothing in particular; and as they laughed and sang they now and then gave little kicks, and made little movements with their hands and heads, indicative of what we all wish to do when we are restless from long inaction. Here they were, in the midst of their long day of toil, showing unmistakably that they had life enough left in them to perform a song and dance between the lifts. So I asked the manager of the lumber-yards (an American) if his men would like to stop work for an hour or so and have some skylarking. He called up one of his blacks, who appeared to enjoy local popularity, and told him that he might pass the word amongst the "boys" to have a dance immediately after the mid-day meal, which here was eaten at eleven o'clock, and consisted of bread furnished by their employers, and such other luxury as they chose to add from their own purse.

After their dinner was over our blacks of Delagoa Bay lined up along the sandy beach in the blistering noon sun, and at once commenced to sing in unison, and to beat their feet and knock together the sticks they carried, one in each hand. At first the movement suggested the drill of a gymnastic class, but in a very few minutes the excitement so rose that eyes began to snap, the bodies commenced to move convulsively, and the singing became touched with ferocity. Then up started a new note from somewhere in the ranks, and out jumped a naked Zulu, brandishing his two sticks and leading off into another song, the refrain of which was at once caught up by his comrades, who stamped the ground and swayed their bodies as though deeply affected by the words of the one who now held every eye. He was singing of war, and acted the part of a Zulu chief, making extravagant bounds into the air, brandishing his spear, and at the same time dancing in perfect accord with the weird music about him. Sometimes he splashed into the little waves of the beach; then sprang back into the deep sand; then rushed forward in attack; then crouched as though warding off an imaginary blow; finally falling back exhausted amongst his comrades. But the savage song kept on, and the place of the retiring dancer was quickly filled by another, who sprang out into

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the open amidst cheers and rapping of sticks. This one was obviously given to doing the comic, for he drew forth shouts of laughter by hopping round in a large circle, raising his knees to his chin like a supercilious game-cock, and wagging his hands and elbows with equally grotesque effect. He squirmed and wriggled and hopped about, while the singing changed from the sound of war to the patter of the quickstep. All beat their sticks together merrily, and shouted out their song with vigorous sympathy. At last he too became exhausted, and a third took the floor with a new burst of song. Each dancer impersonated some set of emotions, and was applauded according to the vigor with which he threw himself into the part.

It was marvellous to note the variety of songs, or rather of chants, commanded by these men—the powerful effect their voices produced. This effect reminded me of the songs sung on the march by a Russian regiment. It was usually in a minor key, and the tone was always round and rich; it might be loud and savage, but never harsh or unmusical.

When the principal favorites had danced themselves into apparent helplessness the leaders drew the whole body of blacks off into two camps, about one hundred yards apart. Now commenced a war-dance of even more violent character than the first, for it was proposed that there should be a mimic battle here on the spot. The joke was a bit ghastly to me, as I recalled that this same harbor town of Lorenzo Marquez had been more than once threatened with extinction by possibly the same blacks who to-day were brandishing their clubs in sham war. But it was well done, and the better for the fact that every black present threw himself into his part with a fervor that made my illusion almost complete. They approached one another with demonstrations of great hatred; making huge springs into the air, which no doubt were intended by way of intimidation: they sang together the same Zulu war-cry which rang through the ranks of Cetewayo's warriors, and at one time carried disaster amongst English regulars. There could not have been more than seven hundred in this fight, but with all the gyrations of their arms and heads and legs and sticks I could have almost sworn that thousands were engaged.

The battle looked as though it might have furnished inspiration to a Zulu Homer. Blows fell with painful suddenness; eyes glared with mock frenzy; passes were made which suggested violent death. Then, while the great body of warriors was engaged in this furious scuffle, one champion would challenge another from the opposite ranks, and the two would engage in a spirited duel, according to the rule of Zulu chivalry, using the right-hand stick as a broadsword, and the left-hand one by way of a shield. Their eyes blazed with excitement; the foam dripped from the corners of their voluble lips; their bodies quivered with a frenzy that seemed real, or else it was such a frenzy as only great actors could have simulated. The shouts that burst from them and the savagery they were enacting were equally calculated to recall the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the Portuguese and the wars in which they had shared only a few months gone by.

Yet, in the midst of such fury of mind and action, not once did I see a blow dealt in malice; not once did I catch a resentful look. Now and then on the naked head came a crack that would have split a cocoanut; but, so far from evoking angry retaliation, it was met by a grin of good-nature and a redoubled zeal in warding.

Finally both sides became exhausted in the prolonged conflict, and they retired, as by mutual consent, to rub their sore limbs and laugh over their little triumphs.

When they had rested a little they gave us an entertainment that closed and crowned the whole affair. The white overseer knew who among the natives were the champions of Zulu fighting, and he coaxed some of them to challenge the rest to single combat. So we had now some fencing more exciting to watch than even that which we had previously witnessed. For in the grand fight the matching was the result of accident, and each fought with an eye solely to a general effect. Now, however, the champions were carefully selected, and the duel was watched by the assembled armies. Nothing on the floor of any fencing club has ever held me so interested as this series of gladiatorial duels on the sandy beach of Delagoa Bay. It is difficult to tell what most I admired—the surpassing swordsmanship, or the splendid display of mus-

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ZULUS STACKING AMERICAN TIMBER AT LORENZO MARQUEZ.

cular agility, or the exquisite good-breeding of the knights engaged, or the wildly interested ring of spectators; it was all of it admirably strange, single of its kind, and withal typical of the black race before it had been degraded by ill treatment.

II.

That the blacks are still so gentle in their ways towards one another and towards their white conquerors is not due wholly to the Portuguese, whose flag floats over the coasts of Mozambique. To illustrate this, I have here gathered together, from different sources, native as well as white, the true story of a war between the Portuguese and their black subjects.

When I arrived in Lorenzo Marquez the echoes of this war were still heard; several Portuguese men-of-war lay in English River under the windows of the Governor; little ginger-colored soldiers from Lisbon marched about with very big guns upon their shoulders, and every night the little fort acted as though before the next daybreak the poisonous swamps about Delagoa Bay would ring with the war-cry of surrounding chiefs and the swish of well-whetted assegais. Seeing the many big ships swinging at anchor before this small town little prepares the visitor to realize that he is arriving at a port whose possession by Portugal depends upon a tenure so feeble that its

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garrison has within the past year (1895) trembled in the fear of total extermination at the hands of blacks, such as those who had danced for me.

To understand the feelings entertained by the blacks for their Portuguese masters on both sides of Africa, I must explain that the black man has a strong love for his native hills and streams, as well as a loyal attachment to his chiefs, and other social forces surrounding his native kraal; the Portuguese, on the other hand, have adopted a method of punishing natives which to these blacks seems peculiarly cruel. For instance, to the south of Lorenzo Marquez, across English River, is the land of Tembé, ruled by Chief Mavaï. This chief was kidnapped by foul means in 1891 and deported—after having been coaxed into the Portuguese lines under pretence that nothing was intended beyond a peaceful powwow. At different times, when the Portuguese have been in need of soldiers, they have laid traps for the unsuspecting blacks, hurried them on board of their ships, drilled them, and carried them off to distant provinces—the men of Delagoa Bay being shipped to Mozambique, those of Angola shipped to the east coast, and so on. This is one of the reasons why to-day it is difficult to secure cheap black labor in Delagoa Bay, in spite of the fact that the native population has suffered very much through locusts and is very anxious to earn wages. The blacks, indeed, dread the Portuguese more even than the Boers. As one of them said, resignedly, "The Boers are hard upon us, and lock us up for nothing sometimes, but at least they do not take us away far from our homes."

In parenthesis, I might remark here that Portuguese Africa, like the Transvaal Republic, places no effectual restriction upon the sale of spirits to natives. On the contrary, each of these governments draws a large revenue from the debauchery of their blacks; for the native is, after all, but a big child, and requires the same paternal treatment.

On July 10, 1894, a chief named Mahazul furnished the theme for a chant that is sung to-day throughout Portuguese East Africa:

"Alas! poor Mahazul, the white man calls thee!
Why does the white man call thee, oh Mahazul?
Alas! poor Mahazul, he calls thee to thy ruin—
The white man will kidnap thee to Mozambique."

This Mahazul was the chief of a tribe named Magaia, dwelling northward of Delagoa Bay. He was a young man about twenty-two years of age, commanding about 5000 warriors. Several times had the Portuguese cited him to appear before them, on pretence that they desired only a peaceful discussion; but each time Mahazul had evaded the citation, because he feared to be kidnapped as had been Mavaï, the chief of Tembé.

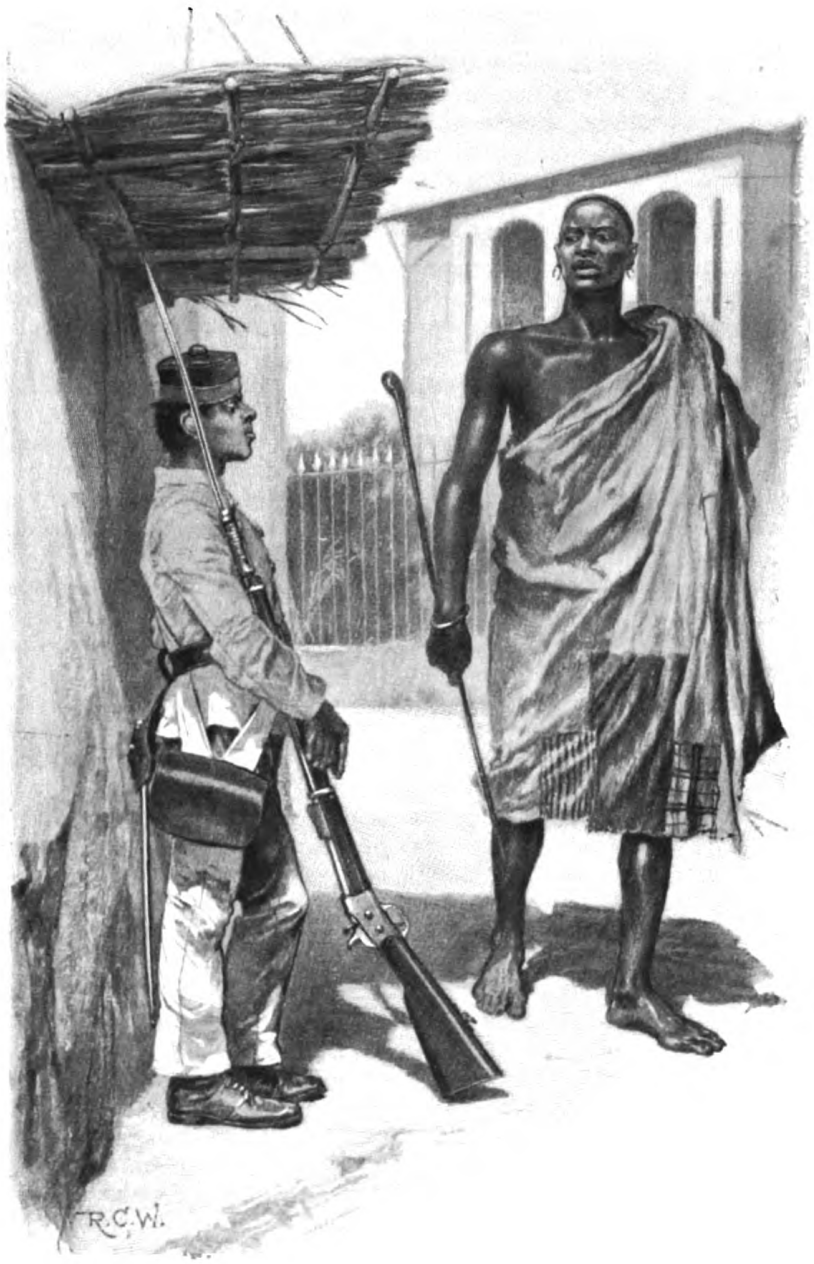
Finally, however, fearing to awaken the hostility of the Portuguese, he did make his appearance at a military post named Angouana, which is about ten miles northward of Lorenzo Marquez. But, instead of coming alone and unarmed, as the Portuguese commandant had desired, Mahazul arrived under the protection of his army. The project of kidnapping had therefore to be abandoned, and the commandant sent Mahazul back with pretexts that could not conceal his regret at the failure of his plot.

But the Portuguese soon had another plot ready, and on August 27, 1894, ten of Mahazul's councillors were summoned to the military post of Angouana—again the pretence being made that there was, on the Portuguese side, no other desire save for a friendly discussion. They were ordered to come unarmed, and, indeed, came accompanied only by a small guard of honor. They assembled peacefully, and listened to what the commandant had to say, which was, however, a project so cruel to their chief Mahazul that they protested strongly against it as being contrary to their native sense of justice, and repugnant to their feeling of loyalty towards Mahazul.

When the Portuguese commandant saw that these councillors of Mahazul remained loyal to their chief, he gave a signal, and at once his soldiers, brought from Angola, fell upon the unarmed councillors and made them prisoners. But help was near. There was a scuffle, the Angola mercenaries were driven off by the partisans of Mahazul, and the councillors were rescued from the Portuguese, who fired upon them, wounding one of them.

Again the kidnapping project failed, but this time so treacherous had been the Portuguese attempt that these councillors of Mahazul roused the country to arms as they fled northward out of the reach of the rifles of the Portuguese and their mercenaries.

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PORTUGUESE SENTRY IN LORENZO MARQUEZ.

But the Portuguese Governor could not afford to ignore what he regarded as a humiliation at the hands of Mahazul. In the early part of September, therefore, he made another effort to do by indirect means what he was unable to accomplish by his own forces. He called upon the chiefs of the neighboring country, and demanded of them that they invade the land of Mahazul. But these chiefs, while anxious to have no quarrel with the white man, made delays and excuses, finally giving a flat refusal to the outrageous demand of the Portuguese Governor.

Time wore on to the latter half of September, and the Portuguese commenced to fear for their own safety, hearing only rumors of war from the territories of the natives whom they had wronged. The delays and refusals of the native chiefs

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were misunderstood by the Portuguese—the poor hunted blacks wanted only to be left alone; they dreaded war because their elders warned them that they would always get the worse in war against whites. But the Portuguese, in their ignorance, finally developed symptoms of panic. They abandoned the military post of Angouana in hot haste, even leaving their cannon behind them. They sought to conceal their ammunition by burying it in the ground, but the natives found it when they entered the place. Lorenzo Marquez was in the last stages of fright. The only safe place was the public square where the black military band now plays of an evening. Here barricades were erected—against an enemy who proved to be imaginary. Indeed, so great was the fright of the Portuguese military authorities that on two occasions the garrison was turned out in the middle of the night to fire into the darkness at an enemy which existed only in the fever of their fears.

On the 3d of October the Portuguese finally enjoyed the sight of about 2500 black warriors from Maputa. They arrived on the southern shore of English River after having done the questionable service of pillaging the country of Mavaï, which was then nominally friendly with Portugal. So glad, however, were the Portuguese to see these ambiguous allies that they made toward them every demonstration of friendship. They presented them with rifles and cattle, and strips of white cloth, which the people of Maputa were to wear as a distinguishing badge for the coming war.

But the coming war did not happen according to the Portuguese plan. The natives of Maputa, in common with the followers of Mavaï, of Mahazul, and of Zichacha, cherished a great dread of the kidnapping Portuguese. They had, it is true, marched as far as the southern side of Lorenzo Marquez Harbor, and at one time they may have entertained the project of actually assisting the white man against Mahazul and his supporters. But their hearts failed them when they looked over the broad English River and saw the Portuguese barges that had been prepared as transports for them. They were told that these barges were intended only to carry them across the river to Lorenzo Marquez, and the story seemed at first plausible. But in their midst some one raised the chant of warning, and soon the belief gained ground that this was another plot of the Portuguese: that they were to be coaxed by this means on to the white man's boats, and then carried away into slavery at Mozambique. And thus the tradition of treachery, commenced near that spot by the soldiers of Portugal, lost that government the aid of a powerful army at a moment when it was sorely needed. The men of Maputa became thoroughly suspicious and alarmed. At daylight of the next morning they had all decamped.

But time was working strangely in favor of the Portuguese, owing to the natural gentleness of the black man, and also to his belief that war with the white man must result in still further calamities to the black. So on October 11 the chief who had declined to fight against Mahazul now sent a message of peace to the Portuguese. This was Zichacha, whose land adjoined that of Mahazul on the west, and formerly included Lorenzo Marquez. Nothing could better illustrate the naturally peaceful disposition of the South African native than this constant seeking of peace by the different chiefs about Delagoa Bay, even after the Portuguese had shown their complete incapacity to conquer any single one of them. These whites had grievously wronged the blacks; had driven them into rebellion as the only refuge left them; and yet, when the military power of Portugal in that neighborhood was at the lowest, Zichacha sent a messenger to beg that there might be no war between white and black. Let us remember these episodes when we read in sensational papers that white troops have succeeded, after great heroism, in burning some native huts and chasing away the inhabitants. We shall discover, in almost every instance, that the whites met with no resistance, or, if resistance was ultimately encountered, it was at a point where the blacks had to fight in order to avoid extermination.

In this peaceful message of the much ill-treated Zichacha the only favor he begged which to the white man might appear rebellious was that the Portuguese Governor might return to him the inoffensive blacks who had been kidnapped and taken to Mozambique. The Portuguese do not speak of kidnapping; they call it "enforced conscription."

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This message of peace from Zichacha was given to the Portuguese Governor, who gave a favorable answer. But, as bad fortune would have it, this last message, acceding to the wishes of Zichacha, was intercepted by an uncle of the black bearer. And so it happened that Zichacha waited in vain for the letter he had been expecting; and, as he could no longer restrain the more violent section of his young warriors, Lorenzo Marquez was attacked on October 14. The attack was not of much account, excepting that it served to frighten still further the Portuguese garrison. A few blacks were killed, after which the rebels withdrew to await on their own ground the expected retaliation. On October 15 the Governor issued a proclamation which showed clearly that after Portugal's pretending to have governed Delagoa Bay for several centuries her hold upon the country was in the year 1894 about as nominal as it had ever been — say in 1502, the tenth year after Columbus discovered America. For in 1502 Vasco da Gama sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, and one of his fleet finally cast anchor in the Bahia da Lagoa, or Delagoa Bay. In that year 1502, as in our time, the Portuguese visitors were treated with kindness by the natives; and they requited this kindness then as they did in after-years—they kidnapped and carried away into slavery those who had fed them. It is interesting to recall this now, for the claim of Portugal to all these coasts rests upon a chain of historic incidents no one of which rises to greater colonial value than is involved in the landing of a few soldiers and the kidnapping of a few credulous blacks. In 1894, at any rate, the Governor of Lorenzo Marquez had to proclaim to all the world that the inhabitants of that place might seek their safety behind a barricade of bales and barrels hastily reared in the public square. This barricade seemed to the Portuguese the only protection that remained for the white population of their principal port.

This painful siege was raised, however, at last—in November—when 500 troops arrived from Lisbon. These marched on the 4th of December to reconquer Angouana, which place had been abandoned in a panic about the middle of September, as has been already told. Of course the blacks were driven out, and the Portuguese claimed a glorious victory.

The Portuguese now felt a renewal of confidence, and at the end of January, 1895, were at the centre of the country of Mahazul, northward of Lorenzo Marquez. But even in their new strength they narrowly escaped extermination, for their camp, at a place called Moraquen, was surprised at daybreak; the natives penetrated within their lines, for some time the Portuguese wavered, but finally they managed to form a hollow square and hold their own against the blacks.

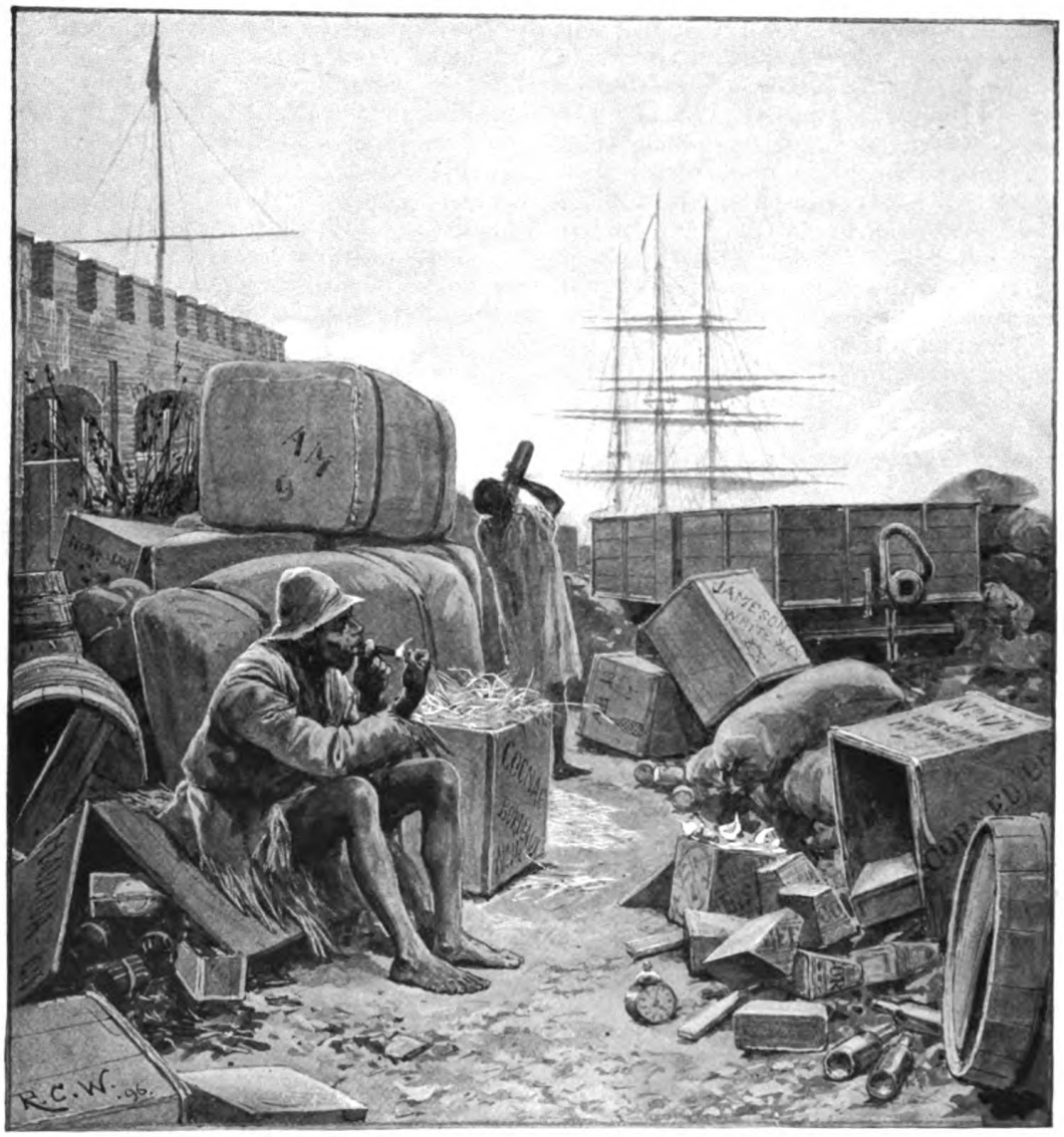
From this time on their career of conquest was unchecked. They secured black allies in abundance, and built a chain of small forts far into the countries to the north. Zichacha and Mahazul had retreated further and further northward, seeking in vain shelter from the Portuguese and their black allies. There was no further resistance on the part of the blacks, and both Mahazul and Zichacha were surrendered to the Portuguese by the chiefs who had hitherto given them asylum.

Goungounyane was the name of the chief who finally surrendered Zichacha to the Portuguese. On November 7 his forces had been routed, and on the 11th his kraal was burned to the ground. In December of 1895 he therefore decided to give up his dangerous guest, and hoped thereby to avert further disaster to his country.

But even this did not satisfy the Portuguese Captain Albuquerque, who marched upon him in the spirit of vengeance. Poor Goungounyane had not the remotest notion of resisting this final white invasion. His only desire was to beg a peace at any price. His crime had been that of shielding a friend whom the Portuguese had called rebel. He had suffered much for daring to offer the right of asylum to this black friend, and thought to have expiated still further by finally giving him up as prisoner into Portuguese hands. So when Albuquerque marched against him, so far from offering resistance, he sent his own son to meet him, and loaded that son with gifts of gold and ivory as token of submission to the white man. And he sent also a message begging Albuquerque to come and talk the matter over in a spirit of friendship.

He forbade his retainers from fighting, and with them retired to a grove sacred to his ancestors, where his famous grandfather Manukosi is buried. Here, un-

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THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT LORENZO MARQUEZ.

armed, he awaited Albuquerque and his forty soldiers.

In spite of this complete submission, however, Albuquerque, on the 27th of December, 1895, ordered the poor chief seized, and they carried him to Lorenzo Marquez. His principal retainers they put to death. Poor Goungounyane is now in a Portuguese prison. So are Mahazul and Zichacha, wondering what white people mean when they speak of justice and Christianity.

In the beginning of 1896 the Portuguese at last commenced to feel some security at Lorenzo Marquez. They held the semblance of a court, and proclaimed officially that they were wholly in the right and the blacks wholly in the wrong—incidentally they proved to their own satisfaction that the natives had been stirred to rebellion by emissaries of perfidious England. They sought to justify their cruelty towards the natives by pretending that these blacks were conspirators against the life of their nation.

The closing act in this tragic burlesque occurred on April 18 of this year (1896), shortly before my arrival. The Governor appeared on that day to have for the first time heard that in Natal all natives are

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required by law to be within-doors by nine o'clock. If in Natal, thought he, why not also in Lorenzo Marquez. He was a new Governor—they always are. A friend of mine counted a list of seven different Governors who had ruled Delagoa Bay within the past eighteen months. So this new Governor called his chief of police and ordered him to lock up every native caught upon the streets that same night after nine o'clock. It did not occur to this Governor that there might be a certain amount of inconvenience arising from the unexpected arrest of the whole population of blacks, irrespective of offence. As early as half past seven o'clock squads of soldiers took possession of the strategic points in this little town, and every native was seized and carried off to the jail, which was soon full to overflowing. We may imagine the dread that took possession of the blacks when this act became known. No one could imagine a reason beyond the well-worn one that the government needed black recruits for Mozambique, and was making another kidnapping raid for this purpose.

The jail that night was so crowded that to lie down was impossible, and the poor blacks stood huddled together awaiting their fate in the greatest alarm. Amongst these blacks were many servants sent by their masters on important errands—for instance, to fetch medicine from the druggist; to deliver letters; to purchase food. One and all, they were locked up and kept like malefactors, while their masters and kinsmen at home marvelled much at this new governmental eccentricity.

Next day there had to be a jail-delivery; for food was costly, and the jail was far too small to hold all that were brought in. Many were released whose identity was satisfactorily established. All money had been taken away from those who were locked up, and I have reason to think that much of this cash remained in the hands of the prison authorities when the victims were released. Of course no reparation was offered for the unjust detention; but on the day afterwards the Governor made a proclamation which explained, if it did not excuse, his wholesale kidnapping. He ordered that for the future blacks should not appear on the public streets after nine o'clock at night.

In other countries we refer to such legislation as, "First hang your man—then try him!"

III.

When our ship at last cast anchor in the chief port of Portuguese Africa it was with a certain sense of gratitude for dangers happily escaped; for the Portuguese government regards lightly its duties touching navigation. Sometimes there is a buoy, sometimes there is not, and when the navigator finds one it may be a mile out of its place. Many are the sad wrecks that have taken place at the entrance to Lorenzo Marquez owing to strangers arriving at the port under the delusion that buoys which were marked upon the charts would also be found in the channel. I have talked with consuls and sea-captains on this subject, and come to the conclusion that the Portuguese find no satisfaction in promoting the commerce of others, and they do see at least some good in wrecks that occur at their door. Of course the vessels that ply regularly in and out of Delagoa Bay know something of Portuguese ways, and consequently ignore the buoys entirely, depending wholly upon their own soundings — for pilots at Delagoa Bay enjoy no better reputation than the Portuguese light-ship.

English River flows into Delagoa Bay at Lorenzo Marquez, and this is the stream that forms the port. It is here about a mile wide, and is capable of sheltering an almost infinite number of ships. That is a vague statement, but from merely rowing about I should say it formed as big a shelter as New York or Plymouth. The shores are sandy. The Portuguese town is down on a flat place, most of which is swamp, but behind, the land rises to a cheering altitude, where many of the officials have their houses.

There were some thirty sailing-ships anchored here on the day that I arrived, and also half a dozen steamships, besides a couple of Portuguese gunboats. The shores of the river are admirably adapted for wharves, and did the government but allow it, arriving ships might unload their cargoes directly into railway trucks on shore. As it is, they have to unload in the stream; lighters have to carry the cargoes ashore; then there is another unloading operation on to the land, and after this the commerce of the port has to be lifted on to the backs of blacks and carried a short distance to the railway.

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The Portuguese government manages all this, for it owns the railway and the landing machinery. It acts for commerce here as it does for the ships entering port. It creates as much difficulty as is possible; it embarrasses trade rather than helps it. When I landed at the government wharf, where the lighters are unloaded, I looked about me upon a scene that recalled Strasburg after the siege. Lorenzo Marquez appeared to have sustained either a bombardment or an earthquake. Fortunately I had a friend with me capable of explaining that what I saw was the result neither of war nor of a Providential act of wrath. It was simply the Portuguese government acting as a forwarding agent.

First I saw masses of boxes containing tinned provisions from Chicago—they had been smashed open, and were scattered about as by the effect of a well-directed shell. With them lay thousands of little rock-drills, made also in America—they were scattered all over the sand, and seemed to have here no more value than banana peelings. No doubt some miners in Johannesburg were wondering what had become of their rock-drills. A step further I saw a barricade of sacks, some containing rice, some lime. The lime was on top of the rice, and I could readily imagine the pleasant taste that would result from this unholy alliance in this tropical temperature. Then I stumbled upon the complete outfit for a mine railway—little cars, little wheels, little rails, little iron sleepers, along with innumerable bolts and nuts and carefully fitted parts that had been carefully packed in Birmingham or Philadelphia. Here they lay all smashed as though they had been wrecked in a railway collision. Up at Johannesburg hands were idle while waiting for this important consignment. There was wreckage on all sides, and I threaded my way amongst Portuguese officials and natives as though I were being guided amongst the ruins of some great warehouse. There seemed no end of this scene of destruction—broken cases, whose contents were sometimes made up of precious bottles or jars, the stuff all running away into the sand; delicate machinery for an electrical plant; clocks; billiard tables; barrels of molasses. It seemed to me that the Portuguese must here have shown more than usual energy to have succeeded in smashing so much of value. But no—I was there at rather a favorable time! It had been much worse a few weeks before.

We all know, I suppose, that Delagoa Bay is the nearest port to the gold-fields of Johannesburg, and that the Boer republic does all in its power to favor this railway. The reason for this is that the railway connecting Johannesburg with the Portuguese frontier is owned by Hollanders, and the Boer government seeks to favor Hollanders at the expense of the English, who have competing railways to the ports of Durban, Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town.

But even the Boer, thought I, must be rather tired of paying so high a price for the pleasure of spiting John Bull. Indeed, it was difficult in Lorenzo Marquez to discover where the custom-house ended and where the town commenced; for bales, boxes, and general wreckage were scattered up and down the streets leading in any direction from the government landing-place, offering every temptation to thieves; and, indeed, there are thieves in plenty, wearing the Portuguese uniform. They are officials who come to Lorenzo Marquez on a nominal salary equal to that which is paid to domestic servants, and who return home after a few years prepared to retire comfortably as landed proprietors. Such of us as know Cuba or Russia or China can understand how an official receiving $500 a year can live in the style of men receiving $50,000.

Some idea of the value of this little Portuguese port may be gained on learning that one American alone brings in about 150,000 tons of lumber annually, chiefly from Tacoma. All this he seeks to ship through to the mines of Johannesburg, but the Portuguese cannot provide him with enough railway trucks to carry on his business. They will not build him a wharf at which to unload his lumber, and they will not even allow him to build his own wharf. His lumber lies rotting on the beach as I write; and may lie there for six months more, as it has for six months past. Whatever can be done to make difficult the work of unloading his timber-ships and forwarding their contents is done, in the belief that thereby the officials of government can earn the largest amount of bribes. But let not such officials for a moment think that this American merchant has told me these things—he is far too wise a man to

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complain of the corruption that reigns in Portuguese East Africa. In fact, now that he and his subordinates have learned how to manage the government, it is to their advantage that this official corruption continue; for now they have no competitors. They have, by long practice, learned just what amount of bribe will secure a given object; just what price is placed upon each official's virtue; just how many dollars are required before legitimate trade can commence.

This is the talk we hear in every counting-house of Lorenzo Marquez:

"Say, Jim, have you sent that case of brandy to the Inspector?"

"No, not yet," says Jim.

"Well, hurry it up, or we sha'n't get our papers signed."

It may be a case of brandy to-day, or a box of preserves to-morrow, or Havana cigars the next day—in any case, those transacting business with the government must do so with gifts in their hands. If a merchant wants to ship goods to Johannesburg, he not only pays the tariff rate of freight, but he must bribe some one to let him have a truck on which to load his merchandise.

In other words, the merchant of Lorenzo Marquez lives only in so far as he is willing and able to meet the persistent blackmailing demands of the Portuguese officials. I feel safe in the statement that the curse of East Africa is the Portuguese government—that, so far from advancing civilization in the Dark Continent, it has succeeded in making commercial intercourse difficult, and the white man contemptible in the eyes of the negro.

If the King of Portugal chooses to learn why his officials at Delagoa Bay and else-



MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA, SHOWING THE PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS.

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where are regarded as thieves, I can cheerfully refer him to half a dozen reputable merchants in Lorenzo Marquez and Johannesburg, who would furnish him every evidence required for sending to jail at least seventy-five per cent. of the present officials in the province of Mozambique. But naturally no one of these people would speak freely so long as they were within Portuguese jurisdiction.

There is a beautiful map of Lorenzo Marquez published by order of government. It represents many graceful squares, gardens, fountains, parks, avenues, public buildings—in short, a little Paris ready-made on the shores of Southeast Africa. On investigation I found that this official map was made up much as are the projects of ambitious land companies in the far West. Where the Portuguese government placed streets and squares I found nothing but a swamp, which generated so much fever that I marvel at the pluck of those who continue to live there.

The total white population in June of 1896 was about 1200. What it is now I dare not guess. Between the coast fever and the Portuguese there should be a considerable falling off by this time, unless the losses of to-day are repaired by the immigrants of to-morrow.

The only recreation accessible to this population of quinine-fed men was a little whiskey-booth situated in the public square of the town. This was the casino, the club, the centre of social life for the population. From private sources I learned that Lorenzo Marquez with its 1200 whites supported ninety drinking-shops. It is obvious that, thirsty as is the average white man of South Africa, not even the most accomplished community of drunkards could justify ninety rum-shops to a population of 1200. We have to look for the constituency of these drinking-places amongst the native blacks, who are being from day to day assisted in becoming worthless if not dangerous members of the community.

What the black population may be no one knows; but one thing is very evident, that black labor is difficult to get, and consequently demands high payment. Black domestic servants were receiving $15 to $20 a month while I was there. And the day-laborers in the harbor got 4*s.* ($1) a day and their food. Nor were these well-trained servants, upon whom one might rely—they were almost raw negroes, only temporarily separated from their kraals, and merely come to gather an amount needful to buy them a few wives. Judged by the standard of Europe or America, these blacks would be handsomely paid at the rate of $5 a month, and no doubt they themselves would gladly accept such wages did they not live under the conditions incident to Portuguese misrule.

The cost of living is in other respects equally out of proportion to the cost of production. Remember that Lorenzo Marquez is only a few hours by rail from the highlands of the interior, and connected by almost daily steamers with Natal and its excellent market. Yet at Delagoa Bay butter costs 3*s.* 9*d.* per pound (nearly $1), and even then one must not expect it regularly. It has to come 665 miles, from Cape Town, and may have lain a week or more in the custom-house or post-office; and the recipient may find that the butter for which he has paid $1 a pound is no more than a piece of brown paper saturated with greasy matter. The housekeeper at Lorenzo Marquez is glad to pay 1*s.* 8*d.* (40 cents) per quart for milk unfit to drink — watery stuff not worth four cents a quart in any European city. I tasted some such milk—it was a painful experience. An African chicken, a scrawny sketch of a bird, costs 75 cents (3*s.*), a puny duck costs 6*s.* ($1 50), and all else in proportion. Just think, you women who count your weekly bills, sugar at 9*d.* (18 cents) a pound! You ask the reason? It is not that freight to Delagoa Bay is dear; it is not that the black man is unwilling to work; it is not that the soil and climate are unfavorable to chickens or cows. The reason is that the Portuguese government acts as a blight upon any attempt to make that part of the world habitable to white people.

The nearest port to Delagoa Bay is Durban; note at once the vast difference. It is like going from Venezuela to British Guiana; from Russia to Germany; from darkness into light; yet, so far as climate and natural opportunities are concerned, Durban would be no better than Lorenzo Marquez had Portugal retained control of Natal.

IV.

Dr. G. M. Theal is the chief living authority on South African history. One day he told me this, that in the sixteenth

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century the Dominican order had extensive missionary stations in the present British protectorate south of the Zambesi (Mashonaland). "There is no doubt," said he, "about the genuineness of their work. For at least three generations, and perhaps more, the African blacks of this part of the continent were in name and practice Christians, and remained so for as long as they had white men to look after them.

"Now what has become of their Christianity?

"Lord Grey showed me a letter written to him by David Livingstone, who was his intimate friend. This letter must have been dated in the fifties. Herein he narrates coming to a kraal on a stream flowing into the Zambesi River. The natives here called themselves Christians. On inquiry he found that they knew neither the creed nor the Lord's prayer; that they were polygamists and devil-worshippers. But they knew how to cross themselves, and that is all that remained to them of the Christian religion. There is no doubt in my mind," concluded Dr. Theal, "that had these people remained in contact with white missionaries they would have remained Christians to this day, for it was the faith of their fathers for more than three generations."

Now, making all the allowance possible for statements dealing with religious conversions, the conclusions of Dr. Theal are most important, as those of one who has enjoyed, more than any other competent white man, an opportunity of reaching just conclusions on this subject.

This talk with Dr. Theal led me to look a little closer into the history of the Portuguese, in the hope of learning why they have so completely lost their power. For in the year 1620, when the English Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, Portugal controlled the whole of the African coast-line, with the exception of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Her missionaries baptized the blacks with a rapidity that is bewildering, as we read of it; but it gave huge delight in Lisbon and Rome. Yet side by side with this missionary zeal grew up a trade in slaves, which became soon the staple industry of the country. It was sanctioned by a papal bull, and already in 1645 slaves were being shipped to America from East Africa.

The Portuguese Governors soon came to regard their posts as the means of repairing their fortunes, and instead of a salary they were given trading monopolies, highly injurious to the colony as a whole. As early as 1775 history tells us that there were then only eight clergymen for the whole of the Portuguese East African coast, and of these only three were white. What in the world, then, had become of the hundreds of thousands of Christians entered in the books of the Jesuits and Dominicans? Dr. Theal, in his history of the Portuguese in South Africa, speaks of the officials having their harems, and living a life of Oriental laziness and corruption. Indeed, he confesses that in following the chronicles of this part of the world he is always in doubt whether officials referred to by high-sounding names are white or colored.

At any rate, one conclusion it is safe to draw—that Portugal, after three hundred years of African rule, not only made no good impression upon that country, but has left behind her everywhere traces of a government scandalous to white men of any age.

It would be interesting to trace the connection between the slave trade and Portuguese degeneration, particularly the effect of mixed marriages upon the Portuguese character. Already in the fifteenth century were African slaves brought to Portugal; and when once these blacks had accepted the Christian religion, the whites of that country regarded them as their equals, and mingled with them in marriage. In fact, the Roman Church encouraged slavery in those days as being good for the blacks, to be brought thus under Christian influence. And there is little reason to doubt that blacks remained Christian so long as they lived amongst Christians, but on removing the personal influence of the whites they reverted to their native tastes—polygamy and devil-worship.

The Portuguese have in the past tried to raise the blacks to their level by marrying with them, and permitting them to become priests in their orders. But this has worked badly. The negroes have not been raised to the white level; the whites have sunk to the level of the black. Portugal is to-day full of negro blood, and Portuguese East Africa is the result.

But this opens up another question—a very big one, indeed—and not confined to Portuguese East Africa alone.

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THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART IV.

"La cigale ayant chanté
Tout l'été,
Se trouva fort dépourvue
Quand la bise fut venue...."—LAFONTAINE.

SOMETIMES I went to see Lord and Lady Archibald, who lived in Clarges Street; and Lady Archibald was kind enough to call on my mother, who was charmed with her, and returned her call in due time.

Also, at about this period (1853) my uncle Charles (Captain Blake, late 17th Lancers), who had been Lord Runswick's crony twenty years before, patched up some feud he had with my father, and came to see us in Brunswick Square.

He had just married a charming girl, young enough to be his daughter.

I took him to see Barty, and they became fast friends. My uncle Charles was a very accomplished man, and spoke French as well as any of us; and Barty liked him, and it ended, oddly enough, in Uncle Charles becoming Lord Whitby's land-agent and living in St. Hilda's Terrace, Whitby.

He was a very good fellow and a thorough man of the world, and was of great service to Barty in many ways. But, alas and alas! he was not able to prevent or make up the disastrous quarrel that happened between Barty and Lord Archibald, with such terrible results to my friend—to both.

It is all difficult even to hint at—but some of it must be more than hinted at.

Lord Archibald, like his nephew, was a very passionate admirer of lovely woman. He had been for many years a faithful and devoted husband to the excellent French woman who brought him wealth—and such affection! Then a terrible temptation came in his way. He fell in love with a very beautiful and fascinating lady, whose birth and principles and antecedents were alike very unfortunate, and Barty was mixed up in all this: it's the saddest thing I ever heard.

The beautiful lady conceived for Barty one of those frantic passions that must lead to somebody's ruin; it led to his; but he was never to blame, except for the careless indiscretion which allowed of his being concerned in the miserable business at all, and to this frantic passion he did not respond.

"*Spretæ injuria formæ.*"

So at least *she* fancied; it was not so. Barty was no laggard in love; but he dearly loved his uncle Archie, and was loyal to him all through.

"His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

Where he was unfaithful was to his beloved and adoring Lady Archibald—his second mother—at miserable cost of undying remorse to himself for ever having sunk to become Lord Archibald's confidant and love-messenger, and bearer of nosegays and *billets-doux*, and singer of little French songs. He was only twenty, and thought of such things as jokes; he had lived among some of the pleasantest, best-bred, and most corrupt people in London.

The beautiful frail lady told the most infamous lies, and stuck to them through thick and thin. The story is not new; it's as old as the Pharaohs. And Barty and his uncle quarrelled beyond recall. The boy was too proud even to defend himself, beyond one simple denial.

Then another thing happened. Lady Archibald died, quite suddenly, of peritonitis—fortunately in ignorance of what was happening, and with her husband and daughter and Barty round her bedside at the end. She died deceived and happy.

Lord Archibald was beside himself with grief; but in six months he married the beautiful lady, and went to the bad altogether—went under, in fact; and Daphne, his daughter of fourteen or fifteen, was taken by the Whitbys.

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So now Barty, thoroughly sick of smart society, found himself in an unexpected position—without an allowance, in a crack regiment, and never a penny to look forward to!

For old Lord Whitby, who loved him, was a poor man with a large family; and every penny of Lady Archibald's fortune that didn't go to her husband and daughter went back to her own family of Lonlay-Savignac. She had made no will—no provision for her beloved, her adopted son!

So Barty never went to the Crimea, after all, but sold out, and found himself the possessor of seven or eight hundred pounds—most of which he owed—and with the world before him. But I am going too fast.

In the winter of 1853, just before Christmas, my father fitted up for me a chemical laboratory at the top of the fine old house in Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, where his wine business was carried on, a splendid mansion, with panelled rooms and a carved oak staircase — once the abode of some Dick Whittington, no doubt a Lord Mayor of London; and I began my professional career, which consisted in analyzing anything I could get to analyze for hire, from a sample of gold or copper ore to a poisoned stomach.

Lord Whitby very kindly sent me different samples of soil from different fields on his estate, and I analyzed them carefully, and found them singularly like each other. I don't think the estate benefited much by my scientific investigation. It was my first job, and brought me twenty pounds (out of which I bought two beautiful fans—one for my sister, the other for Leah Gibson—and got a new evening suit for myself at Barty's tailor's).

When this job of mine was finished I had a good deal of time on my hands, and read many novels and smoked many pipes, as I sat by my chemical stove and distilled water, and dried chlorate of potash to keep the damp out of my scales, and toasted cheese, and fried sausages, and mulled Burgundy, and brewed nice drinks, hot or cold—a specialty of mine.

I also made my laboratory a very pleasant place. My father wouldn't permit a piano, nor could I afford one; but I smuggled in a guitar (for Barty), and also a concertina, which I could play a little myself. Barty often came with friends of his, of whom my father did not approve—mostly Guardsmen; also friends of my own—medical students, and one or two fellow-chemists, who were serious, and pleased my father. We often had a capital time: chemical experiments and explosions, and fearful stinks, and poisoned waters of enchanting hue; also oysters, lobsters, dressed crab for lunch—and my Burgundy was good, I promise you, whether white or red!

We also had songs and music of every description. Barty's taste had improved. He could sing Beethoven's "Adelaida" in English, German, and Italian, and Schubert's "Serenade" in French—quite charmingly, to his own ingenious accompaniment on the guitar.

We had another vocalist, a little Hebrew art student, with a heavenly tenor (I've forgotten his name); and Ticklets, the bass; and a Guardsman who could yodel and imitate a woman's voice—one Pepys, whom Barty loved because he was a giant, and, according to Barty, "the handsomest chap in London."

These debauches generally happened when my father was abroad—always, in fact. I'm greatly ashamed of it all now; even then my heart smote me heavily at times when I thought of the pride and pleasure he took in all my scientific appliances, and the money they cost him—twenty guineas for a pair of scales! Poor dear old man, he loved to weigh things in them—a feather, a minute crumb of cork, an infinitesimal wisp of cotton-wool!...

However, I've made it all up to him since in many ways; and he has told me that I have been a good son, after all! And that is good to think of now that I am older than he was when he died!

One fine morning, before going to business, I escorted my sister to Bedford Square, calling for Leah Gibson on the way; as we walked up Great Russell Street (that being the longest way round I could think of), we met Barty, looking as fresh as a school-boy, and resplendent as usual. I remember he had on a long blue frock-coat, check trousers, an elaborate waistcoat and scarf, and a white hat—as was the fashion—and that he looked singularly out of place (and uncommonly agreeable to the eye) in such an austere and learned neighborhood.

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He was coming to call for me in Brunswick Square.

My sister introduced him to her friend, and he looked down at Leah with a surprised glance of delicate fatherly admiration—he might have been fifty.

Then we left the young ladies and went off together citywards; my father was abroad.

"By Jove, what a stunner that girl is! I'm blest if I don't marry her some day—you see if I don't!"

"That's just what *I* mean to do," said I. And we had a good laugh at the idea of two such desperadoes, as we thought ourselves, talking like this about a little school-girl.

"We'll toss up," says Barty; and we did, and he won.

This, I remember, was before his quarrel with Lord Archibald. She was then about fourteen, and her subtle and singular beauty was just beginning to make itself felt.

I never knew till long after how deep had been the impression produced by this glimpse of a mere child on a fast young man about town—or I should not have been amused. For there were times when I myself thought quite seriously of Leah Gibson, and what she might be in the long future! She looked a year or two older than she really was, being very tall and extremely sedate.

Also, both my father and mother had conceived such a liking for her that they constantly talked of the possibility of our falling in love with each other some day. Castles in Spain!

As for me, my admiration for the child was immense, and my respect for her character unbounded; and I felt myself such a base unworthy brute that I couldn't bear to think of myself in such a connection—until I had cleansed myself heart and soul (which would take time)! And as for showing by my manner to her that such an idea had ever crossed my mind, the thought never entered my head.

She was just my dear sister's devoted friend; her petticoat hem was still some inches from the ground, and her hair in a plait all down her back. . . .

Girlish innocence and purity incarnate—that is what she seemed; and what she was. "La plus forte des forces est un cœur innocent," said Victor Hugo—and if you translate this literally into English, it comes to exactly the same, both in rhythm and sense.

When Barty sold out, he first thought he would like to go on the stage, but it turned out that he was too tall to play anything but serious footmen.

Then he thought he would be a singer. We used to go to the opera at Drury Lane, where they gave in English a different Italian opera every night;—and this was always followed by *Acis and Galatea*.

We got our seats in the stalls every evening for a couple of weeks, through the kindness of Mr. Hamilton Braham, whom Barty knew, and who played Polyphemus in Handel's famous serenata.

I remember our first night; they gave *Masaniello*, which I had never seen; and when the tenor sang, "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," it came on us both as a delicious surprise—it was such a favorite song at Brossard's—"*amis! la matinée est belle . . .*" Indeed, it was one of the songs Barty sang on the boulevard for the poor woman, six or seven years back.

The tenor, Mr. Elliot Galer, had a lovely voice; and that was a moment never to be forgotten.

Then came *Acis and Galatea*, which was so odd and old-fashioned we could scarcely sit it out.

Next night, *Lucia*—charming; then again *Acis and Galatea*, because we had nowhere else to go.

"Tiens, tiens!" says Barty, as the lovers sang "the flocks shall leave the mountains": "c'est diantrement joli, ça! —écoute!"

Next night, *La Sonnambula*—then again *Acis and Galatea*.

"Mais, nom d'une pipe—elle est *divine*, cette musique-là!" says Barty.

And the nights after we could scarcely sit out the Italian opera that preceded what we have looked upon ever since as among the divinest music in the world.

So one must not judge music at a first hearing; nor poetry; nor pictures at first sight; unless one be poet or painter or musician one's self—not even then! I may live to love thee yet, oh *Tannhäuser!*

Lucy Escott, Fanny Huddart, Elliot Galer, and Hamilton Braham—that was the cast; I hear their voices now. . . .

One morning Hamilton Braham tried Barty's voice on the empty stage at St.

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"PILE OU FACE—HEADS OR TAILS?"

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James's Theatre—made him sing "When other lips."

"Sing *out*, man—sing *out!*" said the big bass. And Barty shouted his loudest—a method which did not suit him. I sat in the pit, with half a dozen Guardsmen, who were deeply interested in Barty's operatic aspirations.

It turned out that Barty was neither tenor nor barytone; and that his light voice, so charming in a room, would never do for the operatic stage; although his figure, in spite of his great height, would have suited heroic parts so admirably.

Besides, three or four years' training in Italy were needed—a different production altogether.

So Barty gave up this idea and made up his mind to be an artist. He got permission to work in the British Museum, and drew the "Discobolus," and sent his drawing to the Royal Academy, in the hope of being admitted there as a student. He was not.

Then an immense overwhelming homesickness for Paris came over him, and he felt he must go and study art there, and succeed or perish.

My father talked to him like a father, my mother like a mother; we all hung about him and entreated. He was as obdurate as Tennyson's sailor-boy whom the mermaiden forewarned so fiercely.

He was even offered a handsome appointment in the London house of Vougeot-Conti and Co.

But his mind was made up, and to my sorrow, and the sorrow of all who knew him, he fixed the date of his departure for the 2d of May (1856),—this being the day after a party at the Gibsons'—a young dance in honor of Leah's fifteenth birthday, on the 1st—and to which my sister had procured him an invitation.

He had never been to the Gibsons' before. They belonged to a world so different to anything he had been accustomed to—indeed, to a class that he then so much disliked and despised (both as ex-Guardsman and as the descendant of French toilers of the sea, who hate and scorn the bourgeois)—that I was curious to see how he would bear himself there; and rather nervous, for it would have grieved me that he should look down on people of whom I was getting very fond. It was his theory that all successful business people were pompous and purse-proud and vulgar.

I admit that in the fifties we very often were.

There may perhaps be a few survivals of that period: *old* nouveaux-riches, who are still modestly jocose on the subject of each other's millions when they meet, and indulge in pompous little pleasantries about their pet economies, and drop a pompous little *h* now and then, and pretend they only did it for fun. But, dear me, there are other things to be vulgar about in this world besides money and uncertain aspirates.

If to be pompous and pretentious and insincere is to be vulgar, I really think the vulgar of our time are not these old plutocrats—not even their grandsons, who hunt and shoot and yacht and swagger with the best—but those solemn little prigs who have done well at school or college, and become radicals and agnostics before they've even had time to find out what men and women are made of, or what sex they belong to themselves (if any), and loathe all fun and sport and athletics, and rave about pictures and books and music they don't understand, and would pretend to despise if they did—things that were not even *meant* to be understood. It doesn't take three generations to make a prig—worse luck!

At the Gibsons' there was neither pompousness nor insincerity nor pretension of any kind, and therefore no real vulgarity. It is true they were a little bit noisy there sometimes, but only in fun.

When we arrived at that most hospitable house the two pretty drawing-rooms were already crammed with young people, and the dancing was in full swing.

I presented Barty to Mrs. Gibson, who received him with her usual easy cordiality, just as she would have received one of her husband's clerks, or the Prime Minister; or the Prince Consort himself, for that matter. But she looked up into his face with such frank, unabashed admiration that I couldn't help laughing—nor could he!

She presented him to Mr. Gibson, who drew himself back and folded his arms and frowned; then suddenly, striking a beautiful stage attitude of surprised emotion, with his hand on his heart, he exclaimed:

"Oh! Monsewer! Esker-voo ker jer dwaw lah vee?—ah! kel bonnure!"

And this so tickled Barty that he forgot his manners and went into peals of laugh-

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ter. And from that moment I ceased to exist as the bright particular star in Mr. Gibson's firmament of eligible young men: for in spite of the kink in my nose, and my stolid gravity, which was really and merely the result of my shyness, he had always looked upon me as an exceptionally presentable, proper, and goodly youth, and a most exemplary—that is, if my sister was to be trusted in the matter; for she was my informant.

I'm afraid Barty was not so immediately popular with the young cavaliers of the party—but all came right in due time. For after supper, which was early, Barty played the fool with Mr. Gibson, and taught him how to do a mechanical wax figure, of which he himself was the show-man; and the laughter, both barytone and soprano, might have been heard in Russell Square. Then they sang an extempore Italian duet together which was screamingly droll—and so forth.

Leah distinguished herself as usual by being attentive to the material wants of the company: comfortable seats, ices, syrups, footstools for mammas, and wraps; safety from thorough draughts for grandpapas — the inherited hospitality of the clan of Gibson took this form with the sole daughter of their house and home; she had no "parlor tricks."

We remained the latest. It was a full moon, or nearly so—as usual on a balcony; for I remember standing on the balcony with Leah.

A belated Italian organ-grinder stopped beneath us and played a tune from *I Lombardi*, called "La mia letizia." Leah's hair was done up for the first time—in two heavy black bands that hid her little ears and framed her narrow chinny face —with a yellow bow plastered on behind. Such was the fashion then, a hideous fashion enough—but we knew no better. To me she looked so lovely in her long white frock—long for the first time—that Tavistock Square became a broad Venetian moonlit lagoon, and the dome of University College an old Italian church; and "La mia letizia" the song of Adria's gondolier.

I asked her what she thought of Barty.

"I really don't know," she said. "He's not a bit romantic, *is* he?"

"No; but he's very handsome—don't you think so?"

"Oh yes, indeed—much too handsome for a man. It seems such waste. Why, I now remember seeing him when I was quite a little girl, three or four years ago, at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. He had his bear-skin on. Papa pointed him out to us, and said he looked like such a pretty girl! And we all wondered who he could be! And so sad he looked! I suppose it was for the Duke.

"I couldn't think where I'd seen him before, and now I remember—and there's a photograph of him in a stall at the Crystal Palace. Have you seen it? Not that he looks like a girl now! Not a bit! I suppose you're very fond of him? Ida is! She talks as much about Mr. Josselin as she does about you! *Barty*, she calls him."

"Yes, indeed; he's like our brother. We were boys at school together in France. My sister calls him *thee* and *thou;* in French, you know."

"And was he always like that—funny and jolly and good-natured?"

"Always; he hasn't changed a bit."

"And is he very sincere?"

Just then Barty came on to the balcony: it was time to go. My sister had been fetched away already (in her gondola).

So Barty made his farewells, and bent his gallant, irresistible look of mirthful chivalry and delicate middle-aged admiration on Leah's upturned face, and her eyes looked up more piercing and blacker than ever; and in each of them a little high light shone like a point of interrogation — the reflection of some white window-curtain, I suppose; and I felt cold all down my back.

(Barty's daughter, Mary Trevor, often sings a little song of De Musset's. It is quite lovely, and begins:

"Beau chevalier qui partez pour la guerre,
Qu'allez-vous faire
Si loin d'ici?
Voyez-vous pas que la nuit est profonde,
Et que le monde
N'est que souci?"

It is called "La Chanson de Barberine," and I never hear it but I think of that sweet little white virginal *point d'interrogation*, and Barty going away to France.)

Then he thanked Mrs. Gibson and said pretty things, and finally called Mr. Gibson dreadful French fancy-names: "Cascamèche—moutardier du pape, tromblon-bolivard, vieux coquelicot;" to each of which the delighted Mr. G. answered,

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"Voos ayt oon ôter — voos ayt oon ôter!"

And then Barty whisked himself away in a silver cloud of glory. A good exit!

Outside was a hansom waiting, with a carpet bag on the top, and we got into it and drove up to Hampstead Heath, to some little inn called the Bull and Bush, near North-end.

Barty lit his pipe, and said:

"What capital people! Hanged if they're not the nicest people I ever met."

"Yes," said I.

And that's all that was said during that long drive.

At North-end we found two or three other hansoms, and Pepys and Ticklets and the little Hebrew tenor art student whose name I've forgotten, and several others.

We had another supper, and made a night of it. There was a piano in a small room opening on to a kind of little terrace, with geraniums, over a bow-window. We had music and singing of all sorts. Even *I* sang — "The Standard-bearer"—and rather well. My sister had coached me; but I did not obtain an encore.

The next day dawned, and Barty had a wash and changed his clothes, and we walked all over Hampstead Heath, and saw London lying in a dun mist, with the dome and gilded cross of St. Paul's rising into the pale blue dawn; and I thought what a beastly place London would be without Barty — but that Leah was there still, safe and sound asleep in Tavistock Square!

Then back to the inn for breakfast. Barty, as usual, fresh as paint. Happy Barty, off to Paris!

And then we all drove down to London Bridge to see him safe into the Boulogne steamer. All his luggage was on board. His late soldier-servant was there—a splendid fellow, chosen for his length and breadth as well as his fidelity; also the Snowdrop, who was lachrymose and in great grief. It was a most affectionate farewell all round.

"Good-by, Bob. *I* won that toss — *didn't* I?"

Oddly enough, *I* was thinking of that, and didn't like it.

"What rot! it's only a joke, old fellow!" said Barty.

All this about an innocent little girl just fifteen, the daughter of a low-comedy John Gilpin: a still somewhat gaunt little girl, whose budding charms of color, shape, and surface were already such that it didn't matter whether she were good or bad, gentle or simple, rich or poor, sensible or an utter fool.

C'est toujours comme ça!

We watched the steamer pick its sunny way down the Thames, with Barty waving his hat by the man at the wheel; and I walked westward with the little Hebrew artist, who was so affected at parting with his hero that he had tears in his lovely voice. It was not till I complimented him on his wonderful B-flat that he got consoled; and he talked about himself, and his B-flat, and his middle G, and his physical strength, and his eye for color, all the way from the Mansion House to the Foundling Hospital; when we parted, and he went straight to his drawing-board at the British Museum—an anticlimax!

I found my mother and sister at their late breakfast, and was scolded; and I told them Barty had got off, and wouldn't come back for long—it might not be for years!

"Thank Heaven!" said my dear mother, and I was not pleased.

Says my sister:

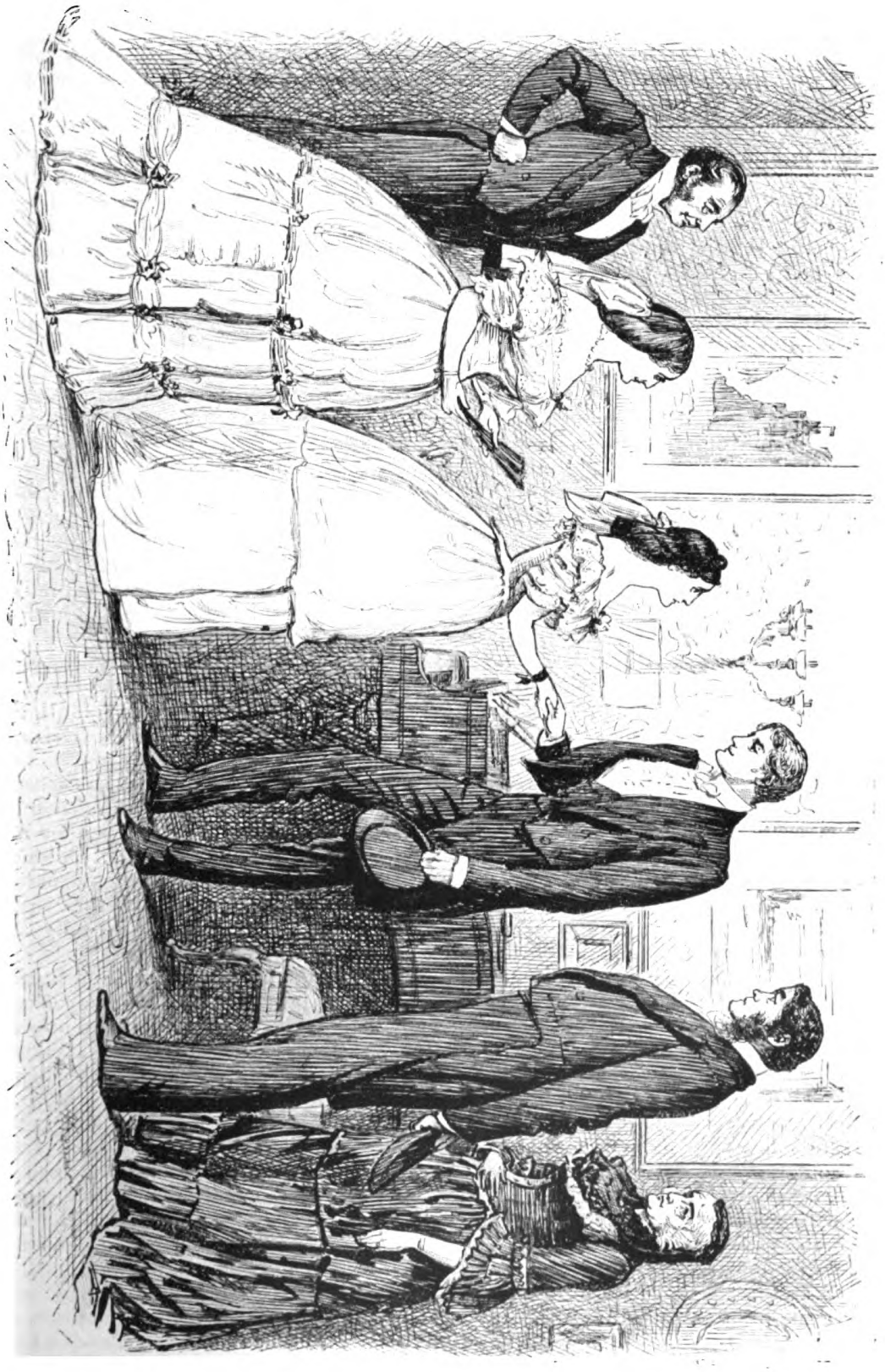
"Do you know, he's actually stolen Leah's photograph, that she gave me for my birthday. He asked me for it and I wouldn't give it him—and it's gone!"

Then I washed and put on my work-a-day clothes, and went straight to Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, and made myself a bed on the floor with my great-coat, and slept all day.

Oh heavens! what a dull book this would be, and how dismally it would drag its weary length along, if it weren't all about the author of *Sardonyx!*

But is there a lost corner anywhere in this planet where English is spoken (or French) in which *The Martian* won't be bought and treasured and spelt over and over again like a novel by Dickens or Scott (or Dumas)—for Josselin's dear sake! What a fortune my publishers would make if I were not a man of business and they were not the best and most generous publishers in the world! And all Josselin's publishers—French, English, German, and what not — down to modern Sanscrit! What millionaires—if it hadn't been for this little busy bee of a Bob Maurice!

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"A LITTLE WHITE POINT OF INTERROGATION."

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Poor Barty! I am here! à bon chat, bon rat!

And what on earth do *I* want a fortune for? Barty's dead, and I've got so much more than I need, who am of a frugal mind—and what I've got is all going to little Josselins, who have already got so much more than *they* need, what with their late father and me; and my sister, who is a widow and childless, and "riche à millions" too! and cares for nobody in all this wide world but little Josselins, who don't care for money in the least, and would sooner work for their living—even break stones on the road—anything sooner than loaf and laze and loll through life. We all have to give most of it away—not that I need proclaim it from the house-tops! It is but a dull and futile hobby, giving away to those who deserve; they soon leave off deserving.

How fortunate that so much money is really wanted by people who don't deserve it any more than I do; and who, besides, are so weak and stupid and lazy and honest—or so incurably dishonest—that they can't make it for themselves! I have to look after a good many of these people. Barty was fond of them, honest or not. They are so incurably prolific; and so was he, poor dear boy! but, oh, the difference! Grapes don't grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles!

I'm a thorn, alas! in my own side, more often than not—and a thistle in the sides of a good many donkeys, whom I feed because they're too stupid or too lazy to feed themselves! But at least I know my place, and the knowledge is more bother to me than all my money, and the race of Maurice will soon be extinct.

When Barty went to foreign parts, on the 2d of May, 1856, I didn't trouble myself about such questions as these.

Life was so horribly stale in London without Barty that I became a quite exemplary young man when I woke up from that long nap on the floor of my laboratory in Barge Yard, Bucklersbury; a reformed character: from sheer grief, I really believe!

I thought of many things—ugly things—very ugly things indeed—and meant to have done with them. I thought of some very handsome things too—a pair of beautiful crown-jewels, each rare as the black tulip—and in each of them a bright little sign like this: ?

I don't believe I ever gave my father another bad quarter of an hour from that moment. I even went to church on Sunday mornings quite regularly; not his own somewhat severe place of worship, it is true! But the Foundling Hospital. There, in the gallery, would I sit with my sister, and listen to Miss Dolby and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Lawler the bass—and a tenor and alto whose names I cannot recall; and I thought they sang as they ought to have sung, and was deeply moved and comforted—more than by any preachments in the world; and just in the opposite gallery sat Leah with her mother: and I grew fond of nice clean little boys and girls who sing pretty hymns in unison; and afterwards I watched them eat their roast beef, small mites of three and four or five, some of them, and thought how touching it all was—I don't know why! Love or grief? or that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin at about 1 P.M. on Sunday?

One would think that Barty had exerted a bad influence on me, since he seems to have kept me out of all this that was so sweet and new and fresh and wholesome!

He would have been just as susceptible to such impressions as I; even more so, if the same chance had arisen for him—for he was singularly fond of children, the smaller and the poorer the better, even gutter children! and their poor mothers loved him, he was so jolly and generous and kind.

Sometimes I got a letter from him in Blaze, my father's short-hand cipher; it was always brief and bright and hopeful and full of jokes and funny sketches. And I answered him in Blaze that was long and probably dull.

All that I will tell of him now is not taken from his Blaze letters, but from what he has told me later, by word of mouth—for he was as fond of talking of himself as I of listening—since he was droll and sincere and without guile or vanity; and would have been just as sympathetic a listener as I, if I had cared to talk about Mr. Robert Maurice, of Barge Yard, Bucklersbury. Besides, I am good at hearing between the words and reading between the lines, and all that—and love to exercise this faculty.

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SOLITUDE.

Well, he reached Paris in due time, and took a small bedroom on a third floor in the rue du Faubourg Poissonnière—over a cheap hatter's—opposite the Conservatoire de Musique.

On the first night he was awoke by a terrible invasion—such malodorous swarms of all sizes, from a tiny brown speck to a full-grown lentil, that they darkened his bed; and he slept on the tiled floor, after making an island of himself by pouring cold water all round him as a kind of moat; and so he slept for a week of nights, until he had managed to poison off most of these invaders with *poudre insecticide* . . . "mort aux punaises!"

In the daytime he first of all went for a swim at the Passy baths—an immense joy, full of the ghosts of bygone times; then he would spend the rest of his day revisiting old haunts—often sitting on the edge of the stone fountain in the rond-point of the avenue du Prince Impérial, or de l'Impératrice, or whatever it was—to gaze comfortably at the outside of the old school, which was now a pensionnat de demoiselles: soon to be pulled down and make room for a new house altogether. He did not attempt to invade these precincts of maiden innocence; but gazed and gazed, and remembered and realized and dreamt: it all gave him unspeakable excitement, and a strange tender wistful melancholy delight for which there is no name. Je connais ça! I also, ghostlike, have paced round the haunts of my childhood.

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When the joy of this faded, as it always must when indulged in too freely, he amused himself by sitting in his bedroom and painting Leah's portrait, enlarged and in oils; partly from the very vivid image he had preserved of her in his mind, partly from the stolen photograph. At first he got it very like; then he lost all the likeness and could not recover it; and he worked and worked till he got stupid over it, and his mental image faded quite away.

But for a time this minute examination of the photograph (through a powerful lens he bought on purpose), and this delving search into his own deep consciousness of her, into his keen remembrance of every detail of feature and color and shade of expression, made him realize and idealize and foresee what the face might be some day—and what its owner might become.

And a horror of his life in London came over him like a revelation—a blast—a horrible surprise! Mere sin is ugly when it's no more; and *so* beastly to remember, unless the sinner be thoroughly acclimatized; and Barty was only twenty-two, and hated deceit and cruelty in any form. Oh, poor, weak, frail fellow-sinner—whether Vivien or Guinevere! How sadly unjust that loathing and satiety and harsh male contempt should kill man's ruth and pity for thee, that wast so kind to man! what a hellish after-math!

Poor Barty hadn't the ghost of a notion how to set to work about becoming a painter, and didn't know a soul in Paris he cared to go and consult, although there were many people he might have discovered whom he had known: old schoolfellows, and friends of the Archibald Rohans—who would have been only too glad.

So he took to wandering listlessly about, lunching and dining at cheap suburban restaurants, taking long walks, sitting on benches, leaning over parapets, and longing to tell people who he was, his age, how little money he'd got, what lots of friends he had in England, what a nice little English girl he knew, whose portrait he didn't know how to paint—any idiotic nonsense that came into his head, so at least he might talk about something or somebody that interested him.

There is no city like Paris, no crowd like a Parisian crowd, to make you feel your solitude if you are alone in its midst!

At night he read French novels in bed and drank eau sucrée and smoked till he was sleepy; then he cunningly put out his light, and lit it again in a quarter of an hour or so, and exploded what remained of the invading hordes as they came crawling down the wall from above. Their numbers were reduced at last; they were disappearing. Then he put out his candle for good, and went to sleep happy—having at least scored for once in the twenty-four hours. Mort aux punaises!

Twice he went to the Opéra Comique, and saw *Richard Cœur de Lion* and *Le Pré aux Clercs* from the gallery, and was disappointed, and couldn't understand why *he* shouldn't sing as well as that—he thought he could sing much better, poor fellow! he had a delightful voice, and charm, and the sense of tune and rhythm, and could please quite wonderfully—but he had no technical knowledge whatever, and couldn't be depended upon to sing a song twice the same! He trusted to the inspiration of the moment—like an amateur.

Of course he had to be very economical, even about candle ends, and almost liked such economy for a change; but he got sick of his loneliness, beyond expression—he was a fish out of water.

Then he took it into his head to go and copy a picture at the Louvre—an old master; in this he felt he could not go wrong. He obtained the necessary permission, bought a canvas six feet high, and sat himself before a picture by Nicolas Poussin, I think: a group of angelic women carrying another woman through the air up to heaven.

They were not very much to his taste, but more so than any others. His chief notion about women in pictures was that they should be very beautiful—since they cannot make themselves agreeable in any other way; and they are not always so in the works of the great masters. At least, *he* thought not. These are matters of taste, of course.

He had no notion of how to divide his canvas into squares—a device by which one makes it easier to get the copy into proper proportion, it seems. He began by sketching the head of the principal woman roughly in the middle of his canvas, and then he wanted to begin painting it at once—he was so impatient.

Students, female students especially,

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"BONJOUR, MONSIEUR BONZIG."

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came and interested themselves in his work, and some *rapins* asked him questions, and tried to help him and give him tips. But the more they told him, the more helpless and hopeless he grew. He soon felt conscious he was becoming quite a funny man again—a centre of interest—in a new line; but it gave him no pleasure whatever.

After a week of this mistaken drudgery he sat despondent one afternoon on a bench in the Champs Élysées and watched the gay people, and thought himself very down on his luck; he was tired and hot and miserable—it was the beginning of July. If he had known how, he would almost have shed tears. His loneliness was not to be borne, and his longing to feel once more the north had become a chronic ache.

A tall, thin, shabby man came and sat by his side, and made himself a cigarette, and hummed a tune—a well-known quartier-latin song—about "Mon Aldegonde, ma blonde," and "Ma Rodogune, ma brune."

Barty just glanced at this jovial person and found he didn't look jovial at all, but rather sad and seedy and out at elbows—by no means of the kind that the fair Aldegonde or her dark sister would have much to say to.

Also that he wore very strong spectacles, and that his brown eyes, when turned Barty's way, vibrated with a quick tremulous motion and sideways, as if they had the "gigs."

Much moved and excited, Barty got up and put out his hand to the stranger, and said:

"Bonjour, Monsieur Bonzig! comment allez-vous?"

Bonzig opened his eyes at this well-dressed Briton (for Barty had clothes to last him a French lifetime).

"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur—mais je n'ai pas l'honneur de vous remettre!"

"Je m'appelle Josselin—de chez Brossard!"

"Ah! Mon Dieu, mon cher, mon très-cher!" said Bonzig, and got up and seized Barty's both hands—and all but hugged him.

"Mais quel bonheur de vous revoir! Je pense à vous si souvent, et à Ouittebé! comme vous êtes changé—et quel beau garçon vous êtes! qui vous aurait reconnu! Dieu de Dieu—c'est un rêve! Je n'en reviens pas!" etc., etc. . . .

And they walked off together, and told the other each an epitome of his history since they parted; and dined together cheaply, and spent a happy evening walking up and down the boulevards, and smoking many cigarettes—from the Madeleine to the Porte St.-Martin and back—again and again.

"Non, mon cher Josselin," said Bonzig, in answer to a question of Barty's—"non, I have not yet seen the sea . .; it will come in time. But at least I am no longer a damned usher (un sacré pion d'études); I am an artist—un peintre de marines—at last! It is a happy existence. I fear my talent is not very imposing, but my perseverance is exceptional, and I am only forty-five. Anyhow, I am able to support myself—not in splendor, certainly; but my wants are few and my health is perfect. I will put you up to many things, my dear boy . . . . We will storm the citadel of fame together . . . ."

Bonzig had a garret somewhere, and painted in the studio of a friend, not far from Barty's lodging. This friend, one Lirieux, was a very clever young man, a genius, according to Bonzig. He drew illustrations on wood with surprising quickness and facility and verve, and painted little oil-pictures of sporting life—a garde champêtre in a wood with his dog, or with his dog on a dusty road, or crossing a stream, or getting over a stile, and so forth. The dog was never left out; and these things he would sell for twenty, thirty, even fifty francs. He painted very quick and very well. He was also a capital good fellow, industrious and cultivated and refined, and full of self-respect.

Next to his studio he had a small bedroom which he shared with a younger brother, who had just got a small government appointment that kept him at work all day, in some ministère. In this studio Bonzig painted his marines—still helping himself from *La France Maritime*, as he used to do at Brossard's.

He was good at masts and cordage against an evening sky—"l'heure où le jaune de Naples rentre dans la nature," as he called it. He was also excellent at foam, and far-off breakers, and sea-gulls, but very bad at the human figure—sailors and fishermen and their wives. Sometimes Lirieux would put one in for him with a few dabs.

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As soon as Bonzig had finished a picture, which didn't take very long, he carried it round, still wet, to the small dealers, bearing it very carefully aloft, so as not to smudge it. Sometimes (if there were a sailor by Lirieux) he would get five or even ten francs for it; and then it was "Mon Aldegonde" with him all the rest of the day; for success always took the form, in his case, of nasally humming that amorous refrain.

But it very often happened that he was dumb, poor fellow—no supper, no song!

Lirieux conceived such a liking for Barty that he insisted on taking him into his studio as a pupil-assistant, and setting him to draw things under his own eye; and Barty would fill Bonzig's French sea pieces with Whitby fishermen, and Bonzig got to sing "Mon Aldegonde" much oftener than before.

And chumming with these two delightful men, Barty grew to know a clean, quiet happiness which more than made up for lost past splendors and dissipations and gay dishonor. He wasn't even funny; they wouldn't have understood it. Well-bred Frenchmen don't understand English fun—not even in the quartier latin, as a general rule. Not that it's too subtle for them; *that's* not why!

Thus pleasantly August wore itself away, Bonzig and Barty nearly always dining together for about a franc apiece, including the waiter, and not badly. Bonzig knew all the cheap eating-houses in Paris, and what each was specially renowned for—"bonne friture," "fricassée de lapin," "pommes sautées," "soupe aux choux," etc., etc.

Then, after dinner, a long walk and talk and cigarettes—or they would look in at a café chantant, a bal de barrière, the gallery of a cheap theatre—then a bock outside a café—et bonsoir la compagnie!

On September the 1st, Lirieux and his brother went to see their people in the south, leaving the studio to Bonzig and Barty, who made the most of it, though greatly missing the genial young painter, both as a companion and a master and guide.

One beautiful morning Bonzig called for Barty at his crémerie, and proposed they should go by train to some village near Paris and spend a happy day in the country, lunching on bread and wine and sugar at some little road-side inn. Bonzig made a great deal of this lunch. It had evidently preoccupied him.

Barty was only too delighted. They went on the impériale of the Versailles train and got out at Ville d'Avray, and found the kind of little pothouse they wanted. And Barty had to admit that no better lunch for the price could be than "small blue wine" sweetened with sugar, and a hunch of bread sopped in it.

Then they had a long walk in pretty woods and meadows, sketching by the way, chatting to laborers and soldiers and farm-people, smoking endless cigarettes of caporal; and finally they got back to Paris the way they came—so hungry that Barty proposed they should treat themselves for once to a "prix-fixe" dinner at Carmagnol's, in the passage Choiseul, where they gave you hors-d'œuvre, potage, three courses and dessert and a bottle of wine, for two francs fifty—and everything scrupulously clean.

So to the passage Choiseul they went; but just on the threshold of the famous restaurant (which filled the entire arcade with its appetizing exhalations) Bonzig suddenly remembered, to his great regret, that close by there lived a young married couple of the name of Lousteau, who were great friends of his, and who expected him to dine with them at least once a week.

"I haven't been near them for a fortnight, mon cher—and it is just their dinner hour. I'm afraid I must really just run in and eat an *aile de poulet* and a *pêche au vin* with them, and give them of my news, or they will be mortally offended. I'll be back with you just when you are '*entre la poire et le fromage*'—so, sans adieu!" and he bolted.

Barty went in and selected his menu; and waiting for his hors-d'œuvre, he just peeped out of the door and looked up and down the arcade, which was always festive and lively at that hour.

To his great surprise he saw Bonzig leisurely flâning about with his cigarette in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, his long spectacled nose in the air—gazing at the shop windows. Suddenly the good man dived into a baker's shop, and came out again in half a minute with a large brown roll, and began to munch it—still gazing at the shop windows, and apparently quite content.

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Barty rushed after and caught hold of him, and breathlessly heaped bitter reproaches on him for his base and unfriendly want of confidence — snatched his roll and threw it away, dragged him by main force into Carmagnol's, and made him order the dinner he preferred and sit opposite.

"Ma foi, mon cher!" said Bonzig—"I own to you that I am almost at the end of my resources for the moment—and also that the prospect of a good dinner in your amiable company is the reverse of disagreeable to me. I thank you in advance, with all my heart!"

"My dear M'sieur Bonzig," says Barty, "you will wound me deeply if you don't look on me like a brother, as I do you; I can't tell you how deeply you *have* wounded me already! Give me your word of honor that you will share ma mangeaille with me till I haven't a sou left!"

And so they made it up, and had a capital dinner and a capital evening, and Barty insisted that in future they should always mess together at his expense till better days—and they did.

But Barty found that his own money was just giving out, and wrote to his bankers in London for more. Somehow it didn't arrive for nearly a week; and they knew at last what it was to dine for five sous each (2½*d.*)—with loss of appetite just before the meal instead of after.

Of course Barty might very well have pawned his watch or his scarf-pin; but whatever trinkets he possessed had been given him by his beloved Lady Archibald—everything pawnable he had in the world, even his guitar! And he could not bear the idea of taking them to the "Mont de Piété."

So he was well pleased one Sunday morning when his remittance arrived, and he went in search of his friend, that they might compensate themselves for a week's abstinence by a famous déjeuner. But Bonzig was not to be found; and Barty spent that day alone, and gorged in solitude and guzzled in silence—moult tristement, à l'anglaise.

He was aroused from his first sleep that night by the irruption of Bonzig in a tremendous state of excitement. It seems that a certain Baron (whose name I've forgotten), and whose little son the ex-usher had once coached in early Latin and Greek, had written, begging him to call and see him at his château near Melun; that Bonzig had walked there that very day—thirty miles; and found the Baron was leaving next morning for a villa he possessed near Étretat, and wished him to join him there the day after, and stay with him for a couple of months—to coach his son in more classics for a couple of hours in the forenoon.

Bonzig was to dispose of the rest of his time as he liked, except that he was commissioned to paint six "marines" for the baronial dining-room; and the Baron had most considerately given him 400 francs in advance!

"So, then, to-morrow afternoon at six, my dear Josselin, you dine with *me*, for once—not in the passage Choiseul this time, good as it is there! But at Babet's, en plein Palais Royal! un jour de séparation, vous comprenez! the dinner will be good, I promise you: a calf's head à la vinaigrette—they are famous for that, at Babet's—and for their Pauillac and their Ste.-Estèphe; at least I'm told so! nous en ferons l'expérience. . . . And now I bid you good-night, as I have to be up before the day—so many things to buy and settle and arrange—first of all to procure myself a 'maillot' and a 'peignoir,' and shoes for the beach! I know where to get these things much cheaper than at the sea-side. Oh! la mer, la mer! Enfin je vais piquer ma tête [take my header] là dedans—*et pas plus tard qu'après-demain soir*. . . . À demain, très-cher camarade—six heures—chez Babet!"

And, delirious with joyful anticipations, the good Bonzig ran away—all but "piquant sa tête" down the narrow staircase, and whistling "Mon Aldegonde" at the very top of his whistle; and even outside he shouted:

"Ouïle—mé—sekile rô,
sekile rô,
sekile rô . . .
Ouïle—mé—sekile rô
Tat brinn my laddé ôme!"

He had to be silenced by a sergent de ville.

And next day they dined at Babet's, and Bonzig was so happy he had to beg pardon for his want of feeling at seeming so exuberant "un jour de séparation! mais venez aussi, Josselin — nous piquerons nos têtes ensemble, et nagerons de conserve. . . ."

But Barty could not afford this little outing, and he was very sad—with a sadness that not all the Pauillac and Ste.-

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"DEMI-TASSE—VOILÀ, M'SIEUR."

Estèphe in M. Babet's cellars could have dispelled.

He made his friend a present of a beautiful pair of razors—English razors, which he no longer needed, since he no longer meant to shave—"en signe de mon deuil!" as he said. They had been the gift of Lord Archibald in happier days. Alas! he had forgotten to give his uncle Archie the traditional halfpenny, but he took good care to extract a sou from le Grand Bonzig!

So ended this little episode in Barty's life. He never saw Bonzig again, nor heard from him, and *of* him only once more. That sou was wasted.

It was at Blankenberghe, on the coast of Belgium, that he at last had news of him—a year later—at the café on the plage, and in such an odd and unexpected manner that I can't help telling how it happened.

One afternoon a corner of the big coffee-room was being arranged for private theatricals, in which Barty was to perform the part of a waiter. He had just borrowed the real waiter's jacket and apron, and was dusting the little tables for the amusement of Mlle. Solange, the dame de comptoir, and of the waiter, Prosper, who had on Barty's own shooting-jacket.

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Suddenly an old gentleman came in and beckoned to Barty and ordered a demi-tasse and petit verre. There were no other customers at that hour.

Mlle. Solange was horrified; but Barty insisted on waiting on the old gentleman in person, and helped him to his coffee and pousse-café with all the humorous grace I can so well imagine, and handed him the *Indépendance Belge*, and went back to superintend the arrangements for the coming play.

Presently the old gentleman looked up from his paper and became interested, and soon he grew uneasy, and finally he rose and went up to Barty and bowed, and said (in French, of course):

"Monsieur, I have made a very stupid mistake. I am near-sighted, and that must be my apology. Besides, you have revenged yourself 'avec tant d'esprit' that you will not bear me *rancune!* May I ask you to accept my card, with my sincere excuses . . . ."

And lo! it was Bonzig's famous Baron! Barty immediately inquired after his lost friend.

"Bonzig? Ah, monsieur—what a terrible tragedy! Poor Bonzig, the best of men—he came to me at Étretat. I invited him there from sheer friendship! He was drowned the very evening he arrived.

"He went and bathed after sunset—on his own responsibility and without mentioning it to any one. How it happened I don't know—nobody knows. He was a good swimmer, I believe, but very blind without his glasses. He undressed behind a rock on the shore, which is against the regulations. His body was not found till two days after, three leagues down the coast.

"He had an aged mother, who came to Étretat. It was harrowing! They were people who had seen better days," etc., etc., etc.

And so no more of le Grand Bonzig.

Nor did Barty ever again meet Lirieux, in whose existence a change had also been wrought by fortune; but whether for good or evil I can't say. He was taken to Italy and Greece by a wealthy relative. What happened to him there—whether he ever came back, or succeeded or failed — Barty never heard! He dropped out of Barty's life as completely as if he had been drowned like his old friend.

These episodes, like many others past and to come in this biography, had no particular influence on Barty Josselin's career, and no reference to them is to be found in anything he has ever written. My only reason for telling them is that I found them so interesting when he told *me*, and so characteristic of himself. He was "bon raconteur." I'm afraid I'm not, and that I've lugged these good people in by the hair of the head; but I'm doing my best. "La plus belle fille au monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a!"

I look to my editor to edit me—and to my illustrator to pull me through.

That autumn (1856) my father went to France for six weeks, on business. My sister Ida went with the Gibsons to Ramsgate, and I remained in London with my mother. I did my best to replace my father in Barge Yard, and when he came back he was so pleased with me (and I think with himself also) that he gave me twenty pounds, and said, "Go to Paris for a week, Bob, and see Barty, and give him this, with my love."

And "this" was another twenty-pound note. He had never given me such a sum in my life—not a quarter of it; and "this" was the first time he had ever tipped Barty.

Things were beginning at last to go well with him. He had arranged to sell the vintages of Bordeaux and Champagne, as well as those of Burgundy; and was dreaming of those of Germany and Portugal and Spain. Fortune was beginning to smile on Barge Yard, and ours was to become the largest wine business in the world—comme tout un chacun sçait.

I started for Paris that very night, and knocked at Barty's bedroom door by six next morning; it was hardly daylight—a morning to be remembered; and what a breakfasting at Babet's, after a rather cold swim in the Passy school of natation, and a walk all round the outside of the school that was once ours!

Barty looked very well, but very thin, and his small sprouting beard and mustache had quite altered the character of his face. I shall distress my lady readers if I tell them the alteration was not an improvement; so I won't.

What a happy week that was to me I leave to the reader's imagination. We

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took a large double-bedded room at the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion in case we might want to smoke and talk all night; we did, I think, and had our coffee brought up to us in the morning.

I will not attempt to describe the sensations of a young man going back to his beloved Paris "after five years." Tout ça, c'est de l'histoire ancienne. And Barty and Paris together—that is not for such a pen as mine.

I showed him a new photograph of Leah Gibson—a very large one and an excellent. He gazed at it a long time with his magnifying-glass and without, all his keen perceptions on the alert; and I watched his face narrowly.

"My eyes! She *is* a beautiful young woman, and no mistake!" he said, with a sigh. "You mustn't let her slip through your fingers, Bob!"

"How about that toss?" said I, and laughed.

"Oh, I resign *my* claim; she's not for the likes o' me. You're going to be a great capitalist—a citizen of credit and renown. I'm Mr. Nobody, of nowhere. Go in and win, my boy; you have my best wishes. If I can scrape together enough money to buy myself a white waistcoat and a decent coat, I'll be your best man; or some left-off things of yours might do—we're about of a size, aren't we? You've become très bel homme, Bob—plutôt bel homme que joli garçon, hein? That's what women are fond of: English women especially. I'm nowhere now, without my uniform and the rest. Is it still Skinner who builds for you? Good old Skinner! Mes compliments!"

This simple little speech took a hidden weight off my mind and left me very happy. I confided frankly to the good Barty that no Sally in any alley had ever been more warmly adored by any industrious young London apprentice than was Leah Gibson by me!

"Ça y est, alors! Je te félicite d'avance et je garde mes larmes pour quand tu seras parti. Allons dîner chez Babet: j'ai soif de boire à ton bonheur!"

Before I left we met an English artist he had known at the British Museum—an excellent fellow, one Walters, who took him under his wing, and was the means of his entering the atelier Troplong in the rue des Belges as an art student. And thus Barty began his art studies in a proper and legitimate way. It was characteristic of him that this should never have occurred to him before.

So when I parted with the dear fellow things were looking a little brighter for him too.

All through the winter he worked very hard—the first to come, the last to go; and enjoyed his studio life thoroughly.

Such readers as I am likely to have will not require to be told what the interior of a French atelier of the kind is like, nor its domestic economy; nor will I attempt to describe all the fun and the frolic, although I heard it all from Barty in after-years, and very good it was. I almost felt I'd studied there myself! He was a prime favorite—"le Beau Josselin," as he was called.

He made very rapid progress, and had already begun to work in colors by the spring. He made many friends, but led a quiet, industrious life, unrelieved (as far as I know) by any of those light episodes one associates with student life in Paris. His principal amusements through the long winter evenings were the café and the brasserie, mild écarté, a game at billiards or dominoes, and long talks about art and literature with the usual unkempt young geniuses of the place and time—French, English, American.

Then he suddenly took it into his head to go to Antwerp; I don't know who influenced him in this direction, but I arranged to meet him there at the end of April—and we spent a delightful week together, staying at the "Grand Laboureur" in the Place de Meer. The town was still surrounded by the old walls and the moat, and of a picturesqueness that seemed as if it would never pall.

Twice or three times that week British tourists and travellers landed at the quai by the Place Verte from *The Baron Osy*—and this landing was Barty's delight.

The sight of fair, fresh English girls, with huge crinolines, and their hair done up in chenille nets, made him long for England again, and the sound of their voices went nigh to weakening his resolve. But he stood firm to the last, and saw me off by *The Baron*. I felt a strange "serrement de cœur" as I left him standing there, so firm, as if he had been put "au piquet" by M. Dumollard! and so thin and tall and slender—and his boyish face so grave. Good heavens!

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PETER THE HERMIT AU PIQUET.

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how much alone he seemed, who was so little built to live alone!

It is really not too much to say that I would have given up to him everything I possessed in the world—every blessed thing! except Leah—and Leah was not mine to give!

Now and again Barty's face would take on a look so ineffably, pathetically, angelically simple and childlike that it moved one to the very depths, and made one feel like father and mother to him in one! It was the true revelation of his innermost soul, which in many ways remained that of a child even in his middle age and till he died. All his life he never quite put away childish things!

I really believe that in bygone ages he would have moved the world with that look, and been another Peter the Hermit!

He became a pupil at the academy under De Keyser and Van Lerius, and worked harder than ever.

He took a room nearly all window on a second floor in the Marché aux Œufs, just under the shadow of the gigantic spire which rings a fragment of melody every seven minutes and a half—and the whole tune at midnight, fortissimo.

He laid in a stock of cigars at less than a centime apiece, and dried them in the sun; they left as he smoked them a firm white ash two inches long; and he grew so fond of them that he cared to smoke nothing else.

He rose before the dawn, and went for a swim more than a mile away—got to the academy at six—worked till eight—breakfasted on a little roll called a pistolet, and a cup of coffee; then the academy again from nine till twelve—when dinner, the cheapest he had ever known, but not the worst. Then work again all the afternoon, copying old masters at the Gallery. Then a cheap supper, a long walk along the quais or ramparts or outside—a game of dominoes, and a glass or two of "Malines" or "Louvain"—then bed, without invading hordes—the Flemish are as clean as the Dutch; and there he would soon smoke and read himself to sleep in spite of chimes—which lull you, when once you get "achimatized," as he called it, meaning of course to be funny: a villanous kind of fun—caught, I fear, in Barge Yard, Bucklersbury. It used to rain puns in the City—especially in the Stock Exchange, which is close to Barge Yard.

It was a happy life, and he grew to like it better than any life he had led yet; besides, he improved rapidly, as his facility was great—for painting as for everything he tried his hand at.

He also had a very agreeable social existence.

One morning at the academy, two or three days after his arrival, he was accosted by a fellow-student—one Tescheles—who introduced himself as an old pupil of Troplong's in the rue des Belges. They had a long chat in French about the old Paris studio. Among other things, Tescheles asked if there were still any English there.

"Oui"—says Barty—"un nommé Valtères"....

Barty pronounced this name as if it were French; and noticed that Tescheles smiled, exclaiming,

"Parbleu, ce bon Valtères—je l'connais bien!"

Next day Tescheles came up to an English student called Fox and said,

"Well, old stick-in-the-mud, how are *you* getting on?"

"Why, you don't mean to say *you're* an Englishman?" says Barty to Tescheles.

"Good heavens! you don't mean to say *you* are! fancy your calling poor old Walters *Valtères!*"

And after that they became very intimate, and that was a good thing for Barty.

The polyglot Tescheles was of a famous musical family, of mixed German and Russian origin, naturalized in England and domiciled in France—a true cosmopolite and a wonderful linguist, besides being also a cultivated musician and excellent painter; and all the musicians, famous or otherwise, that passed through Antwerp made his rooms a favorite resort and house of call. And Barty was introduced into a world as delightful to him as it was new—and to music that ravished his soul with a novel enchantment: Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, Schumann—and he found that Schubert had written a few other songs besides the famous "Serenade"!

One evening he was even asked if he could make music himself, and actually volunteered to sing—and sang that famous ballad of Balfe's which seems destined to become immortal in this country—"When other lips". . . *alias*, "Then you'll remember me!"

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Strange to say, it was absolutely new to this high musical circle, but they went quite mad over it; and the beautiful melody got naturalized from that moment in Belgium and beyond, and Barty was proclaimed the primo tenore of Antwerp—although he was only a barytone!

A fortnight after this Barty heard "When other lips" played by the "Guides" band in the park at Brussels. Its first appearance out of England—and all through him.

Then he belonged to the Antwerp "Cercle Artistique," where he made many friends and was very popular, as I can well imagine.

Thus he was happier than he had ever been in his life; but for one thing that plagued him now and again: his oft-recurring desire to be conscious once more of the north, which he had not felt for four or five years.

The want of this sensation at certain periods—especially at night—would send a chill thrill of desolation through him like a wave; a wild panic, a quick agony, as though the true meaning of absolute loneliness were suddenly realized by a lightning flash of insight, and it were to last for ever and ever.

This would pass away in a second or two, but left a haunting recollection behind for many hours. And then all was again sunshine, and the world was made of many friends—and solitude was impossible evermore.

One memorable morning this happiness received a check and a great horror befell him. It was towards the end of summer—just before the vacation.

With a dozen others, he was painting the head of an old man from the life, when he became quite suddenly conscious of something strange in his sight. First he shut his left eye and saw with his right quite perfectly; then he shut the right, and lo! whatever he looked at with the left dwindled to a vanishing point and became invisible. No rubbing or bathing of his eye would alter the terrible fact, and he knew what great fear really means, for the first time.

Much kind concern was expressed, and Van Lerius told him to go at once to a Monsieur Noiret, a professor at the Catholic University of Louvain, who had attended *him* for the eyes, and had the reputation of being the first oculist in Belgium.

Barty wrote immediately and an appointment was made, and in three days he saw the great man, half professor, half priest, who took him into a dark chamber lighted by a lamp and dilated his pupil with atropine and looked into his eye with the newly discovered "ophthalmoscope."

Professor Noiret told him it was merely a congestion of the retina—for which no cause could be assigned; and that he would be cured in less than a month. That he was to have a seton let into the back of his neck, dry-cup himself on the chest and thighs night and morning, and take a preparation of mercury three times a day. Also that he must go to the seaside immediately—and he recommended Ostend.

Barty told him that he was an impecunious art student, and that Ostend was a very expensive place.

Noiret considerately recommended Blankenberghe, which was cheap; asked for and took his full fee, and said, with a courtly priestly bow:

"If you are not cured, come back in a month. *Au revoir!*"

So poor Barty had the seton put in by a kind of barber-surgeon, and was told how to dress it night and morning; got his medicines and his dry-cupping apparatus, and went off to Blankenberghe quite hopeful.

And there things happened to him which I really think are worth telling; in the first place, because, even if they did not concern Barty Josselin, they should be amusing for their own sake—that is, if I could only tell them as he told me afterwards; and I will do my best!

And then he was nearing the end of the time when he was to remain as other mortals are. His new life was soon to open, the great change to which we owe the Barty Josselin who has changed the world for *us!*

Besides, this is a biography—not a novel—not literature! So what does it matter how it's written, so long as it's all true!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A CENTURY'S STRUGGLE FOR THE FRANCHISE IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FRANCIS N. THORPE.

THE evolution of American politics is from a basis of things to a basis of persons. We began our government on the basis of property, but time discloses that man is the chief corner-stone. Evidences of the transition are presented sometimes unexpectedly, as in the objection to an income tax: "If this be a government of men, taxes must be levied on men, and not on property. When all men are taxed according to fixed and equitable rules, whatever may be the amount of the burden imposed on each individual, the government rests on men, not on things."

The American system rests fundamentally on the franchise. All our constitutions and laws are devices to enfranchise the man as an individual, and as a person having communal relations in a civil corporation—the town, the county, the commonwealth, or the nation.

It is not unnatural that the chief struggle in America has been, and continues to be, the struggle for the franchise. In a democracy every human interest is eventually valued as a political force. Democracy exposes the individual. It rests the whole case of civilization upon his integrity. Thus it follows that crafty men may substitute a political device for integrity, and witless men may confuse integrity with the device. A democracy is at the mercy of ideas. If the conduit for their currency is easy and open, there is not likely to be an upheaval of the state. The offices in commonwealth, in city, in shire, and in national government are safety-valves in our democracy. A talking Congress is less destructive than a muzzled populace. Even French revolutions collapse when all Paris talks freely. The secret of government is to enfranchise ideas. Men never talk and fight at the same time.

In theory there will always be two political parties in a democracy. One will construct its machinery from the landless and those without property. It will prescribe wealth for those who can take it from its present possessors. A new order is easier than the old. Indeed, is it not easier at any time of difficulty to begin anew than sedulously to carry through the original plan? This is the party of the future; the party by amendment; the party for change. It finds the world weary of the old reformers, who left the rich and the poor, to find the poor and the rich. It finds thought outrunning performance; its philosophy is the philosophy of discontent. It knows that the promise of pleasure, of wealth, of power, is a more virtuous incentive than present pain, present poverty, or present weakness. It will be destructive of existing institutions, rather than constructive of the institutions of to-morrow. It lives in the future, but is forced to collect taxes to-day. Could it free its disciples from these present burdens, there would be but one party in the world. It is founded on persons.

The other party has a long memory. It prefers the ease of conserving to the labor of destroying. Men pass away; things remain longer; ideas only are immortal. It therefore builds on ideas, and attempts to anchor things to them. The present is the true time. What has been, will be, therefore the passing populace may pass on. Think for them, furnish them labor, protect them, but anchor them to real things. Identify their interests with the interests of the state. Repair, but destroy not. Enfranchise men as thinking creatures, as ideas in the flesh. Only little ideas can ruin the commonwealth. Therefore the great teacher, the great school, the great builder, the great industry, the great state. To enfranchise little minds is to turn into the streets men who squeak and gibber. Secure the means for practical intelligence before placing power in the hands of the multitude. Then is the state secure.

These two parties have made our political history. At the close of the last century the conservative party was in power; at the close of this century the radical party is in power. The revolution has been from government founded on property to government founded on persons.

In nature the processes of evolution are marked by the emergence of types. It is so in the evolution of government, for government is a natural process. In the closing years of the eighteenth century, when the American governments were evolved, the two types of political evolution were Hamilton and Jefferson. Ham-

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ilton's ideas of government rest on two propositions—that government is a device of checks and balances, created by a few thoughtful men, and, under their control, supported by many less thoughtful men, who are protected by the device, and prospered in their affairs as a compensation for their support; and secondly, that property is the basis of government. The New England formulation of the Hamiltonian idea is: "Government shall be one of laws, not one of men."

Jefferson's ideas of government rest also on two main propositions—that government is probably a necessary device, of which the more you have the worse you are off; and that government is founded on persons.

Between Hamilton and Jefferson is Franklin, whose concept of government is that "a general government is necessary for us, and there is no form of government but may be a blessing to the people if well administered."

The eighteenth century was the century of modern political theories. Their influence is seen in the language of all the American and French constitutions of that time. Voltaire set the pace for France, Jefferson for America; and Jefferson is commonly called, in this country, the father of American democracy. Hamilton's and Jefferson's theories of government have been subjected for a century to the severe test which, in Franklin's opinion, discloses whether a government is a blessing or a curse to its people—the test of administration. The nineteenth century has been spent in administering the political theories of the eighteenth. The process has been one of evolution, marked by the emergence of two administrative types—Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln.

When Webster died, Lincoln was in his forty-fourth year. These years were the years of Webster's influence and fame. His orations had become a part of the world's literature; his eloquence had become the glory of the nation. Yet no trace of Webster's influence on Lincoln exists. The man, the voice, the argument, seem never to have become part of Lincoln's world. Other public men of Lincoln's and of a later generation have made a study of Webster. It is not known that Lincoln ever read a line of his speeches. The obscure Lincoln was as unconscious of Webster as Webster was unconscious of the plain lawyer of Sangamon County.

Had they known each other, it may be said, they would have remained strangers. It would have been impossible for them to know each other as now the world knows each of them. Each was a type in the administrative evolution of popular government. Webster was admired, but not loved or profoundly trusted by the people. Lincoln trusted the people, and therefore the people trusted him.

Webster's reply to Hayne, and Lincoln's Gettysburg address, the one the longest, the other the shortest, speech of its kind in our history, are also the most famed. Lincoln's is lofty in sentiment and faultless in form; Webster's, less perfect in form, is equally lofty in sentiment, and the sentiment of each, "dear to every American heart," is the liberty and union of the nation. Of all utterances in America during this century we would least willingly let these two utterances die. We cherish them because they embody the dominant cause of the century in America—"Whether the new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, can long endure." This has been the administrative question of American democracy in the nineteenth century—a question that compelled answer just as the century had lost its youth and was entering upon its responsible manhood; a question which the America of Webster asked, and which, ten years later, the America of Lincoln answered.

It is easier to understand that question and to appreciate that answer if we follow the evolution of the franchise during those four-and-forty years. The United States in 1789, when its Constitution was adopted, was a limited democracy. So, too, were the commonwealths. The latter continued limited democracies for one generation; the United States for two. The limitation was of the franchise. Jefferson theorized that a man should vote because he is a man. The conservative party interpreted the franchise as the privilege of men who, by long residence, if they were not to the manor born, by religious belief, and by the possession of property could be intrusted with so valuable a privilege.

In the eighteenth century those who questioned the justice of these qualifications were considered anarchists. Long

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residence was necessary to enable the elector to understand communal interests. A religious qualification was necessary as a deterrent of crime. A property qualification was necessary as a safe anchor for the state.

These qualifications limited the electorate; similar qualifications, more exacting, limited candidature. Government was controlled and administered by the few. It was government of the few, by the few, for the many. On the return of America to a peace footing, in 1783, a counter-revolution began. A similar counter-revolution followed the second war with England, the Mexican, and the civil war. These counter-revolutions involved the franchise. By 1810 the first had nearly obliterated the religious qualification of the right to vote. It did not obliterate a quasi-religious test, as a "belief in a future state of rewards and punishments," before they could serve on juries or be witnesses; or "a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being" before they could be eligible to office. These qualifications, peculiar to the Southern States from 1835 to 1868, awaited the counter-revolution that followed the civil war, when, save in three, they were abolished. Franklin, in a letter to Priestley, written from Passy in 1784, spoke of the quasi-religious test at that time required by the Constitution of Pennsylvania: "The evil of it is less, as no inhabitant nor officer of the government, except members of Assembly, are required to make the declaration."

Jefferson had let loose the idea that was to change the state. "The error seems not sufficiently eradicated that the operations of the mind, as well as the acts of the body, are subject to the coercion of the laws. But our rulers can have authority over such natural rights only as we have submitted to them. The rights of conscience we never submitted; we could not submit. We are answerable for them to our God. The legitimate powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. But it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods or no god. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg. If it be said his testimony in a court of justice cannot be relied on, reject it then, and be the stigma on him. Constraint may make him worse by making him a hypocrite, but it will never make him a truer man. It may fix him obstinately in his errors, but will not cure them. Reason and free inquiry are the only effectual agents against error; the way to silence religious disputes is to take no notice of them." The application of these liberal ideas has abolished religious tests in this country, save in four commonwealths, and their Constitutions were made a generation ago.

By 1820 the struggle for the franchise was the chief issue before the country. In that year the political reformers in Massachusetts, led by Levi Lincoln, sought to change the basis of representation in the Senate from property to persons. Very distinguished were the men who in the Convention of that year opposed that innovation. Most venerable in years and service was John Adams, the author of the Constitution which they were called to amend. He asserted that the great object of government is to make property secure, and quoted freely from classic history to show that "by destroying the balance between property and numbers, and in consequence, a torrent of popular commotion broke in and desolated the republic of Athens." To change the basis of representation in Massachusetts would cause a like desolation. In these opinions Adams was supported by Justice Story, but by none so ably or successfully as by Webster, who spoke at length on "property the basis of government." So satisfactory was this speech to Webster that a week later he incorporated it in his Plymouth oration. The world has long been familiar with this classic. Its leading passages now seem to belong to the political concepts of ancient times. "If the nature of our institutions be to found government on property, and that it should look to those who hold property for its protection, it is entirely just that property should have its due weight and consideration in political arrangements. Life and personal liberty are no doubt to be protected by law; but property is also to be protected by law, and is the fund out of which the means for protecting life and liberty are usually furnished."

Against Adams and Story and Webster, Levi Lincoln and his political associates spoke in vain. Webster's speech was supposed to be unanswerable. The answer slowly came, however, from many voices—not like his, commanding the ear

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of the nation, but such as are called obscure and feeble. For sixteen years these voices gathered strength. In 1836 Webster was paying his respects, as a Senator of the United States, to the Legislature which had elected him. An amendment to the Constitution was under discussion as he took his seat by the side of the president of the House. A Democratic member was making a vigorous attack upon the idea that property is the basis of government. Had not Webster forever settled that controversy in the convention of 1820? Before he left the chamber the amendment was adopted by a two-thirds vote, and was ratified by the people at the following November election.

A year later, in New York, the struggle for the franchise involved the abolition of property qualifications, the shortening of the term of residence to become an elector, and the extension of the suffrage to persons of color. Tompkins, then just from two terms in the Vice-Presidency, was president of the convention, and the leader of the party favoring the extension. There were Federalists and Democrats who opposed the innovation. Such Federalists as Chancellor Kent and Rufus King, members of the convention, opposed what was then called universal suffrage—a suffrage stripped of a property qualification—and they were joined by Martin Van Buren, the famous lieutenant of the most famous Democrat of this century. These agreed that one branch of the Legislature should represent property; the other, persons. Opposition to the extension of the suffrage to persons of color was grounded on fear. It would endanger the State. Their loyalty could not be relied on. Rufus King pointed out an obstacle in the way of his exclusion. The Constitution of the United States declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." In Massachusetts, in New Hampshire, in Vermont, persons of color enjoyed the privilege of voting. If a citizen formerly of one of these States moved into New York, became a citizen, and obeyed the laws, how could he be excluded from the right to vote? The convention replied by inserting in the Constitution a clause enabling male persons of color, qualified by a three years' residence in the State and the possession of property of the value of $250, to vote. For a white man no property qualification was required, and a residence of but one year. The race question had permanently entered American politics. Of course only free male persons of color were intended in this extension of the franchise. In Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont slavery had been unlawful for nearly half a century. In other Northern States it was lawful in 1820.

Ten years later the struggle for the franchise was a forlorn hope in the Richmond convention. Eighty thousand white male inhabitants of Virginia were disfranchised by the property qualification in the Constitution of 1776. The ideas of these non-freeholders were expressed in a memorial from the non-freeholders of Richmond. Chief-Justice Marshall presented it, but voted against its favorable consideration. Two ex-Presidents of the United States, James Madison and James Monroe, and a future President, John Tyler, also members of this convention, opposed the abolition of the freehold qualification. Like John Adams in the Massachusetts convention, like Kent and King in New York, like all American statesmen of the eighteenth century, Madison and Monroe drew their premises and political analogies from the history of the Greek and Italian republics. The separation of government from its true basis, property in land, would destroy the state.

Monroe, too feeble in health to continue as presiding officer, made his last public utterance an expostulation against the extension. The best evidence of attachment to the country, he thought, was "some hold in the territory itself; some interest in the soil; something that we own, not as passengers or voyagers, who have no property in the State, and nothing to bind them to it. The object is to give firmness and permanency to our attachment. And these (that is, property qualifications) are the best means by which it may be accomplished. These transient passengers may be foreigners. . . . Ours is a government of the people, ... but the whole system is as yet an experiment; it remains to be seen whether such a government can be maintained." And he thought the extension of the suffrage to non-freeholders too dangerous an innovation. The poor man should be induced to use exertions which would soon obtain for him the right of voting.

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But the man on whose words the convention hung was Madison, and he thought the rights of property and persons were inseparable. Property was reliable; men were not. If universal suffrage were granted, the majority would not sufficiently respect the rights of the minority. The convention supported Marshall, Madison, and Monroe. The petitioning non-freeholders found no advocate so eloquent as their own memorial. The mere ownership of real estate gave no superior right to the suffrage. The great charter of American government declared "that all men by nature are free and equal and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity." The venerated author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Act of Religious Freedom had fully set forth the rights of man. Deprived of their political rights, the eighty thousand non-freeholders might become a dangerous class. They were the mechanics and artificers in the commonwealth. The denial of the right to vote had forced the young men of Virginia to migrate to Western States, where such restrictions were not tolerated. Therefore they thought themselves justly entitled to the right to vote. The convention thought otherwise, and the freehold qualification continued in Virginia twenty years more. The vigorous appeal of the non-freeholders of Richmond suggests an explanation of the cause of that political whirlwind which swept over this country at the time of General Jackson's election. It was called by those who directed the storm "the uprising of a free people." It was the political prelude to the era of universal suffrage into which the country was passing.

But a serious obstacle was in the way. What shall be the law of the franchise in a democracy in which persons are also property? Either persons must cease being property or the principles of democracy must be abandoned.

The bridgeless gulf between Webster and Lincoln was becoming apparent. The doctrine Webster advocated never prevailed outside of the original States. Proportional popular representation has become the basis for each branch of the Legislature. The Senatorial differs from the Assembly district only in size.

In the slaveholding States the property basis of government longer affected national politics. When the Constitution of the United States was framed, Gorham of Massachusetts said if property voted in the South it should vote in the North. The houses and cattle of Massachusetts should be counted as well as the slaves of South Carolina.

Two-fifths of a slave was property; three-fifths was person. The anomaly must prove fatal to the democracy in which it prevailed. President Monroe's doubt of the perpetuity of the Union in 1830 was characteristic of all American statesmen till slavery was abolished.

North Carolina in 1835, and Pennsylvania in 1838, in revising their eighteenth-century Constitutions, were compelled to consider the extension of the suffrage to free male persons of color. Each State refused, and for the same reason. There was no precedent; the State would be overrun by negroes; they were incapable of becoming intelligent citizens; social equality could not be extended to them, and to extend political equality would only precipitate a revolution; they already enjoyed the protection of life and property, and were quite as well off as they could expect to be. If given the franchise, they would become the creatures of designing men, and the State would suffer. Michigan in 1835, though in convention unanimously agreeing to the clause forbidding slavery, with almost equal unanimity refused to extend the franchise to free persons of color. Wisconsin in 1847, after adopting an abolition clause, refused them franchise as Michigan had done twelve years before, and further refused to submit the question to the electors of the State. Illinois in 1818, and again in 1848, limited the suffrage to white males, though declaring slavery unlawful, and slave indentures void. Ohio in 1850 pursued a similar course. Indiana a year later made it a penal offence to encourage negroes or mulattoes to settle in the State, the fines paid in to constitute a fund wherewith the State might transport such persons of color as would consent to go. Tennessee in 1835 included free persons of color as possible members of her electorate. The Western States admitted from 1846 to 1858, Iowa, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota, Oregon, Kansas — all free States — denied the extension of the franchise to the free African. Oregon in its Consti-

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tution practically forbade him to come. The African was disfranchised in the North and enslaved in the South. Save as productive property, the hand of man was turned against him. His condition was held to be morally axiomatic, and expressive of the will of God. It was another emphasis of the presumptuous doctrine, less heard of in late years than formerly—*Populi vox, Dei vox.*

Meanwhile other phases of the suffrage were under discussion. In 1846 the debate began in New York in favor of its extension to woman. Four years later a resolution, the first of its kind, was introduced in the Ohio Constitutional Convention favoring the extension. It was too unprecedented to be treated seriously. Its seven defenders made no campaign in its behalf. One ventured the opinion that women ought to have an equal opportunity with men in education, in the control of their property, in work and wages, and the franchise.

To the sudden appearance of the woman-suffrage question in American politics, the conditions of life in 1850 were favorable. Her toil helped to clear off mortgages from the farm; to educate the children; to carry on business; to manage property; to support schools, churches, and newspapers; to make social life possible; and to develop the great West. There the franchise was first granted her.

The new phases of woman's activity signified new economic adjustments in American life certain to have a political effect. The adjustment signified that her industrial freedom must be declared, and her industrial necessitated her political freedom.

In 1853, in Massachusetts, a petition signed by two thousand women was referred by the convention then in session to its Committee on the Franchise, of which Amasa Walker was chairman. The petition asked for the extension of the suffrage to women. The committee in its report begged to be excused from considering the request. The petition, as far as the committee knew, was the first of its kind. Nor would the committee argue the case. Of the two hundred thousand women in Massachusetts, but one in a hundred had signed the petition. This all women in the State had been free to do. That they had not signed was sufficient evidence that they did not care to sign, and that in their opinion, as it was also the opinion of the committee, they were already duly represented by their husbands, their brothers, and their sons. And the convention dismissed the petitioners, "having given them a careful hearing."

Webster passed away with that vision before him that did "sear his eyeballs." It was the fearful vision which had been before him for twenty years—a vision of "the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; a land rent with civil feuds, drenched in fraternal blood." His last great public utterance, the 7th of March speech, applied ideas expressed by him thirty years before, that property, not persons, is the basis of government, and now his application tended to strengthen slavery. Five years after his death the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Dred Scott decision, carried the political doctrine involved in Webster's idea presumptively to its final judicial interpretation. By this decision the African even lost his three-fifths claim to personality.

More than any other utterance made by any body of American officials down to the day of its delivery, this stirred the public mind to an examination of the elements of American democracy. If this decision was true, democracy was a misnomer; all white men were slave-catchers, all slaves mere personal property. The nation at once detected the moral incongruity of the decision. In the court of national conscience this decision was reversed; and its legal effect was soon cut short by the sword.

The war was essentially an industrial struggle—a struggle between free labor and the masters of slave labor. The emancipation of negro slaves was a war measure, and conferred no political privileges upon the freedmen. As the national army restored civil order in the Southern States after the close of the war, opportunity came for the reconstruction of their governments. And first in Louisiana, whose loyal people, in 1864, elected Michael Hahn Governor. On the 13th of March President Lincoln wrote to Governor Hahn, congratulating him on having fixed his name in history as the first free State Governor of Louisiana: "Now you are about to have a convention, which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise, I barely suggest,

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for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in; as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help in some trying time to come to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom."

Probably this was the first suggestion of its kind from the President. In response to it the Louisiana convention of 1864, kept in order with difficulty by the ceaseless activity of its president and its sergeant-at-arms, abolished slavery, and empowered the Legislature to extend the suffrage to such other persons, citizens of the United States, as by military service, by taxation to support the government, or by intellectual fitness, might be deemed entitled to vote, thus embodying Lincoln's suggestion.

With the cessation of hostilities, other States attempted the work of reconstruction, but they refused to extend political rights to negroes. South Carolina not only denied them these rights, but refused to include them in the apportionment of representation. As the right to vote emanates from the State, four millions of persons, comprising more than three-quarters of a million of males twenty-one years of age and over, were thus excluded from political rights and from representation. The race problem became at once a national issue. Its solution was the work of that counter-revolution which followed the civil war.

On the 15th of August, 1865, President Johnson wrote to the Provisional Governor of Mississippi, W. L. Sharkey: "If you could extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than $250 and pay taxes thereon, you would completely disarm the adversary and set an example the other States would follow. This you can do with perfect safety, and you thus place the Southern States, in reference to free persons of color, upon the same basis with the free States." But Mississippi declined to follow the suggestion, though, twenty-five years later, it followed it almost literally, but for a different purpose.

A struggle over the franchise thus began between the reconstructed States and Congress. The Constitutions made in the conventions of 1865 were declared by Congress to be illegal and void. The reconstruction acts of 1867, affirming that illegality, provided that qualified electors in the designated Confederate States—Virginia being subject to a special act—upon taking the oath of allegiance and being duly registered, might elect delegates to constitutional conventions. Each could then frame a supreme law, which, if approved by Congress, should become the State Constitution. The condition imposed was the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment, giving the right to vote to all qualified persons, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Thus the national government compelled the reconstructed States to extend the franchise to the colored race, and to include it in the apportionment of representation. In the reconstruction conventions of 1868, except South Carolina, a firm protest was made. The protest in Arkansas was typical of the feeling throughout the South. The inevitable result of the extension of the suffrage to the negro—so ran this protest—"would be the overthrow of the white man's government of our fathers, and an erection of an Africanized government in its stead. The negro is not the equal of the white man. In mind and body the differences are striking, numerous, and insurmountable. Four thousand years ago he was exactly what he is to-day. All history demonstrates his utter incapacity for self-government, and his utter want of appreciation of free institutions. But, beyond all this, our own experience and the teachings of history inexorably point to this dreadful result. The investing of an inferior race with social and political equality is the stepping-stone to miscegenation, and the consequent utter deterioration and degeneracy of the dominant race. It cannot be denied that political equality (politically that equality resulting from the indiscriminate exercise of the elective franchise) will result in social equality, unless, in the throes and conflicts which will inevitably precede the new order of things, one or the other of the races perishes from the earth."

No expression of this kind came from South Carolina, because its second reconstruction convention was composed chiefly of colored men. In Charleston, where, eight years before, the first secession con-

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vention, composed of slave-owners, had declared the dissolution of the Union, there assembled now another, to which some lately slaves were delegates. Former masters were disfranchised, and declared incapable either of being members of the convention or of expressing any opinion of its work by their votes.

Never before was there so sudden, so vast a change in a democracy, the former slave making the supreme law of the commonwealth. Orr, an ex-Speaker of the national House of Representatives, an active member of the secession convention of 1860 (now provisionally Governor and declaring himself henceforth a Union man), urged the delegates to be magnanimous, to provide for public education, and to prescribe educational qualification. He told them that they did not represent the intelligence, wealth, and virtue of South Carolina, that they did not possess the confidence of its people—meaning the white population. He might have added that were it not for the national troops patrolling the State and guarding the convention, the white inhabitants of the commonwealth would quickly disperse the delegates (nicknamed "the menagerie" by the whites) at the point of the bayonet. But this he did not say; the convention completed its work in peace, and the Constitution which it framed continued the supreme law of South Carolina until 1896—the only reconstruction Constitution that endured a generation. The suggestions of the Governor respecting schools and magnanimity were carefully followed, but no educational qualification was prescribed. One was discussed at length, but the delegates took their stand on the proposed Fourteenth Amendment, the reconstruction acts of Congress, and their personal fears. One member summed all objections: the colored race had been disfranchised two hundred and fifty years in America, and now negroes were going to vote.

The history of South Carolina since 1868 has proved the truth of Franklin's major premise in government—that the Constitution of a State is determined not by its language, but by its administration.

Congress approved the Constitutions of 1868, and soon after readmitted the Southern States. Of that "civil and social war" which followed for ten years, it is unjust to speak till after exhaustive study of the period. The struggle for the franchise was not over in the South. In 1890 Mississippi, openly avowing its purpose to disfranchise the negro and to secure white supremacy forever in the State, promulgated a new Constitution.

The convention discussed several plans: plural suffrage, based upon property; a property qualification of $250; an educational qualification like that proposed in 1865 by President Johnson, save that the Constitution to be read should be the Constitution of Mississippi; total exclusion of the African race from the suffrage, and proportional relinquishment of representation in Congress; and woman suffrage.

An influential journal in the State declared that the introduction and consideration of a clause in favor of woman suffrage had weakened public confidence in the ability of the convention to grapple successfully with the grave problems before it. The extension of the suffrage to woman as a means of maintaining white supremacy in the State was a *dernier ressort*, a sacrifice made on the ground that necessity knows no law. The white men of the State could maintain white supremacy.

A property qualification was rejected because it would disqualify as many whites as blacks. An educational qualification was adopted, after much opposition. Every elector must be able to read any section of the State Constitution, or to understand it when read to him, or give it a reasonable interpretation. The election officer who decides on the reasonableness of the interpretation is appointed by the Governor.

As the Constitution was not submitted to a popular vote, the clause escaped defeat.

When from the State Constitutions the Fourteenth Amendment obliterated the word "white," only six States had conferred the franchise on persons of color. Congress, with absolute authority over the District of Columbia, never conferred it. The Wade and Davis bill, the only Congressional plan for reconstruction in 1866, did not include negro suffrage. The extension was in consequence of a grinding political and industrial necessity.

From 1860 to 1890 some commonwealths further modified the franchise by prescribing registration of voters, thereby requiring an educational qualification, and nearly all reduced the time required to gain a legal residence. This reduction-

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was in response to the inter-State bid for immigrants. If Michigan required two years and Wisconsin but one, immigrants would pass on to Wisconsin. In the eighteenth century, to gain a residence required twenty-one years. At the close of the nineteenth it does not require half as many minutes, for in many States the man may vote who declares his intention of becoming a citizen.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth decades of the century were decades of woman-suffrage agitation, most vigorous and successful in 1889–90 in the new States of the Northwest. The Constitution of Wyoming gives woman the right to vote and to hold office. The Legislature of Idaho is empowered to grant her the right to vote.

When in 1853 Amasa Walker's committee begged to be excused from considering so novel a proposition as woman suffrage, probably no white woman had ever seen that region now called Wyoming.

The Wyoming provision, three years later, received administrative definition in a concurrent resolution passed unanimously by the House of Representatives, a resolution which is the very ecstasy of propagandism: That the possession and the exercise of the suffrage by the women of Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm, and has, without any violent or oppressive legislation, largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from the State; that it secured peaceful elections, good government, and a remarkable degree of civilization and public order. After twenty-five years of woman suffrage not a county in Wyoming had a poorhouse; its jails were almost empty; and crime, except when committed by strangers in the State, was almost unknown. As the result of this experience, every civilized community was urged to enfranchise its women without delay.

One of the three Republican Presidential electors of Wyoming in 1896 was a woman. Rarely does so significant a social and political change occur as that which has occurred within the lifetime of the woman-suffrage agitators of 1846.

Some one may inquire whether the enthusiastic resolution of the Wyoming Legislature in 1893 is a new voice in the world, or only the echo of similar resolutions in political platforms of a generation earlier, when negro suffrage was the propagandism of political optimists. Has negro suffrage solved the race problem? Will woman suffrage solve the social problem? Experience has not yet answered.

During this struggle for the franchise, now lasting a century, the basis of government by public consent has been shifted from property to persons. Jefferson's ideas of manhood suffrage prevail. Hamilton's idea of identifying the interests of the citizens with the interests of the national government preserved the Union, as it made the Union possible. Webster's great speeches placed American institutions for the first time in the world's literature. Experience has demonstrated Franklin's wisdom in affirming that the test of a government is its administration.

As the century draws to a close, the one American whose thought was the political conscience of the nation is he whose simple definition of government in his Gettysburg address has been accepted by the world as the true definition of democracy in America.

The struggle for the franchise has been a struggle for the more perfect union, inasmuch as it has justly increased the sovereign American electorate, upon which the fate of the Union depends.

And what means universal suffrage? That every person of sound mind and of the age which common custom fixes as the time test of responsibility shall freely, fully, potently, express his ideas for his own and for the general welfare. To enfranchise man is to give liberty to the mind, and to let the world have the benefit of ideas. Nations rest upon men; men, upon ideas. The franchise is a political device by which ideas may be known, counted, weighed, and applied. In the evolution of government we are now in the franchise process. The device is practicable, and, when fairly used, serves a large purpose in American democracy. But on last analysis it is only a device. The real struggle for the franchise is not to win a piece of political mechanism, but to win freedom of thought, political morality—the republic of ideas. The device itself is the political compliment which in the evolution of democracy is paid to the thoughtless. The apology for the device is that its extension tends to make men and women thoughtful.

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TIME.

BY WILLISTON FISH.

I THINK that Time abideth in some star
That winter nights doth glimmer faint and cold,
Some star lost in a mist of worlds afar,
Wherefrom he casts the spell that makes us old;
Wherefrom he maketh that the ripened grain,
The restful night, the ever-welcome day,
The sparkling tide new-risen on the main,
Do register our hours that pass away;
Wherefrom he maketh that a little sand
Cannot within its glass run silently,
Nor on a dial move a foolish hand,
But they do measure our mortality.
O demon Time, accursed, malevolent,
When shall thy rage be satisfied or spent?

Thou necromancer of the starry steeps,
Thou wizard, ravisher, and enemy,
Eternity, thy master, broods and sleeps,
And knows not of thy cruel villany.
Thou conjurest the dead forth from their mould
To question them for fearful auguries;
The golden hours that in our hands we hold
Thou changest into withered memories;
The chastest maids in youth, sole loveliness,
Thou dost pursue, and lead'st them on to scorn,
Their rosy lips and cheeks thou ravishest,
Then who shall love them that thou leav'st forlorn?
Of all mankind thou art the enemy,
And never kind except in treachery.

All, all this world thou usest but to mock
Our pillaged senses that would love it well;
Of every motion dost thou make a clock;
Of every sound thou mak'st a passing-bell.
A happy moment is a moment gone;
A crownèd life is but a lifetime fled.
Thou writ'st a doom across the breaking dawn:
"The day that cometh passeth to the dead."
Oh, might it be that thou didst not invade
Some sheltered spot, some dreaming summer land!
Lo, on the turf there lies the maple's shade,
And 'tis a dial with a creeping hand.
O cruel Time, why doest thou this wrong,
That thou lett'st not one summer's day be long?

Oh, were Time kind, as never yet Time was,
Then would he use his strange, transmuting power
Only to make fair change, bring good to pass,
Fond friends to meet, and claspèd buds to flower;
To raise the worthy peasant high at court,
The lonely scholar to a great renown;
To bring far-wandered ships to happy port;
To crown our hopes and never cast them down;
To raise the patient from his weary bed,
And lead sweet lovers to their rosy bliss,
Making the timid swain emboldened
To take at last the undefended kiss.
Oh, were Time kind, then would his magic be
More golden rich than golden alchemy!

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HUMPHRY DAVY.
From the painting by H. Howard.

SCIENCE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

NOT many months ago word came out of Germany of a scientific discovery that startled the world. It came first as a rumor, little credited; then as a pronounced report; at last as a demonstration. It told of a new manifestation of energy, in virtue of which the interior of opaque objects is made visible to human eyes. One had only to look into a tube containing a screen of a certain composition, and directed toward a peculiar electrical apparatus, to acquire clairvoyant vision more wonderful than the discredited second sight of the medium. Coins within a purse, nails driven into wood, spectacles within a leather case, became clearly visible when subjected to the influence of this magic tube; and when a human hand was held before the tube, its bones stood revealed in weird simplicity,

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as if the living, palpitating flesh about them were but the shadowy substance of a ghost.

Not only could the human eye see these astounding revelations, but the impartial evidence of inanimate chemicals could be brought forward to prove that the mind harbored no illusion. The photographic film recorded the things that the eye might see, and ghostly pictures galore soon gave a quietus to the doubts of the most sceptical. Within a month of the announcement of Professor Röntgen's experiments comment upon the "X ray" and the "new photography" had become a part of the current gossip of all Christendom.

It was but natural that thoughtful minds should have associated this discovery of our boasted latter-day epoch with another discovery that was made in the earliest infancy of our century. In the year 1801 Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, of the world-renowned family of potters, and Humphry Davy, the youthful but already famous chemist, made experiments which showed that it was possible to secure the imprint of a translucent body upon a chemically prepared plate by exposure to sunlight. In this way translucent pictures were copied, and skeletal imprints were secured of such objects as leaves and the wings of insects—imprints strikingly similar to the "shadowgraphs" of more opaque objects which we secure by means of the "new photography" to-day. But these experimenters little dreamed of the real significance of their observations. It was forty years before practical photography, which these observations foreshadowed, was developed and made of any use outside the laboratory.

It seems strange enough now that imaginative men—and Davy surely was such a man—should have paused on the very brink of so great a discovery. But to harbor that thought is to misjudge the nature of the human mind. Things that have once been done seem easy; things that have not been done are difficult, though they lie but a hair's-breadth off the beaten track. Who can to-day foretell what revelations may be made, what useful arts developed, forty years hence through the agency of what we now call the new photography?

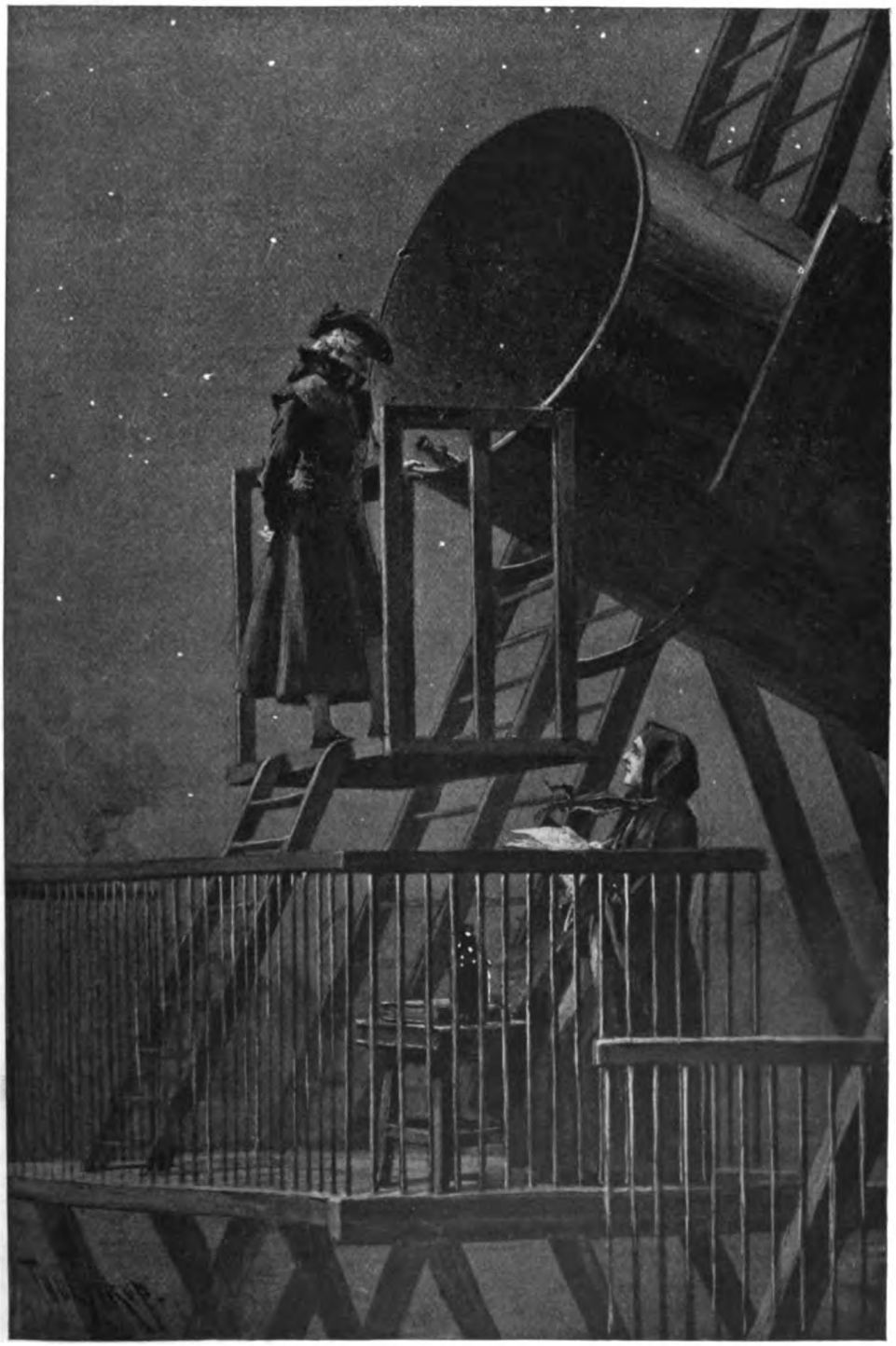
It is no part of my purpose, however, to attempt the impossible feat of casting a horoscope for the new photography. My present theme is reminiscent, not prophetic. I wish to recall what knowledge of the sciences men had in the days when that discovery of Wedgwood and Davy was made, almost a hundred years ago; to inquire what was the scientific horizon of a person standing at the threshold of our own century. Let us glance briefly at each main department of the science of that time, that we may know whither men's minds were trending in those closing days of the eighteenth century, and what were the chief scientific legacies of that century to its successor.

II.

In the field of astronomy the central figure during this closing epoch of the eighteenth century is William Herschel, the Hanoverian, whom England has made hers by adoption. He is a man with a positive genius for sidereal discovery. At first a mere amateur in astronomy, he snatches time from his duties as music-teacher to grind him a telescopic mirror, and begins gazing at the stars. Not content with his first telescope, he makes another, and another, and he has such genius for the work that he soon possesses a better instrument than was ever made before. His patience in grinding the curved reflecting surface is monumental. Sometimes for sixteen hours together he must walk steadily about the mirror, polishing it, without once removing his hands. Meantime his sister, always his chief lieutenant, cheers him with her presence, and from time to time puts food into his mouth. The telescope completed, the astronomer turns night into day, and from sunset to sunrise, year in and year out, sweeps the heavens unceasingly, unless prevented by clouds or the brightness of the moon. His sister sits always at his side, recording his observations. They are in the open air, perched high at the mouth of the reflector, and sometimes it is so cold that the ink freezes in the bottle in Caroline Herschel's hand; but the two enthusiasts hardly notice a thing so commonplace as terrestrial weather. They are living in distant worlds.

The results? What could they be? Such enthusiasm would move mountains. But, after all, the moving of mountains seems a Lilliputian task compared with what Herschel really does with those wonderful telescopes. He moves worlds, stars, a universe—even, if you please, a galaxy of universes; at least he proves that they

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HERSCHEL AND HIS SISTER AT THE TELESCOPE.

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move, which seems scarcely less wonderful; and he expands the cosmos, as man conceives it, to thousands of times the dimensions it had before. As a mere beginning, he doubles the diameter of the solar system by discovering the great outlying planet which we now call Uranus, but which he christens Georgium Sidus, in honor of his sovereign, and which his French contemporaries, not relishing that name, prefer to call Herschel.

This discovery is but a trifle compared with what Herschel does later on, but it gives him world-wide reputation none the less. Comets and moons aside, this is the first addition to the solar system that has been made within historic times, and it creates a veritable furor of popular interest and enthusiasm. Incidentally King George is flattered at having a world named after him, and he smiles on the astronomer, and comes with his court to have a look at his namesake. The inspection is highly satisfactory; and presently the royal favor enables the astronomer to escape the thraldom of teaching music, and to devote his entire time to the more congenial task of star-gazing.

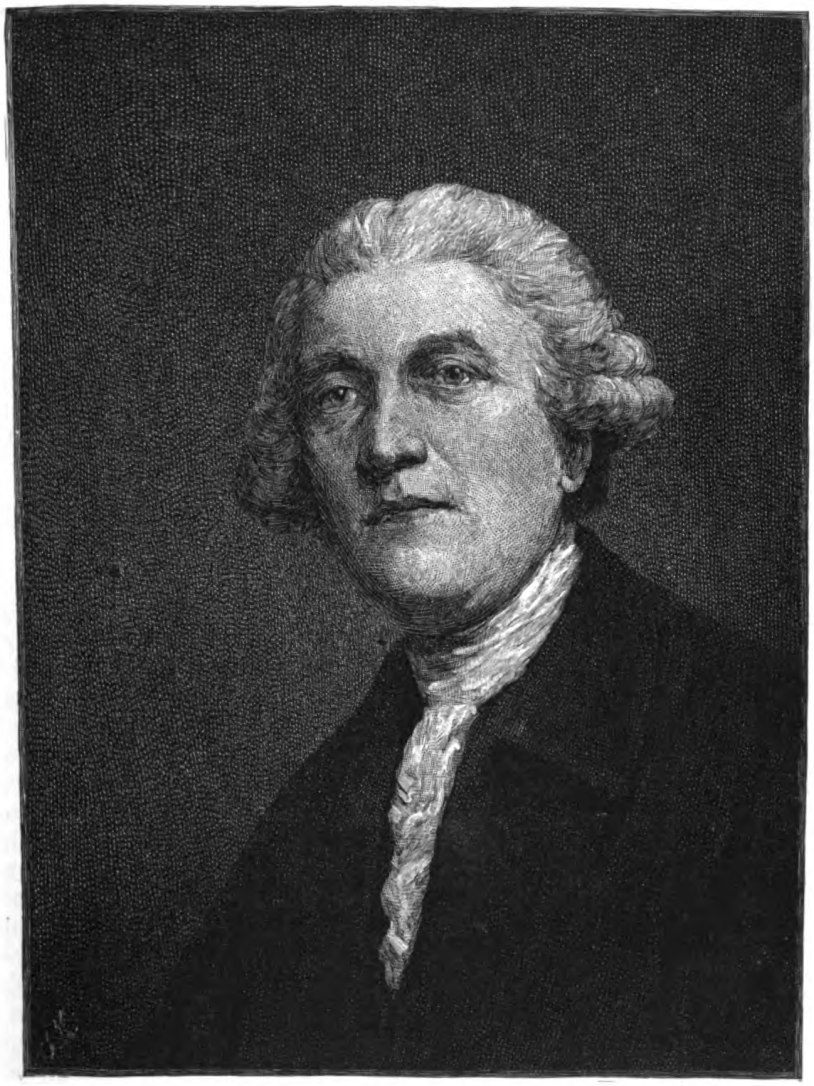
Thus relieved from the burden of mundane embarrassments, he turns with fresh enthusiasm to the skies, and his discoveries follow one another in bewildering profusion. He finds various hitherto unseen moons of our sister planets; he makes special studies of Saturn, and proves that this planet, with its rings, revolves on its axis; he scans the spots on the sun, and suggests that they influence the weather of our earth; in short, he extends the entire field of solar astronomy. But very soon this field becomes too small for him, and his most important researches carry him out into regions of space compared with which the span of our solar system is a mere point. With his perfected telescopes he enters abysmal vistas which no human eye ever penetrated before, which no human mind had hitherto more than vaguely imagined. He tells us that his forty-foot reflector will bring him light from a distance of "at least eleven and three-fourths millions of millions of millions of miles"—light which left its source two million years ago. The smallest stars visible to the unaided eye are those of the sixth magnitude; this telescope, he thinks, has power to reveal stars of the 1342d magnitude.

But what does Herschel learn regarding these awful depths of space and the stars that people them? That is what the world wishes to know. Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, have given us a solar system, but the stars have been a mystery. What says the great reflector—are the stars points of light, as the ancients taught, and as more than one philosopher of the eighteenth century has still contended, or are they suns, as others hold? Herschel answers, they are suns, each and every one of all the millions—suns, many of them, larger than the one that is the centre of our tiny system. Not only so, but they are moving suns. Instead of being fixed in space, as has been thought, they are whirling in gigantic orbits about some common centre. Is our sun that centre? Far from it. Our sun is only a star, like all the rest, circling on with its attendant satellites—our giant sun a star, no different from myriad other stars, not even so large as some; a mere insignificant spark of matter in an infinite shower of sparks.

Nor is this all. Looking beyond the few thousand stars that are visible to the naked eye, Herschel sees series after series of more distant stars, marshalled in galaxies of millions; but at last he reaches a distance beyond which the galaxies no longer increase. And yet—so he thinks—he has not reached the limits of his vision. What then? He has come to the bounds of the sidereal system; seen to the confines of the universe. He believes that he can outline this system, this universe, and prove that it has the shape of an irregular globe, oblately flattened to almost disclike proportions, and divided at one edge—a bifurcation that is revealed even to the naked eye in the forking of the Milky Way.

This, then, is our universe as Herschel conceives it—a vast galaxy of suns, held to one centre, revolving, poised in space. But even here those marvellous telescopes do not pause. Far, far out beyond the confines of our universe, so far that the awful span of our own system might serve as a unit of measure, are revealed other systems, other universes, like our own, each composed, as he thinks, of myriads of suns, clustered like our galaxy into an isolated system—mere islands of matter in an infinite ocean of space. So distant from our universe are these new universes of Herschel's discovery that their light reaches

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JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

us only as a dim nebulous glow, in most cases invisible to the unaided eye. About a hundred of these nebulæ were known when Herschel began his studies. Before the close of the century he has discovered about two thousand more of them, and many of these had been resolved by his largest telescopes into clusters of stars. He believes that the farthest of these nebulæ that he can see is at least 300,000 times as distant from us as the nearest fixed star. Yet that nearest star is so remote that its light, travelling 180,000 miles a second, requires three and one-half years to reach our planet.

As if to give the finishing-touches to this novel scheme of cosmology, Herschel, though in the main very little given to unsustained theorizing, allows himself the privilege of one belief that he cannot call upon his telescopes to substantiate. He thinks that all the myriad suns of his numberless systems are instinct with life in the human sense. Giordano Bruno and a long line of his followers had held that some of our sister planets may be inhabited, but Herschel extends the thought to include the moon, the sun, the stars—all the heavenly bodies. He believes that he can demonstrate the habitability of our own sun, and reasoning from analogy, he is firmly convinced that all the suns of all

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the systems are "well supplied with inhabitants." In this, as in some other inferences, Herschel is misled by the faulty physics of his time. Future generations, working with perfected instruments, may not sustain him all along the line of his observations even, let alone his inferences. But how one's egotism shrivels and shrinks as one grasps the import of his sweeping thoughts!

Continuing his observations of the innumerable nebulæ, Herschel is led presently to another curious speculative inference. He notes that some star groups are much more thickly clustered than others, and he is led to infer that such varied clustering tells of varying ages of the different nebulæ. He thinks that at first all space may have been evenly sprinkled with the stars, and that the grouping has resulted from the action of gravitation. Looking forward, it appears that the time must come when all the suns of a system will be drawn together and destroyed by impact at a common centre. Already, it seems to him, the thickest clusters have "outlived their usefulness," and are verging toward their doom.

But again, other nebulæ present an appearance suggestive of an opposite condition. They are not resolvable into stars, but present an almost uniform appearance throughout, and are hence believed to be composed of a shining fluid, which in some instances is seen to be condensed at the centre into a glowing mass. In such a nebula Herschel thinks he sees a sun in process of formation.

Taken together, these two conceptions outline a majestic cycle of world formation and world destruction—a broad scheme of cosmogony, such as had been vaguely adumbrated two centuries before by Kepler, and in more recent times by Wright and Kant and Swedenborg. This so-called "nebular hypothesis" assumes that in the beginning all space was uniformly filled with cosmic matter in a state of nebular or "fire-mist" diffusion, "formless and void." It pictures the condensation—coagulation, if you will—of portions of this mass to form segregated masses, and the ultimate development out of these masses of the sidereal bodies which we see. Thus far the mind follows readily; but now come difficulties. How happens it, for example, that the cosmic mass from which was born our solar system was divided into several planetary bodies instead of remaining a single mass? Were the planets struck off from the sun by the chance impact of comets, as Buffon has suggested? or thrown out by explosive volcanic action, in accordance with the theory of Dr. Darwin? or do they owe their origin to some unknown law? In any event, how chanced it that all were projected in nearly the same plane as we now find them?

It remained for a mathematical astronomer to solve these puzzles. The man of all others competent to take the subject in hand was the French astronomer Laplace. For a quarter of a century he had devoted his transcendent mathematical abilities to the solution of problems of motion of the heavenly bodies. Working in friendly rivalry with his countryman Lagrange, his only peer among the mathematicians of the age, he had taken up and solved one by one the problems that Newton left obscure. Largely through the efforts of these two men the last lingering doubts as to the solidarity of the Newtonian hypothesis of universal gravitation had been removed. The share of Lagrange was hardly less than that of his co-worker; but Laplace will longer be remembered, because he ultimately brought his completed labors into a system, and incorporating with them the labors of his contemporaries, produced in the *Mécanique Céleste* the undisputed mathematical monument of the century, a fitting complement to the *Principia* of Newton, which it supplements and in a sense completes.

In the closing years of the century Laplace takes up the nebular hypothesis of cosmogony, to which we have just referred, and gives it definitive proportions; in fact, makes it so thoroughly his own that posterity will always link it with his name. Discarding the crude notions of cometary impact and volcanic eruption, Laplace fills up the gaps in the hypothesis with the aid only of well-known laws of gravitation and motion. He assumes that the primitive mass of cosmic matter which was destined to form our solar system was revolving on its axis even at a time when it was still nebular in character, and filled all space to a distance far beyond the present limits of the system. As this vaporous mass contracted through loss of heat, it revolved more and more swiftly, and from time to time, through balance of forces at its periphery, rings of

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its substance were whirled off and left revolving there, to subsequently become condensed into planets, and in their turn whirl off minor rings that became moons. The main body of the original mass remains in the present as the still contracting and rotating body which we call the sun.

The nebular hypothesis thus given detailed completion by Laplace is a worthy complement of the grand cosmologic scheme of Herschel. Whether true or false, the two conceptions stand as the final contributions of the eighteenth century to the history of man's ceaseless efforts to solve the mysteries of cosmic origin and cosmic structure. The world listens eagerly and without prejudice to the new doctrines; and that attitude tells of a marvellous intellectual growth of our race. Mark the transition. In the year 1600, Bruno was burned at the stake for teaching that our earth is not the centre of the universe. In 1700, Newton was pronounced "impious and heretical" by a large school of philosophers for declaring that the force which holds the planets in their orbits is universal gravitation. In 1800, Laplace and Herschel are honored for teaching that gravitation built up the system which it still controls; that our universe is but a minor nebula, our sun but a minor star, our earth a mere atom of matter, our race only one of myriad races peopling an infinity of worlds. Doctrines which but the span of two human lives before would have brought their enunciators to the stake were now pronounced not impious, but sublime.

III.

One might naturally suppose that the science of the earth, which lies at man's feet, would at least have kept pace with the science of distant stars. But perhaps the very obviousness of the phenomena delayed the study of the crust of the earth. It is the unattainable that allures and mystifies and enchants the developing mind. The proverbial child spurns its toys and cries for the moon.

So in those closing days of the eighteenth century, when astronomers had gone so far towards explaining the mysteries of the distant portions of the universe, we find a chaos of opinion regarding the structure and formation of the earth. Guesses were not wanting to explain the formation of the world, it is true, but, with one or two exceptions, these are bizarre indeed. One theory supposed the earth to have been at first a solid mass of ice, which became animated only after a comet had dashed against it. Other theories conceived the original globe as a mass of water, over which floated vapors containing the solid elements, which in due time were precipitated as a crust upon the waters. In a word, the various schemes supposed the original mass to have been ice, or water, or a conglomerate of water and solids, according to the random fancies of the theorists; and the final separation into land and water was conceived to have taken place in all the ways which fancy, quite unchecked by any tenable data, could invent.

Whatever important changes in the general character of the surface of the globe were conceived to have taken place since its creation were generally associated with the Mosaic deluge, and the theories which attempted to explain this catastrophe were quite on a par with those which dealt with a remoter period of the earth's history. Some speculators, holding that the interior of the globe is a great abyss of waters, conceived that the crust had dropped into this chasm and had thus been inundated. Others held that the earth had originally revolved on a vertical axis, and that the sudden change to its present position had caused the catastrophic shifting of its oceans. But perhaps the favorite theory was that which supposed a comet to have wandered near the earth, and in whirling about it to have carried the waters, through gravitation, in a vast tide over the continents.

Thus blindly groped the majority of eighteenth-century philosophers in their attempts to study what we now term geology. Deluded by the old deductive methods, they founded not a science, but the ghost of a science, as immaterial and as unlike anything in nature as any other phantom that could be conjured from the depths of the speculative imagination. And all the while the beckoning earth lay beneath the feet of these visionaries; but their eyes were fixed in air.

At last, however, there came a man who had the penetration to see that the phantom science of geology needed before all else a body corporeal, and who took to himself the task of supplying it. This was Dr. James Hutton, of Edinburgh,

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physician, farmer, and manufacturing chemist; patient, enthusiastic, level-headed devotee of science. Inspired by his love of chemistry to study the character of rocks and soils, Hutton had not gone far before the earth stood revealed to him in a new light. He saw, what generations of predecessors had blindly refused to see, that the face of nature everywhere, instead of being rigid and immutable, is perennially plastic, and year by year is undergoing metamorphic changes. The solidest rocks are day by day disintegrated, slowly but none the less surely, by wind and rain and frost, by mechanical attrition and chemical decomposition, to form the pulverized earth and clay. This soil is being swept away by perennial showers, and carried off to the oceans. The oceans themselves beat on their shores, and eat insidiously into the structure of sands and rocks. Everywhere, slowly but surely, the surface of the land is being worn away; its substance is being carried to burial in the seas.



JOSEPH LOUIS LAGRANGE.

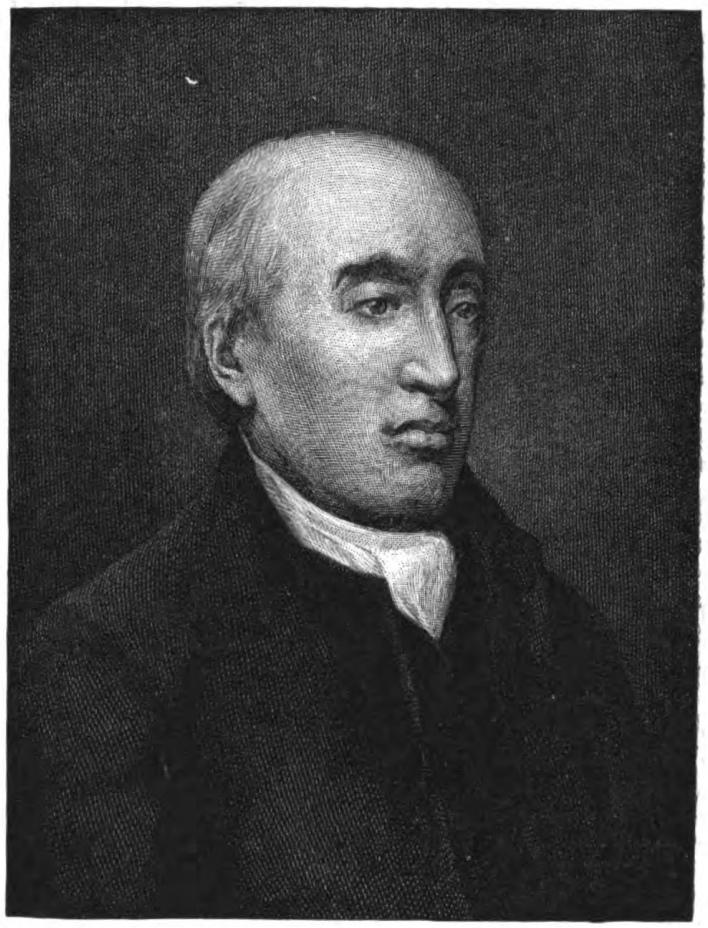
Should this denudation continue long enough, thinks Hutton, the entire surface of the continents must be worn away. Should it be continued *long enough!* And with that thought there flashes on his mind an inspiring conception—the idea that solar time is long, indefinitely long. That seems a simple enough thought—almost a truism—to the nineteenth-century mind; but it required genius to conceive in the eighteenth. Hutton pondered it, grasped its full import, and made it the basis of his hypothesis, his "theory of the earth."

The hypothesis is this—that the observed changes of the surface of the earth, continued through indefinite lapses of time, must result in conveying all the land at last to the sea; in wearing continents away till the oceans overflow them. What then? Why, as the continents wear down, the oceans are filling up. Along their bottoms the detritus of wasted continents is deposited in strata, together with the bodies of marine animals and vegetables. Why might not this débris solidify to form layers of rocks—the basis of new continents? Why not, indeed?

But have we any proof that such formation of rocks in an ocean-bed has, in fact, occurred? To be sure we have. It is furnished by every bed of limestone, every outcropping fragment of fossil-bearing rock, every stratified cliff. How else than through such formation in an ocean-bed came these rocks to be stratified? How else came they to contain the shells of once living organisms embedded in their depths? The ancients, finding fossil shells embedded in the rocks, explained them as mere freaks of "nature

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and the stars." Less superstitious generations had repudiated this explanation, but had failed to give a tenable solution of the mystery. To Hutton it is a mystery no longer. To him it seems clear that the basis of the present continents was laid in ancient sea-beds, formed of the detritus of continents yet more ancient.



JAMES HUTTON.

But two links are still wanting to complete the chain of Hutton's hypothesis. Through what agency has the ooze of the ocean-bed been transformed into solid rock? And through what agency has this rock been lifted above the surface of the water, to form new continents? Hutton looks about him for a clew, and soon he finds it. Everywhere about us there are outcropping rocks that are not stratified, but which give evidence to the observant eye of having once been in a molten state. Different minerals are mixed together; pebbles are scattered through masses of rock like plums in a pudding; irregular crevices in otherwise solid masses of rock—so-called veinings—are seen to be filled with equally solid granite of a different variety, which can have gotten there in no conceivable way, so Hutton thinks, but by running in while molten, as liquid metal is run into the moulds of the founder. Even the stratified rocks, though they seemingly have not been melted, give evidence in some instances of having been subjected to the action of heat. Marble, for example, is clearly nothing but calcined limestone.

With such evidence before him, Hutton is at no loss to complete his hypothesis. The agency which has solidified the ocean-beds, he says, is subterranean heat. The same agency, acting excessively, has produced volcanic cataclysms, upheaving ocean-beds to form continents. The rugged and uneven surfaces of mountains, the tilted and broken character of stratified rocks everywhere, are the standing witnesses of these gigantic upheavals.

And with this the imagined cycle is complete. The continents, worn away and carried to the sea by the action of the elements, have been made over into rocks again in the ocean-beds, and then raised once more into continents. And this massive cycle, in Hutton's scheme, is supposed to have occurred not once only, but over and over again, times without number. In this unique view ours is indeed a world without beginning and without end; its continents have been making and unmaking in endless series since time began.

Hutton formulated his hypothesis while yet a young man, not long after the middle of the century. He first gave it publicity in 1781, in a paper before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a paper which at the moment neither friend nor foe deigned to

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notice. It was not published in book form till the last decade of the century, when Hutton had lived with and worked over his theory for almost fifty years. Then it caught the eye of the world. A school of followers expounded the Huttonian doctrines; a rival school, under Werner, in Germany, opposed some details of the hypothesis; and the educated world as a whole viewed the disputants askance. The very novelty of the new views forbade their immediate acceptance. Bitter attacks were made upon the "heresies," and that was meant to be a soberly tempered judgment which in 1800 pronounced Hutton's theories "not only hostile to sacred history, but equally hostile to the principles of probability, to the results of the ablest observations on the mineral kingdom, and to the dictates of rational philosophy." And all this because Hutton's theory presupposed the earth to have been in existence more than six thousand years.

Thus it appears that though the thoughts of men had widened, in these closing days of the eighteenth century, to include the stars, they had not as yet expanded to receive the most patent records that are written everywhere on the surface of the earth. Before Hutton's views could be accepted, his pivotal conception that time is long must be established by convincing proofs. The evidence was being gathered by William Smith, Cuvier, and other devotees of the budding science of paleontology in the last days of the century, but the record of their completed labors belongs to another epoch.

IV.

The eighteenth-century philosopher made great strides in his studies of the physical properties of matter, and the application of these properties in mechanics, as the steam-engine, the balloon, the optic telegraph, the spinning-jenny, the cotton-gin, the chronometer, the perfected compass, the Leyden jar, the lightning-rod, and a host of minor inventions testify. In a speculative way he had thought out more or less tenable conceptions as to the ultimate nature of matter, as witness the theories of Leibnitz and Boscovich and Davy, to which we may recur. But he had not as yet conceived the notion of a distinction between matter and energy, which is so fundamental to the physics of a later epoch. He did not speak of heat, light, electricity, as forms of energy or "force"; he conceived them as subtile forms of matter — as highly attenuated yet tangible fluids, subject to gravitation and chemical attraction; though he had learned to measure none of them but heat with accuracy, and this one he could test only within narrow limits until late in the century, when Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, taught him to gauge the highest temperatures with the clay pyrometer.

He spoke of the matter of heat as being the most universally distributed fluid in nature; as entering in some degree into the composition of nearly all other substances; as being sometimes liquid, sometimes condensed or solid, and as having weight that could be detected with the balance. Following Newton, he spoke of light as a "corpuscular emanation" or fluid, composed of shining particles which possibly are transmutable into particles of heat, and which enter into chemical combination with the particles of other forms of matter. Electricity he considered a still more subtile kind of matter—perhaps an attenuated form of light. Magnetism, "vital fluid," and by some even a "gravic fluid" and a fluid of sound, were placed in the same scale; and taken together, all these supposed subtile forms of matter were classed as "imponderables."

This view of the nature of the "imponderables" was in some measure a retrogression, for many seventeenth-century philosophers, notably Hooke and Huygens and Boyle, had held more correct views; but the materialistic conception accorded so well with the eighteenth-century tendencies of thought that only here and there a philosopher, like Euler, called it in question, until well on toward the close of the century. Current speech referred to the materiality of the "imponderables" unquestioningly. Students of meteorology — a science that was just dawning—explained atmospheric phenomena on the supposition that heat, the heaviest imponderable, predominated in the lower atmosphere, and that light, electricity, and magnetism prevailed in successively higher strata. And Lavoisier, the most philosophical chemist of the century, retained heat and light on a par with oxygen, hydrogen, iron, and the rest, in his list of elementary substances.

But just at the close of the century the confidence in the status of the imponder-

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ables was rudely shaken in the minds of philosophers by the revival of the old idea of Fra Paolo and Bacon and Boyle, that heat, at any rate, is not a material fluid, but merely a mode of motion or vibration among the particles of "ponderable" matter. The new champion of the old doctrine as to the nature of heat was a very distinguished philosopher and diplomatist of the time, who, it may be worth recalling, was an American. He was a sadly expatriated American, it is true, as his name, given all the official appendages, will amply testify; but he had been born and reared in a Massachusetts village none the less, and he seems always to have retained a kindly interest in the land of his nativity, even though he lived abroad in the service of other powers during all the later years of his life, and was knighted by England, ennobled by Bavaria, and honored by the most distinguished scientific bodies of Europe. The American, then, who championed the vibratory theory of heat, in opposition to all current opinion, in this closing era of the eighteenth century, was Lieutenant-General Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, F.R.S.

Rumford showed that heat may be produced in indefinite quantities by friction of bodies that do not themselves lose any appreciable matter in the process, and claimed that this proves the immateriality of heat. Later on he added force to the argument by proving, in refutation of the experiments of Bowditch, that no body either gains or loses weight in virtue of being heated or cooled. He thought it proved that heat is only a mode of motion.

But contemporary judgment, while it listened respectfully to Rumford, was little minded to accept his verdict. The cherished beliefs of a generation are not to be put down with a single blow. Where many minds have a similar drift, however, the first blow may precipitate a general conflict; and so it was here. Young Humphry Davy had duplicated Rumford's experiments, and reached similar conclusions; and soon others fell into line. Then, in 1800, Dr. Thomas Young—"Phenomenon Young" they called him at Cambridge, because he was reputed to know everything—took up the cudgels for the vibratory theory of light, and it began to be clear that the two "imponderables," heat and light, must stand or fall together; but no one as yet made a claim against the fluidity of electricity.

But before this speculative controversy over the nature of the "imponderables" had made more than a fair beginning, in the last year of the century, a discovery was announced which gave a new impetus to physical science, and for the moment turned the current of speculation into another channel. The inventor was the Italian scientist Volta; his invention, the apparatus to be known in future as the voltaic pile—the basis of the galvanic battery. Ten years earlier Galvani had discovered that metals placed in contact have the power to excite contraction in the muscles of animals apparently dead. Working along lines suggested by this discovery, Volta developed an apparatus composed of two metals joined together and acted on by chemicals, which appeared to accumulate or store up the galvanic influence, whatever it might be. The effect could be accentuated by linking together several such "piles" into a "battery."

This invention took the world by storm. Nothing like the enthusiasm it created in the philosophic world had been known since the invention of the Leyden jar, more than half a century before. Within a few weeks after Volta's announcement, batteries made according to his plan were being experimented with in every important laboratory in Europe. The discovery was made in March. Early in May two Englishmen, Messrs. Nicholson and Carlyle, practising with the first battery made in their country, accidentally discovered the decomposition of water by the action of the pile. And thus in its earliest infancy the new science of "galvanism" had opened the way to another new science—electro-chemistry.

As the century closed, half the philosophic world was speculating as to whether "galvanic influence" were a new imponderable or only a form of electricity; and the other half was eagerly seeking to discover what new marvels the battery might reveal. The least imaginative man could see that here was an invention that would be epoch-making, but the most visionary dreamer could not even vaguely adumbrate the real measure of its importance. Hitherto electricity had been only a laboratory aid or a toy of science, with no suggestion of practical utility beyond its doubtful application in medi-

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cine; in future, largely as the outgrowth of Volta's discovery, it was destined to become a great economic agency, whose limitations not even the enlarged vision of our later century can pretend to outline.

V.

Of all the contests that were waging in the various fields of science in this iconoclastic epoch, perhaps the fiercest and most turbulent was that which fell within the field of chemistry. Indeed, this was one of the most memorable warfares in the history of polemics. It was a battle veritably Napoleonic in its inception, scope, and incisiveness. As was fitting, it was a contest of France against the world; but the Napoleonic parallel fails before the end, for in this case France won not only speedily and uncompromisingly, but for all time.

The main point at issue concerned the central doctrine of the old chemistry—the doctrine of Becher and Stahl, that the only combustible substance in nature is a kind of matter called phlogiston, which enters into the composition of other bodies in varying degree, thus determining their inflammability. This theory seems crude enough now, since we know that phlogiston was a purely fictitious element, yet it served an excellent purpose when it was propounded and it held its place as the central doctrine of chemical philosophy for almost a century.

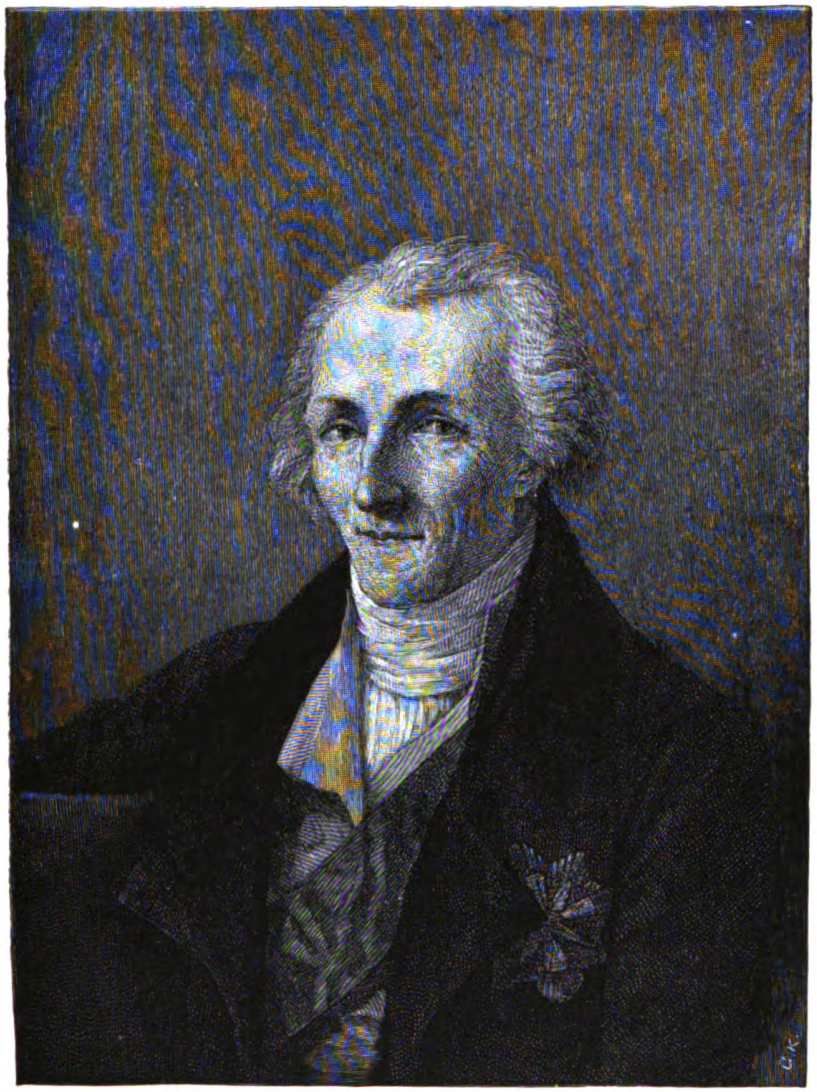
At the time when this theory was put forward, it must be recalled, the old Aristotelian idea that the four primal elements are earth, air, fire, and water still held sway as the working foundation of all chemical philosophies. Air and water were accepted as simple bodies. Only a few acids and alkalies were known, and these but imperfectly; and the existence of gases as we now know them, other than air, was hardly so much as suspected. All the known facts of chemistry seemed then to harmonize with the phlogiston hypothesis; and so, later on, did the new phenomena which were discovered in such profusion during the third quarter of the eighteenth century—the epoch of pneumatic chemistry. Hydrogen gas, discovered by Cavendish in 1776, and called inflammable air, was thought by some chemists to be the very principle of phlogiston itself. Other "airs" were adjudged "dephlogisticated" or "phlogisticated," in proportion as they supported or failed to support combustion. The familiar fact of a candle flame going out when kept in a confined space of ordinary air was said to be due to the saturation of this air with phlogiston. And all this seemed to tally beautifully with the prevailing theory.

But presently the new facts began, as new facts always will, to develop an iconoclastic tendency. The phlogiston theory had dethroned fire from its primacy as an element by alleging that flame is due to a union of the element heat with the element phlogiston. Now earths were decomposed, air and water were shown to be compound bodies, and at last the existence of phlogiston itself was to be called in question. The structure of the old chemical philosophy had been completely riddled; it was now to be overthrown. The culminating observation which brought matters to a crisis was the discovery of oxygen, which was made by Priestley in England and Scheele in Sweden, working independently, in the year 1774. Priestley called the new element "dephlogisticated air"; Scheele called it "empyreal air."

But neither Priestley nor Scheele realized the full import of this discovery; nor, for that matter, did any one else at the moment. Very soon, however, one man at least had an inkling of it. This was the great French chemist Antoine Laurent Lavoisier. It has sometimes been claimed that he himself discovered oxygen independently of Priestley and Scheele. At all events, he at once began experimenting with it, and very soon it dawned upon him that this remarkable substance might furnish a key to the explanation of many of the puzzles of chemistry. He found that oxygen is consumed or transformed during the combustion of any substance in air. He reviewed the phenomena of combustion in the light of this new knowledge. It seemed to him that the new element explained them all without aid of the supposititious element phlogiston. What proof, then, have we that phlogiston exists? Very soon he is able to answer that there is no proof, no reason to believe that it exists. Then why not denounce phlogiston as a myth, and discard it from the realm of chemistry?

Precisely this is what Lavoisier purposes to do. He associates with him three other famous French chemists, Berthol-

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BENJAMIN THOMPSON, COUNT RUMFORD.

let, Guyton de Morveau, and Fourcroy, and sets to work to develop a complete system of chemistry based on the new conception. In 1788 the work is completed and given to the world. It is not merely an epoch-making book; it is revolutionary. It discards phlogiston altogether, alleging that the elements really concerned in combustion are oxygen and heat. It claims that acids are compounds of oxygen with a base, instead of mixtures of "earth" and water; that metals are simple elements, not compounds of "earth" and "phlogiston"; and that water itself, like air, is a compound of oxygen with another element.

In applying these ideas the new system proposes an altogether new nomenclature for chemical substances. Hitherto the terminology of the science has been a matter of whim and caprice. Such names as "liver of sulphur," "mercury of life," "horned moon," "the double secret," "the salt of many virtues," and the like, have been accepted without protest by the chemical world. With such a terminology continued progress was as impossible as human progress without speech. The new chemistry of Lavoisier and his *confrères*, following the model set by zoology half a century earlier, designates each substance by a name instead

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JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

of a phrase, applies these names according to fixed rules, and, in short, classifies the chemical knowledge of the time and brings it into a system, lacking which no body of knowledge has full title to the name of science.

Though Lavoisier was not alone in developing this revolutionary scheme, posterity remembers him as its originator. His dazzling and comprehensive genius obscured the feebler lights of his *confrères*. Perhaps, too, his tragic fate was not without influence in augmenting his posthumous fame. In 1794 he fell by the guillotine, guiltless of any crime but patriotism—a victim of the "Reign of Terror." "The Republic has no need of *savants*," remarked the functionary who signed the death-warrant of the most famous chemist of the century.

The leader of the reform movement in chemistry thus died at the hands of bigotry and fanaticism—rather, let us say, as the victim of a national frenzy—while the cause he championed was young, yet not too soon to see the victory as good as won. The main body of French chemists had accepted the new doctrines almost from the first, and elsewhere the opposition had been of that fierce, eager type which soon exhausts itself in the effort. At Berlin they began by burning Lavoisier in effigy, but they ended speedily by accepting the new theories. In England the fight was more stubborn, but equally decisive. At first the new chemistry was opposed by such great men as Black, of "latent heat" fame; Rutherford, the discoverer of nitrogen; and Cavendish, the inventor of the pneumatic trough and the discoverer of the composition of water, not to mention a coterie of lesser lights; but one by one they wavered and went over to the enemy. Oddly enough, the doughtiest and most uncompromising of all the champions of the old "phlogistic" ideas was Dr. Priestley, the very man whose discovery of oxygen had paved the way for the "antiphlogistic" movement—a fact which gave rise to Cuvier's remark that Priestley was undoubtedly one of the fathers of modern chemistry, but a father who never wished to recognize his daughter.

A most extraordinary man was this Dr. Priestley. Davy said of him, a generation later, that no other person ever discovered so many new and curious substances as he; yet to the last he was only an amateur in science, his profession being the ministry. There is hardly an-

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other case in history of a man not a specialist in science accomplishing so much in original research as did Joseph Priestley, the chemist, physiologist, electrician; the mathematician, logician, and moralist; the theologian, mental philosopher, and political economist. He took all knowledge for his field; but how he found time for his numberless researches and multifarious writings, along with his every-day duties, must ever remain a mystery to ordinary mortals.

That this marvellously receptive, flexible mind should have refused acceptance to the clearly logical doctrines of the new chemistry seems equally inexplicable. But so it was. To the very last, after all his friends had capitulated, Priestley kept up the fight. From America, whither he had gone to live in 1794, he sent out the last defy to the enemy in 1800, in a brochure entitled "The Doctrine of Phlogiston Upheld," etc. In the mind of its author this was little less than a pæan of victory; but all the world besides knew that it was the swan-song of the doctrine of phlogiston. Despite the defiance of this single warrior the battle was really lost and won, and, as the century closed, "antiphlogistic" chemistry had practical possession of the field.

VI.

Several causes conspired to make exploration all the fashion during the closing epoch of the eighteenth century. New aid to the navigator had been furnished by the perfected compass and quadrant and by the invention of the chronometer; medical science had banished scurvy, which hitherto had been a perpetual menace to the voyager; and, above all, the restless spirit of the age impelled the venturesome to seek novelty in fields altogether new. Some started for the pole, others tried for a northeast or northwest passage to India, yet others sought the great fictitious antarctic continent told of by tradition. All these of course failed of their immediate purpose, but they added much to the world's store of knowledge and its fund of travellers' tales.

Among all these tales none was more remarkable than those which told of strange living creatures found in antipodal lands. And here, as did not happen in every field, the narratives were often substantiated by the exhibition of specimens that admitted no question. Many a company of explorers returned more or less laden with such trophies from the animal and vegetable kingdoms, to the mingled astonishment, delight, and bewilderment of the closet naturalists. The followers of Linnæus in the "golden age of natural history," a few decades before, had increased the number of known species of fishes to about 400, of birds to 1000, of insects to 3000, and of plants to 10,000. But now these sudden accessions from new territories doubled the figure for plants, tripled it for fish and birds, and brought the number of described insects above 20,000.

Naturally enough, this wealth of new material was sorely puzzling to the classifiers. The more discerning began to see that the artificial system of Linnæus, wonderful and useful as it had been, must be advanced upon before the new material could be satisfactorily disposed of. The way to a more natural system, based on less arbitrary signs, had been pointed out by Jussieu in botany, but the zoologists were not prepared to make headway toward such a system until they should gain a wider understanding of the organisms with which they had to deal through comprehensive studies of anatomy. Such studies of individual forms in their relations to the entire scale of organic beings were pursued in these last decades of the century, but though two or three most important generalizations were achieved (notably Kaspar Wolff's conception of the cell as the basis of organic life, and Goethe's all-important doctrine of metamorphosis of parts), yet, as a whole, the work of the anatomists of the period was germinative rather than fruit-bearing. Bichat's volumes, telling of the recognition of the fundamental tissues of the body, did not begin to appear till the last year of the century. The announcement by Cuvier of the doctrine of correlation of parts bears the same date, but in general the studies of this great naturalist, which in due time were to stamp him as the successor of Linnæus, were as yet only fairly begun.

In the field of physiology, on the other hand, two most important works were fairly consummated in this epoch—the long-standing problems of digestion and respiration were solved, almost coincidently. Two very distinguished physiologists share the main honors of discovery in re-

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gard to the function of digestion—the Abbe Spallanzani, of the University of Pavia, Italy, and John Hunter, of England. Working independently, these investigators showed at about the same time that digestion is primarily a chemical rather than a mechanical process. It is a curious commentary on the crude notions of mechanics of previous generations that it should have been necessary to prove by experiment that the thin, almost membranous stomach of a mammal has not the power to pulverize, by mere attrition, the foods that are taken into it. However, the proof was now for the first time forth-coming, and the question of the general character of the function of digestion was forever set at rest.

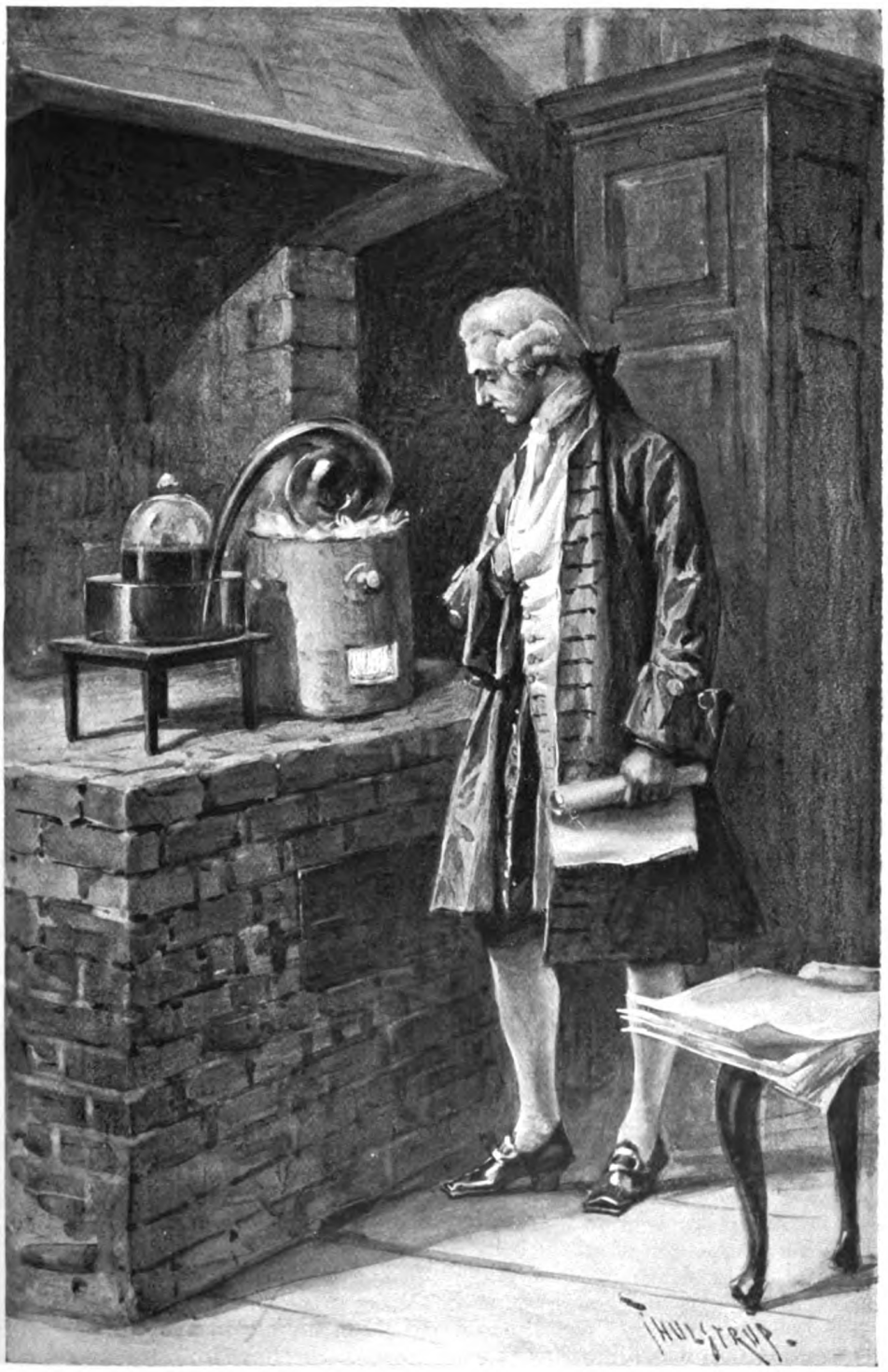
To clear up the mysteries of respiration was a task that fell to the lot of chemistry. The solution of the problem followed almost as a matter of course upon the advances of that science in the latter part of the century. Hitherto no one since Mayow, of the previous century, whose flash of insight had been strangely overlooked and forgotten, had even vaguely surmised the true function of the lungs. The great Boerhaave had supposed that respiration is chiefly important as an aid to the circulation of the blood; his great pupil, Haller, had believed to the day of his death in 1777 that the main purpose of the function is to form the voice. No genius could hope to fathom the mystery of the lungs so long as air was supposed to be a simple element, serving a mere mechanical purpose in the economy of the earth.

But the discovery of oxygen gave the clew, and very soon all the chemists were testing the air that came from the lungs—Dr. Priestley, as usual, being in the van. His initial experiments were made in 1777, and from the outset the problem was as good as solved. Other experimenters confirmed his results in all their essentials—notably Scheele and Lavoisier and Spallanzani and Davy. It was clearly established that there is chemical action in the contact of the air with the tissue of the lungs; that some of the oxygen of the air disappears, and that carbonic acid gas is added to the inspired air. It was shown, too, that the blood, having come in contact with the air, is changed from black to red in color. These essentials were not in dispute from the first. But as to just what chemical changes caused these results was the subject of controversy. Whether, for example, oxygen is actually absorbed into the blood, or whether it merely unites with carbon given off from the blood, was long in dispute.

Each of the main disputants was biassed by his own particular views as to the moot points of chemistry. Lavoisier, for example, believed oxygen gas to be composed of a metal oxygen combined with the alleged element heat; Dr. Priestley thought it a compound of positive electricity and phlogiston; and Humphry Davy, when he entered the lists, a little later, supposed it to be a compound of oxygen and light. Such mistaken notions naturally complicated matters, and delayed a complete understanding of the chemical processes of respiration. It was some time, too, before the idea gained acceptance that the most important chemical changes do not occur in the lungs themselves, but in the ultimate tissues. Indeed, the matter was not clearly settled at the close of the century. Nevertheless, the problem of respiration had been solved in its essentials. Moreover, the vastly important fact had been established that a process essentially identical with respiration is necessary to the existence not only of all creatures supplied with lungs, but to fishes, insects, and even vegetables—in short, to every kind of living organism.

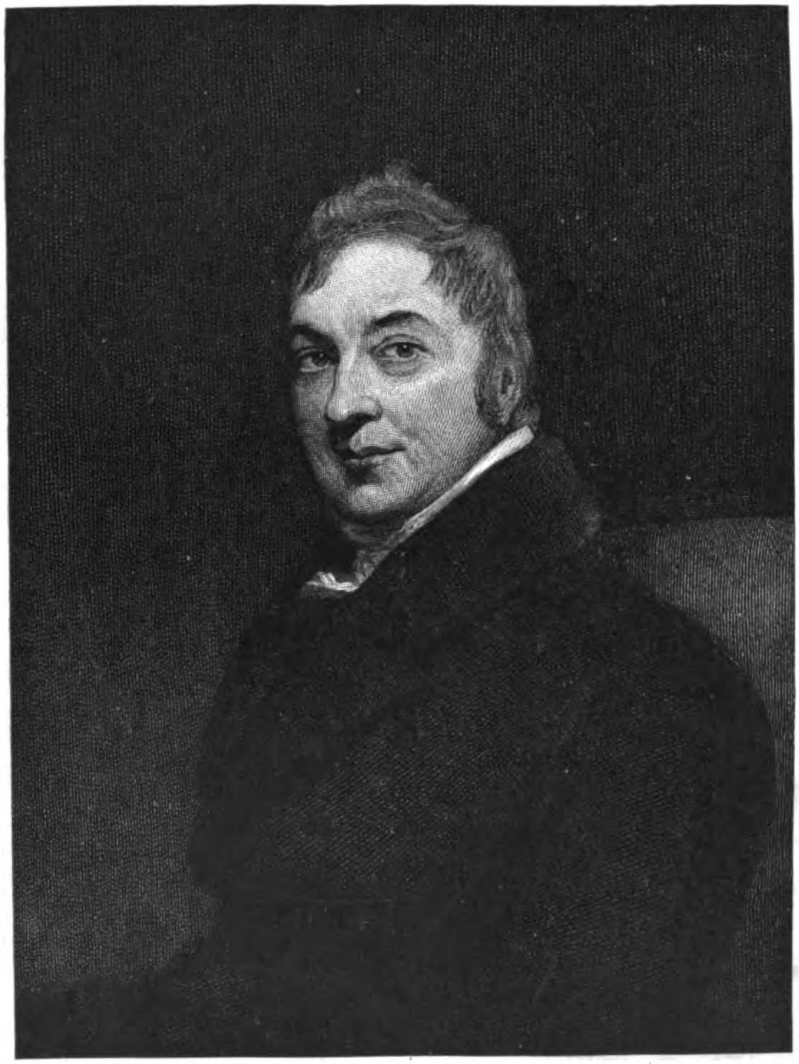
All advances in science have a bearing, near or remote, on the welfare of our race; but it remains to credit to the closing decade of the eighteenth century a discovery which, in its power of direct and immediate benefit to humanity, surpasses any other discovery of this or any previous epoch. Needless to say I refer to Jenner's discovery of the method of preventing small-pox by inoculation with the virus of cow-pox. It detracts nothing from the merit of this discovery to say that the preventive power of accidental inoculation had long been rumored among the peasantry of England. Such vague, unavailing half-knowledge is often the forerunner of fruitful discovery. To all intents and purposes Jenner's discovery was original and unique. Neither, considered as a perfected method, was it in any sense an accident. It was a triumph of experimental science; how great a triumph it is difficult now to understand, for we of to-day can only vaguely realize what a ruthless and ever-pres-

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LAVOISIER IN HIS LABORATORY.

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EDWARD JENNER

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

ent scourge small-pox had been to all previous generations of men since history began. Despite all efforts to check it by medication and by direct inoculation, it swept now and then over the earth as an all-devastating pestilence, and year by year it claimed one-tenth of all the beings in Christendom by death as its average quota of victims. "From small-pox and love but few remain free," ran the old saw. A pitted face was almost as much a matter of course a hundred years ago as a smooth one is to-day.

Little wonder, then, that the world gave eager acceptance to Jenner's discovery. The first vaccination was made in 1796. Before the close of the century the method was practised everywhere in Christendom. No urging was needed to induce the majority to give it trial; passengers on a burning ship do not hold aloof from the life-boats. Rich and poor, high and low, sought succor in vaccination, and blessed the name of their deliverer. Of all the great names that were before the world in the closing days of the century, there was perhaps no other one at once so widely known and so uniformly reverenced as that of the English physician Edward Jenner. Surely there was no other one that should be recalled with greater gratitude by posterity.

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INDIAN GIVER.

Comedy.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

MRS. LILLIAN INGLEHART AND MISS ROBERTA LAWRENCE.

Mrs. Inglehart: "My dear! I will not hear another word. He is *yours!* The idea of making such a fuss about a little thing like the gift of a young man!"

Miss Lawrence: "It's only that I was afraid you might want him yourself, Mrs. Inglehart. It would make me unhappy if I thought you had deprived yourself of a cousin you might regret. They don't grow on every bush, I believe."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Such as Jim don't, I'll admit. But I hope I know the duties of a hostess, and the first of them is to get a young lady visitor engaged if possible. You've never seen Jim, have you?"

Miss Lawrence: "Never. What's he like?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Are you very fond of tall men?"

Miss Lawrence: "Is he tall?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Not so very. I should say he had more breadth and thickness than length."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh, I like them broad and thick."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Do you?" She speaks with a certain intonation of misgiving, and then she has the effect of pulling herself together: "Do you like them brown-complexioned and dark-eyed?"

Miss Lawrence: "Is *he* brown-complexioned and dark-eyed?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "He's brown-complexioned and blue-eyed."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh, that sort of contradiction is adorable. The blue eyes always have such a funny look in the dark face. I shall like him, I know. When's he coming?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Any moment, now."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh!" She jumps to her feet. Mrs. Inglehart remains seated, but leans forward to look in through the door at the clock in the hall, from the veranda where, with a pretence of sewing, in her lap, she is talking with her guest. To the right of this hall the windows of a wide drawing-room open to the floor, and people come and go through them as if they were doors. From the veranda, which extends around three sides of the house, broad steps descend to a driveway curving in front of it. Beyond the road green lawns, wept over by drooping white birches, slope to the red rocks that keep Mrs. Inglehart's place from the sea.

Mrs. Inglehart: "Or not *moment*, exactly. He promised to be here by the half past four, but he probably won't come till the five-ten; it's only four, now."

Miss Lawrence: "Time enough to prink, then." She sinks back into her chair, provisionally. "Is Mr. Fairford punctilious about prinking?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "I see you would dread that."

Miss Lawrence: "I don't know that I should. They have to have *some* fault."

Mrs. Inglehart: "And you think that is a fault?"

Miss Lawrence: "I can't say that I do. Do you?"

Mrs. Inglehart, with an air of great candor: "To tell you the truth, I don't believe Jim cares about women's dress."

Miss Lawrence: "Then he is the most dangerous kind. He'll not see anything, but he'll feel everything. I shall have to dress at his nerves."

Mrs. Inglehart: "It's clear that you've made your observations, my dear."

Miss Lawrence: "By twenty-six, one has."

Mrs. Inglehart: "I should never have dreamt twenty-six."

Miss Lawrence: "I haven't dreamt it, myself. In my dreams I'm still sixteen. It's only in my waking moments that I'm twenty-six."

Mrs. Inglehart, thoughtfully: "You have courage."

Miss Lawrence: "I have conviction. It's best to be honest — unless the man prefers lies."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Don't they all?"

Miss Lawrence: "Nearly all. But if Mr. Fairford should happen to be the exception that doesn't, will you please tell him I *owned* to twenty-six, but you don't *know* how much older I really am?"

Mrs. Inglehart, with open admiration and covert alarm: "You're a strange girl."

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Miss Lawrence: "Will that scare him? Should you advise me to be less strange?"

Mrs. Inglehart, with a sigh: "No; he will like you so."

Miss Lawrence, laughing: "What despair! Poor Mrs. Inglehart! You're sorry already you gave him to me! Well, you may have him back."

Mrs. Inglehart, with noble constancy: "No, no; you're the very one for him."

Miss Lawrence: "Then our only hope is that he isn't the one for me."

Mrs. Inglehart: "You think I'm not in earnest. Well, then, the only thing left is to convince you by practical—"

Miss Lawrence: "Demonstration? I don't see how it can be done. You can't pass this young man along to me without consulting his inclinations. Has he very decided inclinations?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Yes, he has. That was the trouble, I suppose."

Miss Lawrence: "So there *was* trouble." She smiles intelligently.

Mrs. Inglehart: "It was a great while ago. It was before I was—there was any—Mrs. Inglehart. And there would be the same trouble again, if I were not—there were not any—Mrs. Inglehart. So it's best to have it over before it begins."

Miss Lawrence: "I see what you mean. He's one of those terrible creatures who know their own minds; or think they do; and—may I be a little critical of your gift? I know it seems ungracious!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Not the least. People change their wedding-presents, even."

Miss Lawrence: "I shouldn't wish to change the present; only the name: Jim! If it were only Jack, now, I should know what to do. The Jacks are all alike. They smoke, they flirt desperately, but they are very warm-hearted, and conceal a great deal of sentiment under the mask of cynicism—like Thackeray's men. They would do anything for you—at least any little thing like jumping overboard from a yacht to fish your hat up, or marrying a girl that you've found out is in love with them, and you think they ought, though you're dying for them yourself. You can twist them round your fingers; but it must be different with Jims. Jim! It suggests something rather grim; perhaps it's because it rhymes with it. Jim! I should say one's little arts, one's little airs and graces, would be thrown away on Jim. He sounds like a person of convictions; he sounds like a person of opinions, too, and very stiff ones. I suspect that Jim is serious, and he likes seriousness in women. He has ideas of home and a wife, and of being master in his own house. All that could be easily taken out of him if he were Jack, of course; but being Jim, it couldn't. He's masterful; I feel that he's masterful. He has all sorts of preconceived notions. He would be very domestic, and intellectual, and he would rather read to you than talk to you. He would want to respect you, and if you wouldn't let him, he would—make it hot for you. Yes, I know the type: adoring, domineering, devoted, and utterly intolerable."

Mrs. Inglehart, who has been leaning forward more and more, and edging almost out of her chair, in her intentness: "You've met him! You know him! You've been letting me give myself away!"

Miss Lawrence: "Mr. Fairford? You? I? You've given *him* away, but not yourself, at least to me, Mrs. Inglehart. I never saw Mr. Fairford in my life. I never heard of him till I came here."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Then I don't know but it's worse, for you've guessed him. How you must dread the idea of him!"

Miss Lawrence, thoughtfully: "I don't know. I rather like the notion of grappling with such a—problem. It would be fun to get the better of it."

Mrs. Inglehart: "And if you got the worse?"

Miss Lawrence: "I don't believe I should get the worse. But now, really, hadn't I better go and prink, Mrs. Inglehart? I don't believe Jim would like to find me unprepared."

Mrs. Inglehart: "No. Go and prink."

Miss Lawrence, going in through the open door: "If he should happen to come before I get down, I know I can trust him with you, Mrs. Inglehart." She vanishes, with a smile over her shoulder at Mrs. Inglehart, who remains silent and motionless, apparently insensible of her withdrawal, though she keeps a mechanical smile of parting on her face. Her mother enters from the door that Miss Lawrence has passed through.

II.

MRS. WENHAM, MRS. INGLEHART.

Mrs. Wenham: "When do you expect James, Lilly?"

Mrs. Inglehart, with a deep sigh: "Oh,

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"SO THERE WAS TROUBLE."

any time, now. He said he would be here at half past four."

Mrs. Wenham: "Then he'll *be* here at half past four."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Yes, I suppose he will,—with his tiresome punctuality."

Mrs. Wenham: "Tiresome? If there is one thing more than another that I like in James Fairford, it *is* his punctuality. It's something that I can thoroughly sympathize with him in. If it had not been for *my* habits of punctuality, where would you have been at this moment, Lillian?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Perhaps not born. But now don't preach, mother. Advise. You'll like it almost as well."

Mrs. Wenham, looking doubtful, but as if assenting for argument's sake: "Well?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "What do you think of Miss Lawrence?"

Mrs. Wenham: "What do you mean by thinking? If you've been behaving foolishly in any way, and want me to help you out of it by blaming Miss Lawrence—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Blame? Who's talking of blame? I simply wish to know if you don't think she's something of a cat."

Mrs. Wenham: "Cat? How, cat?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "I mean very purring, and sly and velvety."

Mrs. Wenham: "No, not at all."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Well, then, very sharp and clawy."

Mrs. Wenham: "What have you been doing, Lillian?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Nothing. I've been *un*doing. How do you think she and Jim will like each other?"

Mrs. Wenham: "What difference how they like each other?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "One doesn't want one's guests to be at swords' points."

Mrs. Wenham: "I don't know why you asked her when you knew he was coming."

Mrs. Inglehart: "I'm sure they'll like each other. He'll respect her. I respect her myself. She has a great deal of character, and all that; but I think there's a vein of coarseness in her. Yes, she *is* coarse. She has a bold way of talking about men. It may be very modern, and the rest of it, but I don't like it, and I don't think it's nice."

Mrs. Wenham: "What men has she been talking about?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh,—none."

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Mrs. Wenham: "What has she been saying about them?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh,—nothing. But girls seem to say anything, nowadays. Especially old ones! How old am I, mother?"

Mrs. Wenham: "You're twenty-seven. You know that well enough."

Mrs. Inglehart: "And she's twenty-six, and looks every day of it." Vaguely, after a moment: "I'm sure *I* don't know how I came to ask her here."

Mrs. Wenham: "Why do you say that, *now*? Have you been making a fool of yourself, Lilly?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "I *won't* be scolded in my own house, mother!"

Mrs. Wenham: "Very well, if you call it scolding." Mrs. Wenham sits very erect in her chair, and gathers all her dignity about her; Mrs. Inglehart rocks to and fro in a reckless and distraught manner. "May I ask a simple question?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "I suppose so."

Mrs. Wenham: "Are you going to accept James?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "What an idea! No!"

Mrs. Wenham: "Then, if it isn't scolding, allow me to say that he will have a right to feel trifled with. Your letting him come here, after what's past, is tantamount to your saying you would marry him if he asked you—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Very well, I'll keep him from asking me, then. There are ways of staving men off."

Mrs. Wenham: "Not such men as James Langton Fairford. You haven't forgotten how he behaved when you tried it before—before your marriage."

Mrs. Inglehart: "That was a great while ago. I considered him a mere boy, and he might have known it."

Mrs. Wenham: "He was two years older than you."

Mrs. Inglehart: "And how old was I, pray? Nineteen! A perfect chit! That proves that he was a boy. And he was very rude. If he had been a little more —thoughtful, and patient! You know how it was, mother. After Jim's outrageous conduct, I had no alternative but to marry Mr. Inglehart; and I am not going to have it said, now, after all I've been through on his account, that I was in love with him all along, and married him the minute I decently could. I trust I have too much regard for Mr. Inglehart's memory for *that*."

Mrs. Wenham: "Then allow me to say, my dear, without scolding, that I don't know what you're after."

Mrs. Inglehart: "I'm not after anything, if you prefer such a common expression. It's Jim that's after me; and I shall not feel in the least bound to be overtaken. I have other plans for him."

Mrs. Wenham: "Other plans?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "He may fancy Roberta Lawrence. I'm sure I don't see what men find in her, all of them. But if it's frankness, as they call it, I wish them joy of it. Of all the detestable hypocrites in *this* world commend me to a frank woman. Why, it's nothing but mask upon mask, all the way through!"

Mrs. Wenham: "Is this why you are so down upon the poor girl?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Down upon her? Well, yes; it may be hate to throw such a husband as Jim Fairford in her way. At any rate I've set my heart upon making a match between them. That will let me out, and it will be such fun." She expresses her exultation in rather a lugubrious note of laughter, and tries to escape the severe gaze which her mother fixes upon her.

Mrs. Wenham: "Just one word, Lillian Inglehart! Does Miss Lawrence know anything of this fine scheme?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "No. That is, I have put it out of my power to accept Jim Fairford by telling Roberta Lawrence she may have him if she can get him. If she does. or can, that's the end of it; and it's the end of it anyway."

Mrs. Wenham: "Well, Lillian, if you are in earnest in what you say, you are certainly the greatest fool— But perhaps you consider this scolding?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Not at all. I call it reasoning. Go on."

Mrs. Wenham: "Oh, I've nothing more to say. But if you have really told the girl—if you have put this idea into her head, you have done a wrong and wicked thing, and you'll have to answer for the consequences. It would be no more than you deserve if James *did* take a fancy to her, and I hope he will; and if you have a spark of generosity in your composition, you at least won't try to prejudice him against her."

Mrs. Inglehart: "You have such a low opinion of me, mother, that I wonder you associate with me at all. But now I'm going to wring your bosom by an act of the most exemplary magnanimity

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you ever heard of. A splendid idea has just occurred to me. I'm going to send Roberta down to see Jim first and receive him. She's upstairs now, prinking, and I'm going straight to my room, and I'm going to be so slow getting ready that she'll have to go down, and she can have him all to herself for a first impression; and a girl of twenty-six knows how to make hay while the sun shines. *Now* what do you say?"

Mrs. Wenham, going in: "Humph!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "You don't believe I'll do it?"

Mrs. Wenham: "I *know* you won't."

Mrs. Inglehart, calling after her: "Well, I'm so glad you approve of the idea, mother. I only wish you could see how expressive your back looks, as you disappear in the distance. It's everything that's appreciative and flattering." As Mrs. Wenham vanishes: "Well, I don't care." In the course of her two dialogues a great many sewing materials and appliances have dropped about Mrs. Inglehart on the floor; as she now rises, her scissors fall out of her lap, and as she stoops to pick them up she is reminded of the other things. "What a bother!" When she has got them all in her lap again, she turns to the door, but is arrested by the sound of a quick, decided footfall on the steps of the veranda. She looks round over her shoulder, and in this very pretty and engaging attitude she meets the blue eyes flashing out of the brown face of James Fairford. He has a robust handbag in one hand and an umbrella in the other; over his arm hangs a light overcoat. He is dressed in summer stuffs, but in no concession to the negligence of summer fashion; his shirt is white; his firm legs are cased in trousers that descend to his black shoes; his whole keeping is that of a man who despises the appearance of recreation, and puts business before pleasure. "James!" Mrs. Inglehart's exclamation expresses mingled pleasure, surprise, and dismay. She drops all the things out of her lap again. "What are you doing here at this unearthly hour? You said you would be here at half past four!" She sinks back into her chair.

III.

FAIRFORD AND MRS. INGLEHART, WITH MOMENTS OF MISS LAWRENCE.

Fairford: "It's half past four now." He sits heavily down in one of the veranda chairs, plants his bag before him, and then pushes it away with his foot, while he mops his forehead with his handkerchief.

Mrs. Inglehart: "Did you walk?"

Fairford: "Do I seem to have driven? And in what?"

Mrs. Inglehart, hiding a smile with her hand: "I wonder how you found the way."

Fairford: "They told me at the station."

Mrs. Inglehart, gracefully sinking into a chair: "Did they tell you that if it hadn't been for your ridiculous punctuality you'd have been met at the train? Now you see what comes of being on time!"

Fairford: "I dare say they would if they could have spared a moment from the celebration of your charms and virtues. You seem to have cast your confounded glamour over the neighborhood, as usual."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Yes, it's new to me. It must have been the telegraph girl?"

Fairford: "There was a girl, and there was a telegraph. I didn't see them in combination."

Mrs. Inglehart: "They were one, all the same. Yes, I may say she's quite an ardent admirer."

Fairford: "So am I, Lillian."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh yes. But you mustn't say it. I hope you weren't rude to the poor girl on that account?"

Fairford: "Why mustn't I say it? I've come here to say it!"

Mrs. Inglehart, to gain time: "But you've said it before—and you ought to be a little more diversified in your remarks."

Fairford, getting to his feet: "Lillian, how can you trifle with me so? Surely you know what I must understand—must hope — from your allowing me to come here to-day?" He starts toward her and stumbles over his bag; he kicks the bag; Mrs. Inglehart laughs. "Oh, laugh at me, make a fool of me!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "You know you don't approve of me, Jim; you know you don't."

Fairford: "I believe you can make me approve of you if you choose. And if you don't choose, I want you anyway."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh! Do you think that's very logical?"

Fairford, bitterly: "No, I'm not proud

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"I WONDER HOW YOU FOUND THE WAY."

of it. As you say, it isn't logical; it isn't reasonable; but I always wanted you; I wanted you long ago, before you were married."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Why do people say you don't know how to flatter? I'm sure it's enough to turn *my* poor head to have a man say he isn't proud of caring for me, but he keeps on doing it regardless of consequences."

Fairford: "You know what I mean. I never pretended that you were my ideal in character, but—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "I thought it was customary to tell the lady that she *was* your ideal. That's what they always tell *me!*"

Fairford: "I don't care what other people tell you. *I* tell you the truth; and I tell you that you are *not* my ideal."

Mrs. Inglehart: "What am I, then, if I'm not your ideal?"

Fairford: "You're—you're my love. But you know that."

Mrs. Inglehart: "I've heard you say so. But I'm not sure that I know it."

Fairford: "Not sure!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "You may not be sure of your own mind."

Fairford: "This is trifling, Lillian. What do you say to me?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "What can I say till I'm convinced you're in earnest?"

Fairford: "And what will convince you? It seems to me that it's proof enough of my sincerity that I'm here to offer myself to you and to ask you to be my wife. Didn't you know that I was coming to do that? What else do you expect? Do you want me to say that you *are* my ideal, that you are everything in nature and character that I have dreamed of, and that I would not have you different?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "You might try it. I don't know what effect it would have."

Fairford: "You wish me to minister to your vanity, to fill your head with nonsense. Well, I will never do it!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Then I don't see how it's going to end. You might at least say you believe I could *become* your ideal."

Fairford: "But if I don't believe you could, and therefore I renounce my ideal; if I throw it away, and I tell you that

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you, whatever you are, are a thousand times dearer than anything I've ever imagined? And yet you might be all that I've ever dreamed of in woman, prompt, energetic, constant in purpose, with a high sense of duty, a devotion to noble—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Another James Fairford. What egotism! Yes, I could easily be all that, if I wanted to. The trouble is I couldn't want to."

Fairford: "I know it, and I don't ask it of you. I ask you merely to be yourself,—and to be mine."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Do you think that's so little, that you say *merely*? Asking a woman to be herself and to be yours is asking everything."

Fairford: "Then don't be yourself; don't be anything but mine."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Now you are beginning to talk sense—"

Fairford, starting toward her: "And you consent—you—" A sound as of a lifting window above the veranda roof is heard, and then, after a moment, the voice of Miss Roberta Lawrence.

Miss Lawrence: "Mrs. Inglehart!"

Mrs. Inglehart, in a low key to Fairford: "Oh, good gracious, I forgot all about her! *Now* what am I to do?" In a high key to Miss Lawrence: "Yes?"

Miss Lawrence, with a nervous laugh: "Oh, it *is* you. I thought, I wasn't sure it was you I heard. What time is it, please?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "It's a little after four —a quarter—twenty minutes—"

Miss Lawrence: "Then there's time, yet." There is a sound of a closing window.

Fairford: "Why did you say that, Lillian? You know it's twenty minutes of five."

Mrs. Inglehart: "That's a very charming girl, Jim—a Miss Roberta Lawrence. I want you to meet her. But perhaps you have met her already—"

Fairford: "No; but that isn't the point. Why did you say twenty minutes? I wish you hadn't, dear!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Well, it *is* twenty minutes—and more too; it's twenty minutes of five. You said so yourself. Now don't tease, but go and prettify. That's what *she's* doing—" The sound of the lifting window is heard again, and then the voice of Miss Lawrence.

Miss Lawrence: "Mrs. Inglehart! Are you still there?"

Mrs. Inglehart, in a high key: "Yes!" In a low key to Fairford: "Now you must go! It's a shame for you to stay here eavesdropping. And making me, too; and you so conscientious! 'Sh!"

Miss Lawrence: "I'm in something of a dilemma. I don't know whether it had better be the green, or the blue."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh—the blue, dear; or no, the green—blue, I mean." In a low key to Fairford: "Now you have spoiled everything, and disgraced me before my guest. I can never forgive you!"

Fairford: "How have I done that? She has said nothing that compromises either of you—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "You've let her give herself away. You know that it's for you she's choosing between blue and green."

Fairford: "Bless my soul, how should I know such a thing?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Don't you suppose I told her you were coming? And when she comes down and finds you here, you won't be capable of seeming to have come just that instant."

Fairford: "If she asks—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "As if she would ask! She is too high-spirited, too noble-minded to go prying about; but it will kill her, all the same. You don't know how a girl like Roberta Lawrence, so frank herself, and so unsuspicious, will take such a thing. Of course, if it was I, I could laugh it off; but she will think that I did it purposely; she won't show it, but she will never believe that I was as innocent as she was in the matter."

Fairford: "It seems to me you're not painting a very frank and unsuspicious character."

Mrs. Inglehart: "I mean, I should in her place. You know what I mean. But if you prefer to vex me— She'll be asking something else in another minute!"

Fairford: "But what do you want me to do?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "You must *think* what I want you to do. You have got me into this trouble, by your ridiculous promptness, and you must get me out."

Fairford: "Then let me go to my room, and I can't overhear anything more."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh, you think it's so simple as that, do you? Wait a minute —I have it! You must go away! And you must come back in about ten min-

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utes or so, as if you hadn't been here at all. And you must apologize for being late; say you missed the train, or something like that, and—"

Fairford, sitting doggedly down: "No, I can't do anything of the kind."

Mrs. Inglehart: "You can't?"

Fairford: "Well, then, I won't. It would be acting a lie."

Mrs. Inglehart: "You accuse me of wishing you to lie."

Fairford: "I don't think you do it knowingly. But, Lillian, you must see—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "'Sh! There, she's putting up her window again!"

Miss Lawrence, from her window: "I've decided not to dress at him, Mrs. Inglehart. I am going to be perfectly passive, and let fate take its course. I'm going to wear my silver-gray."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Perfect!" In a low tone to Fairford, desperately: "It's too late for you to go away now. You might as well stay!"

Fairford: "But I don't understand. Why should Miss Lawrence dress at me? Have *you* dressed at me, Lillian? You look heavenly in that—thing you've got on; I don't know what it is."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh, much pleasure your compliments give me, when I know what a cold, hollow heart they come from! I may dress for you, but you won't gratify me in the smallest thing. Suppose your going away *does* have the appearance of deceit? Is a mere *appearance* so very killing, when it's for such a good object? Oh, Jim! Do help me out! Think of the poor girl's feelings if she comes down and finds you here! She'll *know* you overheard her. If you really cared for me—"

Fairford, rising to his feet with a groan, and gathering his bag up for going: "And if I go—if I do this against my reason and conscience, what shall you do with me when I come back?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "You'll be so interested in Miss Lawrence you won't care."

Fairford: "That won't do, Lillian. I shall want my answer when I come back. Will you promise it?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "It's very mean of you to make conditions! I'll *listen* to you. But I won't even do that if you stay. And if you think I'm asking you to act a lie, just think what a lie you've been making *me* act."

Fairford: "I? How?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "By letting me see you before you saw her, when I promised mamma I wouldn't."

Fairford: "But why did you promise that? What—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "That has nothing to do with it. A promise is a promise, and sacred. Will you go? And when you come back, and find Miss Lawrence here, will you ask after me as if you hadn't met me?"

Fairford: "No, certainly not. I can't carry the deceit as far as that."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Not to enable me to keep my promise? Very well, then, that shows that you don't trust me, and if you don't trust me, you can't care for me."

Fairford: "I don't trust you in the least, and I care all the world for you. For heaven's sake, Lillian, be candid with me, for once, and tell me what all this coil is! I know that whatever you've got in your head, there's nothing but truth in your heart, and if you would only be guided by that—"

Mrs. Inglehart, apparently fascinated by the idea: "Well, I will. I'll tell you all about it. You see that we were talking about your coming, and I said to Roberta Lawrence— 'Sh! There's her step! She's coming out of her room—she's on the stairs! Run, James, if you love me!" She pushes him towards the veranda steps, and without waiting to see him vanish round the corner of the house, she turns, and flies through the long window into the drawing-room, while Miss Lawrence emerges from the hallway, and Mrs. Wenham advances from the veranda on the side of the house opposite that which has just hidden Fairford from view.

IV.

Miss Lawrence and Mrs. Wenham.

Miss Lawrence: "Mrs. Inglehart!" To Mrs. Wenham: "I thought Mrs. Inglehart was here!"

Mrs. Wenham: "And I thought I heard talking. But I must have dreamed it. I seem to have dozed over my book."

Miss Lawrence: "Perhaps you heard me calling down to her. I was consulting her about Mr. Fairford's taste in colors. Isn't he very late?" She looks in at the clock in the hall, and Mrs. Wenham looks in too.

Mrs. Wenham: "Yes; it's nearly five, and he promised to be here at half past

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four. Something must have detained him; he's usually so prompt."

Miss Lawrence, smiling: "Yes, terribly prompt, I believe. At least that's the impression Mrs. Inglehart gives of him." The ladies have seated themselves, and Miss Lawrence, reclining in her chair, indifferently studies the effect of a ring on her left hand.

Mrs. Wenham, looking at her over her glasses: "You've never met my nephew, I believe?"

Miss Lawrence: "No; and I've no idea how he'll like me. You know it's very important he should like me. Mrs. Inglehart has given him to me."

Mrs. Wenham, dryly: "Yes, I have been scolding Lillian for her nonsense. He is not hers to give."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh! To keep, then!"

Mrs. Wenham: "I am not so sure. Miss Lawrence, I know that you are a very frank person—"

Miss Lawrence: "Some people say, merely brutal."

Mrs. Wenham: "No matter! I feel that I can speak frankly with you. Don't trust my daughter!"

Miss Lawrence: "This *is* frank."

Mrs. Wenham: "She acts upon impulses that she regrets. She is in love with James Fairford, I believe, and I know that he is in love with her. He was, before she married Mr. Inglehart, and I think she was with him; but the affair never came to anything, because — because— It was Lillian's fault; she couldn't be serious with him."

Miss Lawrence: "And now? Has he got over wanting her to be serious, or has she become so?"

Mrs. Wenham: "Lillian will never be serious—at least not like other people; and that is why I feel it my duty to be serious with you. No one knows Lillian as I do. If she saw that any one else wanted James, she would move heaven and earth to get him herself."

Miss Lawrence, laughing: "Really, what you say rather inclines me to try for him. I should like to see Mrs. Inglehart moving heaven and earth."

Mrs. Wenham: "Don't, my dear! I should simply leave the house. There isn't a thing she wouldn't do if she saw you wanted him." Miss Lawrence laughs more and more. "I know what nonsense



"RUN, JAMES, IF YOU LOVE ME!"

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she has been talking to you, and I made her promise, just to punish her, that she would let you meet him first, and have a chance to— I mean that she should be made to suffer a little for her wicked folly—"

Miss Lawrence: "Through some finesse of mine? Wouldn't that be rather too much theatre?"

Mrs. Wenham: "Yes, I don't know what she wouldn't do in her jealousy; for she'd be frantically, blindly, madly jealous if she thought he cared for you the least bit."

Miss Lawrence: "Poor Mrs. Inglehart! I should like to see her jealous. It doesn't seem in character. But I'm greatly obliged to you for securing me the first innings. How do you propose to manage it?"

Mrs. Wenham: "That I shall leave entirely to Lillian. I suppose that as she's out of the way, and he's expected momentarily, she's actually keeping her word, and—"

Miss Lawrence: "I'm sitting here to intercept Mr. Fairford on his way into the house! Isn't it rather cold-blooded? But I don't mind! You don't think he could manage to escape me, somehow?"

Mrs. Wenham: "I shall be sitting here too; and I dare say Lillian has given directions where he's to be received."

Miss Lawrence: "Heroic Mrs. Inglehart! I begin to quake a little. Do you know, if I had been *she*, I should have broken my word." After a thoughtful moment: "If one were really meditating an assault upon Mr. Fairford's affections, what should you say was his weakest side, Mrs. Wenham?"

Mrs. Wenham: "James?" Proudly: "He *has* no weak side."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh, I didn't say weak, I said *weakest*. Where is he least strong?"

Mrs. Wenham: "Except for his inconceivable folly in regard to Lillian, I should say that James Fairford was equally strong at all points. He is truth itself; promptitude, sincerity, justice, honor—"

Miss Lawrence, with a deep breath: "He *is* formidable."

Mrs. Wenham: "He despises anything like double-dealing, or prevarication, or even evasion. He will admire *you*, Miss Lawrence."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh, thank you! I begin to have my doubts." Mrs. Inglehart appears at one of the long veranda windows, and looks through them, with her hands lifted to either side of the casement. "Oh, come out, Mrs. Inglehart!"

V.

MRS. INGLEHART, MISS LAWRENCE, MRS. WENHAM.

Mrs. Inglehart: "It's very tempting. But I can't, and I've got to take my mother away too, and consult about some little changes in receiving Mr. Fairford. You must keep him here until I come."

Miss Lawrence: "I wish he were here now. If he could only see you there as you're standing now! I wish you could see yourself, and you'd agree with me that there was never anything *quite* so graceful as that pose of yours."

Mrs. Inglehart: "You must tell him about it when he does come; that will be such a nice pose for *you*."

Miss Lawrence, rising and bobbing a courtesy to Mrs. Inglehart in acknowledgment of her little dig: "Thank you, *so* much!" To Mrs. Wenham, who joins her daughter: "And you're actually going to leave me alone with Mr. Fairford!"

Mrs. Wenham: "You'll be in the best of hands, my dear. Remember what I told you."

Miss Lawrence: "I sha'n't forget such a charge as that!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "A conspiracy?" She looks from one to the other; then over her shoulder, as she vanishes within: "Be sure to keep him; tell him he can't go to his room just yet."

Miss Lawrence, calling after her: "Oh, I'll *keep* him." When Mrs. Inglehart and her mother are out of sight, she bows herself forward in silent laughter, and when she lifts her face out of her hands again, she confronts Fairford, who is stealthily mounting the veranda steps, with a manner the reverse of his earlier brusqueness and severity. At sight of him Miss Lawrence springs to her feet, and comes gayly toward him with outstretched hand: "Mr. Fairford? Miss Lawrence! Mrs. Inglehart has commissioned me to welcome you in her place, and to keep you here, while she and Mrs. Wenham are taking counsel together about your room. Won't you sit down till they come?"

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"FAIRFORD GAZES UNEASILY AT HER."

VI.

FAIRFORD AND MISS LAWRENCE.

Fairford, backing upon a chair, with his bag in his hand and his overcoat on his arm: "Thank you." He falls into the chair, and stares helplessly at her.

Miss Lawrence: "Was your train late, or did you take a later one? You see the fame of your promptness has preceded you, and you were expected at half past four."

Fairford: "The train wasn't late; I'm late—I've been walking—"

Miss Lawrence, politely: "From the station!"

Fairford, with a deep breath of relief: "Yes—I walked—from the station, yes."

Miss Lawrence: "Then that accounts for it. And it must take some time for the wayfarer who isn't personally conducted to find his way round to the entrance of Mrs. Inglehart's house. A house naturally fronts before, but if it has the sea behind it, there's a certain temptation to front in the rear, and Mrs. Inglehart's house has yielded to the temptation. Don't you think it's like her? So full of—unexpectedness!"

Fairford: "Yes; very singular. Very puzzling—if you've never been here before."

Miss Lawrence, keenly: "And is this the first time you've been here?"

Fairford: "I—" Desperately: "I've never been here before to-day."

Miss Lawrence: "Do you mean, never before to-day, or never to-day before?"

Fairford: "I mean, never before to-day; not to-day before."

Miss Lawrence: "Then there *is* a difference! I'm so glad; I thought there wasn't when I asked." She muses aloud: "Let me see! He has never been here before to-day; but he may have been here to-day before. Is that sense? Let me try it the other way! He has been here to-day before, but he has never been here before to-day." Fairford gazes uneasily at her. "I can't make it out; but I'll ask Mrs. Inglehart when she comes; she'll know. I'll put it as a conundrum: If a gentleman has never been here before to-day, and yet has been here to-day before, when has the gentleman been here before?" Fairford listens with signs of increasing terror, which culminate in a violent start when she turns suddenly upon him: "Mr. Fairford, I'm tempted to make you a confidence! Oh—ha, ha, ha! Don't be frightened. It's only something psychical. But I have had such a strange impression in regard to you."

Fairford, in alarm: "Me?"

Miss Lawrence: "Yes. I wonder if I may venture to speak of it; but with your frankness—oh, all your virtues have anticipated you; every one was here

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promptly at half past four!—I'm sure you'll answer me. As you came up the veranda steps, just now, I had that weird sense of its all having happened before. You have had it; every one has; but at this instant it's so vivid with me that it seems as if you must *share* it with me." Laughingly: "Do you have a been-here-before feeling too?"

Fairford: "I can't say—I— May I ask what you mean?"

Miss Lawrence: "I don't wonder you're surprised. But I'm so curious to know whether two persons could have that weird seizure at the same moment in regard to the same thing. Of course it's impossible, and I ought really to beg your pardon, but as you came up the veranda steps, just now, it flashed upon me, 'He feels as if he had been here before.' Perhaps it was a strange look— Excuse me; I'm odiously personal. Will you please to make a remark?"

Fairford: "I! A remark?"

Miss Lawrence: "Yes; anything—anything to turn the conversation. I've made all the remarks up to this point. I see you don't like psychical confidences."

Fairford: "Yes—I like them very much. But I wish to say—I ought to tell you—I don't know how to—" He stops and stares at her.

Miss Lawrence, looking down at her dress on either side of her, and twitching it: "Is there something on my gown? A bug? A caterpillar? No?" Laughing: "A woman always thinks something's wrong with her dress when people stare. But perhaps it's only the color? It's a very peculiar shade of gray; I've been told by flatterers that I look like a wraith in it, and you look—excuse me, really, Mr. Fairford! you look as if I *did* look like a wraith!"

Fairford: "Not at all, I assure you. But I—but in regard to your psychical experience, I wish—I feel bound to say—"

Miss Lawrence: "Then you like that kind of thing! Do let me tell you another! It's apropos of this gown, which I wish you to notice particularly, so that you can corroborate me when I tell Mrs. Inglehart." She rises, and puts it in evidence by slowly turning in front of her chair; Fairford starts up, and backs away in a vague alarm. "Should you have thought I put it on for you?"

Fairford, gasping: "For me?"

Miss Lawrence: "No? Didn't you know it?" She fixes him with a piercing glance, and then sinks into her chair again, laughing, while he remains standing, aghast. "It can't be the first time that you've been dressed at by a young lady; it's something that's always happening when men are expected in houses where girls are. Don't you know that?"

Fairford, with relief: "I suppose—I dare say—"

Miss Lawrence: "But, *unless you know*, you never could imagine the rest of what I'm going to tell you. I've just had the most awful scare. A little while before you came, I was up in my room, which looks out over the roof of the veranda here, and I fell into a hopeless doubt between blue and green. Which should I wear? I couldn't decide, and as I had left Mrs. Inglehart sitting here alone, I indulged myself in a little impulse. I put up my window, and asked Mrs. Inglehart which it should be, and then after I had decided, I decided over again, and put up my window to tell her so. It was this last time that I had my fright. I thought—I fancied—I dreamed—that I heard another voice just before I spoke, and that this voice was a man's voice. Of course it was impossible, in the nature of things, even if it was so, but it served, for the time being. As soon as I could, I reasoned myself out of it. Mrs. Inglehart couldn't be so ungenerous—so unkind—as to let me suppose she was here alone, and even if she could, the man would have insisted upon giving me some proof of his presence, if he was a gentleman. Of course if it were the groom, or the gardener, or some workman about the place, I needn't care; and so, as I said, I reasoned myself out of it. But it was a very pretty scare while it lasted, I can assure you. I really suppose it was this that gave me that been-here-before feeling when I saw you coming up the steps. Ah, here comes Mrs. Inglehart, and I'm off duty; but please don't speak to her of it, will you? I wish to tell her later myself. You promise?"

Fairford: "Yes—"

Miss Lawrence: "Oh thank you. I'll be back directly, Lilly. I've kept Mr. Fairford safely for you." She waves her hand to Mrs. Inglehart as she appears at the parlor window, and vanishes through the door into the hall.

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VII.

MRS. INGLEHART AND FAIRFORD.

Mrs. Inglehart, coming out on the veranda: "What is it you're not to tell me?"

Fairford: "Who is that, Lillian?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "It's Miss Lawrence, of course. Don't you like her?"

Fairford: "Against my reason and conscience, I consented to go away and come back, in this disgraceful fashion, to spare your feelings, and hers, and the result is that I shall do neither, and that I shall not be able to hold up my head."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Why, what in the world has happened?"

Fairford: "That is what I can't tell you; that's what I promised I wouldn't tell. You can ask Miss Lawrence; I am going away."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Going away!"

Fairford: "I have been placed in a thoroughly false position. To oblige you, I have consented to act a falsehood, and I have done it so badly that—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Of course you've done it badly. I expected that. But what of it? Did she get it out of you?"

Fairford: "I must leave you to learn from Miss Lawrence what has passed. I have given my word, and I must keep it. Good-by!" He bows coldly, and goes towards the veranda steps.

Mrs. Inglehart, running to intercept him: "But you are not actually going! You can't be so insane, so wicked as that!"

Fairford: "You've made it impossible for me to stay. The truth must come out, and then you will see why."

Mrs. Inglehart: "But no matter how bad the truth is, you'll only make it worse by going!"

Fairford: "I must be judge of that. Will you please let me pass?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Do you think this is treating me very nicely? What shall I say to Miss Lawrence? How shall I explain? Oh, Jim, dear! Don't be boyish! I've no doubt that as soon as I know what the trouble is, I can make it right. I might have known she would tangle you up, somehow; but it can't be bad enough to drive you from my house. Think how it will look!"

Fairford: "I must leave appearances to you, hereafter; you can manage them better."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Is that what *she* said of me?"

Fairford: "Lillian!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "I didn't mean that, Jim; indeed I didn't. But you can't imagine how awkward it will be for me if you go; what a false position it will place *me* in. Don't be selfish! Don't go. *I ask you to stay.*" She looks at him significantly.

Fairford: "It's too late. I'd have given the world to hear that from you a little while ago; but now—" He falters.

Mrs. Inglehart: "Very well, go, then! *I* know what the trouble is. She knew that you had been here before, and she could only have done it by eavesdropping."

Fairford: "No, Lillian; it was we who were eavesdropping."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Then it's not eavesdropping to listen from a window, but it is from a veranda? She heard every word we were saying here, and her calling down to me was a mere ruse. I might have known it at the time. But of course, if you think I was capable of eavesdropping and she wasn't, that settles the matter, and I have no more to say. Don't let me keep you, Mr. Fairford." She suddenly bursts into tears, and catching her handkerchief to her face, flies through the window and vanishes, at the same moment that Mrs. Wenham appears at the hallway door.

VIII.

MRS. WENHAM AND FAIRFORD.

Mrs. Wenham, coming forward to where Fairford remains standing motionless, bag in hand: "Why, James! You've got here at last. What in the world kept you? Have you just come?"

Fairford: "I'm just going."

Mrs. Wenham: "Going? Without seeing Lillian?"

Fairford: "I have seen her, and—that's why I'm going."

Mrs. Wenham: "She isn't sending you away!"

Fairford: "No, no! Not in that sense of the word. We've quarrelled. Aunt Harriet, I wish to tell you—"

Mrs. Wenham: "Oh, you needn't tell me! I know what it is. It's part of that miserable nonsense of hers about— But you haven't *seen* Miss Lawrence!"

Fairford, in dull despair: "Yes, I've seen Miss Lawrence."

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Mrs. Wenham: "And Lillian was angry with you on that account, and in her ridiculous jealousy— Well, then, I'm glad she's lost you, James!"

Fairford: "I'm not, Aunt Harriet. And I'm afraid it isn't just as you think it is. I must tell you something—I promised not to tell Lillian, but I may tell you—"

Mrs. Wenham: "You may tell *me*, *any*thing, James. Whom did you promise?"

Fairford: "Miss Lawrence. I came at half past four as I promised, and I found Lillian on the veranda here—"

Mrs. Wenham: "Lillian! And where was Miss Lawrence?"

Fairford: "I don't know—or I didn't then; but it seems somewhere overhead; and presently, while we were talking, she put up her window, and began calling down to Lillian, and asking her what she should wear. Lillian seemed to have forgotten about her—"

Mrs. Wenham: "Wretched child!"

Fairford: "And when she remembered, she said she had promised you Miss Lawrence should see me first, and I must go away, and come back so as to give the impression that I hadn't been here."

Mrs. Wenham: "But you never consented to such an outrageous imposition?"

Fairford: "I didn't like it; but I thought Lillian was right in thinking Miss Lawrence would be annoyed if she knew that I had overheard her, and I consented—in violation of every principle of my life. When I came back, Miss Lawrence was here."

Mrs. Wenham: "Well?"

Fairford: "It was useless. She began to let me understand at once that she knew I had been here already, and—in short, the game was up. She kept the whole thing in such form that I could neither admit it nor deny it. When Lillian returned, and Miss Lawrence left us, I threatened to go away, and she begged me to stay, and after we had some hot words, she told me to go, and—here I am. What is it all about, Aunt Harriet? Why should she promise you to let Miss Lawrence receive me, and why should Miss Lawrence wish to dress especially to please me?"

Mrs. Wenham: "I will tell you, James. But first sit down and put that bag somewhere. You're not going, and Lillian never meant you to go, any more than you meant to leave her when you threatened it. I'm glad I know just how the case stands, and I think I can make you see Lillian's behavior in the right light, though I'm thoroughly ashamed of it myself, and disgusted with her, and I've told her so. You will always have to account for something that is wholly incomprehensible in Lillian if you expect to understand her at all."

Fairford, patiently: "Yes, that is what I have always tried to do."

Mrs. Wenham: "Well, then, you can easily imagine that when she had consented to your coming here to-day on terms that any one else would feel were the same as accepting you, she should feel the need of putting it out of her power to accept you—or rather that she would have to be in the greatest danger of losing you—before she was able to accept you."

Fairford, making an effort: "I think I can conceive of something like that. What has it to do with Miss Lawrence's trying to please my taste in dress?"

Mrs. Wenham: "Simply this. Before she could realize your loss, Lillian had to give you to some one else."

Fairford, after a moment's reflection: "If you wanted anything, would you put it out of your power, in order to realize your desire for it?"

Mrs. Wenham: "No, but Lillian would; and I should respect you a great deal more if you renounced her forever, and took a fancy to Miss Lawrence. But I hope you won't, for I know that Lillian is devotedly fond of you."

Fairford: "I'm afraid there's no danger of my renouncing her. Whom did she give me to?"

Mrs. Wenham: "Oh, you poor, single-minded man! To Miss Lawrence!"

Fairford: "And did Miss Lawrence know it?"

Mrs. Wenham: "James, I don't wonder Lillian finds you rather trying at times. Of course she knew it! And I insisted upon her being allowed to meet you first, and to—to—to—"

Fairford: "What?"

Mrs. Wenham: "My dear, you are enough to try the patience of a saint. Such innocence as yours is *criminal!*" At this word, Mrs. Inglehart suddenly emerges from the drawing-room window upon the veranda.

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IX.

MRS. INGLEHART, MRS. WENHAM, AND FAIRFORD.

Mrs. Inglehart: "I will not have you abusing me to James, mother."

Mrs. Wenham: "I was not speaking of you!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "You said criminal."

Mrs. Wenham: "I said James was criminal—for being so good."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh! And what have you been saying about me?"

Mrs. Wenham: "I've been explaining you."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Very well, then, I won't *be* explained—above all to Mr. Fairford." She sits down and looks at her mother. "I thought he was going."

Fairford, appealingly: "You know I couldn't go, Lillian—"

Mrs. Inglehart, ignoring him: "He *said* he was going; but perhaps that was a man's way of meaning that he wasn't. You never can tell what they mean from what they say. Do you know where Miss Lawrence is, mother? I wish to tell her that Mr. Fairford has changed his mind, and is going to stay after all. She may not like to come to dinner in that case; or Mr. Fairford may not like to meet her. They seem both to be victims of the same deceit, poor dears. I'm sure I don't know who has tried to deceive them, except for their own good."

Fairford: "I never doubted your motive, Lillian. I know how generous you are. I only objected to the false position that I was placed in with reference to Miss Lawrence."

Mrs. Inglehart, always ignoring him: "I hope you are satisfied, mother, with having insisted on my letting Miss Lawrence meet Mr. Fairford first, instead of receiving him myself as a hostess should."

Mrs. Wenham, rising in virtuous indignation: "Lillian, I will not allow you to be so perverse! I don't care *how* old you are. You are acting like a naughty child, but I suppose it's because you're thoroughly ashamed of yourself. I've told James all about your wicked folly, and if I were he I should go away, and leave you to get out of it as you could. I wash my hands of the whole affair." Mrs. Wenham sweeps in doors and abandons the cousins to their own devices.



"MAY I TRY IT ON?"

X.

MRS. INGLEHART AND FAIRFORD.

Mrs. Inglehart, after a marked silence, very mildly and meekly: "Well, Jim!"

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Fairford: "Well, Lil!"

Mrs. Inglehart: "What do you think of me now?"

Fairford: "I haven't changed my mind; but I *think* I understand you a little better than I did."

Mrs. Inglehart: "And you still blame me? Remember I don't know what my mother's been saying about me."

Fairford: "Nothing that doesn't make you dearer to me. I think she was too hard upon you for a harmless joke like that."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh, Jim, how sweet you are! Do you really mean it?"

Fairford: "I wish you would let me prove it. I wish you could let me employ my life in proving it."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh, you know I always trusted you. You're truth itself!"

Fairford: "And I always trusted you, though—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Though I'm not truth itself?"

Fairford: "Something like that."

Mrs. Inglehart: "How delicious! You know I always did think your candor was delicious." She puts up her hands to the back of her head, and tries to look round at the top of her chair. "I seem to be caught—"

Fairford: "Can I help you?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh, no." But he comes to her and frees the knot of her hair from a loose fibre of the cane which has caught it. "Thank you so much, James." He does not go away, and he does not relinquish the hand she had put up to help free her hair. He sits down on the arm of her chair, and scrutinizes her left-hand fingers critically.

Mrs. Inglehart: "Well?"

Fairford: "I thought I couldn't be mistaken in the size. May I try it on?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Why, if you've taken all the trouble to bring it—"

Fairford: "I ventured to do it."

Mrs. Inglehart, looking fondly up into his eyes while he fits the ring on her finger: "It was no great risk."

Fairford: "Does it hurt? Is it too tight?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "It is too tight, but it doesn't—hurt!" A sound of quick footfalls and rustling skirts makes itself heard within the drawing-room. Mrs. Inglehart jumps to her feet. "Oh, good gracious! There's that detestable girl! I forgot all about her again! Run, Jim! Or no, it's too late, now. Stay!" The sound of the quick footfalls and the rustling skirts within grows vaguer. "Yes, go, now. She's executing a little manœuvre. She's seen us, but she's pretending she didn't, and she's gone back to give us time before she comes out through the hall door. That's all right. Run along, now, dear, and leave me to manage with her. I don't think she'll get anything out of *me* that I don't want her to know. Why don't you go, James? Oh! *Goose!*" She puts her arms round his neck, as he bends over her, and kisses him, and then pushes him decisively away. As he disappears round the corner of the veranda, she calls: "Miss Lawrence! Roberta! Is that you?"

Miss Lawrence, within: "I'm looking for a handkerchief I left— Oh, here it is!" She appears at the door, and looks out. "I thought Mr. Fairford—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "He was here a moment ago, but he's gone to his room—I suppose to his room. I've been so much interested in your psychological experience, Roberta."

Miss Lawrence: "Then he's told! I might have expected it."

Mrs. Inglehart: "You'd have been disappointed if you had. Men needn't tell things. They've merely to say they won't, and then women are inspired with the facts. I guessed what had happened, as soon as I saw the kind of trouble he was in, and I envied you the opportunity you had of—rattling him. Do tell me just how you did it."

Miss Lawrence: "Do you think that will be necessary?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "No, I don't know that I do. And I admire you for your reticence. I supposed frankness was your strong point."

Miss Lawrence: "Isn't that always a forlorn hope with us? The pose of utter despair? The last resort?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Perhaps it is. I was just going to try it with you. There seems nothing else for it."

Miss Lawrence: "Ah, you pique my curiosity. What is it you *could* be frank about? I mean—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "I see what you mean. But you remember that a little while ago, here, I gave you James Fairford?"

Miss Lawrence: "Yes; and 'the gods themselves cannot resume their gifts.'"

Mrs. Inglehart: "I don't know about

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the gods, but I'm sure the goddesses could. My dear Roberta, I want him back. I must have him. Come, now, be very, very nice, and let me have him again! Won't you? I know that legally, and everything else, he belongs to you, and I suppose that in a court of justice I shouldn't have the slightest chance. But I throw myself on your mercy. See!" She comes over to where the girl has seated herself, and drops on her knees before her.



"THEN IT WAS ALL A TRICK FROM THE BEGINNING!"

"Let me have him, dear! I'd no idea I cared anything about him till I'd parted with him. Come! Say the word!"

Miss Lawrence: "And I, what am I to do with the wealth of affection that I had prepared to lavish upon him?"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh, give it to somebody else! Jim won't mind."

Miss Lawrence: "Ah, that's just what I'm not so sure about! I've an idea that he is madly devoted to me. In fact, I can't give him up till I know from his own lips that he wishes to be given up. Yes, he must renounce me—"

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh, but I assure you he doesn't care anything about you—"

Miss Lawrence: "That I must know from himself. I insist upon his choosing between us!"

Mrs. Inglehart, rising: "Do you really mean it?"

Miss Lawrence: "Yes; I think it would be fun."

Mrs. Inglehart, with genuine feeling: "I can't say it's my idea of a joke. Well, then, it may be very inhospitable, and all that, and I wish it could have come about a little more gracefully, but I have to tell you— Oh, have you hurt yourself?" She takes note of the handkerchief which Miss Lawrence has wrapped around her left hand; the girl puts the hand behind her. "Can't I give you something? Arnica? Pond's extract? How did you do it? *Putting up the window?*"

Miss Lawrence, in embarrassment: "No, no—"

Mrs. Inglehart, dryly: "I'm very sorry. Those window-catches are awkward

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"WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

things. I've caught my fingers when I've been thinking of something else."

Miss Lawrence: "It wasn't the window-catch, I assure you, Mrs. Inglehart, and I don't know how to tell you what it is, exactly. I thought it would be so simple; but— I ought never to have let you give me Mr. Fairford."

Mrs. Inglehart: "Oh, don't mind that. I've taken him back again."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh, that doesn't make it right on my part. I meant to have told you before; but I couldn't get the chance; and then it seemed to get more and more complicated, and—"

Mrs. Inglehart, impatiently: "Well?"

Miss Lawrence: "Well!" She puts out her left hand to Mrs. Inglehart, and covers her eyes with the handkerchief she has caught from it.

Mrs. Inglehart, clutching it wildly: "An engagement ring!"

Miss Lawrence: "Yes, we were engaged last week, and when you began to speak to me, and I didn't know quite how —I hadn't the courage—"

Mrs. Inglehart, flinging Miss Lawrence's hand from her: "Then it was all a trick from the beginning! And you let me make a fool of myself in that way, and all the time you were engaged! And you said you never met him before—"

Miss Lawrence, in amaze: "How could I say such a thing? We've known each other for years."

Mrs. Inglehart: "So it appears. And I don't know how you could say you'd never seen him, but I know you did say it. Perhaps you'd like *two* engagement rings. You may have mine—" She tries to get it off.

Miss Lawrence: "What *do* you mean? What are you doing? Whom are you talking about?"

Mrs. Inglehart, still struggling violently with the ring: "James Fairford. You may have both his rings—"

Miss Lawrence: "James Fairford! I don't want his rings—either of them. I'm engaged to Arthur Wayland! Do you think there's only one man in the world?"

Mrs. Inglehart, after a moment's daze: "Then you—you—I see—yes! Oh, you dear! Oh, I'm so happy for you!" She falls upon Miss Lawrence's neck and clasps her to her heart. "Arthur Wayland? He's charming, and he's a very lucky fellow, but he deserves you if any one does. Ah, ha, ha! Oh, oh, hu, hu!" Mrs. Wenham appears at one corner of the veranda, and Fairford at the other, from different sides of the house.

XI.

MRS. WENHAM, FAIRFORD, MISS LAWRENCE, MRS. INGLEHART.

Mrs. Wenham, sternly: "What is the matter, Lillian?"

Mrs. Inglehart, between tears and laughter: "Nothing, nothing! Roberta is engaged, and I'm merely congratulating her."

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LOVE'S ROSARY.

BY G. E. WOODBERRY.

SWEET names, the rosary of my evening prayer,
Told on my lips like kisses of good-night
To friends who go a little from my sight,
And some through distant years shine clear and fair!—
So this dear burden that I daily bear
Nightly God taketh, and doth loose me quite;
And soft I sink in slumbers pure and light
With thoughts of human love and heavenly care.

But when I mark how into shadow slips
My manhood's prime, and weep fast-passing friends,
And heaven's riches making poor my lips,
And think how in the dust love's labor ends,
Then, where the cluster of my hearth-stone shone,
"Bid me not live," I sigh, "till all be gone."

THE PRIZE-FUND BENEFICIARY.

BY E. ALEXANDER.



MISS SNELL began to apologize for interrupting the work almost before she came in. The Painter, who grudgingly opened one half of the folding-door wide enough to let her pass into the studio, was annoyed to observe that, in spite of her apologies, she was loosening the furs about her throat as if in preparation for a lengthy visit. Then for the first time, behind her tall, black-draped figure, he caught sight of her companion, who was shorter, and whose draperies were of a less ample character,—for Miss Snell, being tall and thin, resorted to voluminous garments to conceal her slimness of person. A large plumed hat accentuated her sallowness and sharpness of feature, and her dark eyes, set under heavy black brows, intensified her look of unhealthy pallor.

She was perfectly at her ease, and introduced her companion, Miss Price, in a few words, explaining that the latter had come over for a year or so to study, and was anxious to have the best advice about it.

"So I brought her straight here," Miss Snell announced, triumphantly.

Miss Price seemed a trifle overcome by the novelty of her surroundings, but managed to say, in a high nasal voice,

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that she had already begun to work at Julian's, but did not find it altogether satisfactory.

The Painter, looking at her indifferently, was roused to a sudden interest by her face. Her features and complexion were certainly pleasing, but the untidy mass of straggling hair topped by a battered straw sailor hat diverted the attention of a casual observer from her really unusual delicacy of feature and coloring. She was tall and slim, although now she was dwarfed by Miss Snell's gaunt figure. A worn dress and shabby green cape fastened at the neck by a button hanging precariously on its last thread completed her very unsuitable winter attire.

Outside the great studio window a cold December twilight was settling down over roofs covered with snow and icicles, and the Painter shivered involuntarily as he noticed the insufficiency of her wraps for such weather, and got up to stir the fire which glowed in the big stove.

In one corner his model waited patiently for the guests to depart, and he now dismissed her for the day, eliciting faint protestations from Miss Snell, who, however, was settling down comfortably in an easy-chair by the fire, with an evident intention of staying indefinitely. Miss Price's large, somewhat expressionless blue eyes were taking in the whole studio, and the Painter could feel that she was distinctly disappointed by her inspection. She had evidently anticipated something much grander, and this bare room was not the ideal place she had fancied the studio of a world-renowned painter would prove to be.

Bare painted walls, a peaked roof with a window reaching far overhead, a polished floor, one or two chairs and a divan, the few necessary implements of his profession, and many canvases faced to the wall, but little or no bric-à-brac or delightful studio properties. The Painter was also conscious that her inspection included him personally, and was painfully aware that she was regarding him with the same feeling of disappointment; she quite evidently thought him too young and insignificant looking for a person of his reputation.

Miss Snell had not given him time to reply to Miss Price's remark about her study at Julian's, but prattled on about her own work and the unsurmountable difficulties that lay in the way of a woman's successful career as a painter.

"I have been studying for years under —— ——," said Miss Snell, "and really I have no time to lose. It will end by my simply going to him and saying, quite frankly: 'Now, Monsieur ——, I have been in your atelier for four years, and I can't afford to waste another minute. There are no two ways about it. You positively must tell me how to do it. You really must not keep me waiting any longer. I insist upon it.' How discouraging it is!" she sighed. "It seems quite impossible to find any one who is willing to give the necessary information."

Miss Price's wandering eyes had at last found a resting-place on a large, half-finished canvas standing on an easel. Something attractive in the pose and turn of her head made the Painter watch her as he lent a feeble attention to Miss Snell's conversation.

Miss Price's lips were very red, and the clear freshness of extreme youth bloomed in her cheeks; she was certainly charming. During one of Miss Snell's rare pauses she spoke, and her thin high voice came with rather a shock from between her full lips.

"May I look?" was her unnecessary question, for her eyes had never left the canvas on the easel since they had first rested there. She rose as she spoke, and went over to the painting.

The Painter pulled himself out of the cushions on the divan where he had been lounging, and went over to push the big canvas into a better light. Then he stood, while the girl gazed at it, saying nothing, and apparently oblivious to everything but the work before him.

He was roused, not by Miss Price, who remained admiringly silent, but by the enraptured Miss Snell, who had also risen, gathering furs and wraps about her, and was now ecstatically voluble in her admiration. English being insufficient for the occasion, she had to resort to French for the expression of her enthusiasm.

The Painter said nothing, but watched the younger girl, who turned away at last with a sigh of approbation. He was standing under the window, leaning against a table littered with paints and brushes.

"Stay where you are!" exclaimed Miss Snell, excitedly. "Is he not charming, Cora, in that half-light? You must let

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me paint you just so some day—you must indeed." She clutched Miss Price and turned her forcibly in his direction.

The Painter, confused by this unexpected onslaught, moved hastily away and busied himself with a pretence of clearing the table.

"I—I should be delighted," he stammered, in his embarrassment, and he caught Miss Price's eye, in which he fancied a smile was lurking.

"But you have not given Miss Price a word of advice about her work," said Miss Snell, as she fastened her wraps preparatory to departure. She seemed quite oblivious to the fact that she had monopolized all the conversation herself.

He turned politely to Miss Price, who murmured something about Julian's being so badly ventilated, but gave him no clew as to her particular branch of the profession. Miss Snell, however, supplied all details. It seemed Miss Price was sharing Miss Snell's studio, having been sent over by the Lynxville, Massachusetts, Summer Prize Fund, for which she had successfully competed, and which provided a meagre allowance for two years' study abroad.

"She wants to paint heads," said Miss Snell; and in reply to a remark about the great amount of study required to accomplish this desire, surprised him by saying, "Oh, she only wants to paint them well enough to teach, not well enough to sell."

"I'll drop in and see your work some afternoon," promised the Painter, warmed by their evident intention of leaving; and he escorted them to the landing, warning them against the dangerous steepness of his stairway, which wound down in almost murky darkness.

Ten minutes later the centre panel of his door displayed a card bearing these words: "At home only after six o'clock."

"I wonder I never thought of doing this before," he reflected, as he lit a cigarette and strolled off to a neighboring restaurant; "I am always out by that hour."



MISS SNELL.

Several weeks elapsed before he saw Miss Price again, for he promptly forgot his promise to visit her studio and inspect her work. His own work was very absorbing just then, and the short winter days all too brief for its accomplishment. He was struggling to complete the large canvas that Miss Snell had so volubly admired during her visit, and it really seemed to be progressing. But the weather changed suddenly from frost to thaw, and he woke one morning to find little runnels of dirty water coursing down his window and dismally dripping into the

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muddy street below. It made him feel blue, and his big picture, which had seemed so promising the day before, looked hopelessly bad in this new mood. So he determined to take a day off, and, after his coffee, strolled out into the Luxembourg Gardens. There the statues were green with mouldy dampness, and the paths had somewhat the consistency of very thin oatmeal porridge. Suddenly the sun came out brightly, and he found a partially dry bench, where he sat down to brood upon the utter worthlessness of things in general and the Luxembourg statuary in particular. The sunny façade of the palace glittered in the brightness. One of his own pictures hung in its gallery. "It is bad," he said to himself, "hopelessly bad," and he gloomily felt the strongest proof of its worthlessness was its popularity with the public. He would probably go on thinking this until the weather or his mood changed.

As his eyes strayed from the palace, he glanced up a long vista between leafless trees and muddy grass-plats. A familiar figure in a battered straw hat and scanty green cloak was advancing in his direction; the wind, blowing back the fringe of disfiguring short hair, disclosed a pure unbroken line of delicate profile, strangely simple, and recalling the profiles in Botticelli's lovely fresco in the Louvre. Miss Price, for it was she, carried a painting-box, and under one arm a stretcher that gave her infinite trouble whenever the wind caught it. As she passed, the Painter half started up to join her, but she gave him such a cold nod that his intention was nipped in the bud. He felt snubbed, and sank back on his bench, taking a malicious pleasure in observing that, womanlike, she ploughed through all the deepest puddles in her path, making great splashes about the hem of her skirt, that fluttered out behind her as she walked, for her hands were filled, and she had no means of holding it up.

The Painter resented his snubbing. He was used to the most humble deference from the art students of the quarter, who hung upon his slightest word, and were grateful for every stray crumb of his attention.

He now lost what little interest he had previously taken in his surroundings. Just before him in a large open space reserved for the boys to play handball was a broken sheet of glistening water reflecting the blue sky, the trees rattled their branches about in the wind, and now and then a tardy leaf fluttered down from where it had clung desperately late into the winter. The gardens were almost deserted. It was too early for the throng of beribboned nurses and howling infants who usually haunt its benches. One or two pedestrians hurried across the garden, evidently taking this route to make short-cuts to their destinations, and not for the pleasure of lounging among its blustery attractions.

After idling an hour on his bench, he went to breakfast with a friend who chanced to live conveniently near, and where he made himself very disagreeable by commenting unfavorably on the work in progress and painting in particular. Then he brushed himself up and started off for the rue Notre Dame des Champs, where Miss Snell's studio was situated. It was one of a number huddled together in an old and rather dilapidated building, and the porter at the entrance gave him minute directions as to its exact location, but after stumbling up three flights of dark stairs he had no trouble in finding it, for Miss Snell's name, preceded by a number of initials, shone out from a door directly in front of him as he reached the landing.

He knocked, and for several minutes there was a wild scurrying within and a rattle and clash of crockery. Then Miss Snell appeared at the door, and exclaimed, in delighted surprise:

"How *do* you do? We had quite given you up."

She looked taller and longer than ever swathed in a blue painting-apron and grasping her palette and brushes. She had to apologize for not shaking hands with him, because her fingers were covered with paint that had been hastily but ineffectually wiped off on a rag before she answered his knock.

He murmured something about not coming before because of his work, but she would not let him finish, saying, intensely,

"We know how precious every minute is to you."

Miss Price came reluctantly forward and shook hands; she had evidently not been painting, for her fingers were quite clean. Short ragged hair once more fell over her forehead, and the Painter felt a shock of disappointment, and wondered

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"IS HE NOT CHARMING IN THAT HALF-LIGHT?"

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why he had thought her so fine when she passed him in the morning.

"I was just going to paint Cora," announced Miss Snell. "She is taking a holiday this afternoon, and we were hunting for a pose when you knocked."

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, smiling. "Perhaps I can help."

Miss Snell was in a flutter at once, and protested that she should be almost afraid to work while he was there.

"In that case I shall leave at once," he said; but his chair was comfortable, and he made no motion to go.

"What a queer little place it is!" he reflected, as he looked about. "All sorts of odds and ends stuck about helter-skelter, and the housekeeping things trying to masquerade as bric-à-brac."

Cora Price looked decidedly sulky when she realized that the Painter intended to stay, and seeing this he became rooted in his intention. He wondered why she took this particular attitude towards him, and concluded she was piqued because of his delay in calling. She acted like a spoiled child, and caused Miss Snell, who was overcome by his condescension in staying, no little embarrassment.

It was quite evident from her behavior that Miss Price was impressed with her own importance as the beneficiary of the Lynxville Prize Fund, and would require the greatest deference from her acquaintances in consequence.

"Here, Cora, try this," said Miss Snell, planting a small three-legged stool on a rickety model-stand.

"Might I make a suggestion?" said the Painter, coolly. "I should push back all the hair on her forehead; it gives a finer line."

"Why, of course!" said Miss Snell. "I wonder we never thought of that before. Cora dear, you are much better with your hair back."

Cora said nothing, but the Botticelli profile glowered ominously against a background of sage-green which Miss Snell was elaborately draping behind it.

"If I might advise again," the Painter said, "I would take that down and paint her quite simply against the gray wall."

Miss Snell was quite willing to adopt every suggestion. She produced her materials and a fresh canvas, and began making a careful drawing, which, as it progressed, filled the Painter's soul with awe.

"I feel awfully like trying it myself," he said, after watching her for a few moments. "Can I have a bit of canvas?"

"Take anything," exclaimed Miss Snell; and he helped himself, refusing the easel which she wanted to force upon him, and propping his little stretcher up on a chair. Miss Snell stopped her drawing to watch him commence. It made her rather nervous to see how much paint he squeezed out on the palette; it seemed to her a reckless prodigality.

He eyed her assortment of brushes dubiously, selecting three from the draggled limp collection.

Cora was certainly a fine subject, in spite of her sulkiness, and he grew absorbed in his work, and painted away, with Miss Snell at his elbow making little staccato remarks of admiration as the sketch progressed. Suddenly he jumped up, realizing how long he had kept the young model.

"Dear me," he cried, "you must be exhausted!" and he ran to help her down from the model-stand.

She did look tired, and Miss Snell suggested tea, which he staid to share. Cora became less and less sulky, and when at last he remembered that he had come to see her work, she produced it with less unwillingness than he had expected.

He was rather floored by her productions. As far as he could judge from what she showed him, she was hopelessly without talent, and he could only wonder which of these remarkably bad studies had won for her the Lynxville Sumner Prize Fund.

He tried to give her some advice, and was thankful when she put her things away. Then they all looked at his sketch, which Miss Snell pronounced "too charming," and Cora plainly thought did not do her justice.

"I wish you would pose a few times for me, Miss Price," he said before leaving. "I should like very much to paint you, and it would be doing me a great favor."

The girl did not respond to this request with any eagerness. He fancied he could see she was feeling huffy again at his meagre praise of her work.

Miss Snell, however, did not allow her to answer, but rapturously promised that Cora should sit as often as he liked, and paid no attention to the girl's protest that she had no time to spare.

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"This has been simply in-spiring!" said Miss Snell, as she bade him good-by, and he left very enthusiastic about Cora's profile, and with his hand covered with paint from Miss Snell's door-knob.

In spite of Miss Snell's assurance that Cora would pose, the Painter was convinced that she would not, if a suitable excuse could be invented. Feeling this, he wrote her a most civil note about it. The answer came promptly, and did not surprise him.

She was very sorry indeed, but she had no leisure hours at her disposal, and although she felt honored, she really could not do it. This was written on flimsy paper, in a big unformed handwriting, and it caused him to betake himself once more to Miss Snell's studio, where he found her alone—Cora was at Julian's.

She promised to beg Cora to pose, and accepted an invitation for them to breakfast with him in his studio on the following Sunday morning.

He carefully explained to her that his whole winter's work depended upon Cora's posing for him. He half meant it, having been seized with the notion that her type was what he needed to realize a cherished ideal, and he told this to Miss Snell, and enlarged upon it until he left her rooted in the conviction that he was hopelessly in love with Cora—a fact she imparted to that young woman on her return from Julian's.

Cora listened very placidly, and expressed no astonishment. He was not the first by any means; other people had been in love with her in Lynxville, Massachusetts, and she confided the details of several of these love-affairs to Miss Snell's sympathetic ears during the evening.

Meanwhile the Painter did nothing, and a fresh canvas stood on his easel when the girls arrived for breakfast on Sunday morning. The big unfinished painting was turned to the wall; he had lost all interest in it.

"When I fancy doing a thing I am good for nothing else," he explained to Cora, after she had promised him a few sittings. "So you are really saving me from idleness by posing."

Cora laughed, and was silent. The Painter blessed her for not being talkative; her nasal voice irritated him, although her beautiful features were a constant delight.

Miss Snell had succeeded in permanently eliminating the disfiguring bang, and her charming profile was left unmarred.

"I want to paint you just as you are," he said, and noticing that she looked rather disdainfully at her shabby black cashmere, added, "The black of your dress could not be better."

"We thought," said Miss Snell, deprecatingly, "that you might like a costume. We could easily arrange one."

"Not in the least necessary," said the Painter. "I have set my heart on painting her just as she is."

The girls were disappointed at his want of taste. They had had visions of a creation in which two Liberty scarfs and a velveteen table cover were combined in a felicitous harmony of color.

"When can I have the first sitting?" he asked.

"Tuesday, I think," said Miss Snell, reflectively.

"Heavens!" thought the Painter. "Is Miss Snell coming with her?" And the possibility kept him in a state of nervousness until Tuesday afternoon, when Cora appeared, accompanied by the inevitable Miss Snell.

It turned out, however, that the latter could not stay. She would call for Cora later; just now her afternoons were occupied. She was doing a pastel portrait in the Champs Élysées quarter, so she reluctantly left, to the Painter's great relief.

He did not make himself very agreeable during the sittings which followed. He was apt to get absorbed in his work and to forget to say anything. Then Miss Snell would appear to fetch her friend, and he would apologize for being so dull, and Cora would remark that she enjoyed sitting quietly, it rested her after the noise and confusion at Julian's.

"If she talked much I could not paint her, her voice is so irritating," he confided to a friend who was curious and asked all sorts of questions about his new sitter.

The work went well but slowly, for Cora only sat twice a week. She felt obliged to devote the rest of her time to study, as she was living on the prize fund, and she even had qualms of conscience about the two afternoons she gave up to the sittings.

During all this time Miss Snell continued to weave chapters of romance about Cora and the Painter, and the girls talked

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things over after each sitting when they were alone together.

Spring had appeared very early in the year, and the public gardens and boulevards were richly green. Chestnut-trees blossomed and gaudy flower-beds bloomed in every square. The Salons opened, and were thronged with an enthusiastic public, although the papers as usual denounced them as being the poorest exhibitions ever given.

The Painter had sent nothing, being completely absorbed in finishing Cora's portrait, to the utter exclusion of everything else.

Cora did the exhibitions faithfully. It was one of the duties she owed to the Lynxville fund, and which she diligently carried out. The Painter bothered and confused her by many things; he persistently admired all the pictures she liked least, and praised all those she did not care for. She turned pale with suppressed indignation when he differed from her opinion, and resented his sweeping contempt of her criticisms.

On the strength of a remittance from the prize fund, and in honor of the season, she discarded the sailor hat for a vivid ready-made creation smacking strongly of the Bon Marché. The weather was warm, and Cora wore mitts, which the Painter thought unpardonable in a city where gloves are particularly cheap. The mitts were probably fashionable in Lynxville, Massachusetts. Miss Snell, who rustled about in stiff black silk and bugles, seemed quite oblivious to her friend's want of taste; she was all excitement, for her pastel portrait—by some hideous mistake—had been accepted and hung in one of the exhibitions, and the girls went together on varnishing-day to see it. There they met the Painter prowling aimlessly about, and Miss Snell was delighted to note his devotion to Cora. It was a strong proof of his attachment to her, she thought. The truth was he felt obliged to be civil after her kindness in posing. He wished he could repay her in some fashion, but since his first visit to Miss Snell's she had never offered to show him her work again, or asked his advice in any way, and he felt a delicacy about offering his services as a teacher when she gave him so little encouragement. He fancied, too, that she did not take much interest in his work, and knew she did not appreciate his portrait of her, which was by far the best thing he had ever done.

Her lack of judgment vexed him, for he knew the value of his work, and every day his fellow-painters trooped in to see it, and were loud in their praises. It would certainly be the *clou* of any exhibition in which it might be placed.

During one sitting Cora ventured to remark that she thought it a pity he did not intend to make the portrait more complete, and suggested the addition of various accessories which in her opinion would very much improve it.

"It's by far the most complete thing I have ever done," he said. "I sha'n't touch it again," and he flung down his brushes in a fit of temper.

She looked at him contemptuously, and putting on her hat, left the studio without another word; and for several weeks he did not see her again.

Then he met her in the street, and begged her to come and pose for a head in his big picture, which he had taken up once more. His apologies were so abject that she consented, but she ceased to be punctual, and he never could feel quite sure that she would keep her appointments.

Sometimes he would wait a whole afternoon in vain, and one day when she failed to appear at the promised hour he shut up his place and strolled down to the Seine. There he caught sight of her with a gay party who were about to embark on one of the little steamers that ply up and down the river.

He shook his fist at her from the quay where he stood, and watched her and her party step into the boat from the pier.

"She thinks little enough of the Lynxville Prize Fund when she wants an outing," he said to himself, scornfully.

After fretting a little over his wasted afternoon, he forgot all about her, and set to work with other models. Then he left Paris for the summer.

A few hours after his return, early in the fall, there came a knock at his door. He had been admiring Cora's portrait, which to his fresh eye looked exceptionally good.

Miss Snell, with eyes red and tearful, stood on his door-mat when he answered the tap.

"Poor dear Cora," she said, had received a notice from the Lynxville com-

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CORA.

mittee that they did not consider her work sufficiently promising to continue the fund another year. "She will have to go home," sobbed Miss Snell, but said: "I am forced to admit that Cora has wasted a good deal of time this summer. She is so young, and needs a little distraction now and then," and she appealed to the Painter for confirmation of this undoubted fact.

He was absent-minded, but assented to all she said. In his heart he thought it a fortunate thing that the prize fund should be withdrawn. One female art student the less: he grew pleased with the idea. Cora had ceased to interest him as an in-

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dividual, and he considered her only as one of an obnoxious class.

"I thought you ought to be the first to know about it," said Miss Snell, confidentially, "because you might have some plan for keeping her over here." Miss Snell looked unutterable things that she did not dare to put into words.

She made the Painter feel uncomfortable, she looked so knowing, and he became loud in his advice to send Cora home at once.

"Pack her off," he cried. "She is wasting time and money by staying. She never had a particle of talent, and the sooner she goes back to Lynxville the better."

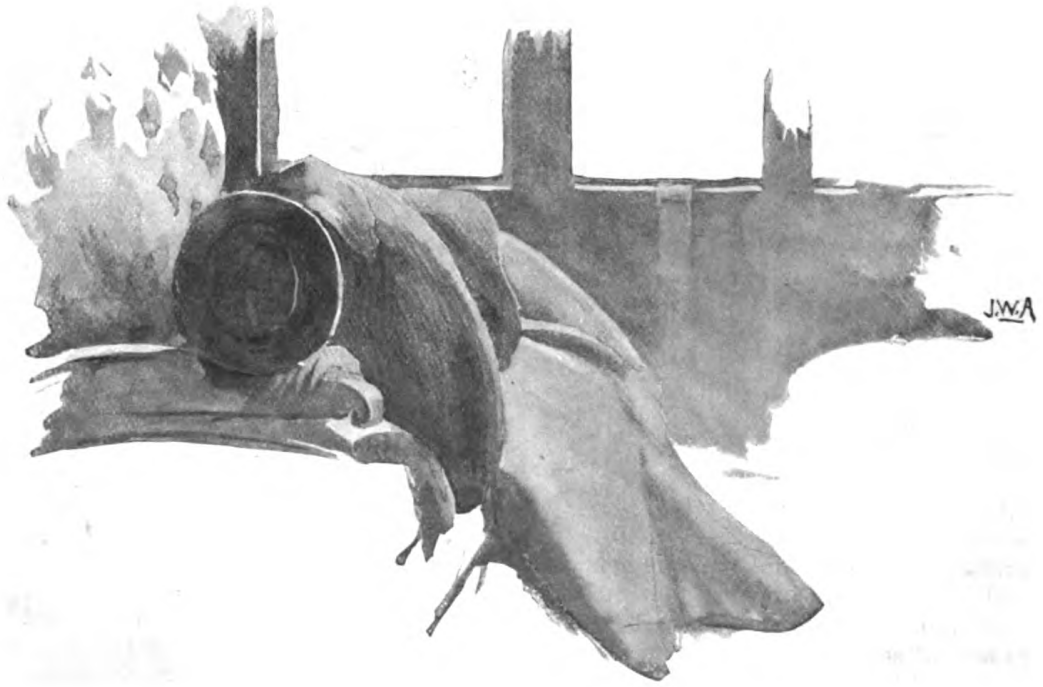
Miss Snell shrank from his vehemence, and wished she had not insisted upon coming to consult him. She had assured Cora that the merest hint would bring matters to a crisis. Cora would imagine that she had bungled matters terribly, and she was mortified at the thought of returning with the news of a repulse.

As soon as she had gone, the Painter felt sorry he had been so hasty. He had bundled her unceremoniously out of the studio, pleading important work.

He called twice in the rue Notre Dame des Champs, but the porter would never let him pass her lodge, and he at last realized that she had been given orders to that effect. A judicious tip extracted from her the fact that Miss Price expected to leave for America the following Saturday, and, armed with an immense bouquet, he betook himself to the St. Lazare station at the hour for the departure of the Havre express.

He arrived with only a minute to spare before the guard's whistle was answered by the mosquitolike pipe that sets the train in motion.

The Botticelli profile was very haughty and cold. Miss Snell was there, of course, bathed in tears. He had just time enough to hand in his huge bouquet through the open window before the train started. He caught one glimpse of an angry face within, when suddenly his great nosegay came flying out of the compartment, and striking him full in the face, spread its shattered paper and loosened flowers all over the platform at his feet.



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FOG POSSIBILITIES.

BY ALEXANDER McADIE.

THE city by the Golden Gate has been pictured by one of its poetic children as a Franciscan friar wrapped in robes of gray. But in truth the city resembles more the face of a fresh young girl masking in Quaker garb. For while the frequent fogs roll in from the Pacific and lie heavily upon the bay of San Francisco, one can see from any of the lofty hills of the city views surpassingly beautiful in themselves, and exquisitely set off by the fog robes and draperies. Our poet also sang of the island of Saint Thomas, and "the black-browed hurricane brooding down the Spanish Main," but probably never dreamed that the fog-bank and the hurricane, though seldom found together, are closely related. Further on we hope to show how the cyclonic condition controls the movement of the fog.

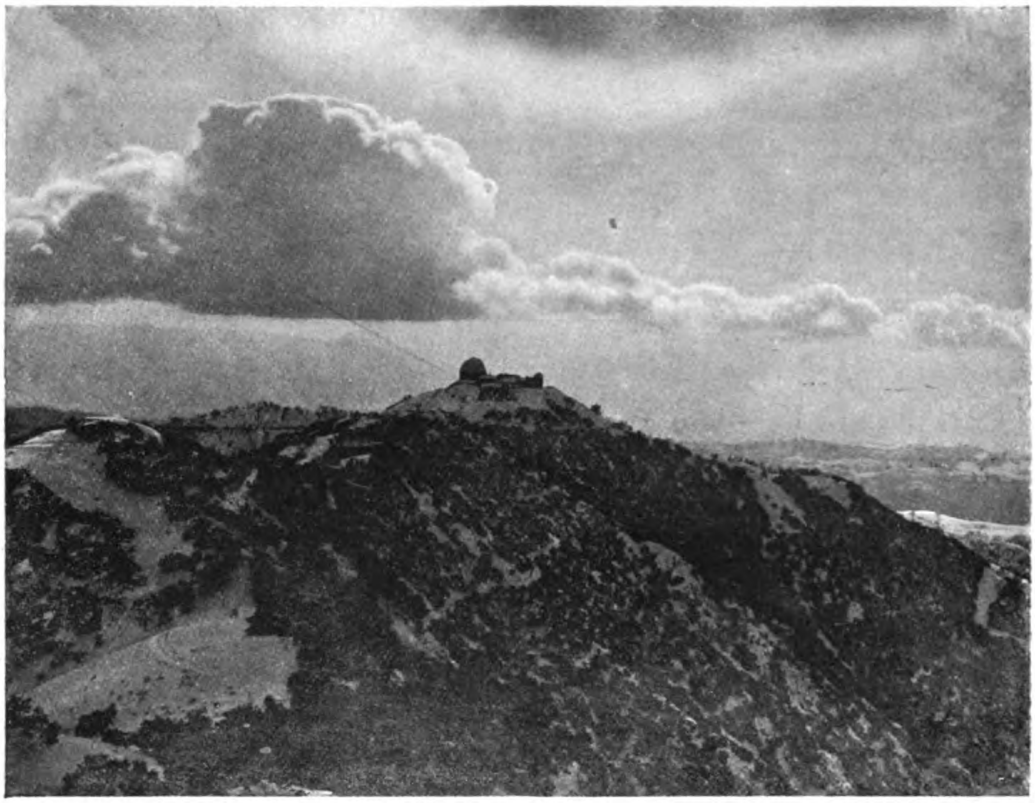
A convenient though not strictly scientific classification of fog types is, sea or coast fog, valley or hill fog, and town or dust fog. The last-named has been given the euphonic designation *nebula pulverea*. It is an artificial rather than natural condition. The Rev. Clement Ley, who gave a large portion of his life to cloud study, says, in his book on "Cloudland," that in some parts of the globe nebula pulverea is occasionally so thick as to obscure almost totally the sunlight, and in Abyssinia has led to the tradition that the plague of darkness in Egypt was in reality an unusual "dust fog." The amount of moisture varies so much in different fogs that the terms "dry" and "wet" are used, the scientific name of the latter being *nebula stillans*. In wet fog the particles are apt to be larger than in dry fog. A still further division, due, we believe, to Mr. Robert H. Scott, is anti-cyclonic fog, or fog in which no rain falls, while the temperature, generally low in the morning, continues to rise during the day; and cyclonic fog, in which rain does occur, while the temperature remains about stationary. Before leaving these town fogs we may notice the part played by them in affecting the health of the community. Mr. Scott has given figures showing the mortality from diseases of the respiratory system for some of the more memorable fogs of London. We have room for but one of the many periods he gives. From January 26 to February 6, 1880, London experienced eight days of fog. The average temperature at eight o'clock in the morning was 26° Fahrenheit. The total death rate was 48.1 per thousand, a rate unequalled since the last cholera epidemic, and there were no less than 1557 deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs. It is not always an easy matter to trace direct relationship even where the statistics are carefully gathered, but there can be little doubt that these town fogs are unwholesome. Indirectly they affect the health of the community in a way few would imagine. A town fog is an excellent trap for noxious gases, holding them close to the ground. Dr. R. Barnes, studying this question, found, by inspection of gas plants near London, that in foggy weather the escaping gas was held in concentrated form in and near the works. There are other sources of contamination in foul emanations from the ground, sewers, etc. On clear, bright days, even if no wind is blowing, the law of diffusion of gases acts more effectively, and helps disperse the gases.

A few years ago the question of the artificial production of rain excited public interest. The governing principle of the experiment, as commonly stated, was that an extensive and continued concussion of the air would result in rainfall. The experiments were neither countenanced nor accepted by meteorologists, and the results were exactly such as might have been forecasted by physicist and engineer. There was also a prime mistake in the reasoning which sought to precipitate the moisture of the air without a proper precedent condensation. Before we undertake to make rain artificially we must understand how to make and unmake clouds. When we can control absolutely the thermo-dynamic conditions and condense at pleasure a given amount of invisible vapor in the free air into visible cloud, and, conversely, change visible fog into invisible vapor, we shall be nearer artificial rain-making than we have yet been.

Fog may form in at least three different ways: first, where the air is cooled by

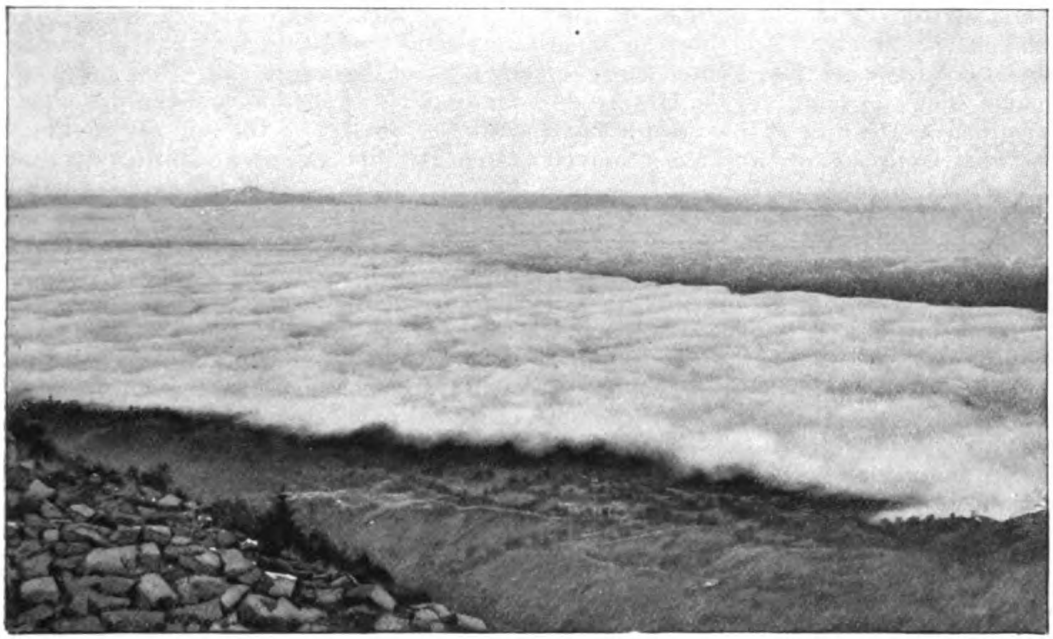
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rapid radiation; second, where the cooling results from a mixture of different air currents; and third, where a cooling has been caused by an uplifting of the air. The first is the most common cause of fog formation. Radiation fog is generally formed over surfaces nearly level, when warm air comes in contact with cold ground. Sea fogs occur when there is a marked difference between the temperatures of the water and air, or when two water currents of different temperatures are contiguous. Coast fogs are formed when inflowing moist air from the sea passes over a chilled land, but more generally are formed at sea during the prevalence of some great area of high pressure, or "anti-cyclone," as it is technically known, and then are carried inland, dissolving as they go. It must be remembered that the atmosphere is something like a great gaseous sponge. Compression and expansion are constantly going on, with resulting cloudy and clear skies and different temperatures for various layers. Some of the inversions of temperature found with the anti-cyclonic conditions illustrate this excellently. At such times we find that at the foot of a large hill or mountain it is colder than at the top. The air is often twenty or thirty degrees warmer on the summits than in the valleys. Our great fog-banks and the fogs which remain for days are due to such temperature inversions. On the Pacific coast it is easy to trace the relation between the movement of the "high" area and the fog. Professor Davis tells of somewhat similar conditions in December, 1879, when the lowlands of Europe were shrouded in fog for most of the month, while in the mountains it was clear and mild, and over twenty degrees warmer than below. The low countries were lost beneath the sea of fog, and the hills piercing through were like islands in their isolation. Fruit-growers are familiar with these temperature inversions and the fogs which sometimes accompany them. Fruit and vegetables in the valleys are frost-bitten, while on the hill-sides they escape.



MOUNT HAMILTON—LICK OBSERVATORY.

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FOG AT LICK OBSERVATORY.

Nature provides, in the blanket of fog a means of preventing the extreme low temperatures which would otherwise result. More than a century ago Thomas Jefferson, who appears to have been the first to notice these peculiarities of frost, wrote: "I have known frosts so severe as to kill the hickory-trees around about Monticello, and yet not injure the tender fruit blossoms then in bloom on the top and higher parts of the mountain, and in the course of forty years during which it has been settled there have been but two instances of a general loss of fruit on it, while in the circumjacent country the fruit has escaped but twice in the last seven years."

In California, last year, a large amount of fruit was saved by following certain "fog-building" methods. Mr. W. H. Hammon, of the United States Weather Bureau, pointed out to the fruit growers the five essential ways of preventing frost: First, by diminishing the radiation; second, by increasing the moisture in the air and raising the dew-point; third, by adding heat to the air; fourth, by removing the cold air — actually draining it off; and fifth, by mixing the air and removing the cold air from the ground. Smudge fires are based upon the first method, and are fairly effective; but the great improvment consists in the introduction of large amounts of moisture in the vaporous state. When this vapor condenses, or, in other words, when the fog forms, an enormous amount of heat is given off, generally at the very height at which it is most needed. Fog and frost both occur when the skies are clear and little or no air is stirring. A strong wind so thoroughly mixes the air that there is little chance for cold dry air to settle in the hollows and low places. Fog, then, as the natural preventive of frost, may be a blessing to the orchardist; but there are others, particularly travellers, to whom the fog can be but a source of annoyance and danger. For example, on December 17 and 18, 1895, an area of high pressure lay off the Middle Atlantic coast. At New York such a dense fog prevailed over the rivers and bay that the Sound steamers did not attempt to pass through Hell Gate, and the ocean steamships were all detained below Quarantine. Of course there were numerous accidents.

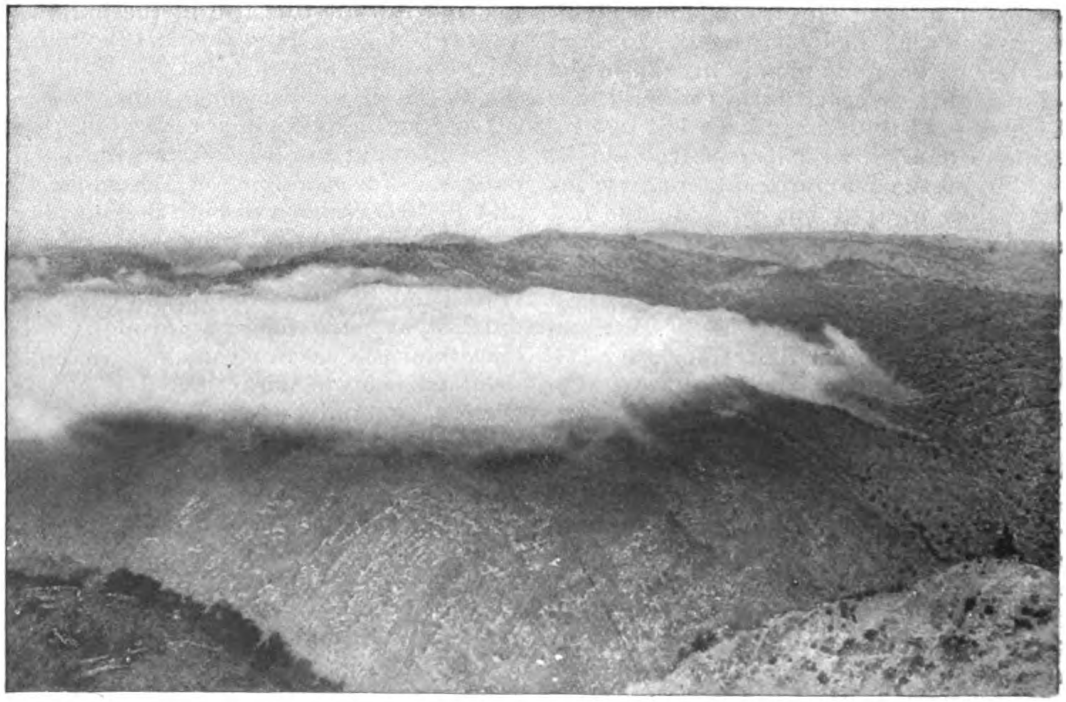
Can we at such times, by any means known to science, dispel the fog? We may say at the outset that it is a simpler problem than the artificial production of rain. John Aitken, of Edinburgh, about five years ago, devised a very sensitive dust-counter, and with it has measured the dust particles in the air at a number of places. These measurements and the experiments of Carl Barus have shown how close is the relationship between fog,

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cloud, or haze and the number of dust particles in the air. Whether the vapor shall condense as fine Scotch mist or coarse black London fog is largely determined by the dust. If we can remove the dust from the air, we have removed the nuclei of condensation. Dr. Lodge has pointed out five different methods of accomplishing this, viz., filtration, settling, recondensing, calcining, and electrification. There may be other ways, but of those mentioned the last is the one which seems to contain the greatest possibilities when applied to the problem of fog-dissipation. There can be no doubt that air is speedily cleansed of solid matter in suspension by continued electrification. One of Dr. Lodge's experiments may be quoted here:

"A bell-jar of illuminated magnesium smoke is connected with the pole of a Vose machine. A potential able to give quarter-inch or even tenth-inch sparks is ample. The smoke particles very quickly aggregate into long filaments, which drop by their own weight when the electrification is removed. A higher potential tears them asunder and drives them against the sides of the jar. . . . If the jar be filled with steam, electrification rapidly aggregates the particles or globules into Scotch mist and fine rain."

Lodge further shows how a small cellar may be cleared of thick turpentine smoke by a point discharge; also that there are many other applications of the principle, such as purifying the air of smoking-rooms, theatre galleries, disinfecting hospital wards, etc. To dissipate the fog we would either, by a gentle electrification, increase the size of the dust nuclei until they settled, or, under strong electrical discharges, scatter and precipitate them. Ten years have barely passed since Lodge made the suggestion of thus dissipating fog. Great changes have been made in electrical apparatus since then, and insulating materials then hardly known are now in common use. Potentials of fifty thousand volts are less rare to day than potentials of five thousand volts were five years ago. Within a reasonable distance fog can probably be dissipated and the air clarified. Of course the supply of fog may be such that there would be little appreciable diminution, but as a rule fog has well-marked limits and is localized. Fog-dispellers might be placed upon warships, ferry-boats, and at all terminal depots and crowded thoroughfares. We cart away from our busiest streets the snow or solidified vapor of the air. Is it not better economy to attempt the conquest of the water vapor in another form?



FOG SEEN FROM MOUNT HAMILTON.

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IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IT was still snowing solidly as the carriage swung out of the side street and went heavily on its way up the Avenue; the large flakes soon thickened again upon the huge fur collars of the two men who sat on the box bolt-upright; the flat crystals frosted the windows of the landau so that the trained nurse could see out only on one side. She sat back in the luxurious vehicle. She had on the seat beside her the bag containing her change of raiment; and she wondered, as she always did when she was called unexpectedly to take charge of an unknown case, what manner of house it might be that she was going to enter, and what kind of people she would be forced to associate with in the swift intimacy of the sick-room and for an unknown period. That the patient was wealthy and willing to spend his wealth was obvious — the carriage, the horses, the liveried servants, were evidence enough of this. That his name was Swank she also knew; and she thought that perhaps she had heard about the marriage of a rich old man named Swank to a pretty young wife a year or two ago. That he had been taken sick suddenly, and that the case might be serious, she had gathered from the note which the doctor had sent to summon her, and which had been brought by the carriage that was now returning with her.

She had ample time for speculation as they drove up the Avenue in the early darkness of the last day of the year. The Christmas wreaths still decked the windows of the hotels, although through the steady snow she could see little more than a blur of reddish-yellow light as she sped past. There were few people in the Avenue, except as they crossed the broader side streets, now beginning to be filled with the throng of workers returning home after the day's labor. They passed St. Patrick's Cathedral, already encrusted with snow whiter than its stone. They came to Central Park, and they kept on, with its broad meadows on their left, gray in the descending darkness. At last the carriage drew up before a house on a corner — a very large house it seemed to the trained nurse; and its marble front struck her as cold, not to call it gloomy. Workmen were hastily erecting the frame of an awning down the marble steps, and a path had been made across the snowy sidewalk.

The footman carried her bag up the stoop and rang the bell for her.

The door was opened promptly by a very British butler.

"This is the nurse for Mr. Swank," said the footman. "Is he any better?"

"'E's about the same, I'm thinkin'," the butler responded. "This way, please," he said to the owner of the bag, which the footman deposited just inside the door. "I'll take you up to Mr. Swank's room, and I'll send your bag up to you afterwards."

The trained nurse followed the butler up the massive wooden stairs, heavy with dark carving. She noticed that the house was now dimly lighted, and that there was a going and a coming of servants, as though in preparation for an entertainment of some sort.

"We 'ave a dinner on this evening," the butler explained; "only twenty-four; but it's 'ard Mr. Swank ain't goin' to be able to come down. We're keepin' the 'ouse dark now, so it won't get too 'ot at dinner-time."

Whatever the reason for the absence of adequate illumination, it made the upper hall even more dismal than the one below—so the trained nurse thought.

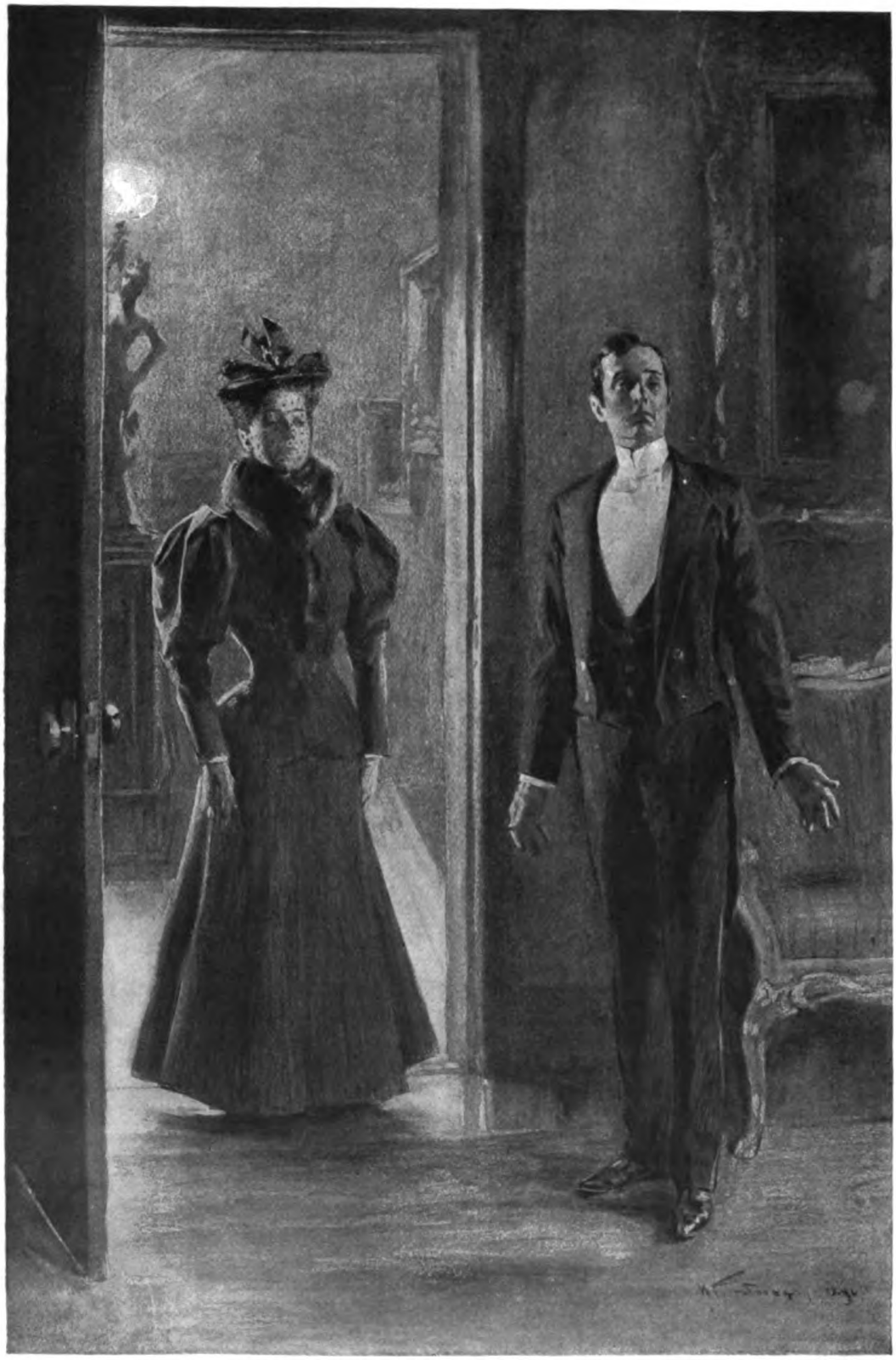
"That's Mr. Swank's room there; and 'ere's 'is dressin'-room, that you're to 'ave —so the doctor said," the butler declared, leading the stranger into a small room with a lofty ceiling, and with one window overlooking Central Park. The shades had not been drawn; the single gas-jet was burning dimly; there was no fireplace; and a sofa on one side had had sheets and blankets put on it to serve as her bed.

She almost shivered, the place seemed to her so cheerless. But her training taught her not to think of her own comfort.

"This will do very well," she asserted.

"I'll tell them to fetch up your bag," the butler said as he was about to with-

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"SHE ALMOST SHIVERED, THE PLACE SEEMED TO HER SO CHEERLESS."

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draw. "Would you be wantin' any dinner later?"

"Yes," she answered, "I would like something to eat later—whenever it is convenient."

The butler left the room, only to reappear almost immediately.

"'Ere's the doctor now," he announced, holding the door open.

A tall handsome man, with a masterful mouth, walked in with a soft, firm tread.

"So this is the nurse," he began. "Miss Clement, isn't it? I'm glad you were able to follow my note so quickly. If you will come into the next room, where the patient is, as soon as you have changed your dress, I'll tell you what I wish you to do."

With that he left her; and in less than ten minutes she followed him into the large bedroom on the corner of the house. It was an unusually spacious room, with a high ceiling and four tall windows.

There was a dull red fire, which seemed insufficient to warm even the elaborate marble mantel. Almost in one corner stood a large bed, with thick curtains draped back from a canopy.

The doctor was sitting by the side of the bed as the nurse came into the room.

"This is Miss Clement, Mr. Swank," he said in a cheerful voice to the old man, who lay in the bed motionless. "She will look after you during the night."

Mr. Swank made no answer, but he opened his eyes and looked at the woman who had come to nurse him. She used to say afterward that she had never felt before so penetrating a gaze.

The doctor turned to her, and in the same professionally cheery tones he said, "I sent for you, nurse, because Mrs. Swank has an important dinner to-night, and it might therefore be difficult for her to give Mr. Swank the attention he may require."

The physician was addressing the nurse, but it seemed to her that his words were really intended for the patient, whose eyes were still fixed on her.

All at once the sick man sat up in bed and began to cough violently. When the paroxysm had passed, he sank back again to the pillow and closed his eyes wearily.

"I think that was not as severe as the last one," the doctor remarked; "I can leave you in Miss Clement's hands now. Perhaps, if I happen to be up this way about midnight, I may drop in again, just to see that you are getting on all right. In the mean time, nurse, you will see that he takes these capsules every two hours—he had the last at half past five. And you will take his temperature every hour if he is awake."

He said good-night to Mr. Swank in the same cheering tone, and then he went to the door. The nurse knew that she was to follow him.

When they stood alone in the hall, the doctor said to her: "If there is any change in the pulse or the temperature, send for me at once. Ring for the butler, and tell him I am to be sent for; he will know what to do. Mr. Swank has influenza only, but his heart is weak, and he needs careful attention. I shall be here again the last thing to-night."

When the nurse returned to the corner room the patient had fallen into a heavy doze, and she took advantage of this to prepare for the long vigil. She arranged her own belongings ready to her hand in the dressing-room set aside for her use. In that room she did not lower the shade, and she even stood at the window for a minute, trying to look out over Central Park, hidden from her by a swaying veil of swirling snow. The workmen had completed the canvas tunnel down the stoop to the edge of the sidewalk, and the lanterns hung inside the frame-work revealed grotesquely its striped contortions. As the nurse gazed down on it an old man without any overcoat sought a temporary shelter from the storm in the mouth of the awning, only to be ordered away almost immediately by the servant in charge.

The nurse went back into the larger room. She looked at her patient asleep in the warm bed. She wondered why life was so unequal; why the one man should spend the night in the snowy street, while the other had all that money could buy—shelter, warmth, food, attendance. She recalled how her father used to declare that the inequalities we see all around us are superficial only, and that there are compensations, did we but know them, for all deprivations, and that all apparent advantages are to be paid for, somehow, sooner or later. More than ever to-night she doubted the wisdom of her father's saying. How could there be anything but inequality between the old

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man in the street there below and the old man here in the bed? The thing seemed to her impossible.

As she became accustomed to the dim light of the room she was able to note that the furniture was heavy and black, that the carpet was unusually thick, that the walls had large paintings hanging on them, that the ceiling was frescoed in sombre tints. On all sides of her she saw the evidences of wealth and of the willingness to spend it; and yet the room and the house seemed to her strangely uninviting and almost repellent. She asked herself why the sick man lying there asleep in the huge bed had not used his money to better advantage, and had not at least made cheerful his own sick-room. Then she smiled at her own foolishness. Of course the owner of the room had not expected to be stricken down; of course he had no thought of illness when he had furnished.

She moved gently about the room and tried to look at the pictures, but the illumination was insufficient. All that she could make out clearly were the names of the artists carved on tiny tablets attached to the broad frames; and although she knew little about painting, she had read the newspapers enough to be aware that pictures by these artists must have cost a great deal of money—thousands of dollars each, very likely. If she had thousands to spend, she believed that she could lay them out to better advantage than the owner of the house had done here. It struck her again as though the sick man had more than his share of the good things of life. She had not yet heard him speak, and she had not really had a good look at him; but she could not help thinking that a man who had so much, who had the means of doing so much, who was absolutely his own master, and who could spend a large fortune just as he pleased—she could not help thinking that he ought to be happy. It was true that he was ill now, but the influenza wears itself out at last; and when he was well, he had so much money that he must be happier than other men—far happier than poor men, certainly.

When she came to this conclusion she was standing near the foot of the bed, looking at the man lying there asleep. It was on the stroke of half past seven, and she had come to let him have his medicine again. Then she noticed that his eyelids were parted, and that he was looking at her.

"It is time to take one of these capsules now," she said, gently moving to his side and offering it to him.

He took it without a word, and gulped it down with a swallow of water. Then he sank back on the pillow, only to raise himself at once, as he was again shaken by a severe fit of coughing.

At last he lay back on the bed once more, still breathing heavily.

A fresh young voice was heard at the door leading to the hall, saying, "May I come in, John?" and then a graceful young figure floated into the room with a birdlike motion.

The sick man opened his eyes wide as his wife came near him, and a smile illumined his face.

"How beautiful you are!" he said, faintly, but proudly.

"Am I?" she answered, laughing a little. "I *tried* to be to-night, because there will be the smartest women in New York at Mrs. Jimmy Suydam's dance, and I wanted to be as good as *any* of them."

The nurse had withdrawn toward the window as the wife came forward, and she did not believe that any woman at Mrs. Jimmy Suydam's, wherever that might be, could well look more beautiful than the one who now stood smiling by the side of the sick husband.

She was a blonde, this young wife of an old man, a mere girl, and the vaporous blue dress was cut low on a slender neck, girt about by a single strand of large pearls, while a diamond tiara high on her shapely head flashed light into every corner of the darkened sick-room.

"I thought I'd just run in and see how you were before anybody came," she said, lightly. "Dinner is at quarter to eight, you know. I do *wish* you could be down. We shall miss you *dreadfully*. Of course I sent out at the last minute and got a man to fill your place, so we shall sit down with twenty-four all right; but then—"

Here she broke off, having caught sight of the third person in the room.

"So this is the nurse Dr. Cheever sent for?" she went on. "I'm sure she'll take good care of you, John—the doctor is always *so* careful. And if you hadn't had somebody with you I shouldn't have liked to leave you all alone—really I shouldn't!"

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With that she circled about the bed again, turning toward the door.

"I must be off now," she explained. "I can't be *wasting* my time on you in this way. I really ought to be down in the drawing-room *now;* and first, I've got to see if the flowers are all right on the table."

Her husband's eyes had followed her wistfully about the room, watching every one of her easy and graceful movements; and when at last she slipped out of the door, it was a moment before he turned an inquiring glance on the nurse, as though to discover what she thought of the brilliant vision.

The nurse came to the side of the bed, with her clinical thermometer in her hand.

"You are awake now," she said, with a pleasant smile: "may I take your temperature?"

Five minutes later, when she was entering in her note-book the high degree shown by the thermometer, and when the patient had again dropped off to sleep, the first guests began to arrive for the wife's dinner party.

The thick snow made the wheels inaudible, but the nurse heard the doors of the carriages slam, as those who had been invited passed through the canvas tunnel one after another. In the room next to the dressing-room assigned to her for her own use there was a rustling of silken stuffs, and there were fragments of conversation now and again so loudly pitched as to reach the ear of the young woman who sat silent in the sick-chamber. Then, when all the guests were come, the house sank again into silence, and a tall clock in a corner of the stairs chimed forth the hour of eight.

So long as her patient slept, the nurse had little or nothing to do; but though her body was motionless, her thoughts were busy. She was country-bred herself; she had left her home in a little New England village by the sea to make her way in the world. She had now been a trained nurse for nearly two years; and yet, as it happened, her work had been either in hotels or in families of only moderate means. This was the first time she had been in so handsome a house or with people of so much wealth. She could not help being conscious of her surroundings, and she caught herself wishing that she too were rich. She confessed that she would like to be a guest at the dinner below. She wondered what a dinner table for twenty-four must be. To be able to entertain as lavishly as that, and not to have to worry about the arrangement, or the cost, or anything—well, that would be an existence any woman must delight in. She felt herself capable of expanding, and of being equal to the enjoyment of any degree of luxury. She liked her occupation, for she had chosen her own calling. She had been successful in it too; and yet she was beginning to be a little afraid that she had miscalculated her strength. The work was very laborious and confining, and more than once of late she had felt overtaxed. It might be that in a year or two her reserve force would be exhausted, and she would have to give up the struggle and go back home, where she would be welcome, of course, but where she would add to the burdens her mother was already laden with.

There was an alternative, and never before had it seemed to her so tempting as when she was sitting there alone with the sick man in the darkened corner room of his great house. She might marry. More than once she had been asked in marriage; and one man had asked her more than once. He was persistent, and he still declined to accept her refusal as final. He was not an old man yet, although he was twice her age. He was a rich man, even if he was not as wealthy as the owner of the splendid but depressing home where she now sat silently musing. She did not love him, that was true, and there was no doubt about it; but she did respect him, and she had heard that sometimes love comes after marriage. He could let her have all she longed for, and he was ready to give her everything he had. If she married him, she too could have dinners of twenty-four, and wear a rope of pearls and a diamond tiara; and then, too, she could do so much good with money if she had it.

In the course of her service in the hospital, and afterward among the poor, she had seen many a case of sore distress which she had been unable to relieve. If she had riches she could accomplish much that was now impossible; she could do good in many ways; she could relieve suffering and aid the impoverished and help the feeble far more adroitly and skilfully than could any woman who had always been wealthy, and who had not had

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her experience of life and of its misfortunes and its miseries. She thought that she knew her own character, and she believed that she had strength to withstand the temptations which beset the rich. Thinking herself unselfish, she held herself incapable of keeping for herself alone any good fortune that might come to her. And she made a solemn resolve that if she should marry the man who stood ready to take her to wife she would devote to good works the greater part of her money and of her time. She would dress as became her station, of course, and she would entertain splendidly too; but no old man should ever be turned shivering from her door when she was giving a dinner of twenty-four.

Her revery was interrupted half a dozen times by the fits of coughing which shook her patient, and which seemed to her to become more and more frequent and more violent. At half past nine she gave him his medicine again, and took his temperature once more. Then she made up the fire, which burned badly; and she straightened the sheets on his bed, and turned the pillows.

He soon sank to slumber again, breathing heavily, and turning uneasily in his sleep. The house was singularly still, and no sound of the dinner party below reached the nurse in the corner room above. When she happened to go into the dressing-room she found there awaiting her a tray with several dishes from the dinner table. She was glad to have something to eat, and she sat down by the window to enjoy it. The thick soft snow had silenced nearly all the usual street sounds. The carriages that went up and down the Avenue were as inaudible as though they were rolling on felt. But sleighing parties became more frequent, and she found a suggestion of pleasant companionship and of human activity in the jingle of the bells. Once a fire-engine sped swiftly past the house, its usual roar deadened by the heavy snow, and its whistle shrilling forth as it neared the side streets, one after another; ten minutes later it came slowly back. The nurse was glad that there was only a false alarm, for she knew how terrible a fire would be in a crowded tenement-house on such a night.

She finished her belated dinner a few minutes after the deep tones of the clock in the hall had told her that it was ten, and that there were left of the old year but two hours more. Except when the sick man waked with a cough, the next hour was wholly eventless.

And yet, when it had drawn to an end, the nurse thought that it would count in her life as important beyond most others, for it was between ten and eleven that she made up her mind to marry the rich man who wanted her for his wife, and whom she did not love. The resolution once determined, she let her mind play about the possibilities of the future. She would not be married till the spring, of course, and they would go to Europe for their wedding-trip. Then, in the fall, she would persuade him to move to New York. He was fond of his own town, but he would get used to the city in time; and they could buy a new house, overlooking Central Park—perhaps in the same neighborhood as the one where she was sitting in the hazy light of the sick-room. She smiled unconsciously as she found herself wondering whether her patient's beautiful young wife would call on her if she purchased the house next door.

It was a little after eleven o'clock when she again heard a rustling of silken stuffs in the room by the side of hers, followed shortly by the voice of the servant in the street below calling the carriages of the departing guests. But some of the diners still lingered, for it was nearly half an hour later before the door of the sick-room opened and the sick man's wife came gliding in again with her languorous grace.

He fixed his eyes upon her at once, and smiled with contentment as she came toward him.

"You've been asleep, haven't you?" she began. "I'm so glad, for of course that's so good for you. We all missed you downstairs, and everybody asked about you, and said they were *so* sorry you were not there. You must hurry up and get well; and I'll give another dinner like this, for it was a *great* success. The flowers were superb—and I don't think any of the women had a handsomer gown than I did. And I know all of them together hadn't as elegant diamonds. I don't believe *anybody* at the dance will have as many either."

"Sit down by me here and tell me all about the dinner," said the sick husband.

"Oh, I can't wait now," the young

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wife answered. "I *must* be off at once. I've simply *got* to be there in time to see the old year out and the new year in. They say Mrs. Jimmy has a surprise for us, and nobody at dinner had the slightest idea what it *could* possibly be!"

"Are you going to the dance to-night?" asked the man in the bed; and the nurse saw the pleading look in his eyes, even if his wife failed to perceive it.

"Of course I am," was the wife's reply. "I wouldn't miss it for *anything*. I think it's a lovely idea to have a dance on New-Year's eve, don't you? I *do* wish you were well enough to go, and I'm certain sure Mrs. Jimmy will ask about you —she's always *so* polite. You won't miss me—you will be asleep again in five minutes, won't you?"

"Perhaps," he answered, still clinging to her fingers. "I'll try to sleep."

"That's right," she responded, withdrawing her hand and going toward the door. "I'll trust you to the nurse. *She'll* take better care of you than I should, I'm afraid. I never was *any* good when people were sick. Now good-by. I hope you'll be better when I get back. I'll come in and say good-night, of course. I sha'n't be late, either—I'll be home by three—or before four, *anyway*."

And with that she glided away, smiling back at her husband as she left the room. He followed her with his eyes, and he gazed at the door fixedly after she had gone. There was a hungry look in his face, so it seemed to the nurse, as of one starving in the midst of plenty. With the vain hope that the vision of beauty might yet return, he lay silent, but listening intently, until he heard the sharp slam of the carriage doors. Then he relaxed and turned restlessly in bed.

It was then half past eleven, and the nurse took his temperature and administered another capsule, as the doctor had ordered. It seemed to her that he was more feverish and that he was coughing more frequently; and even as she saw the patient sink into a broken sleep, she wished that the physician would come soon.

The arrival of the doctor was delayed till a few minutes before midnight, and the nurse had time to reconsider, once and forever, her decision to marry for money and without love. Her mind had been made up slowly and with great deliberation; it was unmade suddenly and unhesitatingly and irrevocably. It was the sight of the mute pleading in the sick man's eyes which made her change her mind. After seeing that look she felt that it would be impossible for her to make a loveless marriage—not for her own sake only, but also for the sake of the man she would marry. If he loved her and she did not love him, there would be no fair exchange; she would be cheating him. When she beheld clearly the meaning of the transaction her honesty revolted. She had refused to marry him more than once; and now her refusal was final.

She stood for a moment at the window and looked out. The snow had ceased falling, and there was already a clearing of the clouds, which let the moonlight pierce them fitfully. The wind blew steadily across the broad meadows of the Park, bending the whitened skeletons of the trees.

Three immense sleighs filled with a joyous and laughing party went down the Avenue, bandying songs from one sleigh to the other. A horn was tooted repeatedly in one of the side streets, and there were louder and more frequent whistles from the river craft on both sides of the city. A pistol-shot rang out now and again. It was almost midnight on the last day of the old year; and the new year was to be greeted with the customary chorus of wild noises.

As the nurse turned from the window the doctor entered the room. She made her report briefly, and she told him that the old man's cough was worse, and that he seemed weaker.

While they were standing at the foot of the bed, the patient was seized with another paroxysm. He sat up, shaken by the violent effort—far more violent than any that had preceded it. He seemed to struggle vainly for relief, and then he dropped back limply on the pillows. The physician was at his side instantly, and laid a hand on his heart. There was a moment of silence, and the clock on the stairs began to strike twelve, its chimes mingling with the uproar made by the pistols and the horns and the steam-whistles out-doors.

"That's what I was afraid of," said the doctor at last. "I suspected that he had fatty degeneration of the heart."

"Is he—is he dead?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, he is dead."

But it was not for five or ten minutes that the shrill noises outside ceased.

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THE LILY OF YORROW.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

DEEP in the heart of the forest the lily of Yorrow is growing;
Blue is its cup as the sky, and with mystical odor o'erflowing;
Faintly it falls through the shadowy glades when the south wind is blowing.

Sweet are the primroses pale and the violets after a shower;
Sweet are the borders of pinks and the blossoming grapes on the bower;
Sweeter by far is the breath of that far-away woodland flower.

Searching and strange in its sweetness, it steals like a perfume enchanted
Under the arch of the forest, and all who perceive it are haunted,
Seeking and seeking forever, till sight of the lily is granted.

Who can describe how it grows, with its chalice of lazuli leaning
Over a crystalline spring, where the ferns and the mosses are greening?
Who can imagine its beauty, or utter the depth of its meaning?

Calm of the journeying stars, and repose of the mountains olden,
Joy of the swift-running rivers, and glory of sunsets golden,
Secrets that cannot be told in the heart of the flower are holden.

Surely to see it is peace and the crown of a life-long endeavor;
Surely to pluck it is gladness,—but they who have found it can never
Tell of the gladness and peace: they are hid from our vision forever.

'Twas but a moment ago that a comrade was wandering near me:
Turning aside from the pathway he murmured a greeting to cheer me,—
Then he was lost in the dusk, and I called but he did not hear me.

Why should I dream he is dead, and bewail him with passionate sorrow?
Surely I know there is gladness in finding the lily of Yorrow:
He has discovered it first, and perhaps I shall find it to-morrow.

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

SOCIETY, whether English or American, is a word which means several different things. It has never been defined to the satisfaction of everybody; nor is it certain that any two men or women, whether inside or outside its magic circle, would give exactly the same definition of it. The nearest approach to such an account of the matter as might please everybody may be found in an epigram by the late Mr. Abraham Hayward—a man not given to epigrams except in quotation, and certainly one of the most competent authorities on most social questions. He was for forty years an important and sometimes a dominant figure in London drawing-rooms. I once asked him to define Society. He answered, "Society consists of the people we know."

From Mr. Hayward this was a sufficient explanation. The merit of it lay, in part, in its authorship. In the mouth of an outsider it would have meant nothing, or would have been limited to the company of his fellow-outsiders. Yet even in Mr. Hayward's mouth the phrase lacks precision, or perhaps requires, like a difficult classical text, a good deal of comment and elucidation. The subject is less simple there than here, if only because London is so much larger than New York, and because London has undergone within a generation a social transformation. Go back a century, and the contrast is still more striking. In the days of Walpole and Selwyn, Society consisted of three or four hundred people, and was perhaps at that period, both in England and in

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France, the most agreeable and brilliant collection of human beings anywhere to be met. You had, however, to take the precaution to be born into this set. There was no admission to it from the outside, or almost none. In much later generations the exclusiveness was hardly less. Lady Jersey in her time held the keys to the gates of this paradise; and after her, Lady Palmerston. It has always been the fashion to speak of Lady Palmerston as if she ruled strongly and kept the standard high, but the truth is that it was she who opened the doors widest to men and women whose sole claim to pass inside was political. A card to one of Lady Palmerston's assemblies was a card in the hands of the party whip, and he it was who played it; it was a means of winning or of rewarding a doubtful vote. I do not know whether what is called the whip's list had then come into use for social purposes. The whip is the party manager in Parliament, and it has so befallen that the catalogue of the faithful which he drew up primarily for political purposes and for division lists has passed into use for very different purposes. Take the two chief whips of the House of Commons together, and their inventory includes all members of the two chief political parties, together with their wives and daughters, and sometimes even their cousins and their aunts. When an official or political reception is to be given, these lists come into requisition. It may be necessary to say that in London social distinction, or even social recognition, by no means follows as a matter of course upon political distinction. It may or may not; but if it does, it will be found that personal qualities have done more to obtain it than those which are political merely. At the Admiralty, or at the Foreign Office, or at one of the large private houses where people are invited with a view to party benefit, may always be met large numbers of persons who are not to be seen on other and more strictly social occasions. They are those who figure on the whips' lists. They make their one or two appearances during the season, and then disappear and are seen no more.

Nor are mere riches a passport, though I believe the contrary is commonly supposed to be true. London is full of rich people who, socially speaking, are nonentities; not because there is anything against them, but because they belong to another world, and not to this one which we are considering. Walking one day, early in my London experiences, with Mr. Kinglake, through a well-known quarter of the far West End of London, I asked him who lived in a certain house. "I do not know," he answered, adding, in his reflective way: "Nothing in London is more remarkable than such a district as this. For the last half-hour we have been wandering among houses the possession of which implies wealth. You could not live in such a house for less than £5000 or £10,000 a year, often more, and not a single person you ever saw or heard of lives in any one of them." They have a society of their own, but it is not Society. They are important persons in the City, or in whatever department of business or industry they belong to. And the chances are that London sees their names for the first time when they die and their wills are published in an illustrated weekly paper with the amounts of their fortunes.

The same may be said, and will seem perhaps still more surprising, of Literature, Art, Science. No one of these by itself and of itself is a guarantee of social admissibility. Nor is Rank. I have found it more difficult to persuade people of this last than of any other negative proposition about English Society. A notion has prevailed in America that the peerage is of itself the Golden Book in which are writ the names of the elect. Wealth and Rank—those are the two true tests or true certificates of position. But they are not. There are scores and scores of peers, and many hundreds of the possessors of lesser titles, who are unknown in London society. If you read—and a good many people do read—the lists published of guests at smart parties and weddings, their names never appear. The people themselves never appear. They have their own place, and perhaps a high place, in the scheme of things, but it is not this place. Sometimes they do not care for Society; sometimes Society does not care for them. It is no reproach to either, and it may be well to say, once for all, that in anything I have to allege on these often delicate matters I mean no reproach or criticism upon anything or anybody. I have no other aim than to describe things as they are.

Making, then, all allowance for the in-

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difference of those for whom Society has no great attraction, or for their absorption in other interests, I will venture to say of Society that it draws the best from all these different departments of life, so far as they will consent to be drawn. This it does, not because it cares overmuch, in what I may call its corporate capacity, for rank or riches, for art or for literature, still less for science, but because it cares for excellence. It cares for a man who has pushed his way to the front; to have made his way to the front anywhere is *prima facie* evidence that he belongs to that company of the best, which only remains the best on condition of being continually recruited. Then he is admitted, as it were, on trial, on probation. If he conforms to the new conditions, comes up to the new requirements, catches the note, and pays his toll, he gains a foothold. If he does not, no matter what his previous celebrity, he is pitilessly relegated to his original condition. He has been taken up only to be dropped, and his last state is worse than his first.

"A cutlet for a cutlet"—such, if you will believe a very accomplished and experienced woman, is the inexorable law of Society. It is a commercial basis at best, and it carries with it a suggestion of vulgarity. It means, however, much more than that when A asks you to dinner you shall presently ask A back again, under penalty of not being yourself asked a second time—which perhaps you might endure. It means that, in return for the welcome offered you, you must bring something to the feast. It need not be a reciprocal hospitality. There are hundreds of men in Society who never give a dinner, yet accept many. The return is not expected of them in that form. If I may adopt a maritime metaphor, which becomes a little crude in its application to social exigencies, you work your passage. What the payment in kind shall be must depend on the individual, and also on the sex. It may be, in a woman, beauty, or fine manners, or the rare art of knowing how to put on her clothes, and how to wear them. It may be charm, the most indefinable and omnipotent of all things. The man may have conversation, or a knowledge of the turf which he is willing to impart in the shape of tips, or a wide acquaintance with the affairs of the people among whom he moves, and this last he may use for the purpose of amusing others, or of terrifying them; and it is not certain which is the more efficient.

If it be possible to generalize on such a matter, what is now called Society in London is made up of sets or separate coteries, each a society in itself, and all together combining into one very loosely organized whole. At the head of all these, from a purely fashionable point of view, is the Marlborough House set, meaning the Prince and Princess of Wales and their friends and associates. It is not necessary to speak of the Queen, because the Queen withdrew from Society on the death of the Prince Consort, and has never returned to it. Nor need the court, properly so called, be considered. Drawing Rooms and Levées are held regularly, and it is still considered that a presentation at court is a certificate of social admissibility. The number of presentations is, however, very large, and is regulated upon principles very different from those which society adopts as tests or standards of admission to any of its many cliques. To be excluded from court would be, as a rule, a disqualification for the best or smartest society. Even to this rule there are brilliant exceptions. The Queen holds views on certain points of morals and conduct much stricter than those which prevail in Mayfair and Belgravia. It may seem a social paradox, but it is the fact, and a fact familiar to everybody in London, that exclusion from court does not necessarily mean exclusion from the Marlborough House set. The Prince of Wales is, in the good sense, a law unto himself, and the laws which he enacts for his own court are much less Draconian than those which regulate entrances into Buckingham Palace, or even to the Levées which the Prince holds at St. James's Palace by the Queen's command, and subject to the regulations framed by her own officials—presentations at Levées held by the Prince being considered and announced as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty.

Levées, however, are attended only by men, and it is not of men that one thinks when reflecting on the elasticity of the code which is in force elsewhere. I could name—but of course shall not—more than one woman well known in London—women of position, of rank perhaps, of undeniable social gifts, favorites in the Prince's set and in other sets, to whom nevertheless the gates of Buckingham

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Palace never open. They have offended, perhaps many years ago, against one of the written or unwritten laws which none may violate with impunity. It does not imply, or necessarily imply, any reproach whatever. The Queen holds, for example, very rigid notions about divorce, and divorced women who had married again were shut out. There has been a relaxation, I believe, of this ordinance. If I were to discuss other causes of exclusion, it might bring us dangerously near to a discussion of morals or of social morality. You will remember, perhaps, two articles written by a well-known English woman in an American periodical some three years ago, and her sweeping condemnation of London society as vicious and vulgar. The author of them is herself an ornament of the company she censures. She does not include everybody, of course, among the black sheep, but her indictment is so general that I think it may safely be said that in her view of society as a whole she stands alone. It will hardly do to set up an ideal standard. English society of to-day must be judged with reference to English society of other periods, or to Continental society; and so judged I know of no reason for saying that the present condition of things is exceptionally bad. In trying to pass any judgment on it we have to come back to the question of its composition. Which set does this stern censor mean to convict? The smartest? Are there no sinners in sets less smart? Is the proportion less? How does she know? How do any of us know? And until we have evidence as well as hearsay to go upon, we might do well to be cautious. It is almost as difficult to draw an indictment against some thousands of people as Burke said it was against a nation; and still more difficult, in both cases, if it is to be supported by facts and such proofs as we ask for in the daily conduct of life.

A word must be said, I suppose, upon the effect which the presence of royalty has on English society. To trace it in all its ramifications would carry me too far, and I can imagine that American readers, with their absence of interest in rank or titular distinctions of any kind, might be impatient of any long discussion upon the rank and distinctions which in England are reckoned highest of all. I will keep to the surface, and if you look only at the surface it has to be said that the social influence of royalty is apt to be a little depressing. No matter how animated the conversation, a hush comes over the company when royalty enters. The tone is lowered; a raised voice is not thought respectful. There comes at the same time a certain constraint. Few even of those who live most constantly in these exalted circles escape it. Groups of men and women who a moment before were entirely at their ease are, or appear to be, slightly less at their ease. Before, everybody was equal; now, a superior is present. Shocking as the word must be to an American, it has to be used. Royalty in England is still a caste apart, and treated as such. The substance of superiority, and especially the substance of power, has passed from these superior beings. The more closely do they cling to the shadow, to the outward signs and observances which once denoted a submission to a real master, who could and did impose his will on his subjects.

A lady long used to these royal usages once made a remark on them which has the usual feminine acuteness of perception. A dinner party, carefully composed and long planned for a particular purpose, had been broken up by a summons from Marlborough House to some of the chief guests. There was a good deal of comment on the want of consideration shown —and often shown—by the royalties for the convenience of others. Said this lady: "Don't blame them too much; it is about the last of the old royal prerogatives now left to them, and they cling to it. If they had to consider our comfort, where would be the use of being a Prince?" The other side may be seen in the remark of one of the most amiable of the reigning family: "If you knew how we had been brought up, you would wonder we behave as well as we do." Nor do I think the English themselves much resent being summoned, as the phrase is, to a royal entertainment. "Commanded" they are not. Invitations go in the name or under the hand of the proper official of the household, and he it is who has her Majesty's commands, or is commanded by his Royal Highness, to invite Mr. and Mrs. Jones to dinner. Their Royal Highnesses have the further privilege of inviting or proposing themselves, but then so have their subjects, in the way I have explained elsewhere. I am far from meaning to suggest that the constraint imposed by their presence is voluntarily or

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consciously imposed by them. It has always been said in England, and I think truly said, that the distinction of classes is largely kept up by the inferior classes. So as between the upper classes and that royal caste which stands so far apart from them all. The observances of loyal respect are practised willingly and of choice by those from whom they are thought to be due. The hush in conversation on the arrival of a Prince or Princess is voluntary. There is no compulsion. It is a tribute yielded without heart-burning. Conversation flows on after a moment—not with so impetuous a stream, but freely enough. Only there are certain conventionalities which must not be forgotten. When Carlyle sat in the presence of the Queen at Lady Augusta Stanley's tea party at Westminster Abbey the company were shocked perhaps, but not the Queen, who, with real consideration for Carlyle, simply motioned to the rest to be seated. No story is better known; none gives a better notion of the Queen's manner; none shows more clearly how great a personage you must be before you can expect customs to curtsy to you.

Matthew Arnold's criticism upon American society was that it lacked savor. You may hear often enough a similar criticism from Americans who have found their way from time to time into the best society of England or France. I quote these sayings for the sake of their reflex light on English society; and I may add to them the testimony of an American lady, who has seen and known all there is best in New York, that what is most valued here for social purposes is wealth. We have seen that in England wealth has no such supreme influence. Whether it has here or not is a question I have no means of answering. I do but repeat what I hear said. But if it were true it might be possible to understand what Arnold meant by a lack of savor. There is in England that savor which comes from the blending of various elements. Society is a salad. It is not all lettuce nor all lobster, nor would it be to the taste of any one if it were composed only of oil or only of vinegar. There must be something of each, and of salt also, which is as essential as anything. The variety in these days is far greater than it was, and you must not forget to take into account the presence and influence of American women. They have done their full share in the change that has been wrought. Perhaps Arnold forgot them when he spoke of savor. He found in America great freedom, great enjoyment, animation, buoyancy. These have been among the contributions of the American woman to London society, and to them you may add the attractions of novelty, of frequent surprises, and of the sparkling quality which she possesses both there and here. The chief criticism upon her in England has been that she possesses too many of all these engaging characteristics. They ensured her for many years a welcome and a brilliant place. They finally led to a kind of reaction or protest; not, indeed, against those who already had a secure foothold —much too secure to be disturbed by any cabal — but against the re-enforcements which poured steadily in. The British mother took a heroic resolution that her own daughters should no longer be exposed to this alien competition, and many doors once open wide to the transient American visitor, the American girl especially, have been pitilessly closed. I will not presume to ask the question which of the two, society or the girl, has been the greater loser.

But with reference to Arnold's remark, it is odd that it should be the same which Frenchmen—and especially French women—have been known to make on the society of England. The French think they have a greater breadth of culture, and perhaps they have. I may say that I have known a number of Frenchmen eminent in public life, and of all these, without exception, it may be affirmed that they were something much more than mere politicians or statesmen. They were not always, it is true, men of the world, if by the world you mean society. The Republic has brought to the front a very considerable number of men who came from what Gambetta called the *nouvelles couches sociales*. He himself was of that origin. The same was of course true under both the Napoleonic empires and the reign of Louis Philippe. They were, at least in recent times, men with fixed and large ideas of matters far outside of politics. They had read much and thought. They had opinions on literature and on history; probably on philosophical problems also. They understood art and the history of art. The talk ranged beyond the concerns of to-day; beyond business and politics. Nor was it experimental. There was little of

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that thinking aloud which is so common among men of imperfect culture. You felt that they were expressing considered opinions, and that their views of art and literature had been formed long before; that they were the meditations and observations of a lifetime. Matthew Arnold knew French society, and knew some of the best of it, and he knew English society. But he does not seem to have thought it worth while to draw a comparison between them, or to say to what proportion of English statesmen he would have cared to listen, had they chosen to discourse on art—which, in truth, they seldom do.

Something must be said of the art of spoken intercourse as a social element. Conversation is the overflow of a full mind. Emerson thought good conversation, on the whole, what the world had best to offer. But it must be conversation. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "there was no conversation. We had some talk." The discrimination is a sharp one. A full mind is a well-sounding phrase, but it leads one to ask what it is that the mind is full of. If it be of business, stocks, the operations of Wall Street, the politics of the newspapers, or of the one subject, whatever it be, which stands closest to a man in his daily life, the overflow will not necessarily be of a fertilizing kind. Nor is mere competition in story-telling the highest form of conversation. It has been said of Mr. Balfour that he never tells a story. I cannot say whether this be literally true, but such a reputation proves, at least, that he does not habitually tell stories. He has, however, a social reputation not inferior to his public reputation, and it has come to him without any help from the art of the *raconteur*. Stories, as we understand them, are not excluded from English society, but they certainly do not make the basis or substance of English conversation. I should say that an American who hopes to succeed by story-telling in London would do well to let his stories be few and short.

Brevity is, indeed, of the essence of the present social code in England. Lecturing is not conversation. It was once tolerated in England. It is tolerated no longer. Nor does a habit of monologue recommend anybody to the good-will of the company. Concision, lightness of touch, a quick adaptability, a quick perception of the prevailing note, and a degree of conformity to it—these are among the qualities which are valued, and which give tone to conversation. There is something much more subtle than this and more difficult to define, covering other ground also than conversation. Perhaps I may indicate it by saying that you must not only be in society, but of it. You must be of the brotherhood. Conversation consists largely of allusions. People expect you to understand, and if you do not they will seldom take the trouble to explain. There is a freemasonry to which you must belong. It is useless to enter the lodge as a spectator. The ceremonies are unmeaning, and if you cannot give the passwords and tokens you are liable to be expelled as an intruder, or, which is hardly less painful, not to be asked again. In conversation, as in social ceremonies and observances, the rule of the English is to take much for granted. There is a kind of social short-hand which expresses whole sentences by a few lines and dots—a fragmentary phrase, and perhaps a gesture, a look, an intonation. The orator has no opportunity in such circumstances. He and his oration are cut short together, as is the story-teller whose story transgresses in length or in emphasis. The absence of emphasis and the absence of pedantry, or even of too much precision, go together. An English lady said of an American who had long been resident in London that he was perfectly delightful, and she had but one fault to find with him—he would insist on finishing his sentences. The reproach is not one which could be addressed to the majority of Englishmen in certain social sets. They are quite happy with their sentences in a fragmentary condition.

But for social purposes conversation means reciprocity. The man who is ambitious to shine, or who really shines, is not always the greatest social success. He may dazzle, but he puts people out, and people do not like being put out. The candle is less brilliant than the electric burner, but is entitled to give what light it can. "The secret of conversation," said La Bruyère, in one of the untranslatable sentences in which that writer abounds, "is not so much in a display of *esprit* as in bringing out the *esprit* which is in others"; or, to vary the version, "as in giving others a fair opportunity of shining." He continues: "Men don't care about admiring you. They care to please. They are less eager

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to be instructed, or even delighted, than to be appreciated and applauded, and the most delicate of pleasures is to give pleasure to others."

I do not say that the English are all exemplars of the Frenchman's precepts. But, on the whole, the English do practise the law of give and take. They do expect you to practise it also if you honor them with your company, and they show little mercy to the man or woman who would put himself or herself on a pedestal from which to look down on the rest. As for the rest looking up to him or her, that they would never think of.

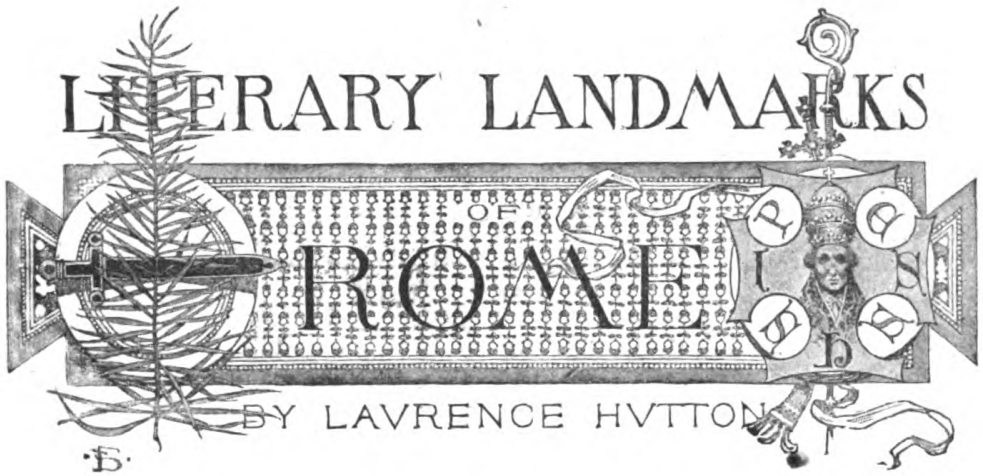
One of the first things the stranger will notice when he enters this new English world is the stability of its attitude and movement. Its customs are fixed and have the force of law, and yet so flexible are they that they fetter nobody. Some day you will see here Mrs. Patrick Campbell on the American stage. After a while you will perceive that she moves about as if the stage were a drawing-room—her own or another's—with which she was familiar. This art of complete self-possession—the art of being and of seeming at home—is more difficult in mimic than in real life, but is difficult in either. The English have it. They do not seem anxious about your opinion. They may be lacking in grace or ease, but at least they are not self-conscious or uncertain. This quality of conviction is of the highest value. You look at them and you say, they are sure of themselves. It is with society as with speaking a foreign language. If acquired perfectly it may be spoken perfectly so far as grammar goes, but almost always a little pedantically. The native takes liberties with his own speech which the foreigner almost never does. In society, liberties perhaps are not taken, but usages are worn like an old garment which has shaped itself to the figure of the individual. There is not only ease but elasticity. Ceremonies are less rigidly observed, and people do not take offence if they are not observed.

M. Paul Bourget, whose criticism of American social life has been thought too piquant and sometimes almost cruel, was impressed by the energy with which things are done here. The business of entertaining is carried on with almost as much feverish determination as business in Wall Street. The pace is tremendous. Not so in England, or not visibly so. It is the tranquil flow of a broad stream. Yet in London the amount, so to speak, of entertaining is very much greater than here. Half a dozen parties and balls the same night, perhaps, to three or four of which the same persons will go. But they will arrive at each with the air of having no other object in life than to be present at this particular party. They will leave with the same tranquillity. They are not easily irritated; they assume that you mean to do the right thing. If you should omit some of the formalities, it will not be taken to heart. It is even possible not to leave cards after a dinner, or not to call, without exposing yourself to ostracism. They accept good intentions as a law of good-breeding. If they can be carried out, it is well; if not, the penalty is remitted. And with the single exception above noted, equality is the law of society. If you cannot feel yourself equal to the best, you had better stay away.

As I look back over the years spent in England—years filled with agreeable memories—society presents itself sometimes as a pageant. It is a spectacle of great splendor, a procession of brilliant personages, a scene of immense animation and variety. Tradition, luxurious habit, have made it what it is. The country houses, the parks, the great houses in town, are all such as exist nowhere else in quite the same perfection. There is refinement, finish, ease, the sparkling movement and the general impression of fulness and magnificence of life.

But there is another view of it which I care for more. I think of the English as a company of friends, wise and kindly and delightful,—a loyal and admirable people, among whom all these years of life have passed with pleasure. "The best of actual races," said Emerson, whose *English Traits* remains the most enlightening of all those books which have been written about the Old Home. I know not whether they are the best; or rather I like to think of them and of ourselves as of one race. They are at least our kin beyond the sea. They have been for many centuries learning that lesson of life which we have crowded into a hundred years. It would be odd if we had not something to learn of them. It would be odd if they had not something to learn of us. It would be stranger still if the world had not something to learn from both.

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ROME, like Venice, is merely the stopping-place of the modern Man of Letters. Florence is his home. He lives in Florence; he lodges here. In Florence he buys a villa, or he takes a long lease of a house; and sometimes he engages a plot in the Protestant Cemetery; in Rome he usually stays at a hotel, or he makes *pension* arrangements for a limited period. If he dies in Rome he sometimes leaves here only a portion of his anatomy, and he sends his heart, or his ashes, to be buried somewhere else.

There are two distinct classes of English-speaking visitors to Rome, each of whom, no doubt, are willing to learn something, and to see something of its Literary Landmarks. The first of these have read Ruskin and Mrs. Jameson. They think they know all about art; while, unlike Mr. Vedder's beasts of the fields, in too many instances, they do not even know what they like. They sit for hours in rapt enthusiasm before "The Last Judgment" or before the "Apollo Belvedere," looking at those masterpieces through little, temporary opera-glasses made of their own fingers, or holding up their right hands and wagging their right thumbs, in that peculiar manner which is supposed to denote high-art appreciation, and which must be familiar to all students of the students of art. They get a great deal of satisfaction out of Rome, and they go away from it perfectly content with their own familiarity with all its rich artistic treasures. The second class of visitors skim through the galleries and the churches of Rome as if on parlor-skates, and in a bored-to-death-sick-and-tired-of-the-Old-Masters sort of way, which is as sincere as it is self-evident, and is ingenuously expressed. They are always heartily thankful when it is all over, and they utter a sigh of absolute relief when they learn that they have gone somewhere on the wrong day, and have absolutely no other day on which to go. For both these classes—traditional sight-seers both, and both of them worthy of all respect—is here given some idea of what the men who made Rome did in Rome, and of how and where they did it, from Cicero and Cæsar, to Shelley and Keats, in the hope and belief that the tourist will get as much out of Horace and Hawthorne in Rome as out of Raphael and Salvator Rosa, or out of Donatello and Carlo Dolci.

It is, of course, no longer possible to point out the exact Landmarks of the Literary Romans of twenty centuries ago, when Balbus and his mysterious contemporary—a gentleman always addressed as "Thou"—were accustomed to lift up their hands, for some unknown and seemingly utterly useless reason, and to the great confusion of our tenses, persons, and numbers in our Latin Prose Compositions. Cicero and Tacitus, and Cato and Sallust, and even Julius Cæsar, have left but few footprints on the sands of Rome; and these Darwin's obliterating earthworm and the ravages of Time have almost entirely wiped out.

Not pretending to any knowledge of antiquarian lore, the present literary pil-

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grim, in this portion of his narrative, must depend upon the antiquarian knowledge of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, of Dr. S. Russell Forbes, of the late Professor J. Henry Middleton, and of Signor Rudolfo Lanciani; only adding that he himself has seen, or has tried to see, everything which they point out, and that he sees, and has attempted to see, no reason to doubt the truth of their researches. Without their aid he would have been lost in ancient Rome; and to them he begs to extend here his most sincere thanks.

Dr. Forbes believes that Cicero's house, under the Palatine, was above that of Cæsar; that Cicero made his first oration against Catiline in the Temple of Jupiter Stator, on the Palatine Hill, and he places Cicero's Tusculan villa on the site of what is now a Greek monastery, the Grotta Ferrata. He adds that Cicero mentions statues of the Muses which stood in his library, and that these statues were actually found there many centuries later. It was here that Cicero laid the scenes of his *De Divinatione* and *Tusculanæ Disputationes;* and here he received the news of his proscription.

It is also recorded that Cicero was more than once entertained by Lucullus in that famous villa which stood on the southwest side of the Pincian Hill; and that upon his return from banishment, fifty-seven years before the beginning of the Christian Era, he was received in triumph by the Senate and the People of Rome (S. P. Q. R.) at the Porta Capena, on the Appian Way.

After his assassination, the head and the hands of Cicero were placed upon the Rostra, a temporary structure, which stood in the Forum, in front of the Curia, where it is recorded that Fulvia, the widow of Clodius, spat in his dead face, and added injury to insult, in a truly unfeminine way, but with a truly feminine weapon, by sticking her hair-pin through his speechless tongue.

All students will remember that Julius Cæsar announced that all Gaul was divided into three parts; each of which, with all the gall in his possession, he attached to himself. This celebrated Man of Letters, against the advice of his wife, Calpurnia, went out to meet his fate on a famous March morning, from the Regia, close to the Temple of Vesta in the Forum; and here his widow received his body, brought back with all its gaping wounds by a few of his faithful slaves. Alas, it was too late for her to tell him that she had told him so; but no doubt, in all her great grief, she thought it!

Mr. Forbes says that Cæsar lived in the first house in the Via Sacra. He describes it as fronting towards the Temple of Vesta; while the portico and shops built at a later period over its ruins ran parallel with the Sacred Way. The house side of the atrium, he continues, is plainly marked by the fragments of columns composed of travertine coated with stucco and frescoed; and amidst the shops are remains of a beautiful black and white mosaic pavement, the fragments of the borders showing that they once belonged to the older edifice. The mansion had two entrances into the Via Sacra, one nearly touching its northeast corner.

Cæsar was not killed in the Capitol, as Shakspere said. What Hamlet called that Brute part was played in Pompey's Senate-House, or the Theatre of Pompey, the Church of S. Andrea della Valle, on the new thoroughfare called Corso Vittorio Emanuele, now standing upon its site. Mr. Forbes explains that the great star beneath the cupola marks, as near as possible, the spot upon which the autocrat fell. As the deposed Bonaparte lies under the Dome of the Invalides, in Paris, so rises, in Rome, a Dome over the place where another, if not a greater, conqueror was extinguished.

Pompey's statue, at the foot of which great Cæsar fell, a colossal, not ungainly figure of a man, is believed generally to be now standing in the Palazzo Spada alla Regola, in the Piazza di Capo di Ferro. It is placed in what is called the Council-Chamber of the Palace, and what are said to be the stains of great Cæsar's blood are, according to tradition, still visible upon the calf of Pompey's left leg. Mr. Hare quotes Suetonius as narrating that the statue "was removed from the Curia by Augustus, and placed upon a marble Janus in front of the basilica," and the same authority—Mr. Hare—adds that "it was found upon that exact spot during the pontificate of Julius III. [1550–55]." Whether this be the original figure of Pompey or not, it has been addressed by Byron as "Thou dread statue! yet existent in the austerest form of naked mystery," and it has been accepted, and apostrophized, by many other well-known writers of prose and of verse

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as being authentic. And while I am willing to accept it myself, I must put myself on record as doubting, somewhat, the stains of Cæsar's blood.

Although the art treasures of the Spada Palace are not visible to-day, except by special permission of the existing head of the Spada Family, the porter at the gate will, for a small gratuity, admit the stranger to the hall upon the second floor where the dread statue stands. And it is worth recording, as an interesting and characteristic fact, that the French in the winter of 1788–9 carried this figure to the Colosseum, where they enacted Voltaire's tragedy of *Brutus*, in accents unborn in Brutus's time, and where they murdered Cæsar once more at its base. This was a performance which could only have been equalled by the entertainment which Colonel William F. Cody, with his Wild West Show, wished to give, a century later, on the same spot.

"The statue is entirely nude," said Hawthorne, "except for a cloak that hangs down from the left shoulder; in the left hand is held a globe; the right arm is extended. The whole expression is such as the statue might have assumed if, during the tumult of Cæsar's murder, it had stretched forth its marble hand and motioned the conspirators to give over the attack, or to be quiet, now that their victim had fallen at its feet. On the left leg, about midway above the ankle, there is a dull red stain, said to be Cæsar's blood; but, of course, it is just such a red stain in the marble as may be seen on the statue of Antinous at the Capitol. . . . I am glad to have seen this statue, and glad to remember it in that gray, dim, lofty hall; glad that there were no bright frescoes on the walls, and that the ceiling was wrought with massive beams and the floor paved with ancient brick."

Mark Antony delivered his famous funeral oration on the Rostra Julia, on the east side of the Forum. The ancient writers tell us how greatly it moved the people, who immediately burned the body in that very place, and afterwards interred the ashes there; but they do not report Antony's words. That they could hardly be more moving than were the words put into Antony's mouth by Shakspere all reporters of great speeches, in the present day, must assuredly admit. The Temple of Cæsar, which was erected on his funeral pile, Signor Lanciani says, was destroyed in 1546. It is now an unmarked mass of rough and broken stones.

The Temple of Cæsar and Cæsar's house, and the other intensely interesting features of the Forum, are not easily distinguished by the present pilgrim, even with the aid of the clearest of plans. Small tablets stating "Here Cæsar Lived" or "Here Cæsar Died," or here happened this or here happened that historical event, would be of great help to the inquiring tourist of to-day. If Keats and Scott and Goethe are so honored by the municipality of Rome, why should not the homes of the men of earlier times have some mark to distinguish their occupancy?

Very few spots in the world are more impressive than this same Roman Forum. Here one walks, by means of a few modern wooden steps, out of the End of the Nineteenth Century into a space dating back to a period when there were no centuries at all, as we count them; to a period which was old before the Middle Ages were born. And in the Forum, even more strongly than at the Pyramids themselves, is one forced to acknowledge that art is short, and that time is fleeting.

The villa and the gardens of Sallust, a literary gentleman not unknown to the students of the dead languages in the high-schools of most living countries, Professor Middleton places in the Barberini Villa gardens, in the valley between the Quirinal and the Pincian hills. It was probably destroyed, he says, in the fire of 410, but he has traced certain portions of it which are still remaining; and he describes a nobly designed hall once lined with rich marble, and decorated with statues, handsome staircases and the like. Its site is gradually being covered with the brand-new buildings which are fast making this part of Rome as modern as is modern New York or modern Paris. It is approached by horse-cars, it is lighted by electricity, and it is surrounded by hotels, which look like the Fifth Avenue or the Continental, and are quite as comfortable and quite as expensive as is either of those familiar hostelries of modern times.

Virgil is said to have lived on the Esquiline Hill, near the gardens of Mæcenas; and Horace is known to have been a constant guest in the villa of Mæcenas, which he has frequently described. Signor Lanciani points out the very interest-

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ing fact that Horace bought his books of the dealers in ancient and modern literature who did business in the Argiletum, a quarter situated between the Roman Forum and the Suburra, and corresponding to the Paternoster Row or the Nassau Street of modern literary towns.

The authorities agree that Mæcenas, whose hospitality has become proverbial, entertained the poets of the Augustan Age in a house which stood upon the Esquiline Hill, where the Baths of Titus were afterwards placed, Mr. Forbes adding the interesting fact that the amiable and harmonic Nero saw the burning of Rome to the slow music of his own violin from a tower of this villa.

Pliny is supposed to have lived on the summit of the Vicus Cyprius, probably on the Via S. Maria Maggiore, in a little house previously occupied by another poet, one Pedo Albinovanus. The exact site of this house is not known now; and the majority of the authorities do not mention it at all.

Petrarch is said to have been a guest of the head of the Colonna family during at least one of his visits to Rome; but as the present palace bearing the Colonna name is a century later than the time of Petrarch, the poet naturally could not have known it. It stands not far from the site of the ancient fortress which the earlier Colonnas occupied, and perhaps Petrarch went from this fortress, in 1341, to receive the laurel crown in the great Senate Hall on the Capitol Hill. He had much to say about Rome and about what seemed to him its decadence. He found here neither repose nor content; civil and foreign wars were desolating the land; houses were sinking; walls were falling to the ground; temples and shrines were yielding to decay; laws were trampled under foot; justice was a prey to violence; and the unhappy people sighed and groaned; all because Pope Urban V. was at Avignon, and there were no good Humbert and charming Margaret, with their strong common-sense and their kindliness of heart, to make Rome what it is to-day, a city of peace, and of outward prosperity, wisely and justly governed, and occupied by a people happy and well pleased with themselves and with their rulers.

Luther came to Rome when he was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, and he remained here but two short weeks. No man ever hated Rome as Luther hated it, not for itself, but for its influences; and during the rest of his life he wrote and spoke of Rome in the strongest terms of disgust and condemnation. Rome thoroughly weaned him from Rome, and made him the Pope of the Heretics of his time. And out of Rome he carried nothing that was comforting, except the feeling that if he had not had his fortnight in Rome he never would have believed that Rome and the Romans could be half so bad as he was now convinced they were. His thoughts and reflections upon the Eternal City, therefore, can hardly be recommended as sympathetic reading-matter to the enthusiastic pilgrims of the present time.

Luther while here was an inhabitant of the Augustine Convent, adjoining the Church of S. Maria del Popolo; and he is said to have occupied the rooms which are now the offices of the Director of the Parks and Gardens of Rome. They are, of course, entirely changed, in furniture and in appearance, since Luther's day.

Mr. Hare, who always quotes so happily, quotes the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Chronicles* as describing how Luther, on his knees, as is the invariable rule, climbed, painfully, up the Holy Staircase, or the "Scala Santa," "when he suddenly stood erect, lifted his face heavenward, and in another instant turned and walked slowly and deliberately down again." This was a way of Luther's throughout life; and if the story be true —it seems to be founded on fact—Luther's are the only feet which have touched those holy steps since the days of Pontius Pilate, when, tradition says, they were trod—in Pilate's house at Jerusalem—by the sacred feet of the Messiah Himself. They are now covered with boards, beneath which, however, the original marble—said to be Italian marble—is still visible; and at all hours of the day, and on every day of the week, pilgrims of all ages, of both sexes, and of every condition of life, babies and aged persons, beggars and princes, side by side, may be seen toiling painfully on their knees from the bottom to the top, saying a prayer on every one of the twenty-eight steps. Concerning their divine association tradition only can be relied upon, but millions of earnest Christians, Luther among them, have made their ascent during the hundreds of years in which they

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HOTEL DELL' ORSO.

have been where they are; and they are of great interest now for Luther's sake, if for no other.

The register of the Albergo dell' Orso, if that once famous Bear Hotel ever had a register, would not only be of enormous value, as a collection of autographs, but of great help to the Literary Pilgrim in Rome to-day. The inn stood for centuries on the same spot, in the Via dell' Orso; it was always in the hotel business, central, commanding, fashionable, and comfortable, as the advertisements would say; and, in the height of its glory and prosperity, it entertained guests of the greatest distinction in all the walks of life, and from all parts of the globe. Montaigne slept under its roof, and it is even claimed for it that Dante made it his home when he came—if he ever did come—as the Ambassador of Florence to the Pope of Rome, at the beginning of the Fourteenth Century; although this is mere conjecture. The building condemned to demolition still stood, in its shabby old age, frequented by peasants, when I last saw it; but it was entirely unnoticed by the hundreds of thousands of tourists who passed it on their way to and from St. Peter's. Its massive vaults and fine old columns were once

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the delight of the artists. And Lord Herbert of Cherbury mentions it fondly in more than one of his letters.

Montaigne kept a journal of his adventures in and his impressions of Rome during his stay here in the winter of 1580–81. He regretted that nothing was left of ancient Rome but the sky above it and the outline of its form; but he was delighted with its climate and its society; and he confessed that he never breathed air more temperate or better suited to his constitution. This latter, it may be remarked, could not have been written truthfully during many of the winter months of the last few years.

Montaigne arrived in Rome on the 30th November, 1580, and went to the Bear, where he staid that day and the next, but on the 2d December he hired apartments at the house of a Spaniard opposite the Church of S. Lucia della Tinta, where he was provided with three handsome bedrooms, a dining-room, a closet, stable, and kitchen, for twenty crowns a month; the landlord including in that sum a cook and fire for the kitchen. He had an audience with the Pope, saw the execution of Catena, a famous robber and captain of banditti, which he called "a spectacle," and he found the winter nearly as cold as that of Gascony. His account of one of the many sights he saw is worth quoting in full. "On Easter Eve," he said, "I went to see, at S. John Lateran, the heads of S. Paul and S. Peter, which are exhibited there on that day. The heads are entire, with the hair, flesh, color, and beard as if they still lived. S. Peter has a long face, with a brilliant complexion approaching the sanguine, with a gray picked beard, and a papal mitre on his head. S. Paul is of a dark complexion, with a broader and fuller face, a large head, and a thick gray beard."

Tasso died and was buried, in 1595, in the Monastery of S. Onofrio, on the side of the Janiculum, a hill rising above the right bank of the Tiber, where he sought refuge and rest, and the laurel crown. Refuge and rest he found, but the crown was not placed upon his brow until his life had ebbed away. His room, containing his relics, and a mask in wax of his dead face, suffered so much from the great powder explosion which shook all Rome a few years ago that it has been closed by order of the government, has been sealed with the seals of the city, and is no longer shown to the public. Tasso was originally buried on the left side of the convent church, under an altar-tomb containing his painted portrait and a Latin inscription, which still remain. But in 1857 his bones were removed to an adjoining chapel, where, under a more magnificent tomb, ornamented by a marble statue, they now lie.

In the convent garden still stands a son of "Tasso's Oak," the tree which the poet himself planted there having ended its long life in a disastrous gale some half-century ago. In this beautiful garden Tasso was fond of sitting, when the weather and his feeble health permitted, with a beautiful vista of old Rome at his feet, and with the Alban and the Sabine hills beyond. The monks are still very proud of their association with the great Italian; and the barefooted, bareheaded brother who took us through the church one bright December day suggested so strongly, in personal appearance and in voice, Mr. Francis Wilson, the comedian, that we felt as if we were assisting at the representation of a new drama; in which the well-known actor was, for the first time, playing a serious part, and playing it with rare skill and tender, tragic feeling.

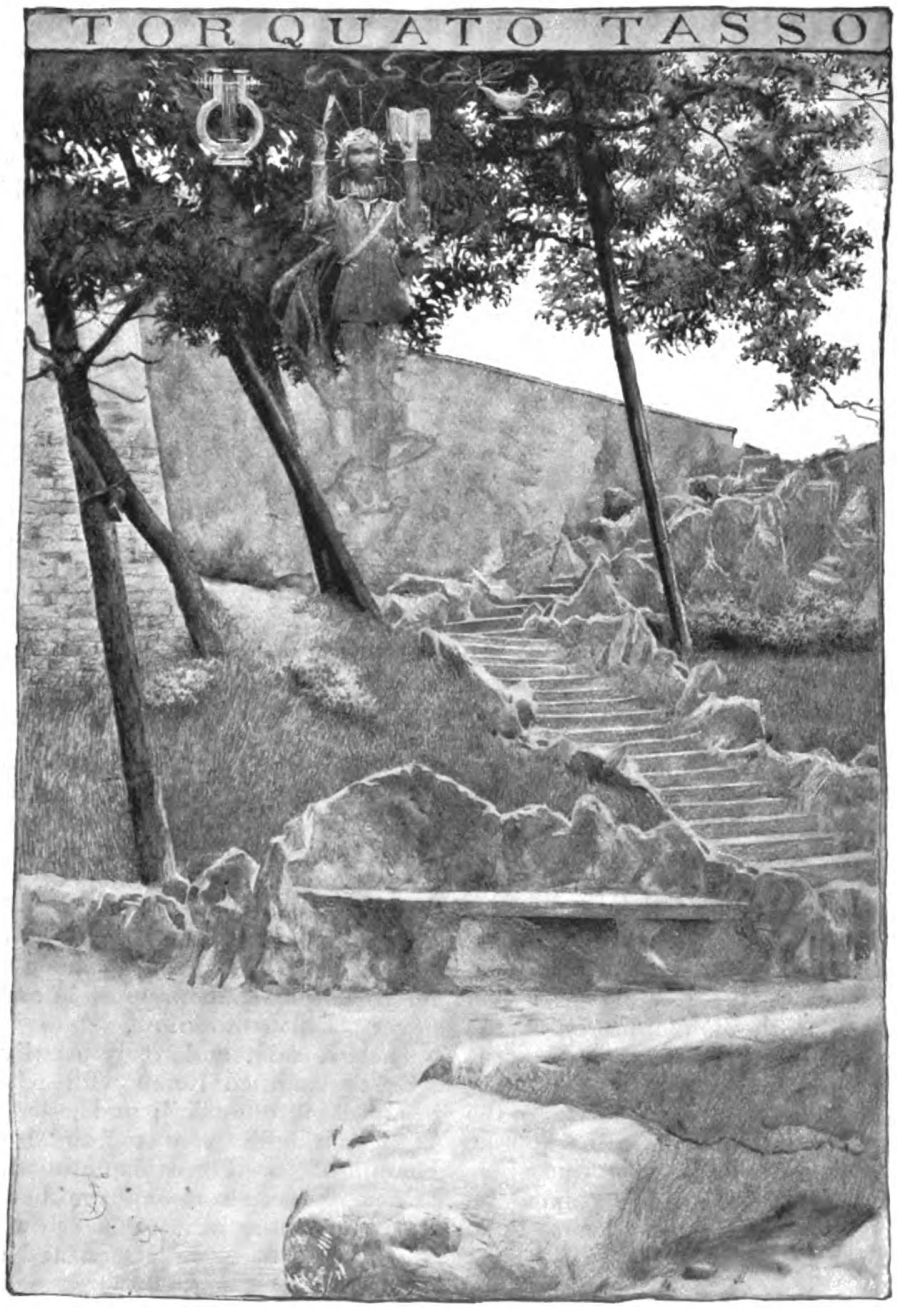
Galileo, whom we left at rest in S. Croce in Florence, a month or two ago, was tried in the Convent of S. Maria sopra Minerva here, in the Piazza della Minerva, a Christian church erected in the Thirteenth Century upon the ruins of a temple to the heathen goddess whose name in part it bears. He was conveyed to Rome from Florence in the depths of a heavy winter—and winter between Florence and Rome can be heavy enough, when it is so determined—and he was, probably, tortured for persisting in the statement that the world goes round. That it has gone round far enough to realize that Galileo was right, is now universally acknowledged.

Milton, after leaving Galileo in Florence, spent some time in Rome in the autumn of 1638, "detained here by the antiquity and ancient renown of the city." Unfortunately he left no record of his impressions here, or of what he did or saw. He is, perhaps, the only Man of Letters who ever visited the Eternal City without telling, in prose, to the world what he thought about it; and his pictures of Rome written in *Paradise Re-*

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gained might have been the work of a man who had never seen Rome at all. George S. Hillard said that Milton "was received by Cardinal Barberini in an unpretending house with many green blinds, in the Via della Quattro Fontane, at the corner made by the street which leads from the Quirinal Palace to the Porta Pia," and that here he heard sing Leonora Baroni, who was the Patti of her day, and who pleased him so greatly by her vocal and personal charms that he indited to her eyebrows no less than three Latin epigrams.

"I must not forget," wrote Hawthorne in 1858, "that on our way from the Barberini Palace we stopped an instant to look at the house at the corner of the Street of the Four Fountains where Milton was a guest while in Rome. He seems



TASSO'S GARDEN.

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quite a man of our own day, seen so nearly at the hither extremity of the vista through which we look back. The house (it was then occupied by the Cardinal Barberini) looks as if it might have been built in the present century."

There is a tradition that Milton, despite his advanced Puritanism, was entertained sumptuously by the monks in the English College at Rome on the 31st October, 1638.

John Evelyn wrote in his *Diary:* "I came to Rome on the 4th November, 1644, about five at night; and being perplexed for a convenient lodging, wandered up and down on horseback, till at last one conducted us to Monsieur Petits, a Frenchman, near the Piazza Spagnola [*sic*]. Here I alighted, and having bargained with my host for twenty crowns a month, I caused a good fire to be made in my chamber, and went to bed, being so very wet. The next morning (for I was determined to spend no time idly here) I got acquainted with several persons who had long lived in Rome .... In the first place, our sights-man (for so they name certain persons here who get their living by leading strangers about to see the city) went to the Palace Farnese," etc., etc. And so saw Evelyn all the sights in the true tourist's way, his sights-man carrying him to look at everything which we who have come after him for two centuries and a half have conscientiously "done."

He left Rome for a tour through the neighboring country, and returned on the 13th February, 1645. On the 18th May he wrote, "Having taken leave of our friends at Rome, where I had sojourned now about seven months, autumn, winter, and spring, I took coach with two courteous Italian gentlemen." There is no room to record here his feelings or impressions. But to Evelyn, as to all the rest of us, since Rome was, Rome was—Rome!

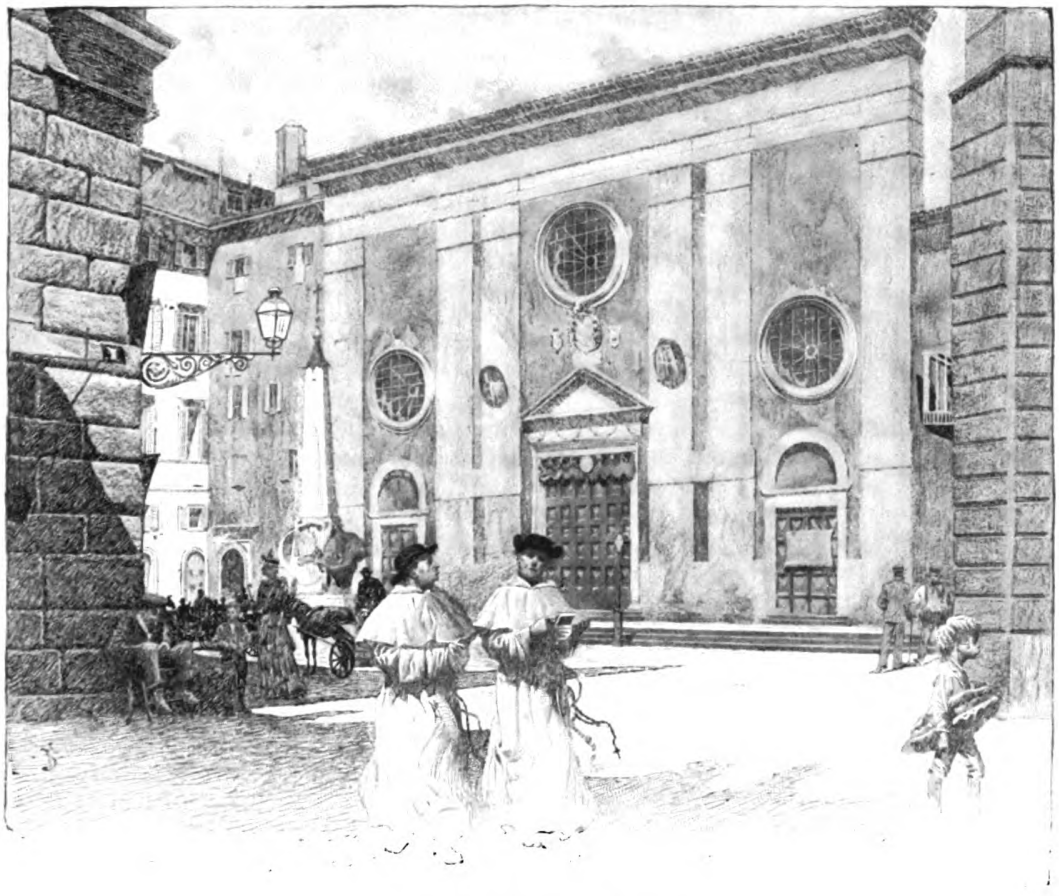
Gray, who was in Rome in 1739–40, confessed that the magnificence of the city far exceeded his expectation of it. He entered by the gate of the Piazza del Popolo, and spoke with enthusiasm of the views in every street or square, which he declared the most picturesque and noble ever imagined. He was the companion of Horace Walpole, but neither of them entered into any of the particulars of their visit, except that Walpole wrote: "How I like the inanimate part of Rome you will soon perceive at my arrival in England. I am far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, and all the small commodities to the purchase of which I can attain. I would buy the Colosseum if I could."

Smollett lived in the Piazza di Spagna in 1765, where for a decent first floor and for two bedrooms on the second floor he paid no more than one scudo *per diem*.

During Goethe's visit to Rome in 1786 he lived in an apartment in the long house numbered 15 to 20 Via del Corso, a few doors from the Piazza del Popolo end of that thoroughfare, and on the west side of the way. The entrance is at No. 18 Via del Corso, and the tablet commemorating Goethe's occupancy is under the second-story window of No. 20. Of his experiences here he wrote that he was at last living in serenity and in peace; his acquired habit of seeing and interpreting all things as they are, his fidelity in keeping the eye light, his complete renunciation of all pretension standing him in good stead, according to his own statement, and making him tranquilly and deeply happy. He certainly saw all things that Rome had to show him, in the way of palaces and ruins, gardens and wastes, triumphal arches, columns, and cathedrals, and he interpreted them all in his own way. No doubt he kept his eye light, and he unquestionably renounced all pretension, by what he called "an odd and perhaps whimsical half-incognito," which seems to have deceived nobody but himself, and to have had no effect whatever upon anybody. His self-imposed title was "The-Man-who-lives-across-the-way-from-the-Rondinini Palace"; and as such he fancied that he had managed to escape the endless inconvenience of being obliged to give an account of himself and of his wonderful performances. What the Romans thought of him then—he was only thirty-seven years of age—and of his *Sorrows of Young Werther*, his complete renunciation of all pretension, alas, will never permit us to know.

Hillard said, and very prettily, that "Goethe painted Rome while Châteaubriand set it to music"; and he translated Châteaubriand's "sonneta" on "Rome by Moonlight," well worth quoting here:—'Rome is asleep in the midst of her ruins. This star of the night, this orb which is supposed to be extinguished and unpeopled, moves through her pale solitudes, above the solitude of Rome. She shines upon streets without inhabitants, upon en-

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SANTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA.

closed spaces, open squares, and gardens in which no one walks, upon monasteries where the voices of monks are no longer heard, upon cloisters which are as deserted as the arches of the Colosseum." Read this by the light of the moon in Rome and it will soothe one's breast, no matter how savage it may be, against the beggary and wretchedness and extortions of some of the persons who dwell in Rome to-night.

Bonaparte sent Châteaubriand to Rome as Secretary of Legation in 1803, and he lived, no doubt, in the Palace of Cardinal Fesch, the French Ambassador.

Those of us who have wept over the woes of Virginius as Sheridan Knowles put them into blank verse, and as Forrest and McCullough made them seem so real to us on the mimic stage, will feel a certain sensation of interest in standing opposite the Shrine of Venus, at the corner of the Vicus Tuscus and the Via Sacra, where stood the butcher's stall from which came the knife that took Virginia's life and saved her honor. Dr. Forbes says that "facing up the Vicus Tuscus is some brick-work—remains of a line of shops that faced towards the Temple of Cæsar." The end shop alone was saved when the excavations were recently made, and on its site the butcher sold his meat and kept his cleavers.

Tradition says, by-the-way, but only tradition and no one else, that Virginia was buried on Mons Sacer, a couple of miles beyond the Porta Pia; and there still exists there a tomb which is said to be hers. Macaulay has told the story of her funeral in verse, and Dionysius gave a long account of its magnificence and pomp, and of the crowds of citizens who attended it; but it is not positively known now where—

"They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown;
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down."

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Speaking of Macaulay, it may not be amiss to say that the Bridge which Horatius kept so well in the brave days of old was the Sublician Bridge, a little below the spot where the Ponte Rotto now spans the river. It is no longer standing, although certain of its wooden piers can be distinguished when the tide of the Tiber is unusually low.

"I then went down the river," wrote Macaulay himself in his *Journal*, 16th November, 1838, "to the spot where the old Pons Sublicus stood, and looked about to see how my 'Horatius' agreed with the topography. Pretty well: but his house must be on Mount Palatine, for he would never see Mount Cœlius from the spot where he fought." Macaulay does not say where was his own house while he staid in Rome.

Corinne was unquestionably the result of Madame de Staël's visit to Italy in 1804, and those chapters of it which are descriptive of Rome as she saw it should not be overlooked by those who want to see Rome through all sorts and conditions of eyes.

Rogers wrote, in 1814: "We dwell among the clouds and look down on the Seven Hills of Rome. We are in the Rondinini Palace, distinguished for the possession of the celebrated mask of the Medusa, and from its windows we command a little world." The Rondinini Palace is now numbered 518 Via del Corso, and is nearly opposite the one-time lodging-place of Goethe; but the "Rondinini Medusa" has been removed to Munich.

Rogers records some of his social experiences during his first visit here; he attended concerts at Lucian Bonaparte's palace, dined at Lord Holland's, visited Canova and Thorwaldsen, and had an audience with the Pope. He lived for a time in the Via Vittoria, close to the Via di S. Mariade' Fiori; but in the later years of his life he occupied while in Rome a house in the Via Magenta, near the Piazza dell' Indipendenza.

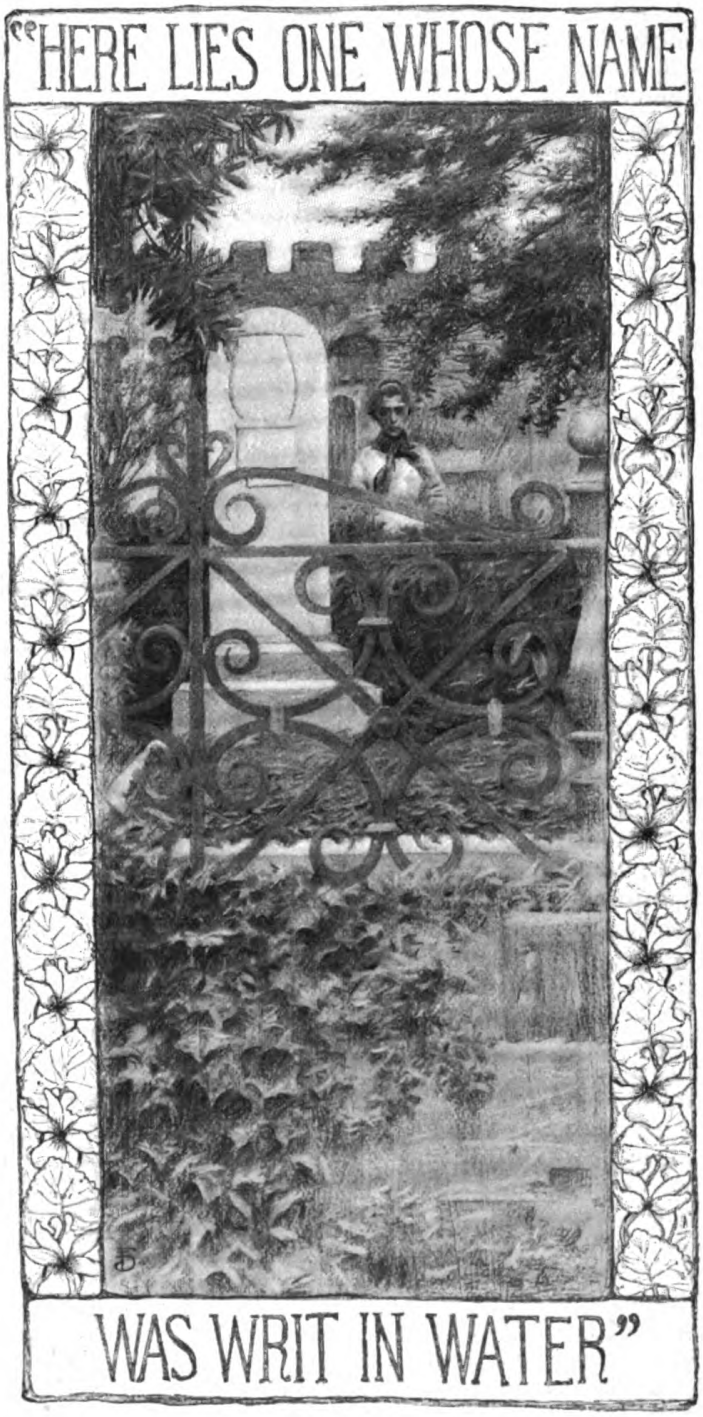
Byron seems to have spent but little more than a fortnight in Rome, in May, 1817. "Of Rome," he wrote to Moore, "I say nothing. It is quite indescribable. . . . I have been on horseback most of the day all days since my arrival. . . . I have seen the Pope alive, and a cardinal dead—both of whom looked very well indeed." And that is all. He was too eager to return to the Venice of his affections and evil doings to remain longer here. Byron lodged in the three-story double house, now numbered 84 and 85 Piazza di Spagna, on the corner of the Via Carrozza. His rooms were on an upper floor, and his windows looked out upon the Piazza towards the houses of Keats and Shelley, almost directly opposite. His last night in Rome was spent, it is said, in the Villa Mills, on the Palatine, now a convent of French nuns.

It is almost as difficult to-day, even at this comparatively short period of intervening time, to discover the Roman habitations of the Literary Men and Women of the present century as it is to identify the homes and the haunts of the men of the past. The memorial tablets, compared with those of Florence, are very few; and in biographies and autobiographies, in published *Letters* and *Journals*, very rarely are definite addresses given. Even the older residents of Rome who remember Rogers and Hawthorne, Longfellow and Thackeray, here, do not remember where they lived. Miss Harriet Hosmer, most cheerful and entertaining of companions, most faithful of friends, forgets nothing, however; and to her kindly interest in my work, and to her affectionate regard for many of the men to whom it relates, I owe much of the valuable information I am able to present.

At No. 26 Piazza di Spagna, on the south side of the famous steps leading up to the terrace of the Church of S. Trinità de' Monti, stands one of the most familiar of the Literary Landmarks of Rome. Immediately over the steps is a tablet stating, in Italian and in English, that in this house, on the 24th February, 1821, and at the age of twenty-six, died the young British poet John Keats. His rooms were directly below the tablet, and the modest building is situated in the very centre of what is called "The Strangers' Quarter" of Rome. The famous Piazza is near all the banks and the circulating libraries, it contains many of the popular hotels, and it is a scene of unending life, bustle, and activity. The army of Italy, blowing its own trumpet, passes and repasses almost every hour of the day; and at one end of the square rises the tall column erected in honor of the Establishment of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, with its colossal statue of the Holy Mother looking benignly down upon it all. Here

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one sees, among the people, a very curious commingling of past and of present, of the wildly picturesque and of the ugly commonplace; venders of brilliant flowers; priests and beggars; tweed-suited tourists; sheepskin-coated peasants; professional models waiting to be hired, and arrayed in those fantastic colors the painters of Rome represent so often; and professional cab-drivers and map-sellers dressed in garments which no artist would ever care to paint. Everything is delightfully strange and curiously familiar; and one instinctively feels, as Dickens felt when he first arrived in Rome, that the models are all personal acquaintances whom he has met scores of times before, until he realizes that he has seen their lineaments and their habiliments in every picture of Rome that was ever publicly exhibited in England or America. The models are as much a part of Rome as is St. Peter's or the Colosseum, and they are precisely what one expects them to be. The Pope's Guards, on the other side of the river, are, however, a bitter disappointment when seen in the winter months. The Papal authorities have covered the Fifteenth-Century Michael-Angelesque, red-and-yellow legs of their uniformed defenders with long, blue, modern American army sack-overcoats; and they appear now, to the untrained eye, as absurd as would seem the Jack of Clubs in an ulster!



KEATS'S GRAVE.

The sad and harrowing story of Keats's last hours in Rome need not be repeated here. His friend Joseph Severn has told it all. Early in the month of October, 1820, Severn and Keats arrived together in Rome. Dr. Clark, afterwards Sir James Clark, found apartments for them in the building described above. "This," wrote

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Severn, "had the great advantage not only of good situation, but of being opposite to the physician's own house, which, indeed, was a prearrangement, so that Dr. Clark might have his patient near at all hours. We both found accommodations in the same house, and Keats's bedroom was the one which looked over the steps on the side of the house." On the 14th February, 1821, Severn wrote to Mrs. Brawne: "Little or no change has taken place in Keats since the commencement of this, except this beautiful one that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace;—I find this change has its rise from the increasing weakness of his body, but it seems like a delightful sleep to me. . . . Among the many things that he has requested of me to-night, this is the principal, that on his grave shall be this:

'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'"

"At times during his last days," said Severn elsewhere, "he made me go to see the place where he was to be buried, and he expressed pleasure at my description of the locality of the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, about the grass and the many flowers, particularly the innumerable violets; also about the flock of goats and sheep and a young shepherd—all these intensely interested him. Violets were his favorite flowers, and he joyed to hear how they overspread the graves. He assured me that 'he had already seemed to feel the flowers growing over him.'" "And there they do grow," added Lord Houghton many months afterwards, "even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, 'making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'"

Sixty-one years after the death of Keats, Severn himself was laid to rest by the side of the friend he had loved so well and had never forgotten.

Keats lies in the old portion of the Protestant Cemetery, very near the entrance. The monument, bearing a medallion portrait of him, has this inscription:

"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved upon his tombstone:

'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'"

There are more numbers than there are houses in Rome, and almost as many tablets. Many houses have two numbers, some houses have three, and one particular house in the Via del Tritoni is distinguished by no less than six, tablets being set up in some instances to mark proprietorship of the property, fire-insurance, business connections, divine interposition, and heroic occupancy, all over the same front door. This, naturally, is confusing. Shelley's house in the Piazza di Spagna has two numbers, 25, which shows that it is next door to 24, and 366, in small blue figures, the reason for or the meaning of the latter being unknown to any person in the neighborhood, although they are generally supposed to have something to do with the gas or the water. The building has three tablets showing that policies are placed upon it in as many fire companies, and innumerable commercial signs; but there is nothing to explain that it was once the house of Shelley, as Mr. Forbes declares it to have been. It stands north of the house of Keats, with which it is almost identical in architecture, and on the other side of the famous steps.

Shelley wrote portions of *The Cenci* and of *Prometheus Unbound* in the Palazzo Verospi, Nos. 373, 374 Via del Corso. It is a great building in the busiest part of that thoroughfare — one of the Great Streets of the World—and a tablet recording Shelley's association with it was placed upon its front in the summer of 1893.

Shelley obtained these lodgings in the Palazzo Verospi in February, 1819, and there, in June, William Shelley, his son, died. The child was laid in the Protestant Cemetery, but exactly where is unknown. The tombstone erected to his memory was placed, in the absence of his parents, over the wrong grave.

Shelley's body was burned where it was found. His ashes were brought to Rome, but his heart, which the fire did not consume, given by Edward John Trelawney to Leigh Hunt, and by him surrendered to Mrs. Shelley, was carried with her to England, and is said to be still preserved, with other sacred relics of the poet and his wife, in Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth.

The tomb of Shelley is in the Protestant Cemetery, in the upper or eastern part of the new ground. It bears the name, the date of his birth and death, and the in-

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House in which Shelley lived.

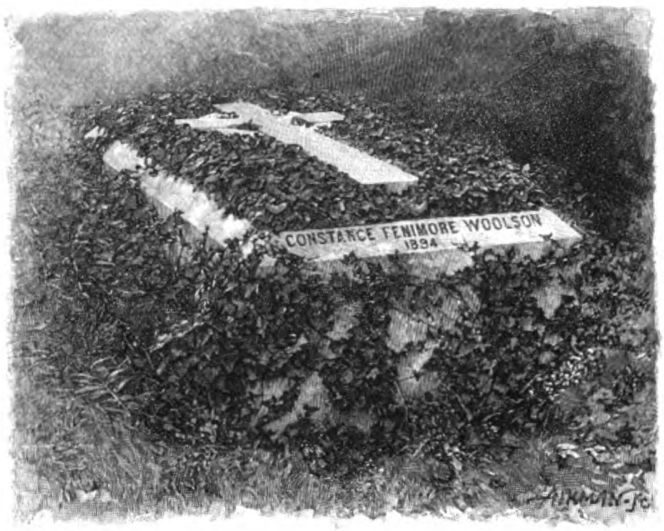
House in which Keats died.

THE SPANISH STEPS.

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GRAVE OF CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

scription "*Cor Cordium*," with the lines from *The Tempest:*

> "Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

"A spot that touched me deeply," wrote George Eliot, in 1860, "was Shelley's grave. The English Cemetery in which he lies is the most attractive burial-place I have ever seen. It lies against the Old City walls close to the Porta S. Paolo, and is one of the quietest spots of Old Rome. And there, under the shadow of the old walls on one side, and cypresses on the other, lies the *Cor Cordium*, forever at rest from the unloving cavillers of this world, whether or not he may have entered on other purifying struggles in some world unseen by us. The grave of Keats lies far off from Shelley's, unshaded by wall or tree. It is painful to look upon, because of the inscription on the stone, which makes him still seem to speak in bitterness from his tomb."

Not far from Shelley's grave, in this Protestant Cemetery, is that of Constance Fenimore Woolson, who died in Venice in January, 1894, and was buried here, at her own request.

She was preceded, in 1893, by John Addington Symonds, whose body was carried here by the hands of loving friends, one warm May morning, from the Hotel Italio, where he passed away in peace.

And she was followed, in the early autumn of 1895, by William Wetmore Story, artist in marble as well as in words, who lies with his wife by the side of the ashes of Shelley. He lived for many years in the Barberini Palace, and he was one of the most important and familiar figures in that quarter of the world of art and letters which lies between the Tiber and the Esquiline Hill. The monument to Mrs. Story was the sculptor's last and perhaps his greatest work, certainly the work in which was put the most of his heart.

Longfellow's first visit to Rome was in the winter of 1828. In 1869, almost half a century later, he wrote: "Here we are at a new hotel built in the gardens of Sallust's villa, on a spur of the Quirinal, back of the Barberini Palace. In the rear the windows look across the Campagna to the Alban Hills. In front we have all Rome, unrolled like a panorama, and crowned by St. Peter's.... I look out of the window this gray rainy day [30th January] and see the streets all mud and the roofs all green mould and the mist lying like a pall over the lower town. And Rome seems to me like King Lear, staggering in the storm and crowned with weeds. But this is altogether too fine writing!" The house which he thus described was the Hotel Costanzo, now a German Jesuit College, extending from No. 5 to No. 10 Via S. Nicola da Tolentino.

"At Rome," said Sir William Gell, "Sir Walter [Scott] found an apartment provided for him in the Casa Bernini.... Soon after his arrival I took him to St. Peter's, which he had resolved to visit that he might see the tomb of the last of the Stuarts." A few days later Scott went to the Villa Muti at Frascati, which once belonged to the Cardinal of York. He was too feeble to see much or to do much in Rome. "I walk with pain," he said, "and what we see whilst suffering makes little impression on us." In his *Journal* he wrote, on the 16th April, 1832: "We entered Rome by a gate renovated by one of the old Pontiffs, but which I forget, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover, if possible, some appear-

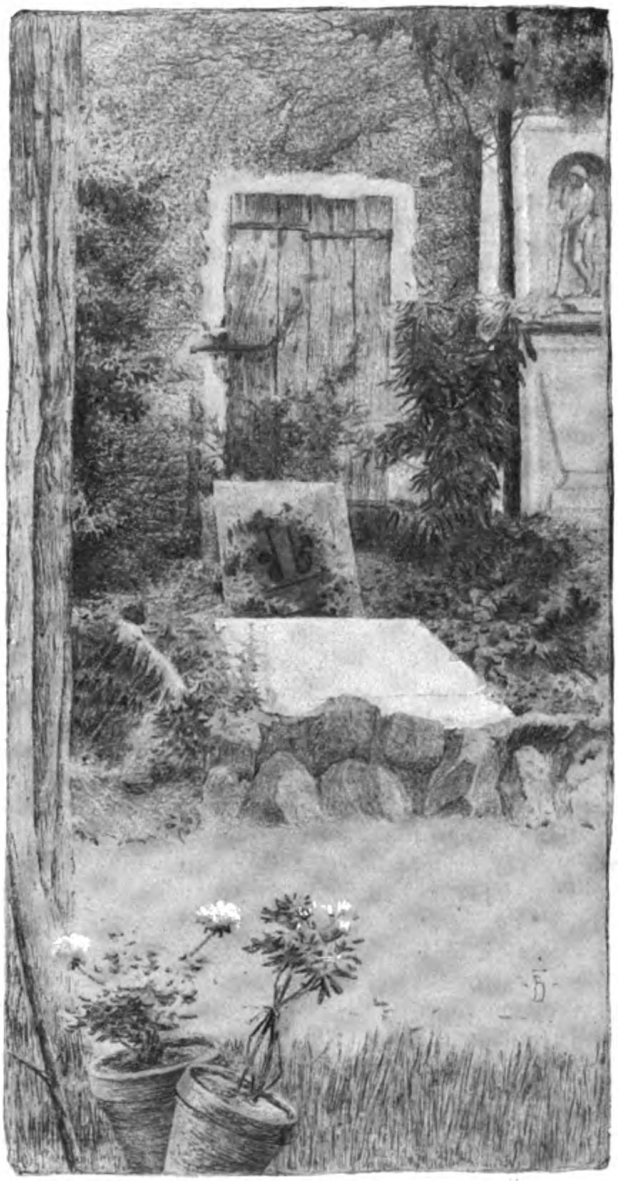
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ance of the learned Sir William Gell or the pretty Mrs. Ashley. At length we found our old servant, who guided us to the lodging taken by Sir William Gell, where all was comfortable, a good fire included, which our fatigue and the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food, wine, and water.

"We slept reasonably, but on the next morning—" Here the *Journal* stops abruptly, and forever. Lockhart believed these to have been the last words Scott ever penned. And they were penned in Rome!

A tablet marks the house of Scott, which stands in the narrow little Via di Mercede, not far from the General Post-Office.

James Fenimore Cooper first entered Rome "by the Gate of St. John" in the spring of 1838. His earliest stopping-place was at the Hôtel de Paris, in the Via S. Nicola da Tolentino, but in a short time he occupied lodgings in the Via di Ripetta. He made no notes of Rome which are worthy of record. He saw everything that was to be seen, he enjoyed everything he saw, but he left Rome with little regret.



SHELLEY'S TOMB.

Hans Christian Andersen made repeated visits to Rome. The first was in 1833, when he saw the second funeral of Raphael, and formed an acquaintance with Thorwaldsen. He was here again in 1841, when his birthday was celebrated, and when he wrote, in *The Story of My Life:* "Frau von Goethe, who was in Rome, and who chanced to be living in the very house where I brought my 'Improvisatore' into the world, and made him spend his first years of childhood, sent me from thence a large, true Roman bouquet, a fragrant mosaic." In the *Improvisatore* he said: "Whoever has been in Rome is well acquainted with the Piazza Barberini, in the great square, with the beautiful fountain where the Tritons empty the spouting conch-shell, from which the water springs upwards many feet. Whoever has not been there knows it, at all events, from the copperplate engravings; only it is a pity that in these the house at the corner of the Via Felice is not given—that tall corner house, where the water pours through three pipes out of the wall into the stone basin. That house has a peculiar interest for me; for it was there that I ['The Improvisatore'] was born."

This house, Nos. 1 and 2 Piazza Barber-

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ini, on the northeast corner of the square and the Via Sistina—once Via Felice—is still pointed out by a few old friends, who still remember Andersen as living in it himself. He is said to have occupied rooms on the second story; and his windows, on the floor above the little balcony, looked out upon the Fountain of the Triton and his attending dolphins. The beautiful old fountain on the side of this house is now a thing of the past. From its three pipes flowed, free to all, in Andersen's time, and long before, the delicious Acqua Felice.

In 1861 Andersen wrote, "In the old Café Græce I got apartments for myself and my young travelling companion, and now we went out into the great city, so familiar and so homelike." The Caffè Greco is at No. 86 Via Condotti.

In *What I Remember*, T. A. Trollope wrote: "In the autumn of 1847 my mother and I went to pass the winter in Rome. Our apartment was in a small palazzo in that part of the Via Quattro della Fontane which is now situated between the Via Nazionale and the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, to the left of one going towards the latter. . . . It was a very comfortable apartment, roomy, sunny, and quiet. It exists still [1888], though somewhat modernized in outward appearance, and is, I think, the second after one going towards S. Maria Maggiore has crossed the new Via Nazionale."

Trollope finally settled in Rome in 1873, and remained here for some fourteen years,—living first in the Via Rosella, opposite the Scotch College; then at No. 9 Via S. Susanna; and later in the Via Nazionale, in a house originally numbered 367, and afterwards 243. This last house remains unchanged in 1896.

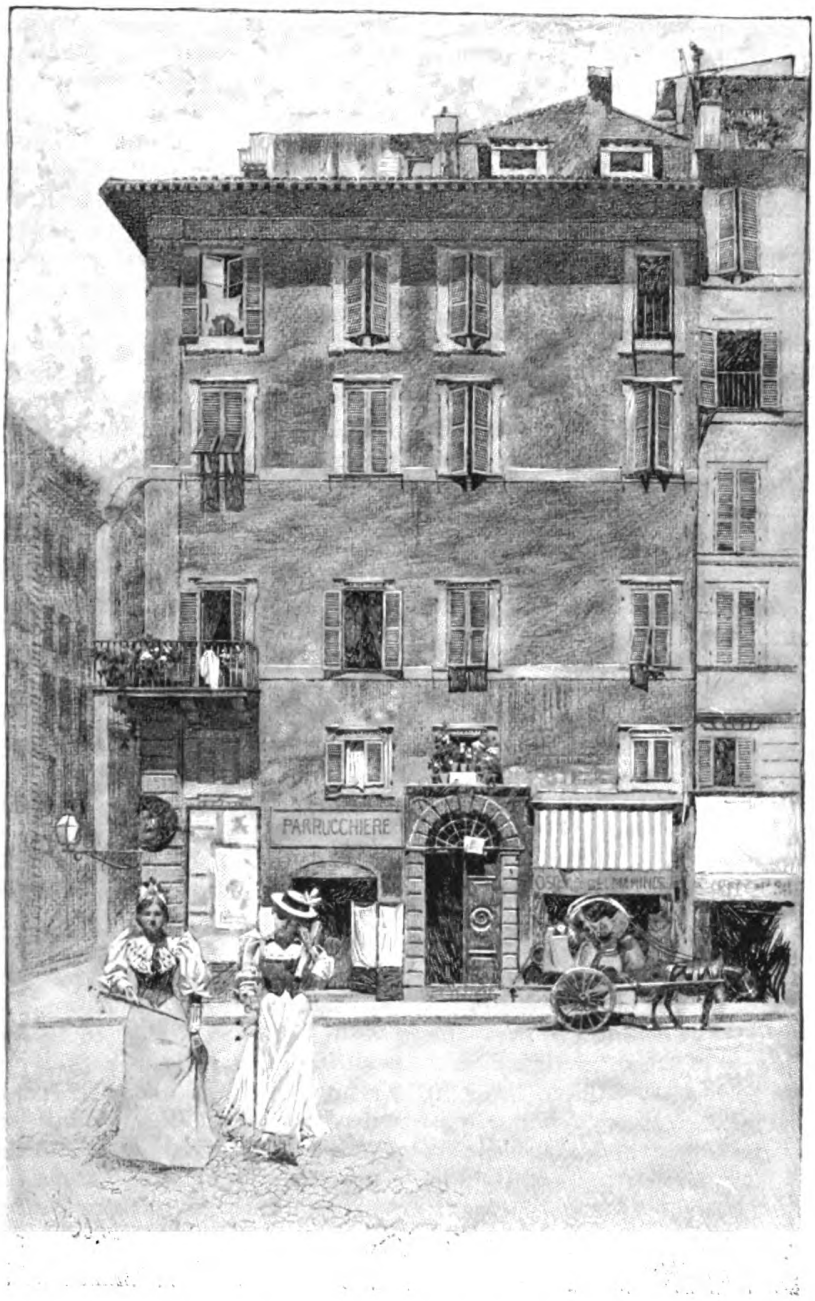
In the late winter of 1847 Mrs. Jameson lodged at No. 53 Piazza di Spagna. Her niece, and companion, wrote: "Our rooms were over Spithover's shop, with little balconied windows looking out over all the amusing scenes in the Piazza, the sparkling of the great fountain, and the picturesque figures, models, and contadini that group themselves upon the Spanish Steps. . . . Her life in Rome was a very pleasant one while undisturbed by all [domestic] agitations. As she herself wrote, she went nowhere unconnected with her present labors [*The Sacred and Legendary Art*], unless it were occasionally for a long drive, after the day's toil might be considered as over, away into the Campagna." In March, 1847, Mrs. Jameson said: "I have very pleasant *soirées* on Sunday evenings, which are liked; but my room is so small that I cannot have above twenty people, and I give them only tea." She left Rome after Easter, not to return until 1857.

We find her once more in Rome in 1859, when she lived on the third floor of an ancient four-storied house, No. 176 Via di Ripetta, "close by the Tiber side of the Palazzo Borghese." Here she met Gibson the sculptor, the Storys, Miss Hosmer—who pointed out her windows to the present writer—and the Hawthornes. She went to Florence in the spring, and she never saw Rome again. Hawthorne recorded, in his *Italian Note Books*, that "Mrs. Jameson lived on the first piano of an old palazzo on the Via di Ripetta, nearly opposite the ferryway across the Tiber, and affording a pleasant view of the yellow river and the green bank and fields on the other side."

Mr. Norton prints none of the letters of Lowell written during his visit to Italy in 1852, when he lost a little son in Rome; but in 1874 Lowell spent a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Story in the Palazzo Barberini; and in 1881 he was at the Hotel Bristol. "My windows," he said, "look out on one side towards the Barberini, and on the other towards the old Triton; the weather is fine as fine can be, and I do nothing with commendable assiduity—thawing myself out in the sun like a winter fly. . . . The only costumes left now are on the brazen-faced models, and one sees below—what? Those hateful boots with high heels in the midst of the sole, on which they tottle about as on peg-tops. When I was first here every peasant woman wore sandals. I always hated those eternal representations of women with dirty towels on their heads, which express the highest aspiration and conviction of modern art—but this is like the cloven hoof."

In January, 1854, Mrs. Browning wrote from "43 Via di Bocca di Leone, 3d piano. We have pleasant music at Mrs. Sartoris's once or twice a week, and have Fanny Kemble come in to talk to us, with the doors shut, we three together. This is pleasant. If anybody wants small-talk by handfuls, of glittering dust swept out of *salons*, here's Mr. Thackeray besides!" Later she wrote: "We have met Lock-

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THE HOUSE OF ANDERSEN, PIAZZA BARBERINI.

hart, and my husband sees a good deal of him. Robert went down to the sea-side on a day's excursion with him and the Sartorises—and, I hear, found favor in his sight. Said the critic, 'I like Browning—he isn't at all like a damned literary man!' That's a compliment, I believe!"

Mrs. Ritchie possesses a letter written by Mrs. Browning to Thackeray dated "28 Via del Tritoni, Rome, 13th April," but unfortunately without the year. In her *Records of Browning* she writes: "In the winter of 1853–54 we [the Thackerays] lived in Rome, in the Via del Croce, and the Brownings lived in the Bocca di Leone, hard by. The evenings our father dined away from home, our old donna would conduct us to our tranquil dissipations, through the dark streets, past the swinging lamps, up and down the black

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stone staircases; and very often we spent an evening with Mrs. Browning in her quiet room, while Mr. Browning was out visiting some of the many friends who were assembled in Rome that year."

The Via di Bocca di Leone is a narrow street, and the rooms of the Brownings, pointed out by Miss Hosmer, who knew them there, had but little sun in the front, although, no doubt, the rear was warmer and more cheerful. Later they were at No. 113—now No. 37—Via del Tritone, as Miss Hosmer remembers, in a house very much changed since their occupancy of it. The street has been renumbered in a most confusing way; and both the old and the new numbers are still to be seen; the old are in red figures; the new are in figures cut into the houses themselves.

A favorite stopping-place of Thackeray was the Hotel Inghilterra, a hostelry still standing, and unchanged, in the Via di Bocca di Leone. And here he is said to have written *The Rose and the Ring*, for Mr. Story's little daughter, reading it to her, chapter by chapter, as it was composed.

"At seven o'clock," said Hawthorne, 22d May, 1858, "we went by invitation to take tea with Miss Bremer. After much search, and lumbering up two or three staircases in vain, and at last going about in a strange circuity, we found her in a small chamber of a large old building situated a little way from the brow of the Tarpeian Rock. It was the tiniest and humblest domicile that I have seen in Rome, just large enough to hold her narrow bed, her tea table, and a table covered with books—photographs of Roman ruins—and some pages written by herself. I wonder whether she is poor. Probably so; for she told us that her expense of living here is only five pauls a day.... Meanwhile as the day declined there had been the most beautiful view over the Campagna from one of her windows; and from the other, looking towards St. Peter's, the broad gleam of a mildly glorious sunset.... In the garden beneath her window, verging upon the Tarpeian Rock, there was shrubbery and one large tree, softening the brow of the famous precipice down which the Old Romans used to fling their traitors, or sometimes indeed their patriots."

When Motley first came to Rome he lived in the Palazzo Bernini, No. 151 Via del Corso. Later and longer, he lived on the second floor of the Palazzo Zuccari, No. 64 Via Sistina. In 1858 he wrote to his mother: "We are now in very comfortable lodgings on the Corso, about opposite the Church of S. Carlo, if you happen to remember it. We are on the third floor.... I have a good room for my study, and I am hard at work. I began my first volume about a fortnight ago, and hope to have it done by April.... I have to spread myself over a wide surface, for after the death of William the Silent the history of the province becomes, for a time, swallowed up in the general current of European history. I do not mean by that that it loses its importance. On the contrary, the Netherlands question becomes the great question of history."

George Eliot and Lewes first saw Rome in the spring of 1860. According to her own statement she lived at "the Hotel Inghilterra in the Strada Babuino," which leads directly from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza di Spagna; but as the Hotel d'Amérique was in this street, and the Hotel Inghilterra in another part of the town, she must have confused the names. The Amérique was the building now numbered 78 and 79 Via del Babuino, and it is no longer a hotel. Old friends of hers still remember her at this house.

"Discontented with our little room at an extravagant height of stairs and price," she wrote, "we found, and took, lodgings the next day in the Corso, opposite S. Carlo, with a well-mannered Frenchman and his little dark Italian wife—and so felt ourselves settled for a month." "Yesterday" (3d April), she wrote to Mrs. Congreve, "was taken up with seeing ceremonies, or rather waiting for them. I knelt down to receive the Pope's blessing, remembering what Pius VII. said to the soldier—that one would never be the worse for the blessing of an old man."

Mr. J. W. Cross recorded in his *Life of George Eliot* that he first met that lady in May, 1869, at the Hotel Minerva here where Lewes had taken rooms. And he speaks of "the low, deep, earnest musical tones of her voice, of the fine brows with the abundant auburn-brown hair framing them, of the long head broadening at the back, of the gray-blue eyes, constantly changing in expression, but always with a very loving, almost deprecating look at the lady with whom she was speaking, of

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the finely formed, thin, transparent hands, and a whole *Wesen* that seemed in complete harmony with everything one expected to find in the author of *Romola*."

The Hotel Minerva is No. 69 Piazza della Minerva.

"We spent three delightful winters in Rome," says Locker-Lampson, "arriving at the Piazza di Spagna, No. 31, on the 29th December, 1861; at No. 103 Via de' Due Macelli on the 17th December, 1862; and lastly, at No. 43 Via di Bocca di Leone 2° p° (I specify it all with amorous precision) on the 17th November, 1866." But he specifies nothing of the life he lived here, except a list of the persons he met and the fact that, for a portion of the time, he "filled the high office of warden to the Episcopal church immediately outside the Porta del Popolo."

Lord Houghton lived at No. 8 Via S. Basilio, in a house later the residence of George P. Marsh. Afterwards he was a guest at the Hotel de Londres, in the Piazza di Spagna.

George P. Marsh dwelt at No. 8 Via S. Basilio, on the floor above the ground-floor. Later he lived in the Piazza dell' Esquilino, in the house where are now displayed the arms of the Argentine Republic; and during the last few years of his residence in Rome he had an apartment in the Palazzo Rospigliosi, on the Quirinal Hill, near the Via Nazionale. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in 1882.

The only picture Dean Stanley gave of his personal experiences in Rome is in a letter written in October, 1866, from 51 Piazza di Spagna. "We have moved here," he wrote, "from our hotel. The Gladstones were so kindly urgent about it, and the advantages of the situation so great, that we determined to try the experiment, and it completely answers. They are on the second, we on the third floor. The dining-room is on the third floor, and we have hitherto always dined together. This is the only time when we necessarily meet; but very pleasant it is. He [Gladstone] is so extremely enjoying his liberty." That the gentle Dean enjoyed his own liberty extremely during his stay in Rome is evident in everything he wrote about it to his friends at home.

Mrs. Helen Hunt rested in the winter of 1868–9, between her *Bits of Travel*, at No. 155 Via della Quattro Fontane—"just opposite the Barberini, on the corner opposite Miss Hosmer's house. Think of that! Aren't we in luck?" she wrote to her "Dear Souls" at home. "The rooms are charming—a parlor on the southeast corner, two windows; a dining-room, two bedrooms, and such a kitchen, resplendent with copper."

Louisa Alcott occupied, in the winter of 1870–71, an apartment on the northeast corner of the Via S. Nicola da Tolentino and the Piazza Barberini; and it must have been an awkward address to put on the visiting-cards they had to leave, no doubt, as is the Roman way, upon every person they wished to have call upon them. It takes a month or two in Rome to master the etiquette of calls and of cards, and even then the stranger is apt to leave the wrong card and to make the wrong call. But this has nothing to do with the Alcotts. Their house, an old, tumble-down, two-and-a-half-storied edifice, was taken to pieces, in self-defence, a few years ago; and a fine, square, many-windowed, modern building now occupies its site. In November, 1870, she wrote, in her *Journal:* "In Rome; and felt as if I had been there before, and knew all about it. Always depressed with a sense of sin, dirt, and general decay of all things. Not well; so saw things through blue glasses.... Our apartment in Piazza Barberini was warm and cozy; and I thanked Heaven for it, as it rained for two months, and my first view most of the time was the poor Triton with an icicle on his nose." The next year, still in Rome, she wrote, "Began to write a new book, *Little Men*, that John's death may not leave A—— and the dear little boys in want."

Miss Amelia B. Edwards once had rooms in the house where lodged Miss Alcott.

On the 22d November, 1870, Mary Howitt wrote to her daughter, "We are located on the summit of one of the Seven Hills, at a corner of four converging streets, each visibly terminating by an historic monument." Later she wrote, "We are located in charming new quarters—in the Via di Porta Pinciana." In 1871 they were in the Via Sistina, No. 55. "Looking up the street," she said, "the piazza of the Trinità de' Monti immediately opens before us, with the distant heights of Monte Mario, where the sun now sets and the evening skies are beautiful. Just opposite to us is the old palace of some Queen of Poland, a rather

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HILDA'S TOWER.

dingy-looking place, with traces of grandeur about it. It forms a division between the Via Sistina and the Via Gregoriana, which unite in the piazza." Here William Howitt died in 1879.

In May of the same year Mrs. Howitt moved for a few weeks into apartments at No. 86 Via Sistina. In 1887 she wrote from No. 38 Via Gregoriana, "We are in what was Miss Charlotte Cushman's Roman home." And here she died in January of the next year. She was buried in the Protestant Cemetery by her husband's side.

Hawthorne has told the story of his life in Rome very thoroughly in his *Italian Note Books*, which, if they were but properly indexed, would be the best guides to Rome ever published. They should be read before one goes to Rome, while one is in Rome, and after one has left Rome; and then they should be read again and again. And *The Marble Faun* should receive the same close and studious attention.

Two of Hawthorne's dwelling-places in Rome are still remembered by some of his old friends here; and there is a pleasant tradition, unverified, however, by anything recorded in his *Journals* or his *Letters*, that he at one time occupied the rooms with the balcony on the northeast corner of the Via Sistina and the Piazza Barberini, directly beneath what was once the home of Hans Christian Andersen.

From No. 37 Palazzo Larazani, Via di Porta Pinciana, 24th January, 1858, he wrote: "After a day or two we settled ourselves in a suite of ten rooms, comprehending one flat, on what is called the second piano of this house. The rooms thus far have been very uncomfortable, it being impossible to warm them by means of the deep, old-fashioned, artificial fireplaces,

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unless we had the great logs of a New England forest to burn in them, so I have sat in my corner by the fireside with more clothes on than I ever wore before, and my thickest great-coat over all."

The Hawthornes, having spent some time in Florence, came back to Rome in October, 1858, and they lived, until they left Italy in the month of May, 1859, at No. 68 Piazza Poli. "We have the snuggest little suite of apartments in Rome. Seven rooms, including an antechamber; and though the stairs are exceedingly narrow, there is really a carpet on them —a civilized comfort of which the proudest palaces in the Eternal City cannot boast. The stairs are very steep, however, and I should not wonder if some of us broke our noses on them. . . . Our windows here look out on a small and rather quiet piazza, with an immense palace on the left hand, and a smaller yet statelier one on the right; and just round the corner of the street leading out of our piazza is the Fountain of Trevi, of which I can hear the plash in the evening, when other sounds are hushed."

The Piazza Poli house is no longer standing. Its site is now occupied by what seems to be the Sunday-school room, or offices, of the Methodist church, Nos. 2 and 3 Via Poli. The entire appearance of that particular quarter of the town has been changed.

Here it was that *The Marble Faun*, that famous romance which the English for some unknown reason call *Transformation*, was conceived; and Hawthorne's own identification of the Marble Faun itself will interest many of its admirers.

In 1860 he wrote to Henry Bright: "You will not find any photograph nor (so far as I am aware) any engraving of the Faun of Praxiteles. There are photographs, stereoscopic and otherwise, of another Faun which is almost identical with the hero of my romance, although only an inferior repetition of it. My Faun is in the Capitol; the other in the Vatican. The genuine statue has never been photographed, on account, I suppose, of its standing in a bad light. The photographs of the Vatican Faun supply its place very well, except as to the face, which is very inferior."

Hawthorne, in his own inimitable way, painted the picture of Hilda's Tower in the sixth chapter of the romance. "Connected with this old tower," he said, "is a legend which we cannot pause here to tell; but for centuries a lamp has been burning before the Virgin's image, at noon, at midnight, and at all hours of the twenty-four; and must be kept burning forever, as long as the tower shall stand; or else the tower itself, the palace, and whatever estate belongs to it shall pass from its hereditary possessor, in accordance with an ancient vow, and become the property of the Church."

The Church is not so powerful in Rome as it was in 1859, when Hawthorne wrote, but the lamp still burns, and the legend which he could not pause to tell in *The Marble Faun* he has told in his *Note Book*, and it is well worth repeating here in full: "Mr. [Cephas G.] Thompson took me into the Via Portoghese, and showed me an old palace, above which rose—not a very customary feature of the architecture of Rome—a tall, battlemented tower. At one angle of the tower we saw a shrine of the Virgin, with a lamp and all the appendages of those numerous shrines which we see at the street corners, and in hundreds of places about the city. Three or four centuries ago this palace was inhabited by a nobleman who had an only son and a large pet monkey, and one day the monkey caught the infant up and clambered to this lofty turret, and sat there with him in his arms, grinning and chattering like the Devil himself. The father was in despair, but was afraid to pursue the monkey lest he should fling down the child from the height of the tower and make his escape. At last he vowed that if the boy were safely restored to him he would build a shrine at the summit of the tower, and cause it to be kept as a sacred place forever. By-and-by the monkey came down, and deposited the child on the ground; the father fulfilled his vow, built the shrine, and made it obligatory on all future possessors of the place to keep the lamp burning before it."

Hilda's Tower is beautiful in itself, and well worth a visit for its own sake. It stands, in its square and rugged solidity, two stories above the large house of which it forms a corner. A fine old projecting gateway leads into a small court-yard, which, when the present pilgrim last saw it, one Christmas Eve, had never a dove, but was occupied by dismal chickens and dismal children, and ragged clothes hung out to dry. It can be found in an out-of-the-way corner of the Rome of to-day, in

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the short little Via Portoghese, west of the Corso; and one wonders, as one goes toward it by a most winding route from "The Strangers' Quarter," or from the Quirinal Hill, how Hilda or Hawthorne came upon it at all. The little shrine to the Virgin and the lamp which illumines it so faintly at night can easily be seen from the street. The people of its neighborhood who gaze upon it know, and care, more about the legend of the baby and the monkey than they do about the story which Hawthorne so touchingly told; but it is one of the most precious of the Literary Landmarks of Rome to-day; and it seems particularly fitting that American and English readers should say, in these pages, "good-night" to Rome by the light of the lantern dimly burning on the summit of Hilda's Tower.

JOHN MURRELL AND HIS CLAN.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

CIVILIZATION has made no advance more picturesque than when it crept over the farther hills of the Appalachian chain to occupy and possess the rich south-lying interior valleys. Its tide was a human stream, slowly rising, ever strengthening, whose first thin wave, as well as some later ones, held a large potentiality of outlawry.

To comprehend how large, one must go back to the settlement of the Virginia plantations. Though the leading colonists were in the main of gentle blood, there was an under element more numerous. It was made up largely of assigned servants, who had been convicted, and sold for terms of years varying with their offences. Besides, there were evil-doers, as yet unwhipped of justice, seeking a safe hiding-place in the wilderness. Many such agreed with the plantation-owners to work their passage over. Tradition has it that not a few followers of England's famous gentlemen of the road came to Virginia when the hue-and-cry after men of their kidney grew hotter than was comfortable.

Among the assigned servants, those under life sentences in most cases ran away out of hand before they had been many years in service. Along with home-bred evil-doers, they fled southward into North Carolina, then a waste wholly uncolonized, or westward to the mountains, where, if the law reached, its arm was utterly powerless. Hence came Carolina's dispraiseful synonym, "Rogues' Harbor." Hence, too, the wide, the tremendous difference—a difference as sharp to-day as two hundred years ago—between the mountaineers in bulk and the men of the lowlands.

Women were transported as well as men. The runagates had wives in many cases. If they had not, they managed to get them from among the dregs of free folk. A few married Indians; now and then one got a gypsy lass—for even thus early the nomad race was here. More rarely one among them took a wife of African blood. It is a most curious racial study to trace the blood-lines of the mountaineer and the Cracker, and finding them identical as they are various, to note what change environment has wrought.

All the world has heard of the Cracker—stunted, feeble, clay-eating, all compact of laziness and low cunning. He is the product of the piny lowlands. The mountains bred from the same elements a race of Ishmaels. Lean, tall, wiry, deep-chested, thin in the flank, with the eye of a hawk, swift and sure of foot, they were as unlike the sand-hillers as could be, save in that they had the same sour hatred of those better placed in life, and the same nomad instinct. Both were born "movers," particularly the hill folk, after more reputable settlers had entered in to possess the rich cove lands, driving them high and ever higher among the Balds.

A beautiful wild world it was that they came to when they got beyond the Cumberland, the most westerly mountain range. A land of streams and forests and rich savannas, where the cane grew taller than a man on horseback, and so thick that to pass through it a road must be hewn in its waving green. Farmers and planters swarming over the mountains were eager to take ownership of the cane country—which is to-day the blue-grass of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North

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Alabama. Not so the mountaineer and the sand-hiller. They squatted along the streams or in the hills, where timber was plenty, and water to be had for lying down to drink it out of scooped palms. For the most part the men hunted or fished, though many of them made some pretence to a trade—blacksmithing, farriery, or timber-working. Such as had some element of fixity set up houses of call along the "traces," as the routes blazed through the wilderness were called. The men among them affected a sullen familiarity with their neighbors of higher degree, and swore great oaths over the fact that there was no approach to sociability between their wives and daughters and those whom they called disdainfully, as their remote ancestors had called in good faith, "the quality."

In the first years of this century all the Western world was rife with tales of outlawry. That is inevitable when one considers that at no other time and place have outlaws had such opportunity. Though trade in the sparse settlements was almost wholly a matter of barter—men of substance went sometimes two years without seeing a dollar—other men with fat money-belts were continually journeying to and fro. It was the only way, indeed, that a debt could be discharged or an investment made. And plenty of rich seaboard planters, with no mind to leave home themselves, sent their money by sure hands to buy land in the rich new country. A little later they sent out gangs of slaves to turn the land into plantations for their younger sons and their daughters. The idea of primogeniture was strong among them long after the thing was legally abolished.

Then, too, traders of every sort carried cash. So did the gamblers of that day, the flat-boat men—most of all, the land-speculators hovering in the wake of the government survey. Banks there were none, nor postal service, nor common carriers of any sort. When a stage line was established from Lexington, by way of Nashville, on to New Orleans, it was looked upon by those primitive folk much as was the first railway to the Pacific.

That came very much later—long after the battle which made Old Hickory President. In the earlier epoch gentlemen rode well horsed and armed, with a servant, also armed, at the back, and saddle-bags full of clothes and provisions slung behind each. Ordinary travellers rode by twos and threes, and kept ware of such strangers as overtook them on the road. They had heard of men falling into discourse with a chance passer, and riding on with him into mystery impenetrable; of other and rarer men, who, finding themselves in deadly peril, had been saved by the speed and stay of their horses; of yet others, known to have much money about them, whom it seemed the earth had opened and swallowed, how and where no man could say.

It came to be whispered fearfully that some of the tavern-keepers might say, if only they would. Word went about cautiously, too, that there was some sort of organization among the thieves and cut-throats. That made honest men all the more careful to bridle the tongue. Nobody knew such things certainly; besides, the country was growing at a great rate and the law taking hold. So, except for an occasional hanging after some patent instance of horse-thievery, or conviction of some person found unlawfully seized and possessed of what was notoriously another's property, those gentlemen the road-agents had it pretty much as they chose.

There were leaders among them—paltry fellows satisfied to hold sway over a dozen or twenty cutpurses. A few of the tavern-keepers were of larger mind, in that they held relations with several of the bands. That was as much a matter of necessity as of shrewdness or enterprise. What the tavern-keepers wanted was somebody to dispose of strange horses whose presence might arouse awkward questioning. It was manifestly hazardous to give over such an animal to men whose local habitat was the same as that from which his late owner had come. The tavern-keeper wisely sent him another way. There was, besides, a certain freemasonry among the bands. They had all a common signal—a peculiar flirt of three left fingers, which is said to have come down from the times of Jack Sheppard. Thus a subtle loose-woven criminality came to pervade the wide region, wherein Saxon energy conjoined to African muscle was working an almost riotous prosperity.

Outlawry was ripe for a leader, and the leader came. He was John A. Murrell, the famous "land pirate," and as truly a

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pirate as ever sailed under the black flag. He was born in Williamson County, Tennessee, some time before the close of the last century. "My father," he said of himself, "was a poor man, but honest—and I think the less of him for it. But my mother was the true grit—she came of mountain stock, and taught all her children to steal by the time they could think. Whatever we stole she hid for us, and dared my father to touch us for it. She made us hate the proud ones that had niggers most—after that, anybody who had more than we. I was a good scholar at such learning—it was the most I had then. I picked up little things whenever I could, but my first thing of account was when I was ten. There came a Dutch peddler to our cabin one snowy night, and begged us to take him in. Of course he opened his pack before he left, and almost under his nose I got away a bolt of linen and some lesser things. My mother and father fought about it; but if the peddler found out his loss before he was many miles away, he had the sense not to come back and tell us of it."

Naturally, with such training, the lad was precocious. One day he was mistaken by a country storekeeper for the son of a rich man living some miles away. Young Murrell was quick to see and seize the advantage of the mistake. Assuming his best manner, he bade the merchant show him the finest broadcloth in the house, fingered it disparagingly a minute, then ordered enough for a suit cut off, and charged to his supposed father. But the clothes proved a sort of Tantalus possession. He dared not wear them round about for fear his sharp practice would be brought home to him, so shortly he set out for Nashville, some thirty miles off, taking with him a couple of the best horses in the neighborhood. When he had sold these to advantage he flung the money about so recklessly as to convince some of those who got part of it, it had been easily come by. Possibly in the hope of receiving more, they sounded the stripling, found him ripe for any villany, then let him know the names of all those within a scope of a hundred miles who inclined, as they delicately phrased it, to "speculation."

Young Murrell was not long in finding them out. For the next two or three years he held a sort of roving commission, which made him free of all the small gangs, though a pledged member of none. He was here, there, everywhere. Gradually the unformed outlawry took on a certain coherence. By time he was twenty he had shaped tentatively the famous clan. It was not until something like seven years later that he had it in full operation.

So far he had done nothing more desperate than to steal horses and dispose of property which he knew had been taken from murdered men. He was of a temperament strongly alive, with every sense shrieking aloud for the fullest gratification. He was tall, bold-eyed, beetle-browed, with yet that inborn indescribable something which marks the man other men cannot choose but obey. The horse business was flourishing as it had never flourished before. He had established regular stations from the Ohio River southward to Louisiana and Georgia. A beast stolen to-night was carried as far as possible before daylight, then stabled snugly until darkness came again, when it went on to the next station. Thus no man was out of place so long as to give ill-natured folk a peg upon which to hang suspicion. When the animal had reached a safe distance it was rested and rubbed into the pink of condition before it was offered for sale.

Murrell did much of the selling. One day he set out with a companion for North Georgia, each of them riding one fine horse and leading another. Three days after they fell in with a young Carolinian, named Crenshaw, who had come up to Tennessee to buy meat for his plantation. But pork was so high, he said, he was going back as he had come. Murrell and his comrade looked at each other and made a significant flip of the hand. A little later they managed to ride one on either side of him. Murrell's whip had a pound of lead in the butt. He struck Crenshaw with it full in the temple. The man fell dead without a groan. The outlaws rifled his belt, finding twelve hundred dollars in gold there, tossed his body over the nearest bluff—they were well within the mountains—then divided his handsome clothes between them, and drew lots for the horse, a fine beast worth fully two hundred dollars.

Murrell's comrade put on the boots from the dead man's feet; then they faced about and headed for Selma, Alabama. Two riotous weeks there sufficed

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to empty their pockets and send them back to Tennessee for means of filling them. Murrell throughout his career held to this murderous precedent. "You can't afford to rob if you keep any scruple against killing the man you rob," he said later to an associate who had developed an unsafe quality of mercy. First and last he is said to have killed with his own hand above forty men, though later he held himself ostentatiously aloof from the robberies he planned.

After the return from Selma some months of intermittent stealing ended in his capture red-handed while making off with the favorite blood-mare of a rich and irascible breeder. He swore to have the law—and got it. Murrell was sent to the penitentiary for the term of three years. He spent them studying the Bible, medicine, and the criminal laws of the slave States. When his time was up he came out with a new determination. It was to go in for negro-stealing, as being much more profitable and very much less risky than the horse-stealing which had brought him to grief.

His plan was admirably simple. He would fraternize secretly with the blacks, eat with them, and drink from the same whiskey-flask, making them drink first. After that nothing could shake their belief in him. He would inflame them against their owners, and persuade them to run away, telling them that he would take them to the far South, sell them half a dozen times to as many separate owners, then land them safe in a free State, and give them half the money they had fetched to begin the new life.

It was a magnificent scheme. In the whole alluvial region betwixt Cairo and the Gulf men were eagerly establishing new plantations or enlarging the borders of old ones. Sound and likely negroes sold well there. It was no unusual thing for a planter to buy ten or twenty stout fellows at once if the cotton or the sugar-cane promised an unusual yield. Such purchases were paid for with a draft on the factor in New Orleans, who honored it without looking at much more than the signature. But negroes bought by ones and twos were paid for in cash. In every considerable plantation-house there were bags of coin for just such bargainings.

Another point was the comparative safety of it. The law laid a heavy hand upon whosoever enticed away a slave from his master, but if the slave had left and the master gave public notice of it, offering a reward for his apprehension, that same law empowered any white man to seize him, as attorney for the owner. The seizer, if found with the slave in his possession, could plead that it was for the purpose of returning him to his owner. Or even if it was shown that he had sold the slave, it was only a misdemeanor—wrongful conversion of property—for which the owner's recourse was a civil action, not a criminal one.

Murrell's first essay of it was soon made. In company with a younger brother he went into West Tennessee, and soon decoyed away a slave family—father, mother, two sons, and a daughter. He chose his new theatre of operations well. The famous Natchez Trace ran not far away. Plenty of speculative innkeepers dotted its length. One of them, Grinder by name, was thought to have murdered and robbed Captain Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark survey. There were hints of suicide, so Grinder went unpunished. Among his close neighbors, living the matter of ten or twenty miles away, there was not the slightest doubt as to the deep damnation of poor Lewis's taking off.

West Tennessee lies between the Mississippi River and the lower Tennessee. It is part of the great Mississippi bottom, full of sand, cypress swamps, canebrakes, bayous, low-lying lakes, and stretches of the heaviest timber. Any stream-side would furnish a poplar or cottonwood from which a dugout could be shaped big enough to carry a dozen. In just such a vessel, when at last they got to the great river, the Murrells and their victims drifted down to Louisiana. By time they had passed Baton Rouge the old negro became very suspicious. He teased Murrell with questions as to how they were to get safe back up stream to the land of freedom. And was Marse Murrell shore, right shore, he would ever take dese niggars dar? Murrell swore he would, and proposed that they stop at an island just ahead, camp for the night, and catch fish for supper.

After landing, upon pretence of showing the doubter where to fish, Murrell took him around the head of the island, cut his throat, tossed him into the river, then plunged in himself, swam out, and made his way to camp with a story of

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drowning and attempted rescue. If the other negroes doubted it, they were too much afraid of him to let it be seen. It was not long before he had sold the family in New Orleans for rising three thousand dollars. In a week he had them back — took them into one of the upper parishes and sold them over again. But somehow suspicion was aroused, so when they ran away to him the third time he thought it best to take them over the line into Texas, then still a Mexican province.

From Texas, Murrell made his way to South America, with the intention, as he afterward said, of fomenting a negro rising which should make him fabulously rich. Settling in a village, he gave out that he was a doctor who had come from North America through philanthropic motives. The parish priest was much taken with him, gave him a lodging in his house, and hoped to convert him to Mother Church. His protégé had another thought. He was finding the Spaniards inconveniently suspicious, and more inconveniently handy with their weapons. So one day when the priest let him see certain parish money he did not think twice before slitting the good man's throat and making off with a thousand dollars in gold. To his exceeding regret, most of the money was silver—hence too heavy for a man who had need to move quickly.

Once back in New Orleans, he found a speculative companion by whose help it was easy to spend the priest's treasure in a week. The two dressed, drank, dined, like princes undisguised. As a result they found themselves halted late one night by a brace of determined-looking fellows who asked for their purses, and by way of emphasis showed some wicked-looking pistols.

Murrell gave up his wallet, saying, with an oath, "I was never so glad in my life as now to meet one of my own sort." The robbers were not to be outdone.

"I never," said their leader, "can bring myself to take anything but kindness from a gentleman in my own way of life." The end was that the four went on to a sort of outlaws' headquarters, where, said Murrell, in telling of it later, "they put me in the way of finding out every man of any mettle in our way of business throughout the Southern country, the Mississippi towns, and the larger Western cities."

Soon, with some dozen or twenty strong spirits, he had perfected the clan of which earlier he had but talked. It was to be a secret organization, oath-bound, with grips, signs, and passwords. Murrell was to be the supreme head. Next to him came the grand councillors. Lowest of all were the "strikers," who were to know nothing beyond the work committed to their hands. Each member bound himself in a bond of death to do whatever was ordered by the council or the head. He agreed likewise to help a fellow-outlaw in any way possible, to bear witness for him, to succor his extremity, to let nothing come between him and the duty he owed to the clan.

Like Draco, the clan had but one punishment. Disobedience, failure, treachery, alike meant death. Primarily its purpose was robbery, with incidental murder. Later, Murrell shaped it to something more comprehensive and a hundred times more deadly.

This was nothing less than a servile insurrection, which should embrace the whole South country. To this complexion had the hate of the ruling class, sucked with his mother's milk, been tempered in the passion-fires of his unbridled existence. For the slaves themselves or their condition he cared not a rap. They were nothing save things that might be stolen and sold at a profit. But through them he hoped to set the hated social order rocking to a fall. It mattered nothing whatever if innocent women and children of his own race were given over to frenzied rapine, if the rivers ran blood, if the blacks themselves were sent to certain torture. He would have a chance to loot such as no robber ever had before, of revenge on those whose unlikeness to him was an affront.

He left New Orleans on foot, fully resolved to mount himself well so soon as he should come up with a well-to-do traveller. Such a one overtook him in the first day's journey. As he halted at a creek to water his horse, Murrell dragged him from the saddle, put a pistol to his head, and ordered him to walk some hundred yards up stream. Then he bade the stranger undress, as his clothes were new and fine. The man, who was unarmed, obeyed, asking only for time to pray. As he knelt almost naked upon the bank of

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the stream, Murrell shot him, disembowelled him so the corpse would not rise, then tumbled him into the water, dressed himself anew in the dead man's apparel, mounted his horse, and rode off, with five hundred dollars of good money in his pocket that was not there when he set out.

Further adventure befell him before he reached Tennessee. Riding the Natchez Trace, there came up with him a young Kentuckian, very showily dressed and well mounted. He had a fine thick ring, an effulgent watch-chain, and talked nervously of his fear of robbers and robbery. "He was a prize, if they did but know it," he said. "He had the price of twenty negroes just sold in Louisiana safe in his wallet." Naturally Murrell "thought he would like to count his money for him." Under pretence of seeking a spring, he lured the Kentuckian from the road, shot him, and began to go through his pockets. The wallet was there right enough, and fat enough, yet proved to be stuffed full of blank paper. In one pocket there was four dollars and a half in silver; and though the ring was of gold, the watch-chain had only a bit of brass at the end.

Murrell was naturally disgusted at such duplicity, but kept on with his plan. He did not rest till he had gone to Cincinnati, thence to Lexington, to Richmond, to Charleston, to Milledgeville, thence home to the old stamping-ground in Williamson County. The trip had taken nearly two years. In the course of it he had "robbed and murdered only eleven men, but preached a great number of mighty fine sermons."

That was a favorite trick of his, caught from one of his first adherents, a divinity student of excellent family. When he had married and settled in Madison County, West Tennessee, he went far and wide during the season of revivals, preaching with power, and what his hearers took for the witness of the spirit. He had by this time got beyond putting his own hand to anything short of murder or the decoying away of slaves. It was his habit, though, upon these preaching tours, to look over the horses upon which the congregation rode to hear him, and to indicate to the local strikers which of them were best worth stealing while he was delivering his next discourse. Passing counterfeit money was another diversion of his ecclesiastical episodes. Nobody, of course, would accept pay from a visiting minister for food or lodging, or any such small matter. Then the brother would say confidentially that it had really relieved him from an appearance of false pretence; he had only twenty or fifty dollar bills, and censorious people would declare he had no wish to pay, or he would not offer what it was so difficult to change. Could his dear generous brother change one of those inconvenient notes? Always the brother managed it somehow, and found himself out of pocket by that amount.

It is passing strange that a mind which could plan colossal villany could stoop to thievery so petty. The Murrell clan grew apace. It had near twelve hundred active members enrolled, besides twice that number who knew the grips and purposes of the band, and stood ready to help it as occasion served. Many of these were officers of the law — it was even hinted that a judge or two had the closest affiliation. The clan was strong in every one of the old slave States. Its operations had been so systematized as to reach the level of business. Negro-stealing was famously profitable. The clan had a rendezvous in the swamps on the west bank of the Mississippi, some way from the Chickasaw Bluffs, upon which the city of Memphis now stands. The retreat was an island with an enormous cottonwood in the centre. It was called the Garden of Eden, and offered secure asylum to any of the band in need of it. Sometimes the Grand Council met there. Always it was the hiding-place of the stolen blacks, until such a number of them had been gathered as would load a flat-boat for the Louisiana market or that of the Yazoo delta.

The gathering was not difficult, since many of the strikers had got to be overseers on the big plantations. When they had persuaded a half-dozen slaves to run away they would raise a quarrel with them, threaten to lash them; then, when the blacks were in the woods, lead pursuit in a way exactly opposite to that which it was known they were taking, safe in the depths of a peddler's covered wagon. Of course some other striker drove it, and delivered his human freight to his next neighbor, who passed it along.

Other strikers bought small herds of mustang ponies, and turned them loose in the plantation country, so as to give

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themselves the excuse of horse-hunting for speech with the slaves. Each of the stolen blacks was sold from two to a dozen times. Those who grew rebellious were summarily silenced with a knife across the throat. The more tractable were abandoned to their fate whenever it smelled of danger to transfer them to a new owner.

Money came to the clan in lumps, yet no man in it was visibly wealthy. Murrell wanted money, yet more money—men, yet more men—for his darling scheme. For eight years he drove relentlessly towards it, burying pots of coin here and there, buying arms and secreting them, sending his emissaries hither and yon among the blacks to discover the boldest, the most vicious, the most discontented.

To these, when found, it was whispered that all the blacks everywhere were banded to strike for liberty upon Christmas day, 1835. They were told, too, of people over the sea and in the free States who would come to help them against their masters the minute the slaves showed that they truly wished to be free. Further, there were white men close at hand to help in the work of killing the slave-owners. Then, after the slave had been sufficiently inflamed and terrified, he was made to swear before the picture of a fearful imaginary demon that he would never betray what had been told him, and that he would be ready when the signal came to kill and spare not. He was also to sow sedition among his fellows, using caution as to whom he talked with. Many of them, it was known, would die for their masters—and they were to be the first to suffer in the rising.

"The blacks will be cut down in the end," said Murrell. "I look for nothing else. But with the clan everywhere at their back it will be a tedious job and bloody. And while it lasts—in the first day, in fact—we may gather to ourselves the wealth of a kingdom. I myself shall head the rising at New Orleans. It is my ambition to sack the city that Old Hickory saved. If the confusion lasts but three days, we can afford to quit this country for good. I would cheerfully be hanged, if they should manage to catch me, knowing I had brought those damned aristocrats lower than ever they held me."

The clan was nobly catholic in the matter of nativity. It had members from all lands. The sprinkle of New-Englanders were strongly suspected of having been pirates as well as sailors. By Murrell's orders they made themselves gin-wrights, located in the cotton country, and became blatantly pro-slavery. Some of them bought slaves with clan money, instructed them in the clan purposes, and set them to work among their fellows. Beyond question all the slave communities hung trembling on the edge of rapine, murder, unimaginable ills. Murrell's insurrection was far and away the most serious menace ever caused by slavery to the orderly existence of those who practised it.

Luckily it never came to pass. A new recruit to whom Murrell unbosomed himself in the spring of 1834 proved to be a man upon his trail. He had managed adroitly to gain the robber chief's confidence, to penetrate to the Garden of Eden, and be admitted a full councillor. Nevertheless, when he had secured Murrell's arrest, it was more than problematic if he could also convict him. For every crime confessed which he could bring against the outlaw the clan had twenty witnesses to prove him innocent, his accuser guilty. Besides, though judge and jury were reasonably brave men, they were men only, who knew enough of the clan's power to have dread of its vengeance.

Notwithstanding, after escape and recapture, Murrell was convicted of negro-stealing, and sentenced to ten years in the Nashville Penitentiary. There he died, some time before the expiry of his sentence. The clan had died earlier, though there were those in it who tried to keep up the organization. It melted away like snow in sunshine. What became of its accumulated treasure was never certainly known. Murrell alone knew all of its hiding-places; but it is safe to guess others had a shrewd inkling as to where much of it might be found. Certainly within the next ten years men here and there in the Southwest prospered amazingly. Some of their descendants live to this day in peace and plenty. Yet those who keep the run of provincial history speak of them with a certain reserve. They are nice enough people—oh yes—but stock counts for so much—and it's strongly suspected that the grandfather was a Murrell man.

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"WARM FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR."

ONE GOOD TIME.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

RICHARD STONE was nearly seventy-five years old when he died, his wife was over sixty, and his daughter Narcissa past middle age. Narcissa Stone had been very pretty, and would have been pretty still had it not been for those lines, as distinctly garrulous of discontent and worry as any words of mouth, which come so easily in the face of a nervous, delicate-skinned woman. They were around Narcissa's blue eyes, her firmly closed lips, her thin nose; a frown like a crying repetition of some old anxiety and indecision was on her forehead; and she had turned her long neck so much to look over her shoulder for new troubles on her track that the lines of fearful expectation had settled there. Narcissa had yet her beautiful thick hair, which the people in the village had never quite liked because it was red, her cheeks were still pink, and she stooped only a little from her slender height when she walked. Some people said that Narcissa Stone would be quite good-looking now if she had a decent dress and bonnet. Neither she nor her mother had any clothes which were not deemed shabby, even by the humbly attired women in the little mountain village. "Mis' Richard Stone, she 'ain't had a new silk dress since Narcissa was born," they said; "and as for Narcissa, she 'ain't never had anything that looked fit to wear to meeting."

When Richard Stone died, people wondered if his widow and Narcissa would not have something new. Mrs. Nathan Wheat, who was a third cousin to Richard Stone, went, the day before the funeral, a half-mile down the brook road to see Hannah Turbin, the dressmaker. The road was little travelled; she walked through an undergrowth of late autumn flowers, and when she reached the Turbins' house her black thibet gown was gold-powdered and white-flecked to the knees with pollen and winged seeds of passed flowers.

Hannah Turbin's arm, brown and wrinkled like a monkey's, in its woollen sleeve, described arcs of jerky energy past the window, and never ceased when Mrs. Wheat came up the path and entered the house. Hannah herself scarcely raised her seamy brown face from her work.

"Good-afternoon," said Mrs. Wheat.

Hannah nodded. "Good-afternoon," she responded then, as if words were an after-thought.

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Mrs. Wheat shook her black skirts vigorously. "I'm all over dust from them yaller weeds," said she. "Well, I don't care about this old thibet." She pulled a rocking-chair forward and seated herself. "Warm for this time of year," said she.

Hannah drew her thread through her work. "Yes, 'tis," she returned, with a certain pucker of scorn, as if the utter foolishness of allusions to obvious conditions of nature struck her. Hannah Turbin was not a favorite in the village, but she was credited with having much common-sense, and people held her in somewhat distant respect.

"Guess it's Injun summer," remarked Mrs. Wheat.

Hannah Turbin said nothing at all to that. Mrs. Wheat cast furtive glances around the room as she swayed in her rocking-chair. Everything was very tidy, and there were few indications of its owner's calling. A number of fashion papers were neatly piled on a bureau in the corner, and some nicely folded breadths of silk lay beside them. There was not a scrap or shred of cloth upon the floor; not a thread, even. Hannah was basting a brown silk basque. Mrs. Wheat could see nowhere the slightest evidence of what she had come to ascertain, so was finally driven to inquiry, still, however, by devious windings.

"Seems sad about Richard," she said.

"Yes," returned Hannah, with a sudden contraction of her brown face, which seemed to flash a light over a recollection in Mrs. Wheat's mind. She remembered that there was a time, years ago, when Richard Stone had paid some attention to Hannah Turbin, and people had thought he might marry her instead of Jane Basset. However, it had happened so long ago that she did not really believe that Hannah dwelt upon it, and it faded immediately from her own mind.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "it is a happy release, after all, he's been such a sufferer so long. It's better for him, and it's better for Jane and Narcissa. He's left 'em comfortable; they've got the farm, and his life's insured, you know. Besides, I suppose Narcissa 'll marry William Crane now. Most likely they'll rent the farm, and Jane will go and live with Narcissa when she's married. I want to know—"

Hannah Turbin sewed.

"I was wondering," continued Mrs. Wheat, "if Jane and Narcissa wasn't going to have some new black dresses for the funeral. They 'ain't got a thing that's fit to wear, I know. I don't suppose they've got much money on hand now except what little Richard saved up for his funeral expenses. I know he had a little for that because he told me so, but the life-insurance is coming in, and anybody would trust them. There's a nice piece of black cashmere down to the store, a dollar a yard. I didn't know but they'd get dresses off it; but Jane she never tells me anything—anybody 'd think she might, seeing as I was poor Richard's cousin; and as for Narcissa, she's as close as her mother."

Hannah Turbin sewed.

"'Ain't Jane and Narcissa said anything to you about making them any new black dresses to wear to the funeral?" asked Mrs. Wheat, with desperate directness.

"No, they 'ain't," replied Hannah Turbin.

"Well, then, all I've got to say is they'd ought to be ashamed of themselves. There they've got fourteen if not fifteen hundred dollars coming in from poor Richard's insurance money, and they ain't even going to get decent clothes to wear to his funeral out of it. They 'ain't made any plans for new bonnets, I know. It ain't showing proper respect to the poor man. Don't you say so?"

"I suppose folks are their own best judges," said Hannah Turbin, in her conclusive, half-surly fashion, which intimidated most of her neighbors. Mrs. Wheat did not stay much longer. When she went home through the ghostly weeds and grasses of the country road she was almost as indignant with Hannah Turbin as with Jane Stone and Narcissa. "Never saw anybody so close in my life," said she to herself. "Needn't talk if she don't want to. Dun'no' as thar's any harm in my wanting to know if my own third cousin is going to have mourning wore for him."

Mrs. Wheat, when she reached home, got a black shawl which had belonged to her mother out of the chest, where it had lain in camphor, and hung it on the clothesline to air. She also removed a spray of bright velvet flowers from her bonnet, and sewed in its place a black ostrich feather. She found an old crape veil too, and steam-

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ed it into stiffness. "I'm going to go to that funeral looking decent, if his own wife and daughter ain't," she told her husband.

"If I wa'n't along, folks would take you for the widder," said Nathan Wheat, with a chuckle. Nathan Wheat was rather inclined to be facetious with his wife.

However, Mrs. Wheat was not the only person who attended poor Richard Stone's funeral in suitable attire. Hannah Turbin was black from head to foot; the material, it is true, was not of the conventional mourning kind, but the color was. She wore a black silk gown, a black ladies'-cloth mantle, a black velvet bonnet trimmed with black flowers, and a black lace veil.

"Hannah Turbin looked as if she was dressed in second mourning," Mrs. Wheat said to her husband after the funeral. "I should have thought she'd most have worn some color, seeing as some folks might remember she was disappointed about Richard Stone; but, anyway, it was better than to go looking the way Jane and Narcissa did. There was Jane in that old brown dress, and Narcissa in her green, with a blue flower in her bonnet. I think it was dreadful, and poor Richard leaving them all that money through his dying, too."



"THERE WAS JANE IN THAT OLD BROWN DRESS, AND NARCISSA IN HER GREEN."

In truth, all the village was scandalized at the strange attire of the widow and daughter of Richard Stone at his funeral, except William Crane. He could not have told what Mrs. Stone wore, through scarcely admitting her in any guise into his inmost consciousness, and as for Narcissa, he admitted her so fully that he could not see her robes at all in such a dazzlement of vision.

"William Crane never took his eyes off Narcissa Stone all through the funeral; shouldn't be surprised if he married her in a month or six weeks," people said.

William Crane took Jane and Narcissa to the grave in his covered wagon, keeping his old white horse at a decorous jog behind the hearse in the little funeral procession, and people noted that. They wondered if he would go over to the Stones' that evening, and watched, but he did not. He left the mother and daughter to their closer communion of grief that night, but the next the neighbors saw him in his best suit going down the road before dark. "Must have done up his chores early to get started soon as this," they said.

William Crane was about Narcissa's age, but he looked older. His gait was shuffling, his hair scanty and gray, and, moreover, he had that expression of patience which comes only from long abiding, both of body and soul. He went through the south yard to the side door of the house, stepping between the rocks. The yard abounded in mossy slopes of half-sunken rocks, as did the entire farm. Folks often remarked of Richard Stone's place, as well as himself, "Stone by name, and stone by nature." Underneath nearly all his fields, cropping plentifully to the surface, were rock ledges. The grass could be mown only by hand. As for

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this south yard, it required skilful manœuvring to drive a team through it. When William Crane knocked that evening, Narcissa opened the door. "Oh, it's you!" she said. "How do you do?"

"How do you do, Narcissa?" William responded, and walked in. He could have kissed his old love in the gloom of the little entry, but he did not think of that. He looked at her anxiously with his soft, patient eyes. "How are you gettin' on?" he asked.

"Well as can be expected," replied Narcissa.

"How's your mother?"

"She's well as can be expected."

William followed Narcissa, who led the way, not into the parlor, as he had hoped, but into the kitchen. The kitchen's great interior of smoky gloom was very familiar to him, but to-night it looked strange. For one thing, the armchair to which Richard Stone had been bound with his rheumatism for the last fifteen years was vacant, and pushed away into a corner. William looked at it, and it seemed to him that he must see the crooked, stern old figure in it, and hear again the peremptory tap of the stick which he kept always at his side to summon assistance. After his first involuntary glance at the dead man's chair, William saw his widow coming forward out of her bedroom with a great quilt over her arm.

"Good-evenin', William," she said, with faint melancholy, then lapsed into feeble weeping.

"Now, mother, you said you wouldn't; you know it don't do any good, and you'll be sick," Narcissa cried out, impatiently.

"I know it, Narcissa, but I can't help it, I can't. I'm dreadful upset! Oh, William, I'm dreadful upset! It ain't his death alone—it's—"

"Mother, I'd rather tell him myself," interrupted Narcissa. She took the quilt from her mother, and drew the rocking-chair toward her. "Do sit down and keep calm, mother," said she.

But it was not easy for the older woman, in her bewilderment of grief and change, to keep calm.

"Oh, William, do you know what we're goin' to do?" she wailed, yet seating herself obediently in the rocking-chair. "We're goin' to New York. Narcissa says so. We're goin' to take the insurance money, when we get it, an' we're goin' to New York. I tell her we hadn't ought to, but she won't listen to it! There's the trunk. Look at there, William! She dragged it down from the garret this forenoon. Look at there, William!"

William's startled eyes followed the direction of Mrs. Stone's quavering index finger, and saw a great ancient trunk, lined with blue and white wall-paper, standing open against the opposite wall.

"She dragged it down from the garret this forenoon," continued Mrs. Stone, in the same tone of unfaltering tragedy, while Narcissa, her delicate lips pursed tightly, folded up the bedquilt which her mother had brought. "It bumped so hard on those garret stairs I thought she'd break it, or fall herself, but she wouldn't let me help her. Then she cleaned it, an' made some paste, an' lined it with some of the parlor paper. There ain't any key to it—I never remember none. The trunk was in this house when I come here. Richard had it when he went West before we were married. Narcissa she says she is goin' to tie it up with the clothes-line. William, can't you talk to her? Seems to me I can't go to New York nohow."

William turned then to Narcissa, who was laying the folded bedquilt in the trunk. He looked pale and bewildered, and his voice trembled when he spoke. "This ain't true, is it, Narcissa?" he said.

"Yes, it is," she replied, shortly, still bending over the trunk.

"We ain't goin' for a month," interposed her mother again; "we can't get the insurance money before then, Lawyer Maxham says; but she says she's goin' to have the trunk standin' there, an' put things in when she thinks of it, so she won't forgit nothin'. She says we'd better take one bedquilt with us, in case they don't have 'nough clothes on the bed. We've got to stay to a hotel. Oh, William, can't you say anything to stop her?"

"This ain't true, Narcissa?" William repeated, helplessly.

Narcissa raised herself and faced him. Her cheeks were red, her blue eyes glowing, her hair tossing over her temples in loose waves. She looked as she had when he first courted her. "Yes, it is, William Crane," she cried. "Yes, it is."

William looked at her so strangely and piteously that she softened a little. "I've

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got my reasons," said she. "Maybe I owe it to you to tell them. I suppose you were expecting something different." She hesitated a minute, looking at her mother, who cried out again:

"Oh, William, say somethin' to stop her! Can't you say somethin' to stop her?"

Then Narcissa motioned to him resolutely. "Come into the parlor, William," said she, and he followed her out across the entry. The parlor was chilly; the chairs stood as they had done at the funeral, primly against the walls glimmering faintly in the dusk with blue and white paper like the trunk lining. Narcissa stood before William and talked with feverish haste. "I'm going," said she—"I'm going to take that money and go with mother to New York, and you mustn't try to stop me, William. I know what you've been expecting. I know, now father's gone, you think there ain't anything to hinder our getting married; you think we'll rent this house, and mother and me will settle down in yours for the rest of our lives. I know you ain't counting on that insurance money; it ain't like you."

"The Lord knows it ain't, Narcissa," William broke out with pathetic pride.

"I know that as well as you do. You thought we'd put it in the bank for a rainy day, in case mother got feeble, or anything, and that is all you did think. Maybe I'd ought to. I s'pose I had, but I ain't going to. I 'ain't never done anything my whole life that I thought I ought not to do, but now I'm goin' to. I'm going to if it's wicked. I've made up my mind. I 'ain't never had one good time in my whole life, and now I'm going to, even if I have to suffer for it afterwards.

"I 'ain't never had anything like other women. I've never had any clothes nor gone anywhere. I've just staid at home here and drudged. I've done a man's work on the farm. I've milked and made butter and cheese; I've waited on father; I've got up early and gone to bed late. I've just drudged, drudged, ever since I can remember. I don't know anything about the world nor life. I don't know anything but my own old tracks, and—I'm going to get out of them for a while, whether or no."

"How long are you calculating to stay?"

"I don't know."

"I've been thinking," said William, "I'd have some new gilt paper on the sitting-room at my house, and a new stove in the kitchen. I thought—"

"I know what you thought," interrupted Narcissa, still trembling and glowing with nervous fervor. "And you're real good, William. It ain't many men would have waited for me as you've done, when father wouldn't let me get married as long as he lived. I know by good rights I hadn't ought to keep you waiting, but I'm going to, and it ain't because I don't think enough of you—it ain't that; I can't help it. If you give up having me at all, if you think you'd rather marry somebody else, I can't help it; I won't blame you—"

"Maybe you want me to, Narcissa," said William, with a sad dignity. "If you do, if you want to get rid of me, if that's it—"

Narcissa started. "That ain't it," said she. She hesitated, and added, with formal embarrassment—she had the usual reticence of a New England village woman about expressions of affection, and had never even told her lover in actual words that she loved him—"My feelings toward you are the same as they have always been, William."

It was almost dark in the parlor. They could see only each other's faces gleaming as with pale light. "It would be a blow to me if I thought they wa'n't, Narcissa," William returned, simply.

"They are."

William put his arm around her waist, and they stood close together for a moment. He stroked back her tumbled red hair with clumsy tenderness. "You have had a hard time, Narcissa," he whispered, brokenly. "If you want to go, I ain't going to say anything against it. I ain't going to deny I'm kind of disappointed. I've been living alone so long, and I feel kind of sore sometimes with waitin', but—"

"I shouldn't make you any kind of a wife if I married you now, without waiting," Narcissa said, in a voice at once stern and tender. She stood apart from him, and put up her own hand with a sort of involuntary maiden primness to smooth her hair where his had stroked it awry. "If," she went on, "I had to settle down in your house, as I have done in father's, and see the years stretching ahead like a long road without any turn,

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and nothing but the same old dog-trot of washing and ironing and scrubbing and cooking and sewing and washing dishes till I drop into my grave, I should hate you, William Crane."

"I could fetch an' carry all the water for the washin', Narcissa, and I could wash the dishes," said William, with humble beseeching.

"It ain't that. I know you'd do all you could. It's— Oh, William! I've got to have a break; I've got to have one good time. I—like you, and—I liked father; but love ain't enough sometimes when it ties anybody. Everybody has got their own feet and their own wanting to use 'em, and sometimes when love comes in the way of that, it ain't anything but a dead wall. Once we had a black heifer that would jump all the walls; we had to sell her. She always made me think of myself. I tell you, William, I've got to jump my wall, and I've got to have one good time."

William Crane nodded his gray head in patient acquiescence. His forehead was knitted helplessly; he could not in the least understand what his sweetheart meant; in her present mood she was in altogether a foreign language for him, but still the unintelligible sound of her was sweet as a song to his ears. This poor village lover had at least gained the crown of absolute faith through his weary years of waiting; the woman he loved was still a star, and her rays not yet resolved into human reachings and graspings.

"How long do you calculate to be gone, Narcissa?" he asked again.

"I don't know," she replied. "Fifteen hundred dollars is a good deal of money. I s'pose it 'll take us quite a while to spend it, even if we ain't very saving."

"You ain't goin' to spend it all, Narcissa!" William gave a little dismayed gasp in spite of himself.

"Land, no! we couldn't, unless we staid three years, an' I ain't calculating to be gone as long as that. I'm going to bring home what we don't want, and put it in the bank; but—I shouldn't be surprised if it took 'most a year to spend what I've laid out to."

"'Most a year!"

"Yes; I've got to buy us both new clothes for one thing. We 'ain't neither of us got anything fit to wear, and 'ain't had for years. We didn't go to the funeral lookin' decent, and I know folks talked. Mother felt bad about it, but I couldn't help it. I wa'n't goin' to lay out money foolish and get things here when I was going to New York and could have others the way they ought to be. I'm going to buy us some jewelry too; I 'ain't never had a good breastpin even; and as for mother, father never even bought her a ring when they were married. I ain't saying anything against him; it wa'n't the fashion so much in those days."

"I was calculatin'—" William stammered, blushing. "I always meant to, Narcissa."

"Yes, I know you have; but you mustn't lay out too much on it, and I don't care anything about a stone ring—just a plain gold one. There's another thing I'm going to have, too, an' that's a gold watch. I've wanted one all my life."

"Mebbe—" began William, painfully.

"No!" cried Narcissa, peremptorily. "I don't want you to buy me one. I 'ain't ever thought of it. I'm going to buy it myself. I'm going to buy mother a real cashmere shawl, too, like the one that New York lady had that came to visit Lawyer Maxham's wife. I've got a list of things written down on paper. I guess I'll have to buy another trunk in New York to put them in."

"Well," said William, with a great sigh, "I guess I'd better be goin'. I hope you'll have as good a time as you're countin' on, Narcissa."

"It's the first good time I ever did count on, and I'd ought to," said Narcissa. "I'm going to take mother to the theatre, too. I don't know but it's wicked, but I'm going to." Narcissa fluttered out of the parlor and William shuffled after her. He would not go into the kitchen again.

"Well, good-night," said Narcissa, and William also said good-night, with another heavy sigh. "Look out for them rocks going out of the yard, an' don't tumble over 'em," she called after him.

"I'm used to 'em," he answered back, sadly, from the darkness.

Narcissa shut and bolted the door. "He don't like it; he feels real bad about it; but I can't help it—I'm going."

Through the next few weeks Narcissa Stone's face looked strange to those who had known her from childhood. While the features were the same, her soul informed them with a new purpose, which

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overlighted all the old ones of her life, and even the simple village folks saw the effect, though with no understanding. Soon the news that Narcissa and her mother were going to New York was abroad. On the morning they started, in the three-seated open wagon which served as stage to connect the little village with the railroad ten miles away, all the windows were set with furtively peering faces.

"There they go," the women told one another. "Narcissa and her mother an' the trunk. Wonder if Narcissa's got that money put away safe? They're wearin' the same old clothes. S'pose we sha'n't know 'em when they get back. Heard they was goin' to stay a year. Guess old Mr. Stone would rise up in his grave if he knew it. Lizzy saw William Crane a-helpin' Narcissa h'ist the trunk out ready for the stage. I wouldn't stan' it if I was him. Ten chances to one Narcissa 'll pick up somebody down to New York, with all that money. She's good-lookin', and she looks better since her father died."

Narcissa, riding out of her native village to those unknown fields in which her imagination had laid the scene of the one good time of her life, regarded nothing around her. She sat straight, her slender body resisting stiffly the jolt of the stage. She said not a word, but looked ahead with shining eyes. Her mother wept, a fold of her old shawl before her face. Now and then she lamented aloud, but softly, lest the driver hear. "Goin' away from the place where I was born an' married, an' have lived ever since I knew anything, to stay a year. I can't stan' it, I can't."

"Hush, mother! You'll have a real good time."

"No, I sha'n't, I sha'n't. Goin'—to stay a whole—year. I—can't, nohow."

"S'pose we sha'n't see you back in these parts for some time," the stage-driver said, when he helped them out at the railroad station. He was an old man, and had known Narcissa since her childhood.

"Most likely not," she replied. Her mother's face was quite stiff with repressed emotion when the stage-driver lifted her out. She did not want him to report in the village that she was crying when she started for New York. She had some pride in spite of her distress.

"Well, I'll be on the lookout for ye a year from to-day," said the stage-driver, with a jocular twist of his face. There were no passengers for his village on the in-coming train, so he had to drive home alone through the melancholy autumn woods. The sky hung low with pale freezing clouds; over everything was that strange hush which prevails before snow. The old stage-driver, holding the reins loosely over his tramping team, settled forward with elbows on his knees, and old brows bent with aimless brooding. Over and over again his brain worked the thought, like a peaceful cud of contemplation. "They're goin' to be gone a year. Narcissa Stone an' her mother are goin' to be gone a year, afore I'll drive 'em home."

So little imagination had the routine of his life fostered that he speculated not, even upon the possible weather of that far-off day, or the chances of his living to see it. It was simply, "They're goin' to be gone a year afore I'll drive 'em home."

So fixed was his mind upon that one outcome of the situation that when Narcissa and her mother reappeared in less than one week—in six days—he could not for a moment bring himself intelligently to bear upon it. The old stage-driver may have grown something like his own horses through his long sojourn in their company, and his intelligence, like theirs, been given to only the halts and gaits of its first breaking.

For a second he had a bewildered feeling that time had flown fast, that a week was a year. Everybody in the village had said the travellers would not return for a year. He hoisted the ancient paper-lined trunk into his stage, then a fine new one, nailed and clamped with shining brass, then a number of packages, all the time with puzzled eyes askant upon Narcissa and her mother. He would scarcely have known them, as far as their dress was concerned. Mrs. Stone wore a fine black satin gown; her perturbed old face looked out of luxurious environments of fur and lace and rich black plumage. As for Narcissa, she was almost regal. The old stage-driver backed and ducked awkwardly, as if she were a stranger, when she approached. Her fine skirts flared imposingly, and rustled with unseen silk; her slender shoulders were made shapely by the graceful spread of rich fur, her red hair shone under a hat fit for a princess, and there was about her a faint perfume of violets which made the stage-driver gaze confusedly at the snowy

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ground under the trees when they had started on the homeward road. "Seems as if I smelt posies, but I know there ain't none hereabouts this time of year," he remarked, finally, in a tone of mild ingratiation, as if more to himself than to his passengers.

"It's some perfumery Narcissa's got on her pocket-handkerchief that she bought in New York," said Mrs. Stone, with a sort of sad pride. She looked worn and bewildered, ready to weep at the sight of familiar things, and yet distinctly superior to all such weakness. As for Narcissa, she looked like a child thrilled with scared triumph at getting its own way, who rejoices even in the midst of correction at its own assertion of freedom.

"That so?" said the stage-driver, admiringly. Then he added, doubtfully, bringing one white-browed eye to bear over his shoulder, "Didn't stay quite so long as you calculated on?"

"No, we didn't," replied Narcissa, calmly. She nudged her mother with a stealthy firm elbow, and her mother understood well that she was to maintain silence.

"I ain't going to tell a living soul about it but William Crane; I owe it to him," Narcissa had said to her mother before they started on their homeward journey. "The other folks sha'n't know. They can guess and surmise all they want to, but they sha'n't know. I sha'n't tell; and William, he's as close-mouthed as a rock; and as for you, mother, you always did know enough to hold your tongue when you made up your mind to it."

Mrs. Stone had compressed her mouth until it looked like her daughter's. She nodded. "Yes," said she; "I know some things that I 'ain't never told you, Narcissa."

The stage passed William Crane's house. He was shuffling around to the side door from the barn, with a milk-pail in each hand, when they reached it.

"Stop a minute," Narcissa said to the driver. She beckoned to William, who stared, standing stock-still, holding his pails. Narcissa beckoned again imperatively. Then William set the pails down on the snowy ground and came to the fence. He looked over it, quite pale, and gaping.

"We've got home," said Narcissa.

William nodded; he could not speak.

"Come over by-and-by," said Narcissa.

William nodded.

"I'm ready to go now," Narcissa said to the stage-driver. "That's all."

That evening, when William Crane reached his sweetheart's house, a bright light shone on the road from the parlor windows. Narcissa opened the door. He stared at her open-mouthed. She wore a gown the like of which he had never seen before—soft lengths of blue silk and lace trailed about her, blue ribbons fluttered.

"How do you do?" said she.

William nodded solemnly.

"Come in."

William followed her into the parlor, with a wary eye upon his feet, lest they trample her trailing draperies. Narcissa settled gracefully into the rocking-chair; William sat opposite and looked at her. Narcissa was a little pale, still her face wore that look of insistent triumph.

"Home quicker'n you expected," William said at length.

"Yes," said Narcissa. There was a wonderful twist on her red hair, and she wore a high shell comb. William's dazzled eyes noted something sparkling in the laces at her throat; she moved her hand, and something on that flashed like a point of white flame. William remembered vaguely how, often in the summertime when he had opened his house door in the sunny morning, the dewdrops on the grass had flashed in his eyes. He had never seen diamonds.

"What started you home so much sooner than you expected?" he asked, after a little.

"I spent—all the money—"

"All—that money?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen hundred dollars in less 'n a week?"

"I spent more'n that."

"More'n that?" William could scarcely bring out the words. He was very white.

"Yes," said Narcissa. She was paler than when he had entered, but she spoke quite decidedly. "I'm going to tell you all about it, William. I ain't going to make a long story of it. If after you've heard it you think you'd rather not marry me, I sha'n't blame you. I sha'n't have anything to say against it. I'm going to tell you just what I've been doing; then you can make up your mind.

"To-day's Tuesday, and we went away last Thursday. We've been gone just six days. Mother an' me got to New York

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Thursday night, an' when we got out of the cars the men come round hollering this hotel an' that hotel. I picked out a man that looked as if he didn't drink and would drive straight, an' he took us to an elegant carriage, an' mother an' me got in. Then we waited till he got the trunk an' put it up on the seat with him where he drove. Mother she hollered to him not to let it fall off.

"We went to a beautiful hotel. There was a parlor with a red velvet carpet and red stuffed furniture, and a green sitting-room, and a blue one. The ceilin' had pictures on it. There was a handsome young gentleman downstairs at a counter in the room where we went first, and mother asked him, before I could stop her, if the folks in the hotel was all honest. She'd been worrying all the way for fear somebody 'd steal the money.

"The gentleman said — he was real polite—if we had any money or valuables, we had better leave them with him, and he would put them in the safe. So we did. Then a young man with brass buttons on his coat took us to the elevator and showed us our rooms. We had a par-



"WILLIAM FOLLOWED HER INTO THE PARLOR."

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lor with a velvet carpet an' stuffed furniture and a gilt clock on the mantel-shelf, two bedrooms, and a bath-room. There ain't anything in town equal to it. Lawyer Maxham 'ain't got anything to come up to it. The young man offered to untie the rope on the trunk, so I let him. He seemed real kind about it.

"Soon's the young man went I says to mother, 'We ain't going down to get any tea to-night.'

"'Why not?' says she.

"'I ain't going down a step in this old dress,' says I, 'an' you ain't going in yours.'

"Mother didn't like it very well. She said she was faint to her stomach, and wanted some tea, but I made her eat some gingerbread we'd brought from home, an' get along. The young man with the brass buttons come again after a while, an' asked if there was anything we wanted, but I thanked him an' told him there wasn't.

"I would have asked him to bring up mother some tea and a hot biscuit, but I didn't know but what it would put 'em out; it was after seven o'clock then. So we got along till morning.

"The next morning mother an' me went out real early, an' went into a bakery an' bought some cookies. We ate 'em as we went down the street, just to stay our stomachs; then we went to buying. I'd taken some of the money in my purse, an' I got mother an' me, first of all, two handsome black silk dresses, and we put 'em on as soon as we got back to the hotel, and went down to breakfast.

"You never see anythin' like the dining-room, and the kinds of things to eat. We couldn't begin to eat 'em all. There were men standin' behind our chairs to wait on us all the time.

"Right after breakfast mother an' me put our rooms to rights; then we went out again and bought things at the stores. Everybody was buying Christmas presents, an' the stores were all trimmed with evergreen—you never see anything like that. Mother an' me never had any Christmas presents, an' I told her we'd begin, an' buy 'em for each other. When the money I'd taken with us was gone, I sent things to the hotel for the gentleman at the counter to pay, the way he'd told me to. That day we bought our breastpins and this ring, an' mother's and my gold watch, an'—I got one for you too, William. Don't you say anything—it's your Christmas present. That afternoon we went to Central Park, an' that evenin' we went to the theatre. The next day we went to the stores again, an' I bought mother a black satin dress, and me a green one. I got this I've got on, too. It's what they call a tea-gown. I always wore it to tea in the hotel after I got it. I got a hat, too, an' mother a bonnet; an' I got a fur cape, and mother a cloak with fur on the neck, an' all around it. That evening mother an' me went to the opera; we sat in something they call a box. I wore my new green silk and breastpin, an' mother wore her black satin. We both of us took our bonnets off. The music was splendid, but I wouldn't have young folks go to it much.

"The next day was Sunday. Mother an' me went to meeting in a splendid church, and wore our new black silks. They gave us seats way up in front, an' there was a real good sermon, though mother thought it wa'n't very practical, an' folks got up an' sat down more'n we do. Mother an' me set still, for fear we'd get up an' down in the wrong place. That evening we went to a sacred concert. Everywhere we went we rode in a carriage. They invited us to at the hotel, an' I s'posed it was free, but it wa'n't, I found out afterwards.

"The next day was Monday—that's yesterday. Mother an' me went out to the stores again. I bought a silk bedquilt, an' some handsome vases, an' some green an' gilt teacups setting in a tray to match. I've got 'em home without breaking. We got some silk stockings, too, an' some shoes, an' some gold-bowed spectacles for mother, an' two more silk dresses, an' mother's real cashmere shawl. Then we went to see some wax-works, and the pictures and curiosities in the Art Museum; then in the afternoon we went to ride again, and we were goin' to the theatre in the evening; but the gentleman at the counter called out to me when I was going past, an' said he wanted to speak to me a minute.

"Then I found out we'd spent all that fifteen hundred dollars, an' more too. We owed 'em 'most ten dollars at the hotel; an' that wa'n't the worst of it—we didn't have enough money to take us home.

"Mother she broke right down an' cried, an' said it was all we had in the world besides the farm, an' it was poor

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"I WOULDN'T GO OUT AGAIN IF THE BARS WERE DOWN."

father's insurance money, an' we couldn't get home, an' we'd have to go to prison.

"Folks come crowding round, an' I couldn't stop her. I don't know what I did do myself; I felt kind of dizzy, an' things looked dark. A lady come an' held a smelling-bottle to my nose, an' the gentleman at the counter sent a man with brass buttons for some wine.

"After I felt better an' could talk steady they questioned me up pretty sharp, an' I told 'em the whole story—about father an' his rheumatism, an' everything, just how I was situated, an' I must say they treated us like Christian folks, though, after all, I don't know as we were much beholden to 'em. We never begun to eat all there was on the list, an' we were real careful of the furniture; we didn't really get our money's worth after all was said. But they said the rest of our bill to them was no matter, an' they gave us our tickets to come home."

There was a pause. William looked at Narcissa in her blue gown as if she were a riddle whose answer was lost in his memory. His honest eyes were fairly pitiful from excess of questioning.

"Well," said Narcissa, "I've come back, an' I've spent all that money. I've been wasteful an' extravagant an'— There was a gentleman beautifully dressed who sat at our table, an' he talked real pleasant about the weather, an'—I got to thinking about him a little. Of course I didn't like him as well as you, William, for what comes first comes last with all our folks, but somehow he seemed to be kind of a part of the good time. I sha'n't never see him again, an' all there was betwixt us was his saying twice it was a pleasant day, an' once it was cold, an' me saying yes; but I'm going to tell you the whole. I've been an' wasted fifteen hundred dollars; I've let my thoughts wander from you; an' that ain't all. I've had a good time, an' I can't say I 'ain't. I've had one good time, an'—I ain't sorry. You can—do just what you think best, William, an'—I won't blame you."

William Crane went over to the window. When he turned round and looked at Narcissa his eyes were full of tears and his wide mouth was trembling. "Do you think you can be contented to—stay on my side of the wall now, Narcissa?" he said, with a sweet and pathetic dignity.

Narcissa in her blue robes went over to him, and put, for the first time of her own accord, an arm around his faithful neck. "I wouldn't go out again if the bars were down," said she.

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EDITOR'S STUDY.

A LADY said that the central portion of the Rocky Mountain region—that is, the Yellowstone Park—is the safety-valve of the United States. There are the vent-holes of its internal fires and explosive energies, and but for the relief they afford, the whole country might be shaken with earthquakes and be blown up in fragments. There is the smoking and vomiting chimney of the continent. There issue the steam, the hot water in fountains and rivers, the explosive gases, the dissolved and triturated minerals and earths, generated in the incandescent bowels of the earth. I heard a soldier say that if the Old Faithful geyser did not go off every sixty-five minutes, he should be alarmed, and should fear to stay in that neighborhood, for no one could tell where this suppressed force might not break out. The mountains look pretty solid around there, though some of them — like the Roaring Mountain, which is so full of steam-vents that it looks like a hill on fire—do not seem promising places to plant vineyards (if grapes would grow 7500 feet above the sea); the great basins of Hell, the Devil, and other unpleasant names, upon which the steam whirls in clouds, driving over the red-hot ponds and boiling pot-holes, have usually a thin crust, upon which people walk with some courage; but there arises a general want of confidence in the stability of the whole region. It is not encouraging to feel the made crust hot under your feet, and to have to be careful not to step into holes of boiling water, and fissures of unknown depth which vomit steam, fat-frying kettles, boiling pots of paint and mud, and to have to run away from a caldron which suddenly sends into the air a great column of hot water.

All the world knows, from the pens of a thousand descriptive writers and from the photographs, the details of these marvels, so that I need not enter upon them. But I suppose their effect is different upon different persons. How beautiful many of the "formations" are that have been slowly built up by the overflow of these limpid waters which carry so many salts in solution! What a sense of power there is in the spouting geysers! How exquisite in iridescent colors are some of the burning lakes! How lovely the pools of deep emerald, of sapphire! and the graceful steam floating about over this burning world! But it is hot, and it has a sickening smell, like steam from a dirty laundry. I learned to call it the Park smell, so constant it is in the hell-fire regions. It is exciting to watch for the spouting of the geysers, and the recurrence of other intermitting phenomena; but many disagreeable things do not intermit. The pools and pots are always boiling, streams of hot water never stop, and there are steam-vents that roar as constantly as blast-furnaces. One I recall which sends out laterally as from a funnel, with an awful roar, a great volume of superheated steam, night and day, year after year, in extravagant rage and prodigality. Steam enough is wasted here to run all the Western railways. Where does it come from? This one never takes a day or an hour off, like many of the uneasy friers and spouters in the basin below it. These displays, however, are wholesome in comparison with what is called the mud-geyser, which is, I suppose, the most disgusting object in nature. This horrible thing is not in any of the geyser basins, but has a place to itself on the road between the Lake and the Yellowstone Cañon. On the side of a hill, at the bottom of a deep sloping pit, is a sort of cave, like the lair of a wild beast, which perpetually vomits a compound of mud, putty, nastiness. Over the mouth seems to be a concave rock, which prevents the creature from spouting his filth straight up like a geyser. Against this obstacle, with a thud, every moment the vile fluid is flung, as if the beast were in a rage, and growling because he could not get out, and then through the orifice the mud is flung in spiteful spits and gushes of nastiness. And the most disgusting part of it is that this awful mixture cannot get out, and the creature has to swallow it again, and is perpetually sick to nausea. It is the most fascinatingly loathsome thing in the world. I recalled the dragon and his cave in Wagner's *Siegfried*. There, the reader remembers, is a dark cave, out of which issue volumes of steam and an

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animal noise. Presently a dragon protrudes his horrid scaly head and fore paws, and from his jaws come flame and steam. The contrivance seems to have been suggested by this mud-geyser. In this geyser I have no doubt there is a dragon, but he can never get his head out. You can only hear him rage, and you can see the nastiness he vomits out.

II.

Bewildering as all this spectacle is to one's idea of a normal and orderly world, I was more impressed by what I could not see than by these strange surface phenomena. It is what is underneath this thin crust, it is the state of things underground, that appeals to the imagination. Where does all this inexhaustible supply of steam and limpid hot water and dissolved salts and paint and liquid mud come from? The crust is hot and trembling. We must be walking, amid boiling pots and pits, over a terrible furnace. How far below is this furnace? Are these hot substances thrown up from the centre, or is the earth, only a little distance under us, all molten and fluid and a raging hell? Why does it not burst up everywhere and blow this whole mountain region sky-high? Here and there in this vast territory one sees frightful fields and ravines of shapeless, contorted rocks, as if in those places the interior had exploded, and created and left ruin. And yet there is a process of creation in sight, going on daily and yearly, the slow formation of terraces and mounds and well-curbs, all exquisitely sculptured, now like lace-work, now like the chiselling of a sculptor. Are these lovely things created only to be destroyed in a great upheaval of the internal forces? Will the "formations" at the Mammoth Hot Springs and in the geyser basins some day, any day, go up in a vast explosion, and be destroyed and buried in mud, as were recently the similar terraces and formations in New Zealand? What insurance company would take a risk on these things?

In the presence of this immense energy and fiery agitation we seem to be witnesses of the processes of creation, of the primitive evolutionary forces that are making the planet. Of course I know that the earth is not yet created. The lower Mississippi region is now being made before our eyes, as the Nile delta is. What I should like to know is whether the Yellowstone region is now in process of creation, whether it is to be within certain calculable periods greatly changed in form, or whether we are witnessing now the expiring energies of a world gradually cooling down into rigidity and death. The intermittent geysers would seem to intimate that the internal forces are weakening. The great Excelsior geyser, which was so active in 1889, which shook the whole region when it went off, and deluged the neighborhood with an immense flow of hot water, and liberated itself by tearing open an orifice of half an acre in area, is a horrible pit of boiling water and steam, and its opening is now so large that it will probably not be able to send up a column of water again. Still there is no doubt energy here enough to outlast our time, and perhaps our nation, and there can be little doubt that this region acts as a safety-valve of the continent, which would be shaken with earthquakes if these vents were stopped up.

III.

These glooms and wonders, however, do not depress the spirits of the traveller in this glorious Yellowstone Park, which the government is so wisely protecting from vandalism. It would take more than these to depress him in this rare, splendid atmosphere, on the top of the world. The pure dry air brings life in all his tingling veins, and under the deepest of blue skies the fir and aspen forests, the swift fish-full streams, the lakes reflecting the blue of the high skies, and the shapely encircling mountains, with patches of snow even in August, are a heavenly vision to eyes tired of cities and the conventionalities of slashed and cultivated regions deformed by bad taste. The Yellowstone Lake, irregular in form, and some forty miles long by twenty broad, is a much finer sheet of water than I expected, and with its placid surface and fair shores, and noble ranges of purple mountains, it seems civilized and habitable, and is a most restful place after the tour in the infernal regions. Its outflow, the Yellowstone River, leads naturally to the culmination of the wonders of the Park, the Falls and the Grand Cañon. That has been so much described and painted that it is unnecessary to say much about it. Comparisons of great natural wonders are always misleading, and generally futile. It suffices to be lost in

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amazement and admiration before each one. It is enough to say that the Yellowstone Cañon is unique as it is impressive in form and depth, and gorgeous in color. The Falls would be more impressive if they were not enclosed in such gigantic walls. The Upper Fall is about seventy-five feet in height, and the Lower some three hundred and sixty. Both are dark green in color, full, graceful, powerful, with masses of foam at the bottom which takes occasionally a violet hue. The walls of the Cañon, which is here about three miles long, are from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height, sometimes almost perpendicular, and winding, with noble juttings and buttresses of rock at the turns and angles, and the roaring river is a narrow green ribbon at the bottom. Three miles below the Falls, at Inspiration Point, is the greatest view of the Cañon. From this point is the finest display of color. The main body of color is yellow, but of all shades, and intermingled with it is much brown and red, spots of deep red and vermilion and white, astonishingly brilliant. The slopes of the Cañon are of friable, decadent, crumbling rock, and the colors run much together, so that you get often an iridescent appearance. There are some fine buttresses and towers—several round isolated towers I saw with each an osprey's nest on top, with the fearless bird sitting on her nest—but generally the rock is too far decayed to form very picturesque or sculptural or architectural imitations of man's work. The magnificence is in the great depth, and the supernal beauty in the brilliant color. The scene is mightily impressive and unwearying. The different shades in morning and evening light, in a gray sky and in the bright sunlight, are so varied that the picture is always new, and the more wonderful the more one gets to know it. I should say that it is the sort of spectacle that would grow upon one the longer and the oftener he saw it.

I was asked many times there, and I have been asked many times since, how this compares with the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. I am reluctant to make any comparison, for there is none. It is partly a matter of magnitude. If I were forced to answer, I should be compelled to say that the Yellowstone would be only a lateral fissure in the Colorado system. You would have to look long to find it. There is no scenery on earth to compare with the Colorado Cañon; and, indeed, the word cañon applied to it is not descriptive. From the brink where I saw the Colorado you look perpendicularly down six thousand feet to the thread of a river, but you look also away over twelve miles of high formation, all full of color, and upon rocks and mountains, the tops of which rise to the level of the eye, that are solidly built into all the architectural forms you have ever seen or can conceive of. You see all the strata of the geological periods lying upon each other in order six thousand feet high. In my recollection the color at the Yellowstone is more brilliant—that is, more brilliant in spots—and also more mixed. The color at the Colorado is in greater masses, more orderly and more subdued in tone, but, by reason of its great mass and extent, and even greater variety in moderate tones, quite as effective. And when you come to speak of rock sculpture and architectural forms, Occidental, Oriental, and fantastic, the Yellowstone with its crumbling walls has nothing whatever to show in the comparison. And yet the Yellowstone is undoubtedly one of the wonders of the world.

IV.

Due appreciation of what this magnificent reserve is to the people of the United States will not be gained by merely visiting the sights and wonders I have spoken of. By the original act the Yellowstone Park was somewhat smaller than the State of Connecticut; by the recent addition of timber reserves, strips on the east and south, it is larger than Connecticut. The prime object of the first reservation was to preserve from desecration and destruction one of the wonders of the world, and to keep intact a magnificent pleasure-ground for the use of all the people and prevent its destruction by the lawless few; the addition of the timber reserve was to increase the second value of the Park, as a source of water supply. Denuded of its forests, this mountainous region would have ceased to be of use as a reservoir for irrigation purposes to the surrounding territory.

The most magnificent scenery is now outside of the roads that lead to the special sights, and can only be seen by some labor and endurance of some hardship. The southern part of the Park, Heart Lake, Jackson Lake, Snake River, and the

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Tetons, is inaccessible except by rough trails and the use of pack-trains. The same may be said of the western part of the Park, out of which flow the Gibbon and the Madison. The whole eastern part is almost inaccessible, except in the north, towards Soda Butte and Cooke City, by horrible wagon roads, and south of that by the wildest trails. When the government shall appropriate money to open these regions some notion will be had of the grandeur and beauty of this Rocky Mountain country, and its infinite variety as a pleasure-ground. Road surveys have been made in these regions, and roads and bridges are in process of construction, so that year by year the travel can take a wider sweep, and the thousands of camping parties can visit new scenes. But with the heavy snows and the spring thaws the highways are much injured, and the main part of the government's small appropriation is necessarily expended in repairs. The able superintendent, however, contrives to save some money for improvements. A bridge is just built over the Madison, and the survey is nearly complete, and portions of the new road are built between the Mammoth Hot Springs and Cooke City. This road of fifty miles, which is used by teams for hauling ore and supplies, and by camping parties who enter the Park at Cooke City, goes through some of the finest scenery in the country—great grassy uplands, where the antelope and the deer and the elk roam, and splendid rock mountains ten and eleven thousand feet high—crossing the Yellowstone and many clear and beautiful streams. This road is about the worst road that I ever saw horses and mules attempt to haul wagons over. Road-making is, however, carried on with a great deal of energy. The superintendent has a soldier's and surveyor's eye for feasible routes, and some passable roads are made at small cost where to the ordinary eye road-building seems almost impracticable. His theory is that it is better for the accommodation of the public to build twenty miles of good road with fair grades than to use up his money in one mile of macadam, and consume twenty years in opening the Park to the public. I must say, however, that the Park roads are uncommonly good, and would be so considered anywhere. They are not free from dust, but the surface is smooth and the grades are fair. If the superintendent is permitted to carry out his intelligent and economical plans, the Park will year by year be more accessible and attractive.

The forests of the Park are of small trees, for its average altitude is over seven thousand feet. These are mainly firs, pines, balsams, and aspens—few if any large trees—but the growth is essential to the beauty of the Park and its use as a water-storer. Under the civil administration frequent and extensive fires occurred, and the country is literally full of fallen dead timber. If a fire starts, and in the dry time gets into the tree-tops, it will run over a vast area in spite of human efforts. The main anxiety of the Park guardians in the summer is on account of forest fires. The Park is full of game. All the streams abound in fish, mainly varieties of trout, the best being those transplanted there from our Eastern trout streams. Wild geese and ducks and pelicans and gulls abound on all the lakes and ponds. Since game has been preserved it has multiplied exceedingly. There are a few buffaloes left, but in the warm season they go up the mountains to the snow patches; and so do the thousands and thousands of elks. Antelopes are also abundant. I saw many of these graceful animals on the mountain slopes. Deer are equally numerous. There are many mountain-sheep. There are enough of other wild animals, such as the coyote, the porcupine, and the woodchuck, many singing-birds, and everywhere hawks, ospreys, and eagles. The air and the waters are alive with animal life. The bear of course, black and cinnamon. The bear is domestically inclined, and since he is not shot at, he has not only multiplied his kind, but become pleasantly familiar. He is a regular boarder at some of the hotels, and he likes to come around the camps for food. He is a humorous kind of beast, and being well treated, he seems inclined to cause little trouble, though sometimes he does make a mess of people's kitchens. I should not forget to speak of the prodigality and brilliancy of the wild flowers. Think of acres of blue gentians, bluebells, wild sunflowers, wild geraniums, asters, marguerites, golden-rods of many varieties, and countless other exquisite and bright blooms!

Since the Park has passed under military control fires are infrequent, poaching

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is suppressed, the "formations" are no longer defaced, roads are improved, and the region is saved with its natural beauty for the enjoyment of all the people. The Interior Department made stringent rules, with adequate penalties for their infraction, and the military arm in command has enforced them splendidly. The good citizen rejoices that there is at least one spot in the United States where law is promptly enforced. In this respect Yellowstone Park is a moral lesson of the highest value to the United States. The lawless and the marauders are promptly caught, tried (by a civil officer), fined, and ejected. For six years Captain George S. Anderson, a West-Pointer, and of the cavalry service, has been superintendent of the Park. He has two companies of cavalry; one of them is stationed at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and the other, during the summer, at the Upper Basin. The latter is under the immediate command of Captain Scott, a very energetic officer. Outposts of a sergeant and two to four men are stationed at various outlying places. All the roads are patrolled, the trails are watched, the "formations" and all the "wonders" are guarded, and all the few passes and entrances to the Park are under inspection. All who enter the Park are registered, and all are liable to be searched for fire-arms. Arms are taken away from travellers and camping parties, and hunters going through the Park for game south of it have their guns sealed until they pass out of the Park. There is rigid discipline, but it is only for the protection of the Park and for the benefit of the great mass of law-abiding people. Fishing is absolutely free to everybody. There is abundance of dead fallen timber for camp-fires. No check is put upon its use. But there is a heavy penalty for any one who leaves a fire unextinguished when he moves on. There is another stringent rule about defacing the "formations" by writing or scratching or cutting names on them, and against breaking off or carrying away specimens of any sort. Vandalism in this respect is stopped. When Captain Anderson took command the most beautiful "formations" were defaced by names written or scratched over them. He set his soldiers to chiselling and rubbing out these offensive names and inscriptions. Only in this way could the guardians see if new names were added. This is the only place in the wide world that I know where vulgar and lawless people are really restrained from writing their names in conspicuous places, and from thus defacing monuments and natural objects. As an American, I am exceedingly proud of this achievement of Captain Anderson and his officers. When I drove over the regular road to the Cañon I met one party of roughs being escorted out of the Park by a soldier for leaving a camp-fire burning, and another of three men in a canvas-covered wagon also being escorted to Mammoth for trial for writing their names on the "formations" at the Upper Basin. Whoever is caught in any act of vandalism is turned back by the road he came, and not allowed to see the rest of the Park. I will not say that this Rocky Mountain region is the only part of the country where this lesson of obedience to law is badly needed, but it is one of them. I may be permitted to add, as an impartial spectator, that the Park is now in excellent hands. The intelligent rules of the Interior Department could only be carried out by military discipline, and I sincerely hope not only that the present very energetic and efficient and wise management will not be disturbed in its work, but that the government will, for the benefit of the people visiting the Park, be a little more liberal in money appropriations. If Captain Anderson is left to carry out his excellent and economical plans, and to protect the region by aid of the capable officers with him, the whole country will have reason to be proud of the Yellowstone Park and its condition.

The transportation service in the Park is managed by one company, and the hotels, lunch-houses, and supply of food by another. It is proper to say that the whole transportation service is excellent—very comfortable coaches and carriages, good horses, expert and civil drivers—and that the whole service is prompt and agreeable. The same praise can be as emphatically given to the entire hotel and lunch service. I was surprised to find uniformly such good fare in this remote mountain region — very obliging attendants; excellent, well-cooked food in abundant variety; everywhere plenty of good milk and fruits. The management of these two departments matches the good general management of the Park. As an American, as I said before, I feel inclined to boast of these things.

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V.

The lady who said that the Rocky Mountain region is a safety-valve for the United States, in respect to its internal energies, might have said also that the mountain West is another kind of vent, for the restlessness and love of adventure of that part of our population which is always on the move, likes the excitement of an unrestrained life, and always expects "to strike it rich" by speculation and chance enterprises, and not by patient, thrifty cultivation of the soil. The State of Illinois, especially the middle and southern part, was some forty years ago little more than a treeless prairie, dotted over with cabins, in which were fever-stricken settlers. It is now tree-planted, full of pretty villages, thriving farms, comfortable and pretty houses, with neat gardens, flowers, fruits, and domestic peace. Emigration was restrained this side the Mississippi long enough for the country to get cultivated and civilized. There can be no satisfactory civilization without careful cultivation of the soil, with thrift and economy. The theme is a fruitful one for the political economist and the student of sociology.

Speaking of law and the enforcement of discipline in Yellowstone Park, I heard the story of a bear there, which I consider exceedingly important not only as a comment on the discipline of the Park, but as a moral lesson to parents in domestic obedience. The story is literally true, and if it were not I should not repeat it, for it would have no value. Mr. Kipling says "the law of the jungle is—Obey." This also seems to be the law of Yellowstone Park. There is a lunch station at the Upper Basin, near Old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenious man. He got acquainted last year with a she-bear, who used to come to his house every day and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and her two cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well-behaved, and would take food from his hand (without taking the hand). One day towards sunset the bear came to the kitchen, and having received her portion, she went out of the back door to carry it to her cubs. To her surprise and anger, the cubs were there waiting for her. She laid down the food, and rushed at her infants and gave them a rousing spanking. "She did not cuff them; she spanked them," and then she drove them back into the woods, cuffing them and knocking them at every step. When she reached the spot where she had told them to wait, she left them there and returned to the house. And there she staid in the kitchen for two whole hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience. The explanation is very natural. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her absence she has great difficulty in finding them. The mother knew that the safety of her cubs and her own peace of mind depended upon strict discipline in the family. O that we had more such mothers in the United States!

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed November 4, 1896.—The National elections, November 3, resulted in a sweeping Republican victory, William McKinley and Garret A. Hobart being elected President and Vice-President by a popular majority of a million, and a majority of about 100 in the Electoral College. The New England and Middle States gave unprecedented pluralities for the Republican electors.

From October 5 to October 10 the Czar and Czarina were the guests of the French nation. They were received with extraordinary enthusiasm, and an alliance between France and Russia was believed to have resulted from the visit.

OBITUARY.

September 17.—At Baltimore, Enoch Pratt, the philanthropist, aged eighty-eight years.

October 3.—At London, William Morris, the poet, aged fifty-two years.

October 8.—At Whitby, England, George Louis Pamella Busson du Maurier, the artist and novelist, aged sixty-two years.

October 10.—At Hawarden, the Most Rev. Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, aged sixty-seven years.

October 23.—At Atlanta, Georgia, Charles F. Crisp, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, aged fifty-one years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

AN OPTICAL DILEMMA.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

ELDER BRADLEY had lost his spectacles, and he was in despair. He was nearly blind without them, and there was no one at home to hunt them for him. His wife had gone out visiting for the afternoon; and he had just seen Dinah, the cook, stride gleefully out the front gate at the end of the lane, arrayed in all her "s'ciety uniform," on her way to a church funeral. She would not be home until dark.

It was growing late in the afternoon, and the elder had to make out his report to be read at the meeting of the session this evening. It *had to be done.*

He could not, from where he sat, distinguish the pink lion's head from the purple rose-buds on the handsome new American Brussels rug that his wife had bought him as a Christmas gift—to lay under her sewing-machine—although he could put out his boot and touch it. How could he expect to find anything so small as a pair of spectacles?

The elder was a very old man, and for years his focal point had been moving off gradually, until now his chief pleasures of sight were to be found out-of-doors, where the distant views came gratefully to meet him.

He could more easily distinguish the dark glass insulators from the little sparrows that sometimes came to visit them upon the telegraph-pole a quarter of a mile away than he could discriminate between the beans and pie that lay together on his dinner plate.

Indeed, when his glasses staid lost over meal-times, as they had occasionally done, he had, after vainly struggling to locate the various viands upon his plate and suffering repeated palatal disappointments, generally ended by stirring them all together, with the declaration that he would at least get one certain taste, and abide by it.

This would seem to show him to have been an essentially amiable man, even though he was occasionally mastered by such outbursts of impatience as this; for, be it said to his credit, he always left a clean plate.

The truth is, Elder Bradley was an earnest, good man, and he had tried all his life, in a modest, undeclared way, to be a Christian philosopher. And he would try it now. He had been, for an hour after his mishap, walking more rapidly than was his habit up and down the entire length of the hall that divided the house into two distinct sides, and his head had hung low upon his bosom. He had been pondering. Or perhaps he had been praying. His dilemma was by no means a thing to be taken lightly.

Suddenly realizing, however, that he had squandered the greater part of a valuable afternoon in useless repining, he now lifted his head and glanced about him.

"I'm a-goin' to find them blame spec's—eyes or no eyes!" He spoke with a steady voice that had in it the ring of the invincible spirit that dares failure. And now, having resolved and spoken, he turned and entered the dining-room—and sat down. It was here that he remembered having last used the glasses. He would sit here and think.

It was a rather small room, which would have been an advantage in ordinary circumstances. But to the elder its dimensions were an insurmountable difficulty. How can one compass a forty-rod focus within the limits of a twelve by sixteen foot room?

But if his eyes could not help him, his hands must. He had taken as few steps as possible in going about the room, lest he should tread upon the glasses unawares; and now, stepping gingerly, and sometimes merely pushing his feet along, he approached his writing-table and sat down before it. Then he began to feel. It was a tedious experiment and a hazardous one, and after a few moments of nervous and fruitless groping, he sought relief in expression.

"That's right! turn over!" he exclaimed. "I s'pose you're the red ink! Now if I could jest capsize the mucilage-bottle an' my bag o' snuff, an' stir in that powder I laid out here to take, it would be purty cheerful for them fiddle-de-dees an' furbelows thet's layin' everywhere. I hope they'll ketch it ef anything does! They's nothin' I feel so much like doin' ez takin' a spoon to the whole business!"

The elder was a popular father, grandfather, uncle, husband, and Bible-class teacher to a band of devoted women of needle-work and hand-painting proclivities, and his writing-table was a favorite target for their patiently wrought love-missiles.

One of the strongest evidences of the old man's kindliness of nature was that it was only when he was wrought up to the point of desperation, as now, that he spoke his mind about the gewgaws which his soul despised.

There are very few good old elders in the Presbyterian Church who care to have pink bows tied on their penholders, or to be reminded at every turn that they are hand-painted and daisy-decked "Dear Grandfathers." It is rather inconvenient to have to dodge a daisy or a motto every time one wants to dry a letter on his blotting-pad, and the hand-

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painted paper-cutter was never meant to cut anything.

"Yes," the good old man repeated, "ef I knowed I could stir in every blame thing thet's got a ribbon bow or a bo'quet on it, I'd take a spoon to this table now—an' stir the whole business up—an' start fresh!"

Still, as his hand tipped a bottle presently, he caught it and set it cautiously back in its place.

He had begun now to systematically feel over the table, proceeding regularly with both hands from left to right and back again, until on a last return trip he discerned the edge of the mahogany next his body. And then he said—and he said it with spirit:

"Dod blast it! They ain't here — nowheres!"

He sat still now for a moment in thought. And then he began to remember that he had sat talking to his wife at the sewing-machine just before she left the house. He rose and examined the table of the machine and the floor beneath it. Then he tried the sideboard and the window-sill, where he had read his morning chapter from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chapter viii.

He even shook out the leaves of his Testament upon the floor between his knees and felt for them there. There had been a Biblical surrender of this sort more than once in the past, and he never failed to go to the



"NOW I CAN SEE TO LOOK FOR 'EM."

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Good Book for relief, even when, as now, he remembered having worn the glasses after his daily reading.

Failing to find them here, he suddenly ran his hand over his forehead with an eager movement. Many a time these very spectacles had come back to him there, and, strange to say, it was always one of the last places he remembered to examine. But they were not there now.

He chuckled, even in his despair, as he dropped his hand.

"I'll look there agin after a while. Maybe when he's afeerd I'll clair lose my soul, he'll fetch 'em back to me!"

The old man had often playfully asserted that his "guardeen angel" found his lost glasses, and laid them back on his head for him when he saw him tried beyond his strength. And maybe he was right. Who can tell? That there is some sort of so-called "supernatural" intervention in such matters there seems to be little doubt.

There is a race of brownies, probably—or maybe they are imps—whose business in life seems to be to catch up any needed trifle—a suddenly dropped needle, the very leaf in the morning paper that the reader had a moment ago and that holds "continuations," the scissors just now at his elbow, his collar button—and to hide it until the loser swears his ultimate, most desperate swear!

When the profanity is satisfactory, the little fellows usually fetch back the missing article, lay it noiselessly under the swearer's nose, and vanish.

At other times, when the victim persistently declines profanity, they have been known to amiably restore the articles after a reasonable time, and to lay them so absurdly in evidence that the hitherto forbearing man breaks his record in a volley of imprecations.

When this happens, if one has presence of mind to listen, he can distinctly hear a fine metallic titter along the tops of the furniture and a hasty scamper, as of tiny scurrying feet.

This may sound jocund, but the writer testifies that it is true.

Of course when the victim is a lady the pixies do not require of them men's oaths. But they will have only her best.

When the elder had tried in vain all the probable places where his glasses might be hidden, he began to realize that there was only one thing left for him to do. He must feel all over the floor.

He was a fat old man and short of neck.

For five years he had realized a feeling of thankfulness that the Presbyterian form of worship permitted standing in prayer. It hurt him to kneel. But nothing could hurt him so much as to fail to hand in his report to-night. Indeed, the missionary collection would be affected by it. It *must be written*.

He found a corner of the room and got down on his marrow-bones, throwing his hands forward and bringing them back in far-reaching curves, as one swimming. This was hard work, and before many minutes great drops of perspiration were falling upon the carpet and the old man's breath came in quick gasps.

"Ef I jest had the blame things *for a minute* to slip on my eyes, why, *I could find 'em*—easy enough!" he ejaculated—desperation in his voice.

And then he proceeded to say a number of things that were lacking in moderation, and consequently very sinful—in an elder of the church.

The "bad words" spoken in the vacant house fell accusingly upon the speaker's ears, and they must have startled him, for he hastened to add: "I don't see where no sense o' jestice comes in, nohow, in allowin' a man on the very eve of doin' his Christian duty to lose his most important wherewithal!"

This plea was no doubt in mild extenuation of the explosi[illegible]hat had preceded it, and as he turned and [illegible]w himself forward by his elbows to compass a new section of the room, which, by-the-way, seemed suddenly expanded in size, he began to realize that the plea was in itself most sinful—even more so than the outburst, perhaps, being an implication of divine injustice.

A lump came into his throat, and as he proceeded laboriously along on his dry swim, he felt for a moment in danger of crying.

Of course this would never do, but there was just so much emotion within him, and it had begun to ferment.

Before he realized his excitement his arms were flying about wildly and he was shrieking in a frenzy.

"But *I must have 'em!* I *must have 'em!* I must, I say; O Lord, I must—I MUST HAVE THEM SPECTACLES! Lor-r-d, I have work to do—*for Thee*—an' I am eager to perform it. All I ask is *five minutes' use o' my eyes*, so thet I may pursue this search in patience—"

His voice broke here in a real sob.

And just now it was that his left hand, fumbling over the foot of the sewing-machine treadle, ran against a familiar bit of steel wire.

If it had connected with an ordinary electric battery, the resulting shock could scarcely have been more pronounced.

There was something really pathetic in the spasmodic grasp with which he seized the glasses, and as he rose to a sitting posture and lifted them to his eyes, his hand shook pitifully.

"Thank the Lord! *Now I can see to look for 'em!*" he exclaimed, fervently, as he tremblingly brought the curved ends of the wire around his ears. "Yas, Lord, with Thy help I will keep my vow—an' pursue this search in patience," he added, as he began looking around him—his wet, red face beaming with pleasure over the recovery of his near vision. So happy was he,

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indeed, in the new possession, that, instead of rising, he sat still in the middle of the floor for some time, running his eyes with rapid scrutiny over the carpet near him. He sat here a long time—even forgetting his discomfort, while he turned as on a pivot as the search required. Though the missing articles did not promptly appear at his side, Bradley felt that he was having a good time, and so he was, comparatively. Of course he would find the glasses presently. He looked at his watch. What a joy to see its face! He would still have time to do the report, if he hurried a little. He began to rise by painful stages.

"Lemme see! The last thing I done was to open the sideboa'd an' cut a piece o' pie an' eat it. I *must* o' had my glasses on then. I ricollec' it was sweet-potato pie, an' it was scorched on one side. Lordy! but what a pleasure it is to look for a thing when a person *can* look!" He crossed over to the sideboard.

"Yas"—he had opened the door and was cutting another piece of pie—"Y[illegible] Sweet-potato pie, an' burnt on [illegible] side — [illegible] side thet's left. Yas, an' I'll [illegible]ave it ag[illegible] He chuckled as he took a deep bite.

"Of co'se I *must* 'a' had 'em on *when I c[illegible]e pie*, or I couldn't 've *saw* it so distinc'—an' I finished that slice a-settin' down talkin' to *her* at the sewin'-machine. Ricollec' I told her how mother used to put cinnamon in hers. I'll go set there agin, an' maybe by lookin' round—They might 'a' dropped in her darnin'-basket."

It was while he sat here, running one hand through the basket and holding the slice of pie in the other, that he heard a step, and looking up, he saw his wife.

"Why, Ephraim! What on earth!" she exclaimed. "I lef' you there eatin' that pie fo' hours ago, an' I come back an' find you settin' there yet! You cert'n'y 'ain't forgot to make out yo' report?"

"Forgot nothin', Maria." He swallowed laboriously as he spoke. "I 'ain't done a thing sence you been gone but look for my glasses. An' I'm a-lookin' for 'em yet."

Mrs. Bradley was frightened. She walked straight up to her husband and took his hand. "Ephraim," she said, gently, and as she spoke she drew the remainder of the pie from his yielding fingers — "Ephraim, I wouldn't eat any mo' o' that heavy pie ef I was you. You ain't well. Ef you can't make no mo' headway 'n that on yo' favor*ite* pie in fo' hours, you're shorely goin' to be took sick." She took her handkerchief and wiped his forehead. And then she added, with a sweet, wifely tenderness: "To prove to you thet you ain't well, honey, yo' glasses are on yo' nose right now. You better go lay down."

Bradley looked straight into her face for some moments, but she did not even blink. Then he said, in an awe-stricken voice: "Ef what you say is true, Maria—an' from the clairness with which I see the serious expression of yo' countenance I reckon it must be so—ef it *is* so—" He paused here, and a new light came into his eyes, and then they filled with tears. "Why, Maria honey, *of co'se it's so!* I know when I found 'em! But I was so full o' the thought thet *ef I jest had my sight* I could *look for 'em* thet I slipped 'em on my nose an' continued the search. Feel my pulse, honey; I've no doubt you're right. I'm a-goin' to have a spell o' sickness."

"Yes, dearie, I'm 'feered you are.

The good woman drew him over to the lounge and carefully adjusted a pillow to his head. "Now take a little nap, an' I'll send word over to Elder Jones's thet you ain't feelin' well an' can't come to prayer-meetin' to-night. What you need is rest, an' a change o' subject. I jest been over to May Bennett's, an' she's give out thet she an' Pete Sanders has broke off their engagement—an' Joe Legget, why his leg's amputated clean off — an' Susan Tucker's baby had seven spasms an'—"

"That so? I'm glad to hear it, wife. But ef you send word over to him thet I ain't well, don't send tell the last minute, please. Ef you was to, he'd come by here, shore — an' they'd be questions ast, an' I couldn't stand it. Jest send word when the second bell starts a-ringin' thet I ain't well. *An' I ain't*, Maria."

"I'm convinced o' that, Ephraim — or I wouldn't send the message—an' you know it. We ain't so hard pressed for excuses thet we're goin' to lie about it. I knowed you wasn't well ez soon ez I see that piece o' pie."

Bradley coughed a little. "Appearances is sometimes deceitful, Maria. I hadn't wrastled with thet pie ez unsuccessful ez I seemed. That was the second slice I'd et sence you left. No, the truth is, I lost my glasses, an' I got erritated an' flew into a temper an' said things. An' the Lord, He punished me. He took my reason away. He gimme the glasses an' denied me the knowledge of 'em. But I'm thankful to Him for lettin' me have 'em—anyhow. Ef I was fo'ordained to search for 'em, it was mighty merciful in Him to loan 'em to me to do it with."

SANTA CLAUS'S DANGER.

It was Christmas eve in a trolley-ridden town. In the nursery the children had hung up their stockings and were drowsily discussing the coming of Santa Claus with their yawning parents.

"I hope Santa will bring me a new sled," said Susie.

"I hope Santa will fink to dive me dat pitty dolly," lisped little Marjorie.

Mabel, the eldest, was silent for some time, but finally she said, "I'm not hoping for any particular present, but," she added, looking straight at her papa, "I do hope the trolley won't run over Santa Claus before he fills our stockings to-night!" EARLE H. EATON.

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TO MY PEN.

Ah, Pen, what possibilities are thine!
What wondrous work, what thought so superfine,
Could flow with ease from off thy glistening nib,
What whelming truth, what entertaining fib,

If only it had happened that your lot
Elsewhere were cast; if only you had not
By some vile chance been doomed, alas, to lie
Among the tools of such a hack as I!

Suppose you'd chanced to go to Thackeray,
How 'mongst all pens *you* would have worn the bay!
Suppose you'd chanced in Dickens' fist to rest,
Amongst all pens you'd be among the best!

Suppose you'd chanced to be the pen of one—
Great privilege, O Pen—like Stevenson,
Think you you'd ever begging go the while
Men knew that you had fashioned Treasure Isle?

By thunder, Pen, you almost make me weep
To see how strangely silent you do keep.
The very best of pens you are, and yet
You don't express an even *mild* regret.

What's that? The thing with possibilities
As great as yours is always fond of ease?
And doesn't give a tinker's whack for fame?
And doesn't really care to make a name?

And doesn't care a fig for chance? I say,
O Pen, you fill me up with blank dismay;
Yet, still, I can't deny that you have said
A thing which must occur to every head.

'Tis really true the man who's worth a rap
Just does his work, and doesn't care a snap
For Fame, or Name, or Chance, but, like a man,
Goes on and does the very best he can.

And so I'll do with you, my Pen, my best;
Hack-work or what, until I've earned my rest.
And if it's good, so be it; if it's bad,
Let Kindness say he gave the best he had!

CAMPAIGN AMENITIES.

The late Presidential campaign lent additional piquancy to a political anecdote of the Montana Congressional election two years ago.

Mr. Corbett was the Democratic candidate and Mr. Smith his Populist opponent. It appears that one day, in their campaign, they travelled a short distance in company. They had a very interesting conversation, and in consequence Mr. Smith was compelled to leave the car hurriedly when his station was reached. He caught up one of the two travelling-bags in the seat in front and rushed out. A few miles further on Mr. Corbett left the train, taking the other bag. He reached his hotel without noticing anything unusual. The following telegram, however, was waiting for him:

"I have the wrong bag. Contains plug of tobacco, bottle of whiskey, six-shooter, and Democratic platform. Is it yours? Smith."

Mr. Smith was about to open his meeting when the following "rush" telegram was handed to him:

"I, too, have wrong bag. Contains 'Treatise on Dynamite,' picture of Mary Ellen Lease, and bundle of hay marked 'collateral security.' Is it yours? Corbett."

INSULTING THE COLONEL.

Half a dozen of us sat on the veranda of the village hotel, and on a post hung the cage of a parrot who had a word for everybody passing along the street. By-and-by Colonel Dallas came along, head up and body as rigid as a crowbar, and no sooner had the parrot sighted him than she called out,

"Ah, there—stop, there!"

The Colonel came to an instantaneous halt and looked up at us, and after a moment he said: "The Colonel hopes that every man in this crowd is a gentleman, but that's no way for one gentleman to address another. What is wanted of me?"

No one felt like explaining the exact situation to the peppery old warrior, and the dead silence was broken by the parrot exclaiming,

"Move on, there—move on!"

"Who said that?" demanded the Colonel, as he bristled up and glared around. "Gad, sirs, but I am not used to be talked to in this style, and I want an explanation! Will the gentleman who told me to move on be gentleman enough to reveal his identity?"

There was a good deal of smiling, but no explanations, and while the Colonel was waxing hotter, the bird cocked her head and shouted,

"Oh, come off the perch!"

"Gad, sirs, but am I to be insulted to my face right along?" roared the old fellow, as he tapped one of the columns with his cane. "Am I on a perch—I, Colonel Robinson Dallas? Who dares to use such language to me? Which of you supposed gentlemen made that remark?"

One of the "supposed" was about to explain matters, when the parrot chipped in with:

"Have a drink with me?"

"Well, being as I was on my way to have a drink," replied the Colonel, "and being as I don't want to drink alone, I'll accept the invitation, but it could have been put in a more formal way. Yes, I don't mind if I do."

A shiver went over the crowd. The Colonel stood waiting for somebody to make a move towards the bar, but nobody moved. Thirty seconds passed, and then the old fellow tapped with his cane again, and exclaimed:

"So that was another insult—the worst of all! I am halted—I am called up here—I am made a butt of ridicule! There are six of you, and each and every one of you shall be waited on by my seconds before the sun goes down! Gad, sirs, but I will take you in succession and bowl you over like so many ninepins!"

With that he turned to go. We could have explained, but we sat still, and left it for that pesky parrot to yell after him,

"Pull down your vest, Billy—pull down your vest!"

The Colonel instinctively halted and pulled down his vest—glared at us—bowed to us, and then disappeared around the corner, and gave us a chance to rush for the depot.

A. B. Lewis.

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NO ENCOURAGEMENT.

In the good old days before there were any White Squadrons or any new navy Uncle Sam's sailors went to sea in beautiful square-rigged ships with lots of canvas aloft.

If any two or more of our navy vessels were anchored in the same port, it was always a matter of great rivalry between their respective crews as to which should obey with the most alacrity the various orders signalled from the flag-ship.

When the *Penobscot* and the *Maumee* were at Hampton Roads in the early '70's the *Maumee* invariably beat the *Penobscot*, although the latter was the flag-ship.

This was a source of great annoyance to the Admiral, who seemed to take it as a personal slight to himself. The Admiral was a great stickler for naval etiquette, and was especially severe on any infractions of the rule prohibiting on board ship the use of language not generally spoken in polite society.

The first lieutenant of the *Maumee*, on the other hand, was known as one of the most plain-spoken men in the service; but in view of his great ability and of his popularity with the men, he had always escaped serious censure from his commanding officers.

The Admiral felt so chagrined at the flag-ship's slowness in responding to the various orders which the two vessels were supposed to follow in unison that one Sunday, after the chaplain's sermon, he addressed the men on the subject, and earnestly urged them to live up to their full duty as seamen.

Next morning the Admiral stood on the poop-deck to watch the effect of his words, but there was no change in the programme. It was soon clear that the *Maumee* was going to win again. Turning to the old quartermaster who was standing by the signal-halyards, he said, impatiently,

"Meagher, what's the *matter* with the men on this ship?"

At the same moment the calm was broken by language unfit for publication in any secular periodical, borne on the freshening breeze from the *Maumee*.

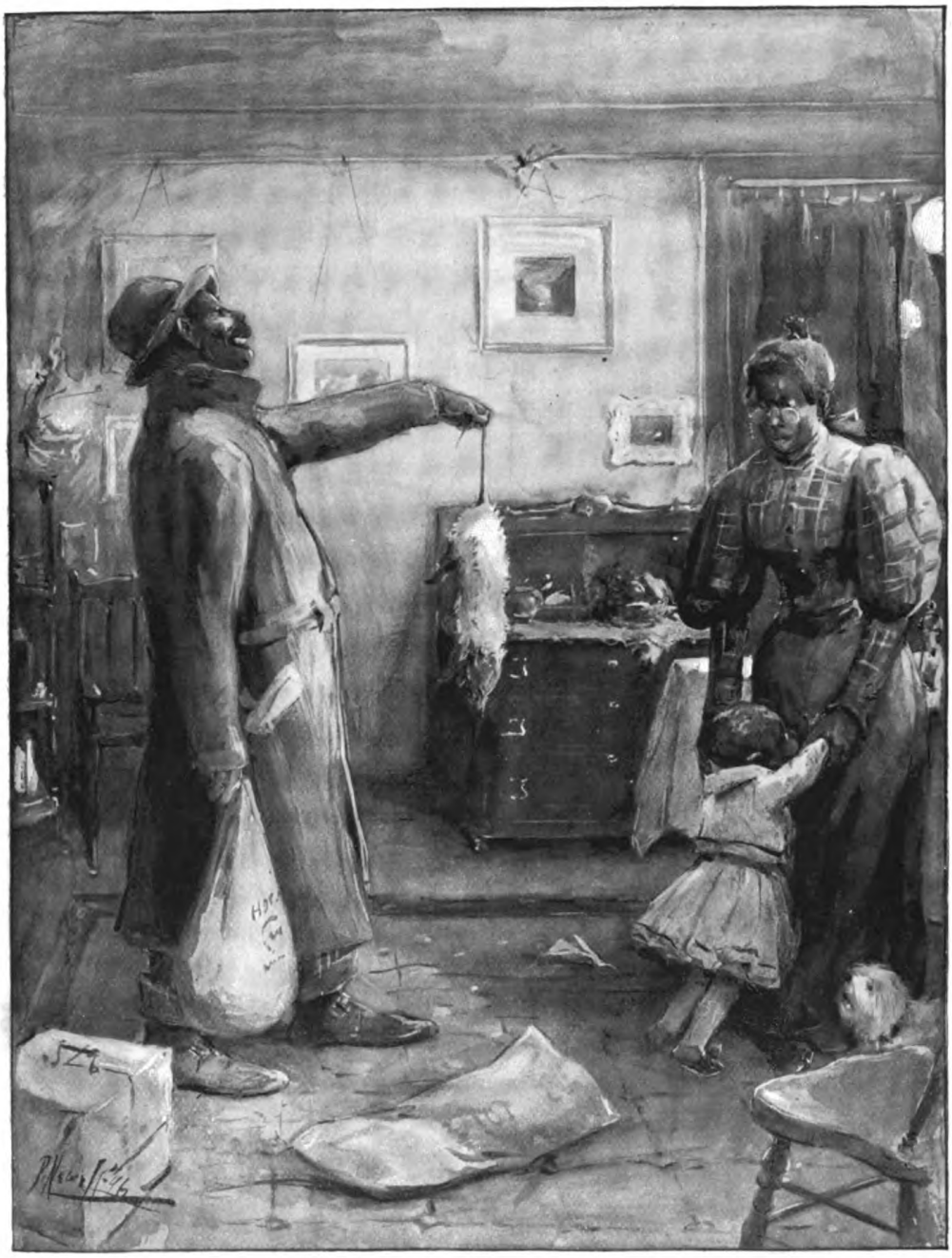
"Oh, sir," exclaimed the old salt, as he recognized the tones of the *Maumee's* executive, "what *kin* yer expect, sir? Our boys don't never git no proper encouragement!"



THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

It means simply another birthday to *her*.

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A CHRISTMAS DILEMMA.

"Dis is wot comes o' marryin' 'bove one's station."

TOO CONSISTENT.

DURING the last campaign for the Presidency, Mr. Maguire, an influential politician, boarded a trolley-car. He had been present during the evening at a meeting of Silverites, and at the bar had proved himself, in spite of his convictions, in favor of a "full" condition of the currency.

The conductor approached him for his fare, and Mr. Maguire handed out three cents.

"What's this?" asked the conductor.

"Me fare," said Maguire.

"It's only half-fare," said the conductor.

"It's all ye get," said Maguire.

The car was stopped, and in a moment Maguire found himself sitting in the street, while the car went bounding along.

"To blank wid these carparations!" he muttered, pulling himself together. "They're too domned conshistent."

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

"I MAY have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort, when you come to lie here .... God bless you all."

These were the last spoken words of Sir Walter Scott; and they were spoken to Lockhart. The man whom Scott knew so well, and loved so much, *must* have been a good man. So does Mr. Lang now picture him to the world; and so, in his letters—the letters he received and the letters he wrote—does Lockhart show himself to have been.

As his biographer expresses it, Lockhart's was a perplexing character. He was made up of curious and strong contradictions. He was exceedingly shy—caused, perhaps, by a partial deafness which afflicted him from his early youth—yet he often seemed arrogant. He was proud and reserved, yet convivial. He was stoical, full of violent prejudices, yet more than commonly affectionate. He was quick of perception, industrious, melancholy, mischievous, satirical, overflowing with humor, fertile in projects, ambitious, observing all approaches to friendship or companionship with the keen eye of the swordsman, modest, self-distrustful. But Scott loved him! Some time after his daughter's marriage to Lockhart Scott wrote to Mrs. Hughes concerning his son-in-law: "I know you will love and understand him, but he is not easy to be known, to be appreciated, as he so well deserves, at first; he shrinks at a first touch; but take a good hard hammer (it need not be a sledge one) to break the shell, and the kernel will repay you. Under a cold exterior Lockhart conceals the warmest affection, and when he once professes regard he never changes." "He never did change," says Mr. Lang, quoting this letter. "He was loyal himself where he loved, and a centre of loyalty in others."

It is rather an interesting study—particularly to the makers of books—to watch the gradual evolution of *The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart*,[1] by Mr. Andrew Lang. The book has been compiled, so its author tells us in the preface, under many difficulties, some of which he foresaw, some of which he did not anticipate. It grew out of Mr. Lang's efforts to prepare a new edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," to which an introductory chapter upon Lockhart seemed to be desirable; and this introductory sketch swelled, by degrees, into the two volumes of biography here under view. Mr. Lang confesses that, in certain ways, the work may seem to resemble a speech for the defence; but he realizes that the character of his subject has been so vehemently attacked and so often unjustly misrepresented, that a defensive attitude is sometimes unavoidable. Like Sir Walter himself, when he learned to know Lockhart he could not help falling in love with him.

The work as it now stands is an admirable piece of biography, a fitting and a proper sequel to Scott's "Life" originally published in 1839, and to "The Journal of Sir Walter Scott" made public, in its complete form, only six years ago. The first ranks with Boswell's immortal "Johnson"; the second, with all its sad story of incessant labor, of domestic bereavement, of mental and physical decay and of utter financial wreck, is a record of one of the grandest, bravest struggles against misfortune that was ever fought and won; and, in the whole history of autobiographical literature, it has hardly a peer. Mr. Lang does not take up the narrative where Lockhart and "The Journal" left it; he portrays Lockhart from his birth to his death; he shows us Scott in his prime; and by means of Lockhart's correspondence and of his own diligent and intelligent researches he throws new light upon the two men, and upon the many men of mind and of lasting influence by whom they were surrounded, and with whom they were so intimately associated. He gives us glimpses, and more than glimpses, of Constable, Blackwood, Murray, and Ballantyne; of Wilson, Croker, Hogg, Jeffrey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and the rest; and he brings each of them very close to the readers of our own generation. It is difficult to refrain from quoting here many of the things which Mr. Lang has preserved concerning the giants of those days, not only what they say of themselves and of each other, but his own comments and reflections upon them. And, best of all, is his brief for the defence of Lockhart, in whom he found so much good, and whom Scott loved so well.

IN closing his summing up in the celebrated case of Lockhart *versus* the World, Mr. Lang adapts the noble phrase of the Greek historian, "Being a man, he bore manfully such things as mortals must endure." In opening the case of *A Virginia Cavalier*[2] against the oppressors of his native land Miss Molly Elliot Seawell quotes the familiar line, "Nature made Washington great; but he made himself virtuous." If Lockhart was not great by nature, he cer-

[1] *The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart.* By ANDREW LANG. Two Volumes. Square 8vo, $12 50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *A Virginia Cavalier.* By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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tainly had something to do with the making of his own virtues; and it can as certainly be asserted that Washington bore most manfully such trials as must be endured by mortal men. Something was said in this Department of the Magazine last month about the virtues of Washington as a man and a boy as he is portrayed by Mr. Woodrow Wilson. Miss Seawell treats of Washington as a boy only. But in each case he is the same boy, "the boy who in the years of grateful peace was to learn the first lessons of life, ere war and the changing fortunes of his country hurried him to the field and to the council. He was bred a gentleman and a man of honor," continues Mr. Wilson, "in the free school of Virginia society, with the generation that first learned what it meant to maintain English communities in America, and in self-respecting independence." "The boy was a gentleman, heart and soul," says Miss Seawell; "not because he had no temptation to be otherwise, but because he chose to be a gentleman." His eyes were remarkable, she tells us; his figure was as near perfection as the human form could be; he was tall, athletic, clean of limb and deep of chest, singularly graceful, and developed by manly exercises, by a healthful brain, and by the most wholesome of living. She declares that indications of strong passions, of fierce loves and hates and resentments, were stamped plainly enough upon his face, but stronger even than those was that noble expression which a purity of soul and a commanding will always writes upon the human countenance. This, perhaps, is the Washington who is almost too good to be true, Washington as history and romance have shown him to us for a century or more, rather than the Washington of flesh and blood whom Mr. Wilson draws, but perhaps it is the true Washington, after all, bearing manfully whatever mortals are forced to bear, and virtuous by reason of nature and his own endeavors.

Miss Seawell is a native of Washington's native State and native county, and, naturally, she is perfectly at home in the Virginia of the valley of the Rappahannock, which has changed so little since Washington's early days. Familiar traditions, handed down through a few generations, from Washington's neighbors and friends, have enabled her to bring back very vividly to modern eyes the scenes and incidents of his boyhood, his youthful tastes and habits, his domestic life and the domineering influence of his widowed mother, who reminds us so strongly of that masterful widow of Colonel Esmond who lived in the New Castlewood, on the beautiful banks of the Potowmock when Washington, after the death of his brother Laurence, first became the proprietor of Mount Vernon. While Miss Seawell does not pretend to be writing history, very many of the characters and incidents of her little book are historical; and all the boys and girls for whom it is written will be particularly pleased with the slave boy Billy and his boundless uncompromising devotion to "Marse George"; for Billy is a real boy, who survived his master, and was remembered and freed in his master's will more than fifty years after he followed his master, in the train of Lord Fairfax, in 1746, to Greenway Court, near Winchester; and he is "William Lee my man, and this I give him as a testimony of my sense of his attachment to me, and for his faithful service during the Revolutionary war." Billy went to Heaven, no doubt, when his turn came, with a patent of nobility in his hand, as the man and friend whom Washington never forgot. And none of the boys and girls who read of them, in Miss Seawell's pages, are likely to forget either Washington or Billy.

THE motto of Fiona Macleod's *Green Fire*[1] is taken from "The Annir Choille," although no hint is anywhere given as to who or what The Annir Choille is or was. "There are those of us," says "'The Annir Choille,' who would rather be with Cathal of the Woods, and be drunk with green fire, than gain the paradise of the holy Molios who banned him, if in that gain were to be heard no more the earth-sweet ancient song of the blood that is in the veins of youth. . . . O green fire of life, pulse of the world! O Love, O Youth, O Dream of Dreams!" Annir, or Anier, is not to be found in any of the ordinary dictionaries of history, biography, mythology, or fiction. He figures, in one of the Ossian or Finnian legends of the Fifteenth Century, as a youth who was originally a theological student, and subsequently a satirist and a free liver. He attached himself, about a thousand years ago, to Cathal, King of Munster, and out of that sovereign he exorcised, by ingenious stratagem, a demon of epicurean voracity for rich food and for green fire-water, which long had possessed his majesty.

"Green Fire" is not a very cheerful or a very realistic tale. The scenes open and close in Brittany, while much of the action takes place in the Hebrides. And the Green Fire seems to be that spark of life with its impulsive ardors which comes upon the earth and spreads swift contagion in the human heart, in the spring of the year. It is, according to the author, that which the seedlings feel in the brown mould, that which the sap feels on the trees, that which the blood feels on every creature, from the newt in the pool to the nestling bird. The name of Fiona Macleod, which is a very Scottish name, is not generally familiar to novel-readers on this side of the Atlantic. She has a remarkably rich and picturesque vocabulary, as will be inferred from the examples given above, and her story, despite the fact that it has no very visible or distinct conclusion, will find many admirers

[1] *Green Fire*. A Romance. By FIONA MACLEOD. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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among those who love the wildness of nature as it is contained in animate and inanimate things.

ANOTHER story which is not very cheerful is *Iras: a Mystery*,[4] by another comparatively unknown writer, Theo. Douglas. It is told by its own hero, who found the absorbing interest of his life in Egyptian exploration in the early Eighties of the present century, where he worked with his hands as well as with his brain, in the Nile Valley, uncovering temple-sites, opening tombs, deciphering hieroglyphics, driving fellaheen, and building up theories, like the rest of his kind, until he hardened his hands and softened his brains, and was sent home to England, a mental and physical wreck. There came to him, in his London lodgings, near the British Museum, one fine day, a mummy-case and its contents; the case being a fine and valuable specimen, and the contents consisting of "the sole orphan and virgin daughter of Khames, High-Priest of Amen-Ra, and one with Osiris," according to the inscription on the coffin-plate. This interesting young lady, as is to be expected, is restored to life, and becomes Iras, about whom all the Mystery centres.

The tale is an excellent one of its kind, and it is well told. The Teller of it admits, in the first chapter, that he is half mad, but he declares, in the final chapter, that the doctors believe him to be sane enough to make his will, which latter statement some of the experts may be inclined to doubt. He is full of curious hallucinations; his path is crossed by a psychological lady with magnetic eyes, and by a mysterious stranger in that sacerdotal costume, and with that blue complexion, which one sees portrayed in temples and tombs. And there are spectral illusions in plenty, inexplicable appearances and disappearances, some very pretty love-making, and even a little humor. It is not necessary to say here what befell Iras at the end of her long sleep of thirty centuries. The reader, after he has made her acquaintance in the flesh, will not rest until he has tried to solve the Mystery for himself.

A Rebellious Heroine,[5] by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, is cheerful enough, although it is out of the line of "A House-Boat on the Styx," "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica," "The Water Ghost," or of the other works of that clever young writer. And it is quite as original and quite as entertaining as anything that has yet come from his pen. Heroines and heroes are very apt to become rebellious, as all students of fiction know so well. Within the past twelve months Mr. Thomas Sandys, otherwise Sentimental Tommy, rebelled against the despotism of Mr. Barrie, and refused absolutely to grow up, as Mr. Barrie himself has told us; while Mr. Theron Ware unquestionably refused, towards the end of his published career, to do what Mr. Frederic, in the beginning, intended to make him do. Mr. Bangs's Heroine was not an evolution; she was created Rebellious. Her creator, a creation of Mr. Bangs, is Mr. Stuart Hartley, of New York, the author of many novels, who, nevertheless, considers himself a realist. He contends that he does not write his books, he simply transcribes them from life as he sees it; and he insists, always, that he sees life as it is. "The humorist or the mere romancer may create a character," he used to say, "but as for the novelist with a true ideal of his mission in life, he had better leave creation to nature." And when he is asked if, in his estimation, "an author is a thing to be led about by the nose by the beings he selects for use in his books," he acknowledges that while the matter is put rather strongly, "on the whole that is about the size of it." He asserts that he is not a photographer, but "a soulscape-painter," thus proving his powers of creation and invention; and his Rebellious Heroine led him about by the nose through nearly a dozen chapters and over two hundred pages. He called her Marguerite Andrews; he provided her with a convenient and conventional aunt to act as chaperon; he gave her two lovers—one a good young man, who was, perhaps, to be made happy by her affection; the other, a villain who was to try to make her unhappy; he booked them all to sail from New York to Southampton in the midsummer of 1895; the action was to open at that time, the passengers were safely bestowed on board the ship at the appointed hour, but the Heroine "*missed the steamer by three minutes, and it was all Hartley's own fault*," the italics being employed by Mr. Bangs himself.

How the Rebellion became a Revolution and what trials and tribulations the Heroine caused the author need not be set down here. It is a very ingenious piece of work; and it proves that Mr. Bangs is as happy a soulscape-painter as he was in his photographs of Demosthenes, Confucius, Nero, Hamlet, Napoleon, and Lucrezia Borgia during the famous summer outing of the Associated Shades.

A FEW years before his death in 1852, Daniel Webster said to his friend, and subsequent biographer, George Ticknor Curtis:—"You have a future. I have none. You are writing a History of the Constitution. *You* will write that work; I shall not. Go on by all means, and you shall have every aid that I can give you." The work in question was the "History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, with Notices of its Principal Framers," which, at once, was accepted as a standard authority upon its subject. It was followed early in 1891 by the

[4] *Iras: a Mystery*. By THEO. DOUGLAS. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *A Rebellious Heroine*. A Story. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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first volume of Curtis's *Constitutional History of the United States, from the Declaration of Independence to the Close of the Civil War*,[6] in reviewing which, in these columns, the present writer quoted these words of Webster, and remarked that the great statesman did not live to see in print the work in which he was so greatly interested. It is a melancholy fact that Curtis himself died before he could complete the equally great work which follows it, the second volume of which is now given to the world.

It was Curtis's intention to carry on his history through the trying struggle for the preservation of the Constitution, and through the later period when certain important amendments had been adopted and put into operation. He explained to his readers that the original construction and application of the Constitution were of vital significance, because those who had first to administer the new government belonged to the generation which framed and established it; and especially because many of them were actively engaged in framing and establishing it, or in opposing or amending it. When Mr. Curtis laid down his pen, in March, 1894, the present volume was well under way, and among his papers was found much manuscript matter relating to it. Mr. Joseph Cuthbertson Clayton, a warm and intimate friend of Mr. Curtis, and a close student of political science as well, has edited with care and skill this posthumous material. He tells us that Curtis had proposed to write various additional chapters, but that all that has been preserved in complete form and available for publication are the thirteen chapters here presented. And he explains that the Notes in the Appendix, which cover some two hundred pages, contain a number of brief comments relating to the omitted topics, and from Curtis's own hand.

In the opening chapter of the second volume Curtis declared that the history of opinion and belief concerning the nature of the Federal Union under the Constitution is a study necessary to any one who would understand the controversy that culminated, in 1860–1, in a civil war of the most serious character. To pursue this study intelligently, he added, one must begin with the period of the formation and adoption of the Constitution, and must trace the development of the controversies about its character through many and various phases.

How well Curtis was equipped for the task he undertook, and how well the task was performed, the world has known and acknowledged for upward of forty years. His scholarly accuracy, his explicitness of detail, his clearness of method, and his absolute impartiality have never been questioned; and the work will remain a lasting and noble monument to its author.

[6] *Constitutional History of the United States* from their Declaration of Independence to the Close of their Civil War. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. In Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $3 each. New York: Harper and Brothers.

IN the chapter entitled "Modern Fiction," in his latest collection of essays,[7] Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has something to say about cheerfulness and climax in romantic invention and creation, which will appeal strongly to that large portion of the community who invariably looks first at the last page of a novel to see "how it ends"; and which, in a way, may be applied to some of the tales here under review. "We come back to the general proposition," he writes, "that the indispensable condition of the novel is that it shall entertain. And for this purpose the world is not ashamed to own that it wants, and always will want, a story—a story that has an ending; and if not a good ending, then one that in noble tragedy lifts up our nature into a high plain of sacrifice and pathos." And he goes on to complain of the incomplete romances that leave him, when the book is closed, as one might be left on a waste plain at midnight, abandoned by a conductor, and without a lantern. He is tired of accompanying heroes and heroines, rebellious or otherwise, through disaster and perplexity and misunderstanding, only to see them lost in a thick mist at last. And he longs to meet again the lovely, unrebellious heroine, the sweet woman capable of a great passion and a greater sacrifice, tried to the verge of endurance, perhaps, in agonies of mind and in perils which subject her to wasting sickness, so long as she is brought out of her sorrows, finally, into a blissful compensation for all she has suffered, and is endowed thereby with a new and sweeter charm.

It is not intended here to insinuate that "Green Fire" and "Iras" and the production of Mr. Bangs do not entertain, that they do not portray sweet women, self-sacrificing and full of tender affection, that they are not stories; but merely to infer that they all, somehow, leave their characters lost in the now fashionable thick mist of uncertainty at midnight, on the traditional waste plain which the world is not ashamed to own that it does not want.

Mr. Warner's present volume is composed of a series of papers contributed, at various times, to various contemporary periodicals. They have been selected, he tells us, for their general relation to the theme of the title essay, *The Relation of Literature to Life*, hitherto unpublished, and as showing the connection between our literary, our educational, and our social progress, and, one and all, they exhibit that combination of serene wit, brilliancy, fine fancy, delicate observation, mature consideration, and strong individual thought and expression for which Mr. Warner is distinguished.

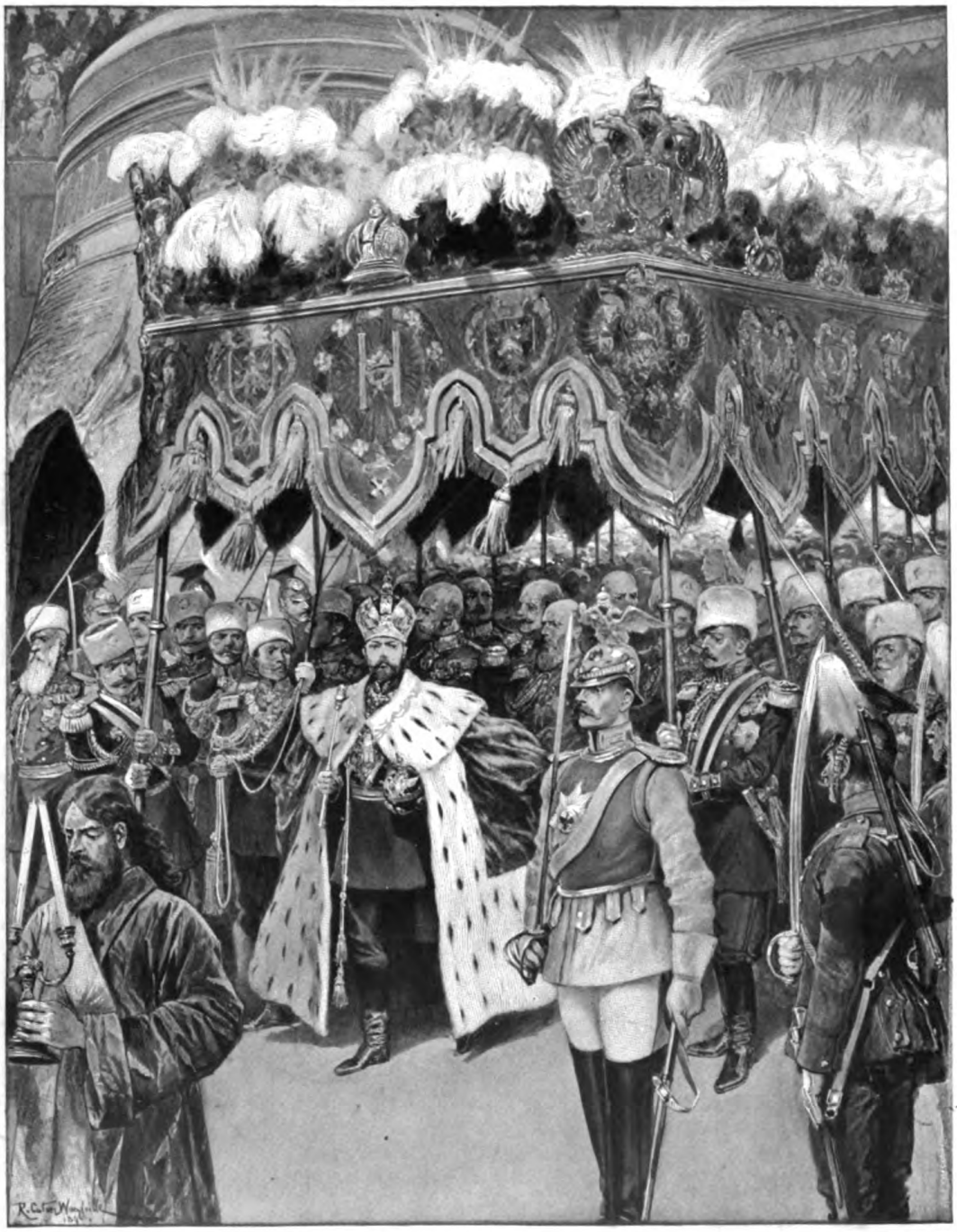
[7] *The Relation of Literature to Life*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Post 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $1 50 New York: Harper and Brothers.

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THE CORONATION PROCESSION PASSING THE GREAT BELL.

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THE CORONATION.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

WE started for Moscow ten days before the date set for the coronation, leaving Berlin at midnight, and when the chief of the wagon-lit woke us at seven the next morning we were within fifteen minutes of the custom-house.

It was raining, and outside of the wet window-panes miles of dark green grass were drawn over little hills as far as the eye could see. No houses, no people, no cattle, no living thing of any kind moved under the low dark skies or rose from the sodden prairie.

It was a gloomy picture of emptiness and desolation, a landscape without character or suggestion, and as I surveyed it sleepily I had a disappointed feeling of being cheated in having come so far to find that the Russian steppes were merely our Western prairie. But even as this was in my mind the scene changed, and lived with meaning and significance, for as the train rushed on there rose out of the misty landscape a tall white pillar pain[illegible]d in bold black stripes. And I knew [illegible]alled to Germany and to all the [illegible]world, "So far can you go, and no fa[illegible]r," and that we had crossed into the domain of the Great White Czar. It must be a fine thing to "own your own home," as the real-estate advertisements are constantly urging one to do, and it must give a man a sensation of pride to see the surveyors' stakes at the corners of his town site or homestead holding, and to know that all that lies within those stakes belongs to him, but imagine what it must be to stake out the half of Europe, planting your painted posts from the Arctic Ocean to the Pacific, from the borders of Austria and Hungary down to the shores of the Black Sea, to the Pamirs, in the very face of the British outposts, and on to China, saying, as it were, "Keep out, please; this belongs to me."

Trowbridge came with me because he was going to the coronation in any event, and because he could speak Russian. I had heard him speak French, German, and Italian when we had first met at Florence, and so I asked him to go with me to Moscow as an assistant correspondent of the New York paper I was to represent. He made an admirable associate, and it was due to him and his persuasive manner when dealing with Russian officials that I was permitted eventually to witness the coronation. It came out later, however, that his Russian was limited to a single phrase, which reflected on the ancestors of the person to whom it was addressed, and as I feared the result of this, I forbade his using it, and his Russian, in consequence, was limited to "how much?" "tea," and "caviare," so one might say that we spoke the language with equal fluency.

We had a sealed letter from the Russian ambassador at Washington to the custom-house people, and we gave it to a very smart-looking officer in a long gray overcoat and a flat white cap. He glanced over it, and over our heads at the dismal landscape, and said, "We expected you last night at one o'clock," and left us wondering. We differed in opinion as to whether he really had known that we were coming, or whether he made the same remark to every one who crossed the border, in order to give him to understand that he and his movements were now a matter of observation and concern to the Russian government.

As a matter of fact, I imagine the Russian government takes the stranger within its gates much less seriously than he does himself. The visiting stranger likes to believe that he is giving no end of trouble to a dozen of the secret police; that, sleeping or waking, he is surrounded by spies. It adds an element of local color to his visit, and makes a good story to tell

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when he goes home. It may be that for reasons of their own the Russian police help to encourage him in this belief, but that they spy upon every stranger who comes to see their show cities seems hardly probable. And if the stranger thinks he is being watched he will behave himself just as well as though he were being watched, and the result, so far as the police are concerned, is the same.

All the places in the fast trains had been engaged for many days before, so that we were forced into a very slow one, and as the line was being constantly cleared to make way for the cars of imperial blue that bore princes and archdukes and special ambassadors, we were three days and three nights on our way to Moscow. But it was an interesting journey in spite of its interminable length, and in spite of the monotonous landscape through which we crawled; and later, in looking back to it and comparing its lazy progress with the roar and rush and the suffocating crowds of the coronation weeks, it seemed a most peaceful and restful experience.

The land on either side of the track was as level as our Western prairie, but broken here and there with woods of trembling birch and dark fir trees. Scattered villages lay at great distances from one another, and almost even with the soil, their huts of logs and mud seldom standing higher than one story, and with doors so low that a tall man could enter them only by stooping.

Between these log houses were roads which the snow and rain had changed into rivers of mud, and which seemed to lead to nowhere, but to disappear from off the face of the earth as soon as they had reached the last of each group of huts. There were no stores nor taverns nor town-halls visible from the car windows, such as one sees on our Western prairie. Instead there were always the same low-roofed huts of logs painted brown, the church of two stories in the centre, the wide muddy road straggling down to the station, the fields where men and women ploughed the rich chocolate-colored soil, and, overhead, countless flocks of crows that swept like black clouds across the sky. When the villages ceased the marshes began, and from them tall heron and bittern rose and sailed heavily away, answering the shrill whistle of the locomotive with their hoarse, melancholy cries. There are probably no two kinds of bird so depressing in every way as are the heron and the crow, and they seemed to typify the whole country between Alexandrov and Moscow, where, in spite of the sun that shone brilliantly and the bright moist green of the grass, there was no sign of movement or mirth or pleasure, but, instead, a hopeless, dreary silence, and the marks of an unceasing struggle for the bare right to exist.

The railroad stations were the only bright spots on our horizon. They stood in bunches of aspen and birch trees, surrounded by neat white palings, and inside there were steaming samovars brilliantly burnished, and countless kinds of *hors d'œuvres* in little dishes on clean linen cloths, and innumerable bottles of vodki, and caviare fresh from the river, in large tin buckets. As we never knew when we should arrive at the next station, we ate something at each one, in order that we might be sure of that much at least, and, in consequence, my chief recollection of travelling in Russia is hot tea, which we scalded ourselves in drinking, and cold caviare, and waiters in high boots, who answered our inquiries as to how long the train stopped by exclaiming, "Beefsteak," and dashing off delightedly to bring it.

At every cross-road there were little semi-official stations, with the fences and gates around them painted with the black and white stripes of the government, the whole in charge of a woman, who stood in the road with a green flag held out straight in front of her. In Russia they feed the locomotive engines with wood as well as coal, and long before we reached a station we would know that we were approaching it by the piles of kindling heaped up on either side of the tracks for over a mile, so that the country had the appearance of one vast lumber-yard.

These piles of wood, and the black and white striped fences, and the frequent spectacle of a lonely child guarding one poor cow or a half-starved horse, with no other sign of life within miles of them, were the three things which seemed to us to be the most conspicuous and characteristic features of the eight hundred miles that stretch from the German border to the ancient capital.

All that we saw of the moujiks was at the stations, where they were gathered in silent, apathetic groups to watch the train

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come and go. The men were of a fine peasant type, big-boned and strong-looking, with sad, unenlightened faces. They neither laughed nor joked, as loungers around the railroad stations are wont to do at home, but stood staring, with their hands tucked in their sleeves, watching the voyagers with a humble, distressed look, like that of an uncomprehending dumb animal.



OUTSIDE MOSCOW.

They all wore long, greasy coats of sheepskin, cut in closely at the waist and spreading out like a frock to below their knees; on their feet the more well-to-do wore boots. The legs and feet of the others were wrapped closely in long linen bandages, and bound with thongs of rawhide or plaited straw. All the men had the inevitable flat cap, which seems to be the national badge of Russia, and their hair was long and clipped off evenly in a line with their shoulders. The women dressed exactly like the men, with the same long sheepskin coats and high boots, so that it was only possible to distinguish them by the kerchief each wore round her head. They were short and broad in stature, and so much smaller than their husbands and sons that they seemed to belong to another race, and

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none of them either in face or figure showed any marked trace of feminine grace or beauty.

Beyond Poland the Hebrew type, there prevalent, disappeared, of course, and the population seemed to be divided into two classes—those that wore a uniform and those that wore the sheepskin coat. But the greater number wore the uniform. There were so many of these, and they crowded each other so closely, that all the men of the nation seemed to spend their time in saluting somebody, and to enjoy doing it so much that when no one passed for some time whom they could reasonably salute, they saluted some one of equal rank to themselves. It seemed to be the national attitude.

"In this country," a man told us, "it is well to remember that every one is either master or slave. And he is likely to take whichever position you first assign to him." Stated baldly, that sounds absurd, but in practice we found that it held good to a certain degree. If the stranger approaches the Russian official—and everybody is some sort of an official—politely and hat in hand, the Russian at once assumes an air of authority over him; but if he takes the initiative, and treats the official as a public servant, he accepts that position, and serves him so far as his authority extends.

Moscow proved to be a city of enormous extent, spread out widely over many low hills, with houses of two stories and streets of huge round cobblestones. The houses are of stucco, topped with tin roofs painted green, and the bare public squares and lack of municipal buildings and of statues in public places give Moscow the undecorated, uncared-for, look of Constantinople, or of any other half-barbaric capital where the city seems not to have been built with design, but to have grown up of itself and to have spread as it pleased.

The Kremlin, of which so much was written at the time of the coronation, is no part of the city proper. It is in it, but not of it. It is a thing alone, unlike the rest of Moscow; nor, indeed, is it like any other city in the world. Its great jagged walls encompass churches, arsenals, palaces, and convents of an architecture borrowed from India and Asia and the Europe of the Middle Ages; it is as though the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Knightsbridge Barracks were all huddled together on the Thames Embankment and shut in with monster walls, leaving the rest of London an unpicturesque waste of shops of stucco, and of churches with gilded domes instead of spires, separated by narrow and roughly hewn highways. If a high wall were built around the lower part of New York city, and across it at Rector Street, forming a triangle to the Battery, the extent of the ground it would cover would about equal that shut in by the ramparts of the Kremlin.

At the time of the coronation the arteries of the great sprawling city that lies about this fortress were choked with hundreds of thousands of strange people. These people were never at rest; they apparently never slept nor relaxed, but turned night into day and day into night, and formed a seething, bubbling mixture of human beings, the like of which perhaps never before has been brought together in one place.

There were hundreds of thousands of Russian peasants who slept in the streets; there were tens of thousands of Russian soldiers who slept under canvas in the surrounding plains; there were princes in gold and plate-glass carriages of state; Russian generals seated behind black horses, driven three abreast, that never went at a slower pace than a gallop, so that the common people fell over one another to get out of danger; there were ambassadors and governors of provinces, and all their wonderfully costumed suites; bare-kneed Highlanders and bare-kneed Servians; Mongolians in wrappers of fur and green brocade, with monster muffs for hats; proud little Japanese soldiers in smart French uniforms; Germans with spiked helmets; English diplomats in top hats and frock-coats, as though they were in Piccadilly; Italian officers with five-pointed stars on their collars and green cocks' feathers in their patent-leather sombreros; Hungarian nobles in fur-trimmed satins; maharajahs from the Punjab and southern India in tall turbans of silk; and masters of ceremonies and dignitaries of the Russian court in golden uniforms and with ostrich feathers in their cocked hats. And all of these millions of people were crowding each other, pushing and hurrying and worrying, each breathing more than his share of air and taking up more than his share of

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THE CZAR IN HIS STATE ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

earth, and each of them feverish, excited, overworked, and underfed, and thinking only of himself and of his own duties—whether his duty was to leave cards at some prince's door, or to risk his life in hanging a row of lamps to a minaret in the skies; whether it was to meet an arriving archduke at the railroad station, or to beg his ambassador for places for himself and his wife on a grand stand.

Imagine a city with its every street as densely crowded as was the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Fair, and with as different races of people, and then add to that a Presidential convention, with its brass bands, banners, and delegates, and send into that at a gallop not one Princess Eulalie—who succeeded in upsetting the entire United States during the short time she was in it—but several hundred Princesses Eulalie and crown-princesses and kings and governors and aides-de-camp, all of whom together fail to make any impression whatsoever on the city of Moscow, and then march seventy thousand soldiers, fully armed, into that mob, and light it with a million colored lamps, and place it under strict martial law, and you have an idea of what Moscow was like at the time of the coronation.

There were probably some one or two of that great crush who enjoyed the coro-

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nation ceremonies, but they enjoyed them best, as every one else does now, in perspective; at the time there was too much to do and too little time in which to do it —even though the sun did rise at midnight in order to give us a few more hours of day—for any one to breathe regularly or to feel at peace.

The moujik who repaired the streets may possibly, in his ignorance, have envied the visiting prince as he dashed over the stones which the moujik had just laid down with his bare hands; but the prince had probably been standing several hours in a padded uniform, with nothing to eat and nothing to smoke, and was going back to his embassy to jump into another padded uniform and to stand for a few hours longer, until, as he drove back again, and saw the moujik stretched for the night on his pile of cobble-stones, he probably envied him and said, "Look at that lazy dog sleeping peacefully, while I must put on my fourth uniform to-day, and stand up in tight boots at a presentation of felicitations and at a court ball at which no one is allowed to dance." In those days you could call no man happy unless you knew the price he paid for his happiness.

A large number of the people in Moscow at that time might have been divided into two classes: those who were there officially, and who had every minute of their stay written out for them, and who longed for a moment's rest; and those who were there unofficially, and who worried themselves and every one over them in trying to see the same functions and ceremonies from which the officials were as sincerely anxious to be excused. As a rule, when the visitor first arrived in Moscow he found enough of interest in the place itself to content him, and did not concern himself immediately with the ceremonies or court balls; he considered, rightly enough, that the decorations in the streets and the congress of strange people from all parts of the world which he saw about him formed a spectacle which in itself repaid him for his journey. He found the city hung with thousands of flags and banners; with Venetian masts planted at the street corners and in the open squares; with rows of flags on ropes, hiding the sky as completely as do the clothes that swing on lines from the back windows of New York tenements. The streets were tunnels of colored bunting by day and valleys of colored lights by night; false façades of electric bulbs had been built before the palaces, theatres, and the more important houses, and colored glass bowls in the forms of gigantic stars and crowns and crosses, or in letters that spelled the names of the young Czar and Czarina, were reared high in the air, so that they burned against the darkness like pieces of stationary fireworks.

There were miles and miles of these necklaces of lamps, and people in strange costumes and uniforms moved between them, with their faces now illuminated, as though by the sun's rays, by great wheels of revolving electric-light bulbs, and now dyed red or blue or green, as though they were figures in a ballet on the stage.

But the visitor who was quite satisfied with this free out-of-door illumination at night, or with wandering around, Baedeker in hand, by day, soon learned that there were other sights to see behind doors which were not free, and access to which could not be bought with roubles, and he at once joined the vast army of the discontented. Sometimes he wanted one thing, and again another; it might be that he aspired only to a seat on a tribune from which to watch the parade pass, or it might be that he longed for an invitation to a ball at the French Embassy; but, whatever it was, he made life a torment to himself and to his official representative until he obtained it. The story of the struggles of the visitors to the coronation to be present at this or that ceremony would fill many pages in itself; and it might, if truthfully set down, make humorous reading now. But it was a desperate business then, and heartburnings and envy and all uncharitableness ruled when Mrs. A. was invited to a state dinner and Mrs. B. was not, or when an aide-de-camp obtained a higher place on the tribune than did any of his brother officers.

There was what was called a court list, or the distinguished strangers' list, and that was the root of all the evil; for when the visitor succeeded in getting his name on that list his struggles were at an end, and he saw at least half of all there was to see, and received large engraved cards from the Emperor, and his soul was at peace.

And it may be considered a tribute to

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the personal regard in which our minister is held in St. Petersburg that he was able to place more of his countrymen on that list than were the ambassadors of any other country. It might be urged that several of these *étrangers de distinction* from the United States had never been heard of at home until they got their names upon that list, but that is the more reason why they should feel grateful to a minister who had sufficient influence with the Russian court to do well by those who had never done very well by themselves.

Much was written, previous to the formal entrance of the Czar into Moscow, of the precautions which were being taken to guard against any attack upon his person, and this feature of the procession was dwelt upon so continually that it assumed an importance which it did not deserve. Moscow is the holy city of Russia, and the Czar, as the head of the Orthodox Church, was, as a matter of fact, in greater safety while there than he might have been in any other part of his empire. The people of Moscow are, outwardly at least, most fervently religious; the daily routine of their lives is filled with devotional exercises, and the symbols of their Church hang in each room of each house, and are not only before their eyes, but in their minds as well. For no devout Russian enters even a shop without showing deference to the shrine which is sure to be fastened in some one of its four corners, and in the streets he is confronted at every fifty yards of his progress by other shrines and altars set in the walls and by churches, so that in his walks abroad he is so constantly engaged in the exercise of crossing himself or of removing his cap that it is more accurate to say of him that his prayers are occasionally interrupted than that he frequently stops to pray. You will see a porter who is staggering under a heavy burden stop and put it down upon the pavement and repeat his prayers before he picks it up again, and he will do this three or four times in the course of half an hour's walk; troops of cavalry come to a halt and remove their hats and pray while passing a church; and when the bells ring, even the policeman standing in the middle of the street, splattered by mud and threatened by galloping droschkas, crosses himself and repeats his prayers bareheaded, while you try vainly to imagine a policeman on Broadway taking off his helmet and doing the same thing. In the restaurants there is a like show of devotion on the part of the waiters, who stand beside your table muttering a prayer to themselves, while you allow your food to grow cold rather than interrupt them.

This illustrates the reverential feeling of the people who welcomed the Czar, whom they regard as the living representative of the Church on earth; so, naturally, his chief protection came not from his detectives, but from this feeling for him in the hearts of his subjects.

But in a gathering of four hundred thousand people, anywhere in the world, there is likely to be a madman or two. President Carnot and President Faure, who could not be called autocratic rulers, found that this was so, and it was against the possibility of this chance madman, and not through any distrust of the mass of the Russian people, that precautions were taken.

Almost every function connected with the Czar's coronation was described on the official programme as "solennel"; even the banquets were solemn, and the entrance of the Czar and his progress from outside the gates to the Kremlin within was more than solemn; it was magnificent, imposing, and beautiful, and in its historical value and in its pomp and stateliness without comparison. Those who expected to see the splendor of a half-barbaric court found a pageant in which no detail was in bad taste, and those who came prepared to exclaim at all they saw sat hushed in wonder. It was as solemn a spectacle as the annual progress of the Pope through the Church of St. Peter, as beautiful as a picture of fairyland, and as significant in its suggestion of hidden power as a moving line of battle-ships. For an hour and a half the procession passed like a panorama of majesty and wealth and beauty, and as silently as a dream, while all about it the air was broken by the booming of cannon as though the city were besieged, and the clashing of bells, and the curious moaning cheer of the Russian people. In this procession were the representatives of what had once been eighteen separate governments, each of which now bowed in allegiance to the Russian Emperor. They appeared in their national costumes and with their own choice of arms, and they represented amongst them a hun-

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dred millions of people, and each of them bore himself as though his chief pride was that he owed allegiance to a young man twenty-eight years old, a young man who never would be seen by his countrymen in the distant provinces from which he came, to whom the Czar was but a name and a symbol, but a symbol to which they prayed, and for which they were prepared to give up their lives.

Among these people, whose place was in the van of the procession, were the tall Cossacks in long scarlet tunics, their breasts glittering with silver cartridge-cases, and their heads surmounted with huge turbans of black Astrakhan; dwarfish soldiers from Finland, short and squat like Esquimaux; yellow-faced Tartars in furs, and Mongolians in silver robes; wild-eyed, long-haired horsemen from Toorkistan and the Pamirs, with spear points as long as a sword blade; and the gentlemen of the Chevaliers Gardes and of the Garde à Cheval, in coats of ivory-white with silver breastplates, and helmets of gold on which perched the double eagle of Russia in burnished silver.

Behind these came many open carriages of gold lined with scarlet velvet, in which sat the ministers of the court, holding their wands of office, and after them servants of the Emperor's household on foot in gold-laced coats and white silk stockings and white wigs; masters of horse rode beside them, with coats all of gold, both back and front, and with sleeves and collars of gold; and behind them the most picturesque feature of the whole pageant, the bronzed, fiercely bearded huntsmen of the Emperor, the men who throttle the wolves with their bare hands until the dogs rush in and pull them down, dressed in high boots and green coats, and armed with long glittering knives; following them were gigantic negroes in baggy trousers and scarlet jackets — a relic of the days of Catherine — whose duty it is to guard with their lives the entrance to the royal bedchamber; and after them footmen dressed as you see them in the old prints, with ostrich plumes and tall wands—descendants of the time when a footman ran on foot before his master's carriage and did not ride comfortably on the box-seat.

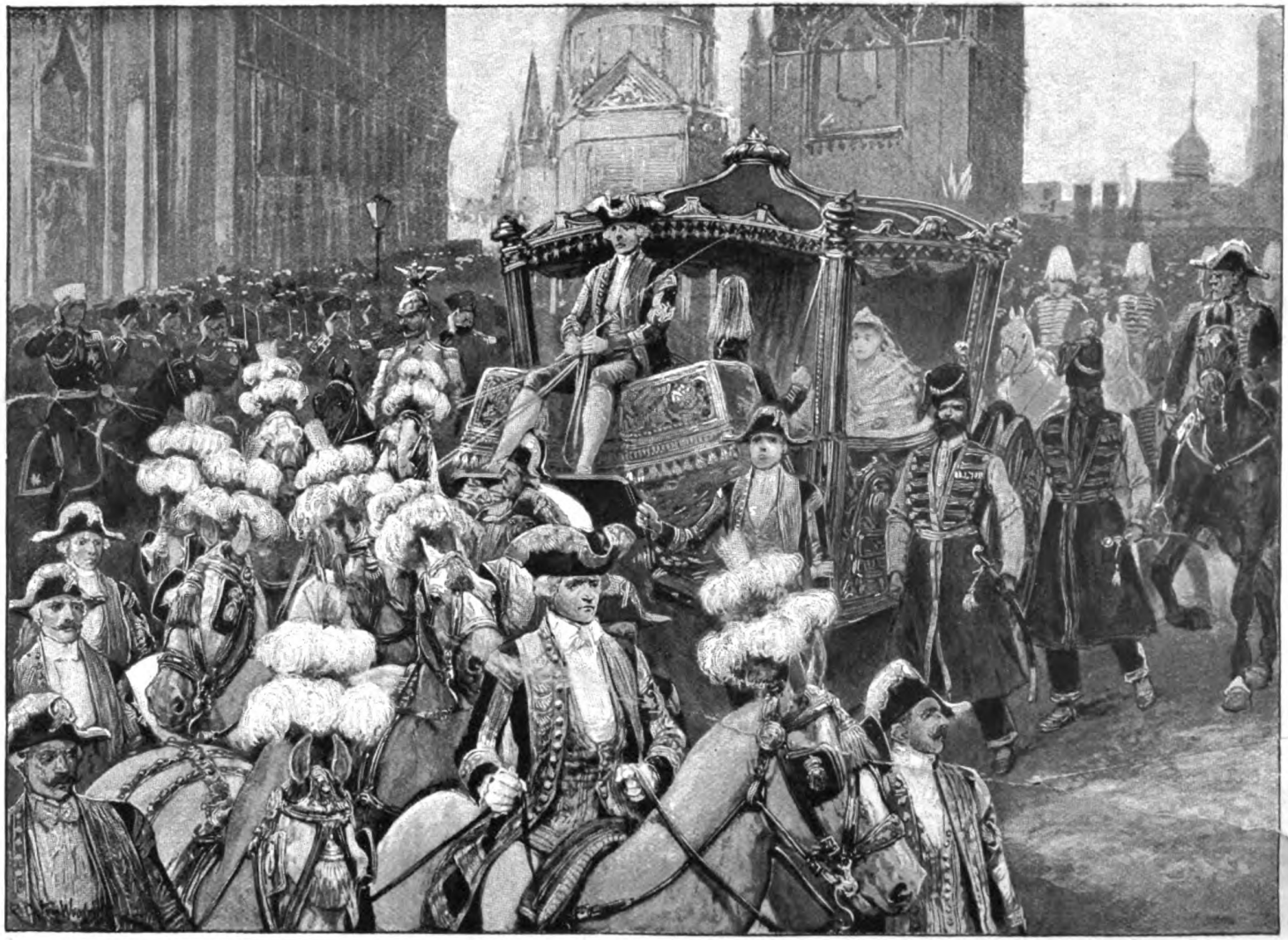
After these, beneath the fluttering flags and between the double row of fifty thousand glittering bayonets, and under as bright a sun as ever shone, came a resplendent group of mounted men in uniforms that differed in everything save magnificence, and in the fact that over the breast of each was drawn the blue sash of the Order of St. Andrew, which only those of royal blood may wear. These riders were the grand-dukes of Russia, the visiting heirs-apparent and princes, and the dukes and archdukes from England, Germany, Italy, Greece, and Austria — from all over the world, from the boy Prince of Montenegro to the boy Prince of Siam.

They rode without apparent order, although their places were as fixed as the stars in their orbits, and they formed the most remarkable mounted escort that this century has seen; and in front of them, riding quite alone, and dressed more simply than any one in the procession, came the young Czar, turning his face slightly from side to side, and with his white-gloved hand touching his Astrakhan cap. The house-tops rocked and the sidewalks seemed to surge and sway with waving caps and upraised hands, and the groaning, awe-struck cheer rose to one great general acclamation which drowned the bells and the booming cannon.

But it rose still higher when, following the Czar's escort of princes, came the Dowager Empress. It was she who was more loudly greeted than either the Emperor or the Czarina, for the people have loved her longer, and she has made them worship her through many acts of clemency and kindness, and perhaps far more than all else through her devotion to her husband during his six months' illness, when she sat day and night at his bedside.

Behind the Dowager Empress came the state carriage of the Czarina. It was drawn by eight snow-white horses in trappings of broad red morocco leather, covered with heavy gold mountings. The harness had been made in Paris, and the gold had been engraved in the Rue de la Paix. Each horse, that would have preferred a mouthful of oats, ground his teeth on a gold bit as big around as a man's thumb, and as delicately chased and engraved as a monogram on a watch, and wore ostrich feathers on his head, and ten thousand dollars' worth of harness on his back. The ten different sets of harness used in the procession cost the Russian government one million dollars. Each horse that drew the Czarina's chariot had

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THE CZARINA'S CARRIAGE IN THE STATE PROCESSION.

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an attendant in a cap of ostrich feathers and a coat of gold, who led him by a silken rein, and two giants, seven feet high, strode beside the wheels, and two little pages sat with their backs to the driver on his gold throne, and regarded the Czarina through a screen of glass as the young Empress smiled and bowed to her adopted people through the windows of her Cinderella chariot. Great artists had decorated the panels of this carriage, and master-workmen had carved its gold sides and wheels and axles; plumes of white and black and orange ostrich feathers nodded and swayed from its top of scarlet velvet, and the gold-embroidered cushions inside gave it the appearance of a sumptuous jewel-box fashioned to hold this most beautiful princess in her gown of silver, with her ermine cloak fallen back from her bare shoulders, and with diamonds hanging from her neck to her knees, and with diamonds high upon her head.

In the train of the Czarina were grand-duchesses and maids of honor in still more fairy carriages; and then, when it seemed impossible to add another touch of splendor to that which had already passed, the nature of the procession, as though by a piece of clever stage-management, suddenly changed, and in magnificent contrast to the grace and wealth and feminine beauty which had gone before came three miles of armed and mounted men, the picked horsemen of Russia, crowding so closely together that one saw nothing of the street over which they passed, but only an unbroken mass of tossing manes and flashing breastplates and fluttering pennants, and one heard only the ceaseless tramp of horses' hoofs and the clank of steel.

The crowning and chrismation of the Czar of Russia was to the rest of the world a beautiful spectacle, but to the Russian it was an affair of the most tremendous religious significance. How serious this point of view was is shown in an extract from the official explanation of the coronation, the authorized guide to the service, which was printed in four languages and furnished to those who witnessed the ceremony. It is interesting to note that in the paragraph quoted here the capital letters are about equally divided between the ruling family and the Deity:

"The Royal power in Russia, from the time that she was formed into an empire, forms the heart of the nation. All Russia prays for the Tsar, as for her father, from Him descends grace & benevolence upon His subjects, in Him all good finds support & protection, & evilmerited punishment. In the instanse of the Autocrat of Russia we see that the Tsars reign by the Lord. God Almighty has often manifested His affection for the Russian people on their Tsar. The affection of the Lord rests on the Ruling House & the right hand of the Almighty guards, removes & saves It from all misfortunes & evils."

This is the spirit in which the coronation is regarded by the orthodox Russian; and the desire simply to be near the cathedral where this ceremony was taking place was what brought hundreds of thousands of Russians of all classes to Moscow and to the walls of the Kremlin, so that when the sun rose resplendent on the day of the coronation, the high banks of that fortress, the streets around it, the bridges and open squares, and the shores of the river which cuts Moscow in two, were black with the people who had spent the night in the open air, who followed the coronation from point to point of the service by the aid of the bells and the cannon, and who fell upon their knees or lifted their voices in prayer in unison with those within the walls of the Church of the Assumption.

The story of how these latter were admitted to the Church of the Assumption would be extremely interesting reading if the masters of ceremonies would choose to tell it. The matter cost these dignitaries many sleepless nights, and where it made them one friend it made them a dozen enemies. It was an extremely difficult task, for on account of the lack of space in the cathedral it was quite impossible to give room there to many who would have been entitled to a place in it if their official importance and not their physical size had been the deciding-point; but as it was, the question became not whom "the Ceremonies" could please by admitting, but whom they could least offend by keeping out. In order to satisfy these latter, tribunes were arranged around the cathedral, and those who sat on certain tribunes were supposed to be officially present at the coronation. This may explain what is meant by several well-known people when they say they saw the coronation of the Czar; officially speaking, they were present, but in much

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the same sense that the ruler of England is supposed to be present on the bridge of every English man-of-war, so that an officer always salutes when he mounts the companionway of that structure; but, as a matter of fact, these latter only saw the procession as the Czar and the Czarina entered and left the cathedral, and that in itself was worth travelling four thousand miles to see.

Those who saw the actual ceremony were members of the imperial family and the most important of the Russian nobles, the visiting princes, the heads of resident and special embassies and legations, and, in a few instances, their first secretaries, the aides-de-camp of the foreign princes, and a few correspondents and artists. An ambassador who happened to be unmarried was a man among men to "the Ceremonies," and a prince who did not insist on having the commander-in-chief of his army standing at his side filled their eyes with tears of joy. It was their duty to decide between an aide-de-camp from Bulgaria and a Russian ambassador at home on leave, a Japanese prince and an English general, a German duchess and the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*. It was a matter of so many square inches chiefly, and one man or woman who got in kept a dozen applicants for the space out; and the pressure that was brought to bear in order to gain a footing—and a footing was actually all one obtained—threatened the peace of Europe, and caused tears of disappointment and wounds that will rankle in the breasts of noble Russian families for years to come.

Personally I knew nothing of the struggles of any save the correspondents, and they were sufficient in themselves to hold my undivided attention for ten days and ten nights. There were three hundred correspondents, speaking eleven different languages, and each advanced his individual claims and the claims of the periodical he represented with a pertinacity and vigor worthy of a great cause. It is a small thing now, but at the time life did not seem worth living unless you were to be admitted to the cathedral, and then even it did not mean so much to get in as it did to have come that distance and to be kept out. Great political parties backed the men who represented those parties' official organs; banking houses, cabinet ministers, ladies of high degree, ambassadors, and princes brought financial, social, and political influence into the fight, and lobbied, bribed, and cajoled for their favorites with a skill and show of feeling that reminded one of the struggles among the delegates at a Presidential convention in Chicago; while the Russian officials, bewildered, dazed, and driven to distraction, maintained throughout an absolute silence as to who might be the fortunate ones, and by so doing kept the struggles raging round their heads until the very eve of the coronation. They even refused hope to one man, an English artist named Forrestier, who came with a letter of introduction from Queen Victoria to the Grand-Duchess Sergius, which fact had naturally a somewhat depressing effect upon those who had no queens to push them forward; and even men like Sir Donald McKenzie Wallace, who represented the *Times*, and Sir Edwin Arnold, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, did not know that their calling and election was by any means sure.

In the end "the Ceremonies" turned away such men as Frederick Villiers, who had been present at the last coronation, and who was one of the four correspondents who had followed the Russian army from the beginning of the Russian-Turkish war to the fall of Plevna; so that those who got in cannot feel that they did so on the principle of the selection of the fittest. It was represented in my behalf that anything that was written in a magazine would be more easy of access in the future, and would have a more lasting quality than that which appeared in the more ephemeral columns of a daily paper; so I was admitted because I represented a magazine, and in spite of the fact and not on account of the fact that I was also cabling to a New York paper. But without the help of the American minister, and the members of the visiting and resident American legations—and Trowbridge—I could not have got in. The members of our legations who were present in the chapel were six: they were the American minister, Mr. Clifton R. Breckinridge, and Mrs. Breckinridge, General Alexander McD. McCook and Mrs. McCook, Admiral Selfridge, and Mrs. Peirce, the wife of the secretary of legation, who was admitted even though her husband for some unknown reason was not. The New York *Herald* was represented, but by two Eng-

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lishmen, Aubrey Stanhope and Sir Edwin Arnold; the American Associated Press by another Englishman, named Watson; the United Press of America by Louis Moore, an American; and this Magazine and the New York *Journal* by myself.

These six officials and Louis Moore, who represented seventeen hundred papers, and the writer were the only Americans in the cathedral—eight in all. Several other Americans have since said that they were also there. They were not.

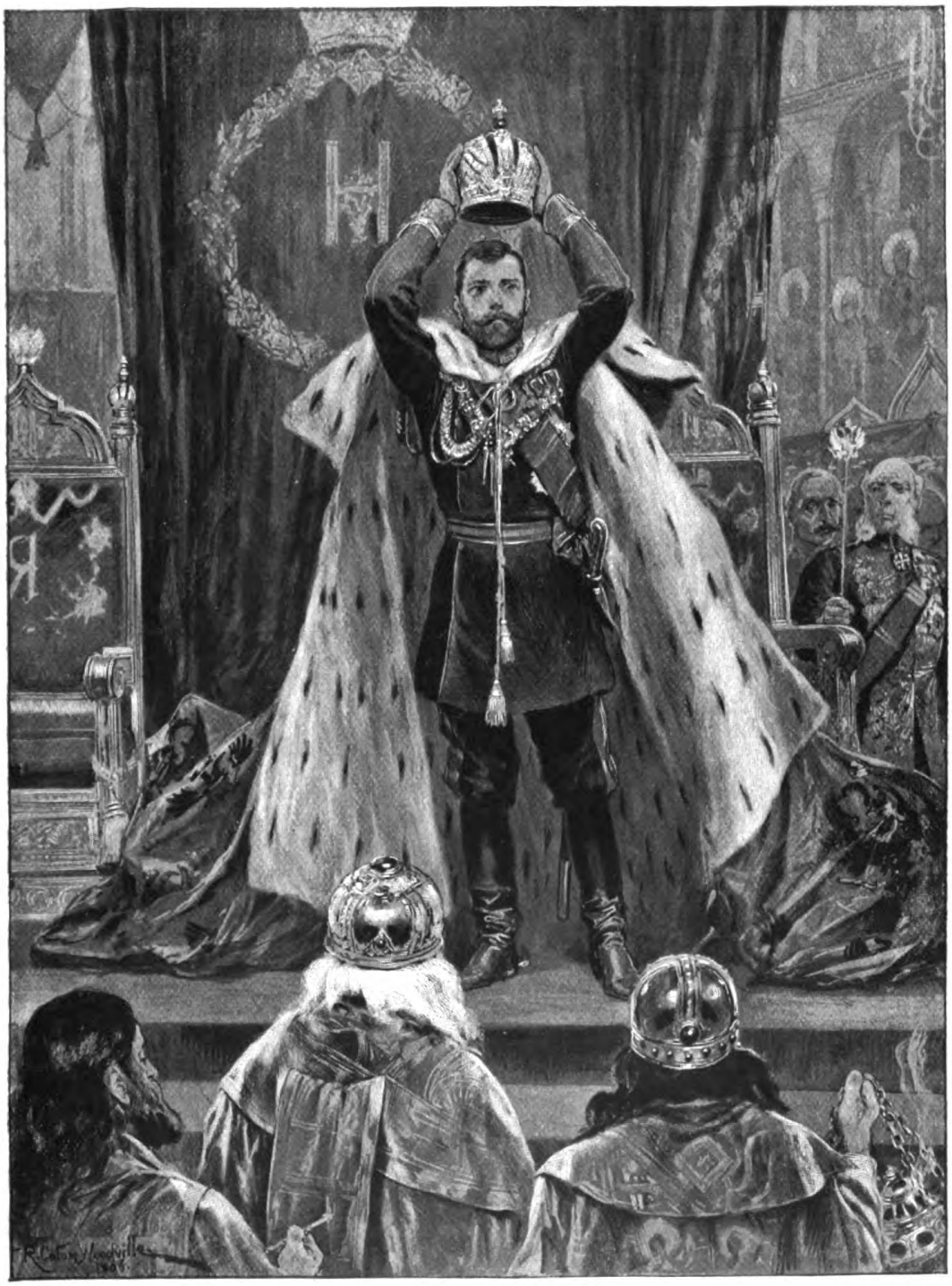
Admittance to the cathedral and to the Kremlin itself was hedged about with much formality, and to one who did not speak or read Russian the attempt was something of an ordeal, and attended with a nervous fear of being turned back at the last moment and when within sight of the goal. I was required to show a ticket, which my driver wore in his hat, before I could pass the police lines in the streets; another ticket was necessary to enter the gates of the Kremlin; there was a card of invitation to the palace after the coronation, and one more for the cathedral, and with it a badge in the shape of a gold crown and a bow of the blue ribbon of the order of St. Andrew. Besides these, I had to carry a photograph, stamped and sealed for identification by the police, and a blue and white enamelled star, which showed that I was an accredited correspondent.

The word "cathedral" has misled many people in regard to the size of the church in which the coronation took place, as have also the photographs of its exterior. The Church of the Assumption is really more of a chapel than a cathedral, and is cut in two by a great gold screen, so that those who witnessed the ceremony were crowded into a space only one-half as large as that suggested by those pictures which show the building from the outside. This space is about as large as the stage of a New York theatre. It is hemmed in by three walls and the high gold screen which separates the altar and the sacred tombs and the holy relics from the rest of the cathedral. These walls are overlaid from the floor to the dome above with gold-leaf, upon which are frescoes of the saints in dark blues and reds and greens, each saint wearing around his head a halo of gold studded with precious stones. The screen is a wall in itself; the gold upon it alone weighs five tons, and the figures of holy men in fresco and mosaic with which it is decorated are covered with rows of pearls and hung with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. In the centre of this hall of precious stones and pure gold are four great pillars, the lower half of which were wrapped about for the coronation in heavy folds of purple velvet. On a platform stretched between these pillars, under a canopy of velvet stamped with the double eagle of Russia and bearing tufts of ostrich feathers of orange, black, and white, were the three thrones. The Czar's throne was in the centre, on the left of it the Czarina's, and that of the Dowager Empress was at the right. His was of silver inlaid with great blue turquoises; the Czarina's of ivory, carved with scenes of the chase; that of the Dowager Empress was of silver studded with all manner of precious stones, including eight hundred and eighty diamonds.

The light that illuminated the chapel came through long stained-glass windows, and from twinkling lamps fastened by chains to the dusky dome above, and as the sun entered the place its long rays of colored light pierced the smoke of the incense and regilded the walls, passing from one jewelled saint to the next, so that the dull stones gleamed and shone, and the jewels on the lamps, as they turned and twisted, coruscated and flashed in the dim heights above like the hidden treasures in the cave of Monte Cristo.

It is difficult to know what to tell of the ceremony of the coronation—what to leave unsaid and what to say. The story might be written by twenty different men, each writing in much greater detail than is allowed in the space of this single article, and yet all would not be told; nor might any two tell of the same thing. It would depend upon the point of view. The story might be told as it appealed to the sad-eyed priest in his long, unkempt hair and beard, and robe of gold—the devout Muscovite to whom the dignitaries present were but as actors on a stage, in comparison with the sacred character of the chapel itself and with the holy relics it contained. That one emerald alone in the great gold wall was worth a king's ransom would mean nothing to one who believed that St. Paul with his own hands had painted the picture beneath it, and that a part of the robe of our Saviour and a nail of the true cross lay hidden

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THE CZAR PLACES THE CROWN ON HIS HEAD.

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under the same dome which sheltered these women with bare shoulders, and these princes of a day in their tinsel and diamond stars. Or why should he consider the deeds of these famous generals when one of the holy pictures in his keeping had turned back Tamerlane and his whole army? Could the grizzled old warrior Gourko, or the big kindly eyed English general Grenfell, the hero of the Soudan, or the little dark-skinned Yamagata, have done more?

Or the story might be told by one of the ambassadors in the front row of the tribune, who would see in the ceremony and in the display and publicity given it a new departure for Russia, a bid, as it were, for the attention of the world. To him the people themselves would be the essential feature. He would see a half-confessed alliance in the position assigned a brother ambassador, or read a promise of marriage in the triumphant smile of one of the visiting princes. His story would have been one full of diplomatic secrets, which is only another word for the gossip of diplomats; and he would have been delighted to explain why the representative of the United States, instead of ranking with the ambassadors of other powers nearly as great as his own, stood below the minister from a little kingdom as small as Rhode Island, and not half so important, except for a lurid past; and why the Austrian ambassador, the representative of an emperor, and a prince in his own right, had been given the Grand Cross of St. Andrew, as though he were a ruling monarch, on the evening of one day, and had been asked to give it back before breakfast on the following morning. He would have told you that the reason the English bishop, with his mitre and crook, sat in a higher place than the papal nuncio was because the Greek Church was coquetting with the Church of England, and that the English ambassador, being a Roman Catholic, had chosen not to recognize the peer of the English Church or to present him to the Czar, and that the Czar was indignant accordingly; but how much more serious than this was the silly act of his confrère, the French ambassador, who had nearly undone what his country was striving to bring about, by refusing to kiss the Czarina's hand, because, forsooth! the poor little soul held that act of homage to be unbecoming in a representative of a free republic. As though discourtesy had ever been a sign of independence, or as though kissing the hand of a woman could bring anything but honor to any man, even to a Frenchman whose republicanism has not become so serious that it has made him forego his title.

There were enough stories, besides, to fill many books—stories of the men present who had been busy for the last quarter of a century in making the history of the world; stories full of romance and intrigue; stories of love and of battle. There was the sailor prince who had saved the Czar's life from the sword of an assassin; the Russian prince who is to build a railroad from Paris to Pekin, and who learned how it could be done as a mechanic in the machine-shops of Altoona; there was the Bulgarian prince, with hooked nose and with jewels to his nails, who changed his child's religion to pay for a ticket of admission to this ceremony; and the baby Prince of Monaco, whose revered parent spins a roulette wheel, and the baby Prince Yusifumi of Japan, whose father was descended from a family as old as the first rainbow, both of whom, hidden by the long legs of the Russian grand-dukes, spent the hours of weary waiting in comparing their stars and decorations, as other boys of the same age would have matched jack-knives, breathing on them and rubbing them with their sleeves in much the same fashion, to show how shiny they were. They were two nice little men of the world, making each other's acquaintance while the most solemn ceremony of their young lives was in progress before them, the one from the Kingdom of the Rising Sun, and the other from the gamblers' paradise of the Riviera.

More interesting to me, perhaps, than all the others was the little hereditary prince of the little rock-bound principality of Montenegro, which Mr. McGahan, of Cleveland, Ohio, helped give to one of his relatives; and without heeding the Montenegrins' cry of "Thou hast rid us of kings, be thou king," went on to Constantinople, where he nursed a friend out of a fever, and died of that same fever at the age of thirty-three. Mr. McGahan of Cleveland, Ohio, the reporter who could have been king had he wished it, lies buried now on the hills above the Bosporus, and Skobeleff and the officers of every ship of war in the harbor stood

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beside his grave when they buried him; and some day his story will be told properly, and Americans will visit his resting-place in his home of exile.

I saw several princes at the coronation who were waiting for crowns, but I saw no prince like McGahan, who had refused one.

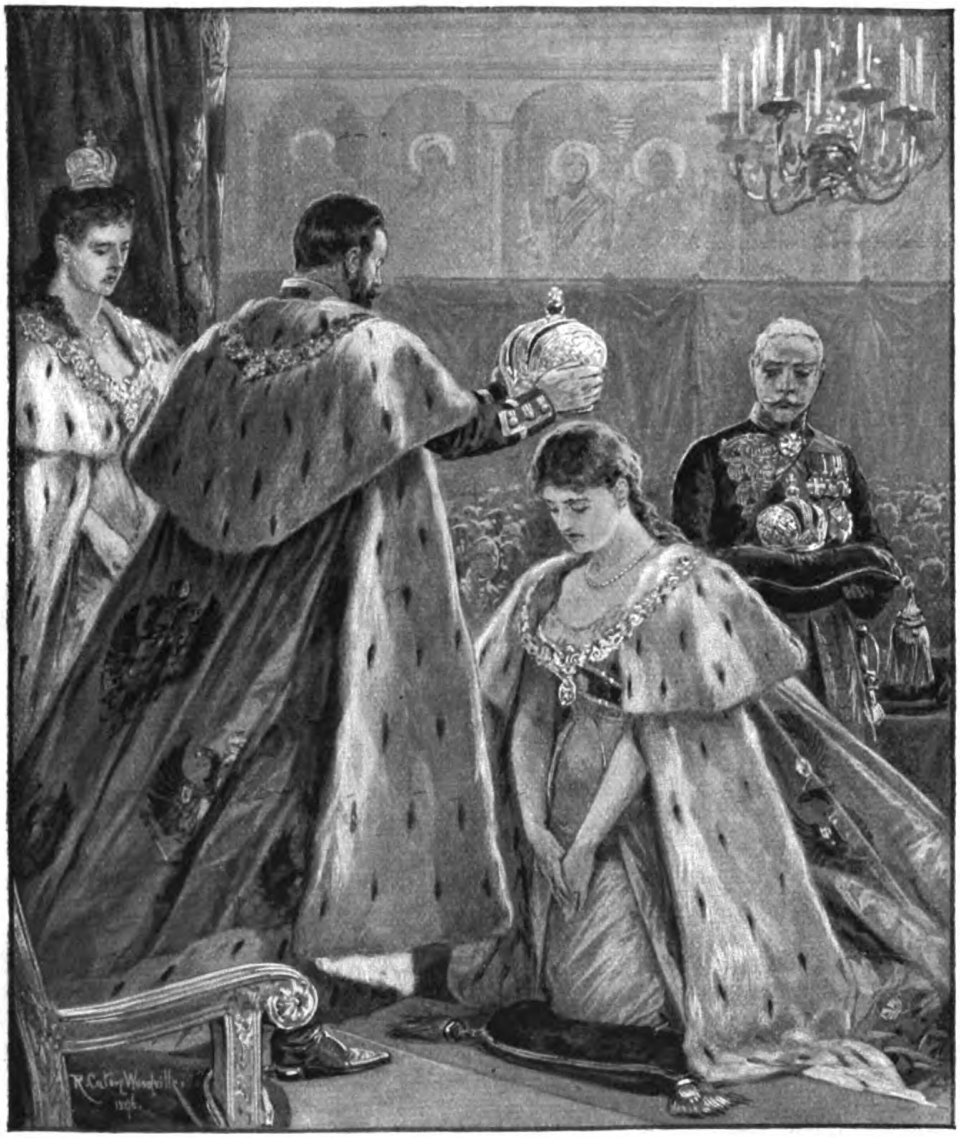
Or the story of one stone alone among the thousands flashing in the light would read like a romance if it were told in detail,—how it gleamed once in the dark shades of a Hindoo temple in the brow of a god, how a private soldier with a bayonet in his profane hands dug it out and carried it for months in his knapsack, how it lay tossed by the waves in the sea-chest of a sailor, who sold it to a Jew dealer in Hatton Garden, who passed it on, until its last owner exchanged it for a title and five million francs and a yearly pension of two thousand roubles. And so it rests at last at the end of the Czar's sceptre, and on account of its great estate one must now back away from it, when he is allowed to look at the regalia, as he would from royalty itself, or as the Hindoos bowed before it long ago when the Orloff diamond was the eye of the great god Siva.

The coronation as a picture was much more beautiful than any one could possibly have imagined it was going to be, and the scene would have been even more impressive if the people had not been so closely crowded together that the colors of the uniforms and court dresses with their ornaments and decorations were lost in the press of numbers. As it was, except in the case of a very tall man or a particularly lofty tiara, you saw only those who stood in the front rows, and the epaulets or coronets of the many behind them. They were so close together, indeed, that when the moment came when all should have knelt and the Emperor alone should have remained standing, there was not room for the men to kneel, and many of them were forced to merely bend forward, supporting themselves on the shoulders of those already kneeling.

The tribune to the right of the thrones was the one most closely crowded. It held the grand-duchesses and the ladies of the court, who were in the native costume of the country, and who wore the diamonds for which that country is celebrated. On the tribune immediately behind the throne stood the Russian senators in magnificent coats of gold, with boots to the hip and white leather breeches, and with ostrich feathers in their peaked hats; with them were the correspondents, the Germans and Russians in military uniforms, the Englishmen in their own court dress, and the Frenchmen and Americans in evening dress, which at that hour of the morning made them look as though they had been up all night. The diplomats and their wives, and the visiting commanders-in-chief and generals of armies from all over the world, occupied the third tribune to the left of the throne, and formed the most splendid and gorgeous group of all. Around the platform itself were the princes and grand-dukes glittering with the chains and crosses of the imperial orders, and between the screen and the platform the priests moved to and fro in jewelled mitres as large as a diver's helmet, and in robes stiff with gold and precious stones, their vestments flashing like the scales of gold-fish. For five hours the sun shone dimly through the stained glass and boldly through the high open doors on this mass of color and mixture of jewels, so that the eye grew wearied as it flashed from sword hilts and epaulets or passed lightly from shining silks and satins to touch tiaras and coronets, falling for one instant upon the white hair of some red and grizzled warrior, or caressing the shoulders and face of some beautiful girl.

But nothing in the whole drama of the morning presented so impressive a picture as did the young Empress when she first entered the chapel and stood before her throne. Of all the women there she was the most simply robed, and of all the women there she was by far the most beautiful. A single string of pearls was her only ornament, and her hair, which was worn like that of a Russian peasant girl, fell in two long plaits over her bare shoulders—bare even of a strap, of a bow, of a jewel—and her robe of white and silver was as simple as that of a child going to her first communion. As she stepped upon the dais the color in her cheeks was high, and her eyes were filled with that shyness or melancholy which her pictures have made familiar; and in contrast with the tiaras and plumes and necklaces of the ladies of the court surrounding her, she looked more like Iphigenia going to the sacrifice than the queen of the most pow-

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THE CZAR CROWNING THE CZARINA.

erful empire in the world waiting to be crowned.

The most interesting part of the ceremony, to my mind, was when the Czar changed from a bareheaded young officer in a colonel's uniform, with his trousers stuck in his boots, to an emperor in the most magnificent robes an emperor could assume; and when the Czarina followed him, and from the peasant girl became a queen, with the majesty of a queen, and with the personal beauty which the queens of our day seem to have lost. When the moment had arrived for this transformation to take place, the Czar's uncle, the Grand-Duke Vladimir, and his younger brother Alexander lifted the collars of the different orders from the Czar's shoulders, but in doing this the Grand-Duke Vladimir let one of the stars fall, which seemed to hold a superstitious interest for both of them. They then fastened upon his shoulders the imperial mantle of gold cloth, which is some fifteen feet in length, with a cape of ermine, and covered with the double eagle of Russia in black enamel and precious stones. Over this they placed the broad diamond

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Collar of St. Andrew, which sank into the bed of snowy white fur, and lay glimmering and flashing as the Emperor moved forward to take the imperial diadem from the hands of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg.

The crown was a marvellous thing, fashioned in two halves to typify the eastern and western kingdoms, formed entirely of white diamonds, and surmounted by a great glowing ruby, above which was a diamond cross. The Czar lifted this flashing globe of flame and light high above him, and then lowered it to his head, and took the sceptre in his right hand and the globe in the left.

From where I stood I could see their faces only in profile, but when the Czar seated himself upon the throne, the Czarina turned and raised her eyes questioningly; and then, in answer to some sign he made her, she stood up and walked to a place in front of him, and sank down upon her knees at his feet, with her bare hands clasped before her. He rested his crown for an instant on her brow, and then replacing it upon his own head, lowered a smaller crown of diamonds upon hers. Three ladies-in-waiting fastened it to her hair with long gold hairpins, the Czar watching them as they did so with the deepest interest; and then, as they retired, two of the grand-dukes placed a mantle similar to the Czar's upon her shoulders, and hung another diamond collar upon the ermine of her cape, and she stepped back to her throne of ivory, and he to his throne of turquoise. The supreme moment had come and gone, and Nicholas II. and Alexandra Feodorovna sat crowned before the nations of the world.

Some one made a signal through the open door, and the diplomats on the tribunes outside rose to their feet and the crush of moujiks below them sank on their knees, and the regiments of young peasant soldiers flung their guns at salute, and the bells of the churches carried the news over the heads of the kneeling thousands across the walls of the Kremlin to where one hundred and one cannon hurled it on across the river and up to the highest hill of Moscow, where the modern messengers of good and evil began to tick it out to Odessa, to Constantinople, to Berlin, to Paris, to the rocky coast of Penzance, where it slipped into the sea and hurried on under the ocean to the illuminated glass face in the Cable Company's tall building on Broadway, and from there to Port Darien and Yokohama, until the world had been circled, and the answering congratulations came pouring into Moscow while the young Emperor still stood under the dome of the little chapel.

The most interesting part of the ceremony that followed was the presentation of felicitations by the visiting princes and princesses. It was interesting because the usual position of things was reversed, and the royalties who watch with smiles the curtsies and bows of the humbly born who come to their levees and presentations were now forced to bow and curtsy, and the lowly born were the smiling critical spectators.

And it was satisfactory to find that the royalties were quite as awkward over it and as embarrassed as was ever any young débutante at a Buckingham Palace Drawing Room. What they had to do was simple enough. They had each to cross the platform, to kiss the Czar on the cheek and the Czarina on the hand alone, and if it were a woman who was presenting her congratulations, to turn her cheek to the Czarina to kiss in return. The same ceremony was required for the Dowager Empress as for the Czarina. It does not sound difficult, but not more than six out of a hundred did what they had been told to do, and each of them hurried through with it as quickly as possible, and with an expression of countenance that betokened anything rather than smiling congratulations. For from their point of view all their little world was looking on at them, all their princely cousins and kingly nephews and royal uncles and aunts were standing by to see, and for the brief moment in which each passed across the platform, and most unwillingly held the centre of the stage, he felt that the whole of Europe was considering his appearance, and criticising his bow, and counting the number of times he kissed or was kissed in return. The Duke of Connaught, being the Czarina's uncle, was the only man who kissed her; and the Prince of Naples, the heir to the throne of Italy, did not even kiss the Czar, but gave each of them a hand timidly, and then backed away as though he were afraid they would kiss him in spite of himself. Some of the royalties, in their embarrassment, assumed a most

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severe and disapproving air, as did the Queen of Greece, a very handsome woman in fur, who, in contrast to the simpers of the others, and in order to show how self-possessed she was, scowled at the young couple like Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene. Others looked as though they were saying good-night to their hostess, and assuring her that they had had a very pleasant evening, but a few were deeply moved, and kissed the Czar's diamond collar as a sign of fealty, and some of the Russian nobles bowed very low, and then kissed the Czarina's bare shoulder.

After the congratulations, the ceremony was continued by the priests alone, who chanted and prayed for nearly two hours, during which time the Czar and Czarina took but little part in the service beyond crossing themselves at certain intervals. The strain became very great; it was impossible to keep one's attention fixed on the strange music of the choir or on the unfamiliar chanting of the priests, and people began to whisper to one another, until at the end of the ceremony almost every one was whispering as though he were at an afternoon tea.

It was not that there was any disrespect felt, but that it had become physically impossible, after six hours of silence and of remaining wedged in an upright position in one place, to maintain an attentive attitude of either mind or body.

But the priests ceased at last, and the most solemn ceremony of the chrismation was reached, and the Czar passed from sight through the jewelled door of the screen, while his young wife, who could not enter with him, waited, praying for him beside the picture of the Virgin. When he came forth again the tears were streaming down his cheeks and beard, and he bent and kissed the Empress like a man in a dream, as though during the brief space in which he had stood in the holy of holies he had been face to face with the mysteries of another world.

That was the end of the ceremony of the coronation, and let us hope it will be a long time before there will be another one.

In looking back at it now, it seems to me that what made it most impressive was the youth of the Czar and Czarina. There was something in the sweet girlishness of her manner, and of the dauntlessness of the boy in his, that gave them both an inexpressible hold upon your interest and your sympathy. It was not as though they had been looking forward to this hour for many years, until it had lost its first meaning and was now the payment for a long period of apprenticeship, until it had been lived so often in anticipation that when it came it was only a form. It was not as though he had grown cynical and stout, and she gray-haired and hardened to it all; but, instead, she looked like a bride upon her wedding-day, and you could see in his face, white and drawn with hours of prayer and fasting, and in the tears that wet his cheeks, how strongly he was moved, and you could imagine what he felt when he looked forward into the many years to come, and again saw himself as he was at that moment, a boy of twenty-eight, taking in his hands the insignia of absolute sovereignty over the bodies of one hundred million people, and on his lips the most sacred oaths to protect the welfare of one hundred million souls.

IN TIME OF SORROW.

BY KATHARINE L. FERRIS.

I CANNOT think you dead; it must be only
That you have travelled far;
And while I find my path on earth more lonely,
My sky has gained a star;

A star whose place in heaven I see more plainly
Because, with me, 'tis night.
Yet through my tears I sometimes seek it vainly,
And cannot find its light.

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LINCOLN'S HOME LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

BY LESLIE J. PERRY.

WASHINGTON in 1861 was essentially Southern in all its ramifications. In politics and social life the capital was decidedly, even aggressively, pro-slavery. Under these conditions the occupancy of the White House by a "Black Republican" President and his wife was a peculiarly hateful event to a large proportion of its society. Society was, in fact, torn up root and branch by the impending civil war; everything was chaos, and had to be reorganized from the foundation.

It was under these adverse circumstances that Mrs. Lincoln became mistress of the White House. Every ingenuity of malice was resorted to to discredit the new *régime*. Both the President and his wife were mercilessly lampooned; and yet Mrs. Lincoln was the peer of any woman in Washington in education and character, as well as the "barren ideality" of birth. W. O. Stoddard—one of the private secretaries, and a keen observer—in his little book, *Inside the White House in War-Time*, says that Mrs. Lincoln was prepared to assume a leading part. As her lieutenant in the official household, he noted that she was an authoritative mistress, but listened patiently to sensible representations, and oftentimes yielded her judgment; that her instructions were given in a kindly and vivacious manner; that she was a pleasant-looking woman—"bright, cheerful, almost merry," sometimes. The servants always spoke of her as "the madam." Says Stoddard, "As you look at her and talk with her, the fact that she has so many enemies strikes you as one of the moral curiosities of this venomous time."

She dressed well, even extravagantly. In her little book, *Behind the Scenes*, Mrs. Keckley, who was Mrs. Lincoln's dressmaker, speaks of having made fifteen dresses for her in three or four months. This authority says no queen could have comported herself with more dignity than Mrs. Lincoln at all public functions.

Yet this woman was stigmatized by a certain class of Washington society as low, vulgar, and even ignorant—without any qualifications for the high station to which she had been called.

The calumny which wounded her most deeply was her alleged sympathy with the rebellion, which had its sole foundation in the fact that her Kentucky half-brothers were Confederates, although she had held no intercourse with them since their childhood. It was said and believed that she hampered her husband in every possible way in the prosecution of the war. In self-protection she wished Mr. Stoddard to examine all her correspondence. It is certain that she loyally desired the success of her husband and the great cause he so ably directed. In a printed letter to Mrs. Keckley Mrs. Lincoln asserts positively that her sympathies were strongly with the North during the war, and always. "I have never failed to urge my husband to be an *extreme* Republican." As Lincoln always consulted and relied upon her judgment, it is hardly probable he would have taken the advanced Republican ground against slavery in his house-divided-against-itself speech in 1858 without her approval, which strongly corroborates her claim.

There is plenty of evidence of her loyalty. Nobody around the White House seems to have questioned it. She always took great interest in the progress of the Union army. When Washington was threatened in 1864, she accompanied her husband to the front, and both were under fire in the Confederate attack on Fort Stevens. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, in his *Six Months at the White House*, notes the significant fact that while others were satisfied with saving the capital, Mrs. Lincoln expressed great chagrin that General Early's army was not destroyed.

Whenever she was absent from home, Lincoln always kept her informed by telegraph of important events, especially military successes. This denotes his high esteem for her, as well as her intelligent interest in what was going forward. The following despatch is valuable as illustrating this habit, as well as Lincoln's personal view of Chickamauga:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
September 24, 1863.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York:

We now have a tolerably accurate summing up of the late battle between Rosecrans and Bragg. The result is that we are worsted, if at all, only in the fact that we, after the main fighting was over, yielded the ground, thus leaving considerable of our artillery and wound-

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ed to fall into the enemy's hands, for which we got nothing in turn. We lost in general officers one killed and three or four wounded—all brigadiers; while according to rebel accounts, which we have, they lost six killed and eight wounded. Of the killed, one major-general and five brigadiers, including your brother-in-law, Helm; and of the wounded, three major-generals and five brigadiers. This list may be reduced in number by correction of confusion in names. At 11.40 A.M. yesterday General Rosecrans telegraphs from Chattanooga, "We hold this point, and I cannot be dislodged except by very superior numbers and after a great battle." A despatch leaving there after night yesterday says, "No fight to-day."

A. LINCOLN.

Mrs. Lincoln was an earnest, systematic visitor at the various army hospitals in and around Washington, always showing the deepest sympathy for the wounded Union soldiers, delighting in the distribution of luxuries and comforts among them, and entering with spirit upon enterprises to collect funds for the purchase of such. She was not ostentatious in this work, but did it quietly and effectively. The following telegram bears evidence of her work in this direction:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
August 16, 1862.

Hon. Hiram Barney, New York:

Mrs. L. has $1000 for the benefit of the hospitals, and she will be obliged, and send the pay, if you will be so good as to select and send her $200 worth of good lemons and $100 worth of good oranges. A. LINCOLN.

About the 1st of July, 1863, while driving out to the Soldiers' Home, Mrs. Lincoln was violently thrown from her carriage and severely injured, her head striking a stone. She was several weeks recovering. The President, although laboring under extreme apprehension for the result of military operations at Gettysburg, was greatly alarmed at her condition, and tenderly watched at her bedside. Mrs. Pomroy, the trained nurse, says he overwhelmed her with thanks for saving "mother's" life, as he habitually called his wife. And notwithstanding his own anxiety, he sent the following reassuring telegram to the eldest son, Robert, a student at Harvard:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
July 3, 1863.

Robert T. Lincoln, Cambridge, Mass.:

Don't be uneasy; your mother very slightly hurt by her fall. A. LINCOLN.

But, despite his father's assurance, "Bob" made his mother's illness the pretext for a visit home, for on the 11th he was in New York, where his father sent him the laconic despatch, "Come to Washington," followed soon after by another, "Why do I hear no more of you?" Lincoln constantly cheered on this son "Bob" in his college work by manifestations of watchful interest, as the following telegram illustrates:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
October 11, 1863.

Robert T. Lincoln, Cambridge, Mass.:

Your letter makes us a little uneasy about your health. Telegraph us how you are. If you think it would help you, make us a visit.

A. LINCOLN.

January 11, 1864, he telegraphs: "I send you draft to-day. How are you now? Answer by telegraph at once."

About the time "mother" was recovering from the hurt above mentioned, Lincoln replied to a request of a Kentucky friend of hers as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August* 21, 1863.

Mrs. Margaret Preston, Lexington, Ky.:

Your dispatch to Mrs. L. received yesterday. She is not well. Owing to her early and strong friendship for you I would gladly oblige you, but I cannot absolutely do it. If General Boyle and Hon. James Guthrie, one or both, in their discretion see fit to give you the passes, this is my authority to them for doing so.

A. LINCOLN.

The President's characteristic wariness is here disclosed, making somebody on the ground in whom he had confidence, and who would know the merits of the request for passes, responsible for their issuance.

Mr. Carpenter says that on the evening of his renomination Lincoln gave Mr. John Hay and himself a serious account of having seen a double image of himself in a mirror on the day of his nomination at Chicago, exactly alike, except one Lincoln was paler than the other. While this singular vision made but little impression on the President, Mr. Noah Brooks asserts that Mrs. Lincoln feared it was an omen that her husband would not live through his second term. The following telegram will confirm the conviction that both believed somewhat in dreams and omens:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
June 9, 1863.

Mrs. Lincoln, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Think you better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him.

A. LINCOLN.

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That Tad's pistol was immediately "put away" by his mother is almost certain, for I find at a later date these significant despatches:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
October 16, 1863.

Thomas W. Sweeney, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia:

Tad is teasing me to have you forward his pistol to him. A. LINCOLN.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA,
October 16, 1863.

The President of the United States:

Love to Tad. He shall have it to-morrow.
THOMAS W. SWEENEY.

The following shows the consideration which was characteristic of Lincoln:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
December 21, 1862.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Continental Hotel:

Do not come on the night train. It is too cold. Come in the morning.
A. LINCOLN.

When apart, even for only a few days, they kept each other constantly well-informed of the situation, often, apparently, when there was not much to tell. Many of these telegrams are missing, but a good many remain, like these:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
June 11, 1863.

Mrs. Lincoln, Philadelphia:

Your three dispatches received. I am very well, and am glad to hear that you and Tad are so. A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
June 15, 1863.

Mrs. Lincoln, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Tolerably well. Have not rode out much yet, but have at last got new tires on the carriage wheels, and perhaps shall ride out soon now. A. LINCOLN.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
June 16, 1863.

Mrs. Lincoln, Philadelphia:

It is a matter of choice with yourself whether you come home. There is no reason why you should not that did not exist when you went away. As bearing on the question of your coming home, I do not think the raid into Pennsylvania amounts to anything at all.
A. LINCOLN.

This last despatch has a particular historical value as showing the feeling of the Washington government during the early stages of Lee's northward movement, as well as its lack of knowledge of the magnitude of that movement, which materialized into a powerful invasion, culminating in the overthrow of the Confederate army at Gettysburg only two weeks after Lincoln penned the foregoing telegram.

Their second son, Willie, died in February, 1862. This was a great blow to both the parents, and seems to have wrought a complete change in the mother. Mrs. Keckley records that the sight of the dead lad's face threw Mrs. Lincoln into convulsions; she could not afterwards bear to look upon her son's picture, and never again crossed the threshold of the room in which he died. She became a sad, moody, dejected woman, and displayed an almost supernatural dread of some impending danger to her husband or children. There is no doubt that she had forebodings of Lincoln's assassination. In the utterances of both, after Willie's death, even in the brief telegrams I am quoting, there is observed an undercurrent of deep anxiety concerning the welfare of Bob and Tad. During one of her absences the following correspondence by telegraph occurred:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
September 21, 1863.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York:

The air is so clear and cold, and apparently healthy, that I would be glad for you to come. Nothing very particular, but I would be glad to see you and Tad. A. LINCOLN.

NEW YORK, *September* 21, 1863.

Edward McManus, Executive Mansion:

Go to Col. McCallum and ask him to send the green car on to Philadelphia for me, and make arrangements for a special car from New York to Philadelphia. Send me a reply immediately. MRS. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
September 22, 1863.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York:

Did you receive my dispatch of yesterday? Mrs. Cuthbert did not correctly understand me. I directed her to tell you to use your own pleasure whether to stay or come; and I did not say it is sickly and that you should on no account come. So far as I see or know, it was never healthier, and I really wish to see you. Answer this on receipt. A. LINCOLN.

NEW YORK, *September* 22, 1863.

A. Lincoln:

Your telegram received. Did you not receive my reply? I have telegraphed Col. McCallum to have the car ready at the earliest possible moment. Have a very bad cold, and am anxious to return home, as you may suppose. Taddie is well.
MRS. LINCOLN.

The following series of telegrams is of later date:

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Executive Mansion,

Washington June 9. , 1863.

Mrs Lincoln
Philadelphia. Pa,

Think you better put "Tads" pistols away— I have an ugly dream about him

A. Lincoln

Executive Mansion.

Washington, April 28. 1864.

Mrs A. Lincoln
Metropolitan Hotel
New York.

The draft will go to you— Jack Jean the goats are feather and very well— especially the goats.

A. Lincoln

Executive Mansion.

O.V

Washington, June 24 1864.

Mrs A. Lincoln
Boston, Mass.

All well, and very warm— Tad and I have been to Gen Grant's army— Returned yesterday safe and sound.

A. Lincoln

FAC-SIMILES OF TELEGRAMS FROM PRESIDENT TO MRS. LINCOLN.

From the files of the War Department at Washington.

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NEW YORK, *December* 4, 1863.

Abraham Lincoln, President United States:

Reached here last evening; very tired and severe headache. Hope to hear you are doing well. Expect a telegraph to-day.

MRS. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *December* 5, 1863.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Metropolitan Hotel, New York:

All doing well. A. LINCOLN.

NEW YORK, *December* 6, 1863.

A. Lincoln:

Do let me know immediately how Taddie and yourself are. I will be home by Tuesday without fail; sooner if needed.

MRS. LINCOLN.

To this despatch the President replied on the same day, using precisely the same words as those in his despatch of the day before — "All doing well." Evidently laboring under deep anxiety, and not receiving this reply promptly, the wife repeated her inquiry to the major-domo of the White House in the following imperious terms:

NEW YORK, *December* 6, 1863.

Edward McManus, Executive Mansion:

Let me know immediately exactly how Mr. Lincoln and Taddie are.

MRS. LINCOLN, Metropolitan Hotel.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *December* 7, 1863.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Metropolitan Hotel, New York:

All doing well. Tad confidently expects you to-night. When will you come?

A. LINCOLN.

NEW YORK, *December* 7, 1863.

A. Lincoln:

Will leave here positively at 8 A.M. Tuesday morning. Have carriage waiting at depot in Washington at 6 P.M. Did Tad receive his book? Please answer.

MRS. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *December* 7, 1863.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Metropolitan Hotel, New York:

Tad has received his book. The carriage shall be ready at 6 P.M. to-morrow.

A. LINCOLN.

On the occasion of a visit to New York —either returning from the North or going—the following spring, being accompanied by Tad, Mrs. Lincoln announced her arrival thus:

NEW YORK CITY, *April* 28, 1864.

Hon. A. Lincoln, President United States:

We reached here in safety. Hope you are well. Please send me by mail to-day a check for $50, directed to me, care Mr. Warren Leland, Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y. Tad says are the goats well? MRS. LINCOLN.

The President sent the following unique reply:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON. *April* 28, 1864.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Metropolitan Hotel, New York:

The draft will go to you. Tell Tad the goats and father are very well—especially the goats. A. LINCOLN.

There are scores of persons still living in Washington who remember distinctly this pair of "White House goats." Lincoln, as well as Tad, was very fond of them. On warm bright days the father and son would play with these pets in the yard for an hour at a time. To Mrs. Keckley the President one day said: "Come here and look at my two goats; see how they sniff the clear air and skip and play in the sunshine. Whew, what a jump!" as one of them made a lofty spring. "He feeds on my bounty and jumps for joy," continued the President; "Do you think we could call him a bounty-jumper? My goat is far above him, the man who enlists into the service for a consideration, and deserts the moment he receives his money, but to repeat the play, is bad enough. See, my pets recognize me"—as the two goats advanced and gazed up into the window, shaking their heads. "There they go again. What jolly fun!" and he laughed outright as the goats went skittering across the green.

The goats certainly appear to have occupied a considerable place in Mr. Lincoln's affections, for in the following telegram, later the same year, he mentions them again:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *September* 8, 1864.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, Vermont:

All well, including Tad's pony and the goats. Mrs. Col. Dimmick died night before last. Bob left Sunday afternoon. Said he did not know whether he should see you. A. LINCOLN.

While the central figure in the White House was occasionally indulging in such innocent diversions, he was deeply engrossed with the vast preparations for the spring campaign then going forward. The armies of Grant, Sherman, and the others began their concerted forward movement on the 4th of May, 1864, about a week after the interchange of the "goat" telegrams quoted above. The enemies of the Union, by sneers at Lincoln's so-called "buffoonery," endeavored to convince the North that he not only lacked digni-

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ty, stability of character, and capacity, but had no proper appreciation of the trials of the nation nor the hardships of the soldiers. Doubtless many good people were convinced that Lincoln was deficient in feeling, but it is quite certain that there never was a day when he did not have the affections of the soldiers.

Mr. Stoddard relates that on one of Lincoln's visits to the theatre, after the audience had risen and cheered him, a harsh voice near the centre aisle croaked out: "He hasn't any business here! That's all he cares for his poor soldiers!" Instantly yells of "Put him out!" resounded from all quarters. The ruffian, quickly identified, was not a soldier at all, and he was incontinently hustled through the door into the street by a party of real soldiers, amid a clang of patriotic music opportunely struck up by the orchestra. Lincoln appeared not to notice the incident.

On the occasion of one of his visits to the army, which were not infrequent, the President sent his wife the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
June 24, 1864.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Boston, Mass.:

All well and very warm. Tad and I have been to General Grant's army. Returned yesterday safe and sound. A. LINCOLN.

Some two months later there was another short but significant despatch, showing in what affectionate regard Lincoln held Tad, and indeed his entire family:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
August 31, 1864.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, Vt.:

All reasonably well. Bob is not here yet. How is dear Tad? A. LINCOLN.

These fugitive despatches, found among the official records of the war, where they lodged with the other drift of that prolific period, were probably only fragments of the correspondence carried on by the Lincolns during frequent absences from the capital, and while the elder son, Bob, was at Harvard. The great responsibilities entailed upon him by the war made it almost an impossibility for the President himself to be absent, except to go to the front.

There is a final series of these telegrams, partly social and partly official, interesting as bearing upon Lincoln's domestic relations, besides having great historical value in connection with the closing events of the war and of his own great career. They tell their own story, without much comment or explanation:

CITY POINT, VA., *March* 20, 1865, 10 A.M.

His Excellency A. Lincoln, President of the United States:

Can you not visit City Point for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest would do you good.

Respectfully yours, etc.,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March* 20, 1865, 6 P.M.

Lieutenant-General Grant, City Point, Va.:

Your kind invitation received. Had already thought of going immediately after the next rain. Will go sooner, if any reason for it. Mrs. L. and a few others will probably accompany me. Will notify you of exact time, once it shall be fixed upon. A. LINCOLN.

NORFOLK, VA., *March* 21, 1865.

His Excellency A. Lincoln, President of the United States:

General Grant would like to see you, and I shall be in Washington to-morrow morning with this vessel (the *Bat*), in which you can leave in the afternoon. She is a regular armed man-of-war and the fastest on the river. I think it would be best for you to use her.

G. V. Fox,
Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

This is indicative of some anxiety, on the part of his friends and official family, for the President's personal safety during his journeys to and fro between the White House and the army. A still later one from Secretary Stanton shows more plainly the same anxious solicitude. The same day the President telegraphed as follows to Bob, who had meantime graduated from Harvard and become a volunteer officer on General Grant's staff:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
March 21, 1865.

Captain Robert T. Lincoln, City Point, Va.:

We now think of starting to you about 1 P.M., Thursday. Don't make public.

A. LINCOLN.

This telegram announced the last historic visit he paid to the Army of the Potomac. Mrs. Lincoln and Tad accompanied him. At City Point, for the last time, the whole family were united. The entire correspondence leaves an impression that this visit was a concerted one between Mr. Stanton, General Grant, and perhaps others, to temporarily relieve the President from the strain at Washington. Of course they all knew that the final movements for the suppression of the rebellion were impending, and perhaps General Grant really wished for a personal

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consultation with him. It is not improbable, too, that Lincoln's presence was expected to have an encouraging effect upon the army. Exactly a week later the President telegraphed to the Secretary of War:

CITY POINT, VA., *March* 30, 1865, 7.30 P.M.
Hon. Secretary of War:

I begin to feel that I ought to be at home, and yet I dislike to leave without seeing nearer to the end of General Grant's present movement. He has now been out since yesterday morning, and although he has not been diverted from his programme, no considerable effect has yet been produced, so far as we know here.... A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Stanton sent the following memorable reply next morning:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
March 31, 1865, 9.30 A.M.
The President of the United States:

I hope you will stay to see it out, or for a few days at least. I have strong faith that your presence will have great influence in inducing exertions that will bring Richmond; compared to that, no other duty can weigh a feather. There is, in fact, nothing to be done here but petty private ends that you should not be annoyed with. A pause by the army now would do harm; if you are on the ground there will be no pause. All well here.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

CITY POINT, VA., *April* 1, 1865, 1 P.M.
Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

....Mrs. Lincoln has started home, and I will thank you to see that our coachman is at the arsenal wharf at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, there to wait until she arrives.

A. LINCOLN.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
April 2, 1865, 11 A.M.
The President, City Point:

Mrs. Lincoln arrived safely this morning. General Augur's headquarters were burned up last night; whether the fire was caused by negligence or design is unknown. I congratulate you and General Grant upon the prospect of great success. Every one is eager for news.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The last two sentences of this despatch had reference to Sheridan's victory at Five Forks the day before, which presaged the fall of Petersburg.

As soon as Mrs. Lincoln had left him, the President promptly resumed his habit of keeping her duly informed of passing events, as is shown by the two following despatches:

CITY POINT, VA., *April* 2, 1865, 8.30 A.M.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Executive Mansion:

Last night General Grant telegraphed that General Sheridan with his cavalry and the Fifth Corps had captured three brigades of infantry, a train of wagons, and several batteries, prisoners amounting to several thousand. This morning General Grant having ordered an attack along the whole line telegraphs as follows [Grant's despatch omitted].

Robert yesterday wrote a little cheerful note to Captain Penrose, which is all he has heard of him since you left. A. LINCOLN.

Robert had gone to the front with General Grant. The second despatch shows that his mother had left Tad with the President, and the little chap entered Petersburg and Richmond with his father:

CITY POINT, VA., *April* 2, 1865.
Mrs. Lincoln:

At 4.30 P.M. to-day General Grant telegraphs me that he has Petersburg completely enveloped from river below to river above, and has captured, since he started last Wednesday, about 12,000 prisoners and 50 guns. He suggests that I shall go out and see him in the morning, which I think I will do. Tad and I are both well, and will be glad to see you and your party here at the time you name.

A. LINCOLN.

It is fitting that this record should be closed with the War Secretary's answer to a telegram from the President announcing the fall of Petersburg and his intention to visit the place. Was Mr. Stanton already dreading some such terrible catastrophe as happened to his chief only twelve days later?

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
April 3, 1865, 10.30 A.M.
The President:

I congratulate you and the nation on the glorious news in your telegram just received. Allow me respectfully to ask you to consider whether you ought to expose the nation to the consequence of any disaster to yourself in the pursuit of a treacherous and dangerous enemy like the rebel army. If it was a question concerning yourself only I should not presume to say a word. Commanding generals are in the line of their duty in running such risks; but is the political head of a nation in the same condition?

EDWIN M. STANTON.
Secretary of War.

The world knows what occurred subsequently. After visiting Petersburg and Richmond, which had fallen under Grant's blows, with the assurance of the speedy destruction of Lee's army, the President returned to Washington. Ten days afterward he was foully assassinated.

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A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

"FOR Heaven's sake, put that away!" said Francesco, in a suppressed, excited tone.

"That" was Miss Gault's pocket-book. She and Kate had just finished their modest dinner at the Due Fratelli, and were preparing to leave that bright Roman restaurant. Miss Gault was rummaging through her well-worn, bulging porte-monnaie for the change with which to pay for the meal.

With that plethoric wallet in evidence she could easily have been rated as "a rich American." American she was, with the national traits strongly developed; but she was rich only in the gifts that make a unique personality. "Cuttings" about their art teacher—Carlo Roseti—a calendar for the current month at the Jesuits' Church of the Gesù, her last letter from home, and documents of a like value were the contents that strained the sides of her poor little pocket-book: *not* money.

Kate O'Brien, her companion, was a tall, robust girl with an open, ruddy, attractive countenance and a well-turned figure, an Irish-American type, savoring at once of Diana and a milkmaid. But dark, wiry, little Miss Gault was the directing intelligence which piloted the pair through the vicissitudes attending two unchaperoned young women seeking an art education in Europe. Kate's hearty docility was a most sustaining auxiliary to the other's facile resourcefulness. She fell into line at once, never questioning her companion's judgment, but pulling with the gentle strength of a Percheron the moment her head was turned in the direction Miss Gault elected they should pursue.

They often came to this cheerful restaurant, though it was not of the cheapest, and they had become excellent friends with Francesco, the waiter. They had chosen one of the tables he served on their first visit to the Due Fratelli, because he was so pleasing a study to the artistic eye. They were never hungry enough to lose sight of Art. The boy was gracefully slender, with grave dark eyes, crisp blue-black hair, and a dandified wisp of mustache, whose silky down did not trench in the least on the classic curve of his clean-cut upper lip.

"Why, what is the matter, Francesco?" said Miss Gault, pleasantly. She had fished out the price of their dinner and Francesco's tip by this time from the hypocritical pocket-book. There was a simple, childlike directness in her glance, usual to the little woman. Kate was all attention, but waited quietly for what was to come, something equally usual with her.

"Do you see in that other room—don't look now, but later!—at the table? near the door?" replied Francesco, with the same low-voiced excitement. He had turned his back on the person in question, and seemed entirely occupied in whisking the crumbs from the table and setting it to rights. "A big, powerful, handsome man, like a bull, with a thick beard and eyes like the devil's? That"—lowering his voice still more—"is the most famous brigand in Italy, Tiburzi!"

Having darted a quick glance at the two girls in turn to see if they were duly impressed by this dramatic announcement, Francesco went on to say: "I saw his eyes on you when I came in, and the signora's pocket-book looks like a fine one—to rob. Don't go out until he is gone," said the boy, arranging the carafe and bending his head as if to take an order. "I will bring you a cordial, and you can sip it slowly. You needn't pay for it. And later, when there are fewer here, I can get off and go to your door with you."

"Oh, we must get home right away, Francesco," said Miss Gault, quickly, but smiling with pleasure at his protecting thoughtfulness. "We have to get up so early in the morning." She generally knew at once what she wanted to do in an emergency. "But you are just as kind as you can be to tell us, and to want to look after us. If he is such a swell brigand, he won't bother with two women."

"He wouldn't if he knew they were art students," put in Kate, with brisk humor. "Perhaps he might buy a picture. But if you know he is a brigand, why don't you call a policeman and have him

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arrested?" she asked, with artless wonder.

"No one would attempt to arrest him —no two!" exclaimed Francesco, with conviction, and quite a pretty pride in the distinguished brigand. "Oh, but it is not amusing," he added, quickly, for Kate's face wore an incredulous smile. "I would not like him to know that I had said anything to you to warn you. He doesn't want any one to interfere with him. All the peasants protect him. Isn't there any man here you know, who can walk home with you? I must go, or he will certainly suspect something."

"Well, go, Francesco," said Miss Gault, brightly but earnestly. "We will get home all right, I am sure. We have brigands in America, but they aren't a bit romantic. We call them tramps. *Buona sera, Francesco, e grazie tanto.* Come, Kate."

To get into the street they were obliged to go through the other room, and, unless they made a detour that might throw suspicion on Francesco, pass by the very table where the brigand sat with an air of being perfectly at home. So they went out just as they would have done had they received no warning. As they passed his table, Miss Gault let her eyes wander nonchalantly over him. She made allowance for the fervid imagination of the young waiter, though his sincerity and conviction were unquestionable. The idea of a notorious brigand sauntering into a popular restaurant in Rome and leisurely discussing his dinner smacked of Dumas and *Monte Cristo's* Luigi Vampa.

But her comprehensive, if fleeting, glance at the roughly handsome man made her feel that Francesco had selected a worthy subject for his alarm. He was of more than medium height, powerfully built, with broad, deep chest and massive shoulders. His low forehead and scant portion of cheek free from beard were of a bronzed olive tint. His bushy beard and thick, crinkly mustache, as well as his wavy unbrushed hair, were glossily black. His large, well-shaped nose was thick at the base, with wide nostrils, and his heavy eyebrows were straight and overhanging. His eyes had that melted blackness which seems to focus to a burning glow, and the eyeballs, though notably white, were somewhat bloodshot. This rudely fascinating devil was dressed like a well-to-do peasant of the Campagna.

He shot one piercing, hawklike glance at the two girls, which made Kate shiver, and suggested to Miss Gault a hungry panther prospecting for a meal. But she betrayed no more emotion than if he were one of Madame Tussaud's dusty wax figures. They left the restaurant without any appearance of haste.

When they had got a little distance away, and were walking more briskly along the wretchedly lighted street, Miss Gault gave a short laugh, and remarked: "Francesco may be right. I never saw anything more brigandish-looking in my life. I've seen murderers too, but they were teething lambs compared to that beauty!"

"I wonder if it helps him any in his business to be so handsome?" returned Kate, with a nervous smile. "I would like to paint him, but I don't know if I could stand having him pose with the prospect of his turning those head-lights on me at any moment. Did you ever see such eyes in your life, Jean? I hope he didn't take a fancy to us. I don't want to figure in the South Boston papers as the victim of an Italian brigand. It's too much distinction. But what shall we do, Jean, if he— Hush! Listen! There *is* some one following us; and trying to do it easy, too. Shall we run?"

Kate involuntarily quickened her steps, at the same time crowding closer to the other, with a childish trust that was comical when their respective physiques were considered. Kate could almost have taken Miss Gault in her arms and run with her.

"No!" was that small woman's prompt but emphatic reply. "Don't you suppose that great hulking thing could run us down before we got half-way home? But keep cool, Kate, whatever happens; and do exactly what I do."

"All right," returned Kate, with breathless but comforting submission. "I will; but what are you going to do?"

"I don't know myself yet," was Miss Gault's terse response. "Only follow my lead, whatever it is. Don't walk any faster. This may be nothing but a silly scare. The poor man's looks are against him, of course; but he may be a stolid, honest creature, enjoying a *liqueur* back in the restaurant without any idea of how we are flattering him by getting all wrought up. Still, those steps are

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getting closer, and it *may* be he, and he *may* be— Well, never mind!" Miss Gault broke off, sharply. "Be ready, Kate. Follow my lead, or stand by and take it naturally."

They were approaching one of the few lamps on the street. The footsteps were also approaching them. By the time they were close to the light, the pursuer, if pursuer he was, was close at their heels. Suddenly Miss Gault stopped short, and stooping, began to arrange the lacing of her boot.

The man behind had to pull up sharply to avoid running against her. Then he swerved aside, and a compact, muscular figure, with bull-like massiveness of neck and shoulders, stalked by and irresolutely passed on.

Rising at once, Miss Gault touched Kate, and turning square about, began to retrace her steps in the direction from which they had just come. Kate jogged along, close to her side, like an overgrown child.

"Jean, it *was* he," she said, in a half-whisper.

"I think it was, but we didn't see his face," replied Miss Gault, non-committally. "This man seemed taller than the one in the restaurant. Listen, and see if he is coming after us, and do try not to hurry, Kate."

He was. The same heavy footfalls were gaining on them. The man had also turned. Kate darted an anxious side glance at Miss Gault's face. It was set and determined. The steps were uncomfortably near once more.

"Now, Kate!" said Miss Gault, in a low but distinct voice. "Wheel round again, and don't look at him at all."

They turned so sharply that once more the man instinctively lurched to one side to avoid impact with them. It may have been that he had not fully settled on his plan of action, or that he wished them to take to some street more opportune for his purpose. He walked on a little, as if carried forward by his own momentum.

But he wasted no time in rounding on them now. He, of course, saw they were aware that he was following them. His steps were brisker, and there was no attempt to soften the heavy footfalls.

"Jean, are you going to keep this up all night?" asked Kate, plaintively, when they had started back once more.

"No. He won't let us," replied Miss Gault, with blunt force.

"Hadn't we better run?" queried Kate. "We may meet somebody. And if we find he is catching up, we can scream so that he will be scared away. This sort of thing will make him so mad that he'll want to do something disagreeable just to get even."

"I will do something," said Miss Gault, with an accent which showed her blood was up. "You just stand by as you have done, and don't lose your head."

Whatever terror the persistent dogging of their steps by the ruffian may have excited in her was lost in the indignation she felt at this fellow's persecution of two unprotected girls. She was stung to a fierce energy which brought its own support.

"Now!" she said, in quick command, a moment later.

With the word, the small woman whirled about and stood like a statue in her tracks, looking the black-a-vised brigand full in the eyes. Hitherto, when they had turned, she had sedulously avoided any glance at him. Now she confronted him with tremendous consciousness of his presence. She concentrated the whole force of her being into her glance, constraining the rest of her face to the most expressionless character possible, while her body seemed petrified to immobility the instant she had faced about. Nothing in her revealed life or feeling except her keen black eyes, which she fixed in an unwavering, imperious gaze on the brigand's fiery pupils, burning into her own.

This he had not expected. It was a decidedly new deal. Novel in its aggressiveness, but far more novel in its effect. In the first unavoidable conflict in their glances there had been a quick lifting of the man's bushy mustache and a sardonic glitter of white teeth. But that had been arrested as soon as he not only perceived but felt her gaze. As it faded away, his dark, mobile visage, which seemed such a play-ground for passions, subtly hardened into a savage revolt against this insolent audacity in an impotent morsel of womankind.

Then, as the weird, fearless, dominating mastery of that tense, coercive look gripped and held his inner consciousness as in a vise, the phase of wrathful resentment was swept away by an emotion akin to awe, quickly succeeded by a surging in

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him of the strangest submission his rebel soul had ever known. Not the reluctant surrender of defeat, not the paralysis of panic, not the acquiescence of hostility soothed into amity. It was the necessary, harmonious, agreeable co-ordination of two basic forces of nature, in which the lesser ranged itself relatively to the domination of the greater restfully on its lower, proper plane.

As the being of the brigand passed through this transmuting gamut of emotions, the change that came over him, as his eyes, blazing beneath the heavy pent of brow, were held without a flicker of weakening by the woman's overmastering gaze, was like the slow drooping of an iron bar, heated till it bends with its own white-hot weight.

Slowly, as one in a dream, his mouth relaxed, his sturdy chest began dilating with a gentle respiration like a sleeping infant's, his feet moved mechanically to bear him out of her path, and with slow, dragging steps, as if his legs were benumbed, he passed on.

Clutching her companion's hand without a word, Miss Gault walked with measured composure to the nearest street opening into the one they were on, turned into its shadowy depths, and the moment the building on the corner screened them from view she said, with suppressed intensity: "Now, Kate, *run for your life!* I don't know how long that will carry."

Like two frightened does they sped down the dim Roman street, running lightly on the balls of their feet, darting swiftly into one that crossed it below, on which their lodging was, and flying like the wind along that. Panting, breathless, quivering, they reached the worn stone steps of their doorway, bounded up them, and Miss Gault gave a furious tug to the bell, another, and another. It seemed an age before the sound of feet hurrying within came to relieve them, and the bolt was at last drawn. Dashing by the affrighted maid, with one last effort Miss Gault flung to the door, and the two sank in panting exhaustion on the tessellated marble floor—safe!

It was an inglorious, most feminine device, that last salvation of their flying legs! But the brief, tremendous duel in which soul grappled with soul in naked force, and in which the woman's won, had been glory enough. The boldest, most devilish man in Italy had been quelled by the power of a little woman's eye! The next day but one, Miss Gault told Kate they must go back to the Due Fratelli. It was her apprehension about Francesco which made this so imperative. She feared that the brigand might have suspected the boy of warning them, and perhaps had returned to take it out on him for that *promenade à trois* on the Roman street which had culminated in his overthrow. But when they started for the restaurant, each of the girls carried a "six-shooter" with her.

"I couldn't get keyed up to that pitch again, Kate," said Miss Gault, shaking her head slowly; "and if I did, one more such victory would be the death of me."

When they got to the restaurant it was a joyous relief to see Francesco there, and more alive than ever. He had evidently been looking for their return, and his greeting was particularly friendly and obsequious. While comporting himself with more than his wonted deference, the boy betrayed a sprightly importance and dignity which were soon explained.

"What did you do to him?" he asked, naïvely, with the utmost animation, the moment the girls had seated themselves. "I met him late that same night. He waylaid me. Ah, signora, I did not think I would ever serve you with spaghetti again! But he was not rough or angry. He was almost soft and humble. He asked if you came here often. I said you hardly ever came; that you had never been here but once or twice. 'Well, if she comes again,' said he, with his big strong voice, but a very nice manner, 'that little tame wild-cat of a *diavolessa*, ask her if she will marry Domenico Tiburzi. Say I will make a brigand of her that shall be the glory of Italy. Give her that,' he said. 'I wrote it myself. It is a love-song, and she will like it. And if she will not marry me, tell her to keep it, and she need fear no member of my band with that for passport. The King could not do as much for her.'"

Francesco, his eyes bright, his slender form erect, proudly drew from his breast a half-sheet of fine note-paper, on which was written, in a large heavy hand, a simple love-song in a local dialect. He beamingly gave it to Miss Gault, alive with pride at being the intermediary between two such distinguished persons.

The title had been scratched out and a new one substituted: "*Alla Mia Cara*

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Diavolessa!" Below the verses was also scrawled, with painstaking care: "*Della Donna dagl' occhi neri Servitore Devotissimo, Domenico Tiburzi.*"

"It is very pretty poetry," said Francesco, admiringly.

"*Very*," replied Miss Gault, heartily.

"But you—do not think you will—marry him?" Francesco said it rather wistfully.

"No," cried Miss Gault, with a laugh. "I shouldn't make half as good a brigand as he thinks. And besides, I want to be an artist."

She treasures Tiburzi's love-song, however, as she does no other souvenir. Kate envies her the missive a little bit, though she has stacks of love-letters. But they are all from gentlemen who are not brigands.

DREAM SONGS.

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

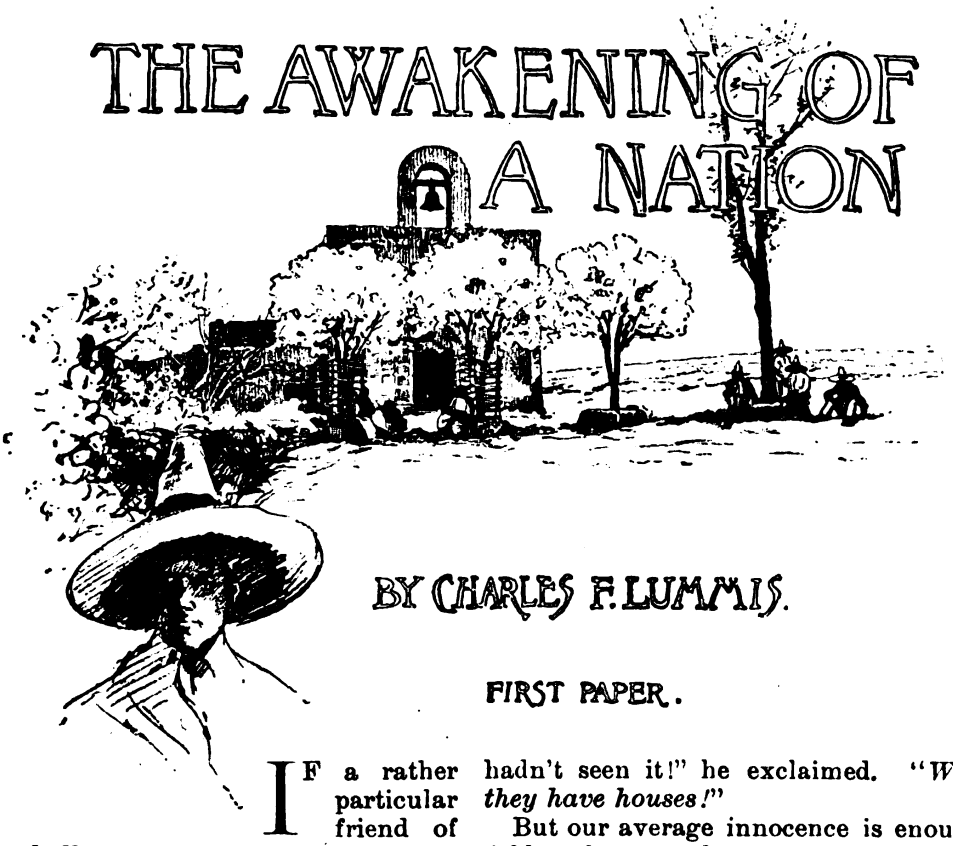
ACROSS the plain of time
I saw them marching all night long,—
The endless throng
Of all who ever dared to fight with wrong;—
All the blood of their hearts, the prime
And crown of their fleeting years,
All the toil of their hands, the tears
Of their eyes, the thought of their brain,
For a word from the lips of Truth,
For a glimpse at the scroll of Fate,
Ere love and youth
Were spent in vain,
And even truth too late!
Oh, when the Silence speaks, and the scroll
Unrolls to the eye of the soul,
What shall it be that will pay the cost
Of the pain gone waste and the labor lost!
And then, Dear, waking, I saw you—
And knew.

LAST night the Angel of Remembrance brought
Me while I slept,—think, Dear! of all his store
Just that one memory I thought
Banished forever from our door—
Thy sob of pain when once I hurt thee sore.
Then in my dream I suddenly was ware
Of God above me, saying, "Reach
Thy hand to Me in prayer,
And I will give thee pardon yet."
Thou? Nay, she hath forgiven;—teach
Her to forget.

MY every purpose fashioned by some thought of thee,
Though as a feather's weight that shapes the arrow's flight it be;
No single joy complete in which thou hast no fee,
Though thy share be the star and mine its shadow in the sea;
Thy very pulse my pulse, thy every prayer my prayer,
Thy love my blue o'erreaching sky that bounds me everywhere,—
Yet free, Beloved, free! for this encircling air
I cannot leave behind doth but love's boundlessness declare.

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THE AWAKENING OF A NATION



BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

FIRST PAPER.

IF a rather particular friend of mine shall ever come to be Czar (and I have, after all, one or two reasons to hope he may not), his first concern will be to issue these edicts:

1. A course of travel shall be compulsory for all able-bodied adult citizens.

2. No traveller shall print anything about any country whose language he cannot speak.

By this two-edged ukase my friend—who is much of a bigot in some matters—would bring public enlightenment to bloom by cutting off the twin tap-roots of ignorance. When no one can longer sit still in that birthright prejudice whereby we despise everything we know nothing about, nor anybody again disseminate the uninspired guesses of a travelled bat, why, then, declares my friend, it will become impossible for the world to keep on so stupid and intolerant as now.

The fantastic notions of Mexico which are too much current among us are not to be wondered at—though not many of us are as ignorant as the Washington statesman (a historic fact) who gasped as the hack bowled him along the splendid Reforma on the evening of his arrival: "I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it!" he exclaimed. "*Why, they have houses!*"

But our average innocence is enough. Add to the eternal race prejudice that we are too drunken with our own progress to know or care much if there be more world beyond our fences; that we have saved from our insular inheritance the ancient grudges, if not much else that is English; that we still cultivate our foreign relations with a much more primitive implement than the Mexican plough; and that our ideas of the next-door republic are mostly derived from the typical Saxon "traveller" who roves deaf and dumb and with nose up—and it is inevitable that we should cherish a darkness which is one of the hardest things for our neighbors to understand. It is notorious to those who know both countries thoroughly that educated Americans are far more ignorant of Mexico than educated Mexicans are ignorant of the United States. One reason is, doubtless, that we are the more shining mark, but another is that the Latin-American nations have rather different ideas of a diplomatic service. They do not send to any country an ambassador who will be lost there without an interpreter. Even down to consuls this ridiculous superstition is operative. Men are selected who are at least

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gentlemen in appearance; who can command the respectful attention of business men; who know how to ask for the information they desire. The result is that Mexico is steadily informed of the moods and needs of this country.

A decade has convinced me that Mexico is worth the better acquaintance of her neighbors; and a review of our newspaper and book prints of the last two years concerning Mexico, followed by a new overrunning of the republic, has not lessened my conviction. It certainly seems that a little modern and interior truth as to our next-door neighbor might be beneficial to us. We have had at least enough of the ragtag and bobtail Mexico, enough of the ancient and the picturesque—both fascinating, but both, as a rule, fearfully and wonderfully "done"; for we have had too few Janviers, and only one Bandelier. But I have not yet seen Mexico given justice as a human quantity, an ambitious marcher in the procession of nations. And that is what she is—this American Cinderella, who is very like to surprise some of her supercilious sisters.

Mexico is not Utopia. It is a very human country, with very human shortcomings. The nineteenth century's end may be too early for us to allow that Providence personally created anything outside the United States; but, at any rate, the apprentices who did some other portions of mankind were fairly competent. Of course the Armada is much more vital to Americans than is the pioneering of America; but in spite of our reasonable hostility to the Spanish blood, we must not give our eyes the lie. The fact remains that yonder disprized country is making a development as wonderful as sudden; that while our neighborly backs were turned she has stepped out from her darkness, young, vigorous, clothed upon with all that gives dignity and stability to a nation, and girded as to her loins for the most practical of runnings. She is no longer old Mexico, the romantic hag whose wrinkles and tatters we have found so grotesque. While we have been achieving a material development, she has wrought the political and social miracle of the century. Within less time than has elapsed since our civil war invented millionaires, Mexico has stepped across as wide a gulf. From a state of anarchy tempered by brigandage—wherein it was better to be President than to be right, and better to be a revolutionist than either—she has graduated to be the most compact and unified nation in the New World. She has acquired not only a government which governs, but one which knows how to govern—and contemporaneously a people which has learned how to be ruled. He should be a happy patriot to whom it is given to make his country a hundred times as good as he found it—a hundred times as contented, prosperous, and respected; and that is what sort of fortune has befallen the creator of modern Mexico.

Only those who seriously knew the country in the old days can at all conceive the change from the Mexico of a generation back to the Mexico of now. There was no touring then, and nowhere was travel more unsafe. By every country road—even into the very heart of cities—the *bandido* robbed and murdered. Naturally. There was nothing else for him to do—unless to make a revolution, which requires brains and money. There were even lady Turpins, and some of them were geniuses. Nor was there any special paucity of revolutions—and dozens of them were successful. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, practically no commerce; at the bottom of all, no security. It would be rather picturesque than scientific to say that no man knew when he went to bed (and least of all the President) what the government would be in the morning; but the exaggeration is not wholly ridiculous.

To-day Mexico is—and I say it deliberately—the safest country in America. Life, property, human rights, are more secure than even with us. As for stability, the record speaks for itself. Mexico had sixty-two viceroys in 286 years, which is not very tumultuous; but it also has had fifty-two presidents, emperors, and other heads in fifty-nine years of this century. Now, one President for twenty years. Some will say that this is not republican. Possibly not, but it is business. Among all the mistakes of foreigners as to Mexico, none is more groping than that which disparages its government. One must be careless either of the facts or of the English language to call that government a despotism. It is not even—to such as are jealous of accurate speech—a dictatorship. It is logical paternalism—a scheme frightfully dangerous under a bad father, in-

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AROUND THE PILA VILLAREAL, ZACATECAS.

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calculably beneficial under a good one. Mexico is a republic in chancery; free as we are, but less licensed; happy, safe, prosperous, under the system whereby we administer our homes; and proud of the remarkable man who has done what no other ruler of modern times has even dreamed of being able to do, and who still keeps a quiet, steady fist in the waistband of the youngster he has taught to walk.

As I have said, Mexico is not perfect. Perhaps few have had room to feel its faults more keenly; but though the temptation to be superior and critical is too much now and again for human nature to resist, I would rather take, on the whole, a more original line, and tell more important truths than concern God's wisdom in making me smarter than the people among whom I travel. In a word, my hope is to convey some notion of the genuine Mexico I have watched for a decade, and have just now gone over anew for this express purpose. What shall be said is not guess-work, nor crumbs from the table of hotel hangers-on and refugee Americans and rented interpreters. It is the personal knowledge of a documentary student and field student who has followed Mexico from the dates of Ixtlilxochitl's mythography to within a week of this writing. I have just reinvaded nearly every state of the republic; conversed by wholesale for nearly three months with every class, from the President down to the meanest *pelado;* sounded millionaires and beggars, cabinet officers and muleteers, merchants, authors, street-car conductors, scientists, *cargadores*, mine-owners, peons, railroad men, priests, professors, and bull-fighters. These facts may excuse the claim of tolerable knowledge of the present pulse of Mexico. No man can know a country who does not know its people. If he goes dumb and deaf among them, he is also half blind, for he cannot comprehend what he does see unless he knows *why*. And he cannot know a people until he has talked with them in their own tongue to something like the average length of his mind's tether and theirs.

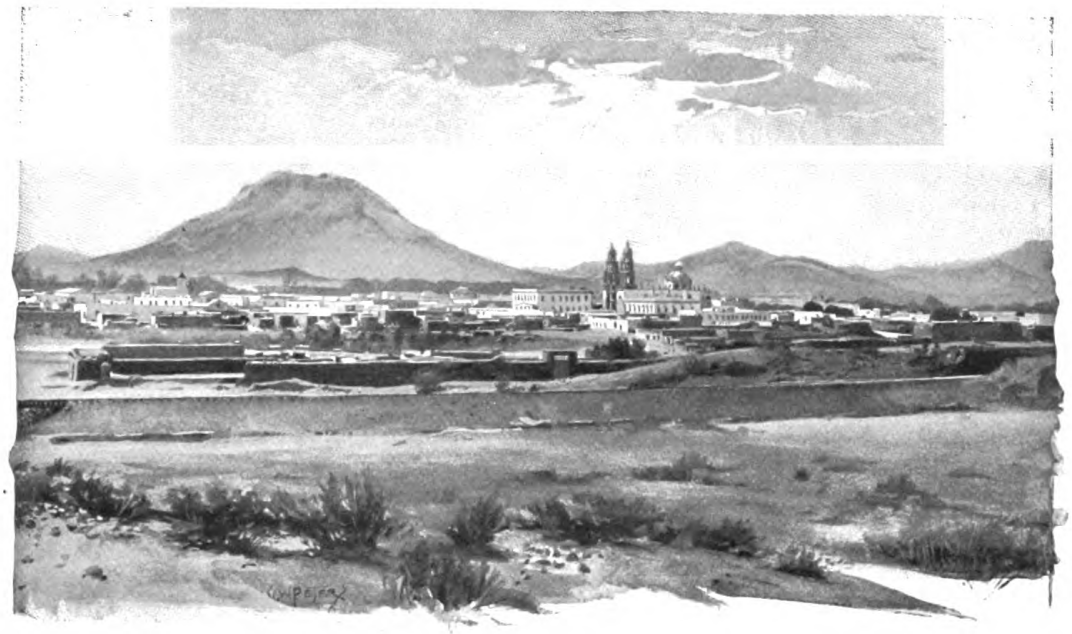
Within ten years the brigands of Mexico have been simply wiped out. It has been—to such as know the geographical obstacles—a marvellous achievement; and the political difficulties were as great. First, whatsoever brigand was caught—and Diaz has a way of catching—stood just long enough in front of an adobe wall for the firing party to crook the right forefinger. There were no hung juries nor pardon governors. Second, the same hand—so firm and swift to justice—knew how to open an alternative door. Nowadays the bandit needs not. There is something else for him to do; and he finds it not only more salubrious, but more to his taste, to take a part in the development of the *pátria* he was proud of even when he was her curse. He would rather upbuild than tear down, if he has a chance, even if there were no "Porfirio" and no *rurales*.

I do not know anything in history which fairly parallels these twenty years in Mexico. No other man has taken a comparable dead weight of population and so uplifted and transformed it. The wonder is all the more because to this day every other colony of Spain in the New World looks to be the worse off for the *independéncia*. Whatever we may say of the theory of self-government, in practice not one of them was ever so m[illegible] erably viceroyed or captain-generalled [illegible] it has been presidented four-fifths of th[illegible] time since 1821. Very m[illegible]h the sam[illegible] was true of Mexico until rec[illegible]ntly. It has had patriotic rulers sometim[illegible]s; but that they were at last sorry rule[illegible]s the very roster of them shows. Four presidents in a year is hardly an index of [illegible]rosperity.

It is not far to remember w[illegible]en there was not a railroad in Mexico, [illegible]d when other material conditions were i[illegible]roportion. The actual Mexico has f[illegible]y railroads, with nearly seven thousand [illegible]es of track, and everything that that [illegible]olies. Its transportation facilities are pr[illegible]ally as good as those of our Western [illegible]tes; and the investment is far more pr[illegible]ble. It is netted with telegraph line[illegible]ith the cheapest tariffs in America), [illegible]ted with post-offices, schools, costly bui[illegible]ngs for public business and public b[illegible]ficence. It is freer than it was ever b[illegible]e —with free schools, free speech, free p[illegible]s. It is happier than ever before, and n[illegible] prosperous than even in the bona days of the magnificent silver-kings Zacatecas and Guanajuato. There a degrees, of course, by local variation impulse or of opportunity; but there progress everywhere—material, intellec ual, moral.

If the visible prosperity of Mexico, in

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GENERAL VIEW OF CHIHUAHUA.

the face of certain of its circumstances, shall seem enigmatic to sane people whose sane views are based on radically unlike surroundings, yet only ignorance can deny the fact. Mexico is admirably prosperous, in spite of seven years' drouth; in spite of the Garza revolution (kindled in the United States, in ways and for reasons too complicated to be reviewed here); in spite of a national debt contracted when exchange was at from 8 to 16, and being paid with exchange at from 85 to 102; in spite even of cheap money. It has been a miracle of statesmanship, but a miracle which will never be repeated in a dissimilar land. I will try to explain, later, how even so terrible a blow as the depreciation of silver was to Mexico has been turned to the advantage of a nation which lies in the hollow of one man's hand.

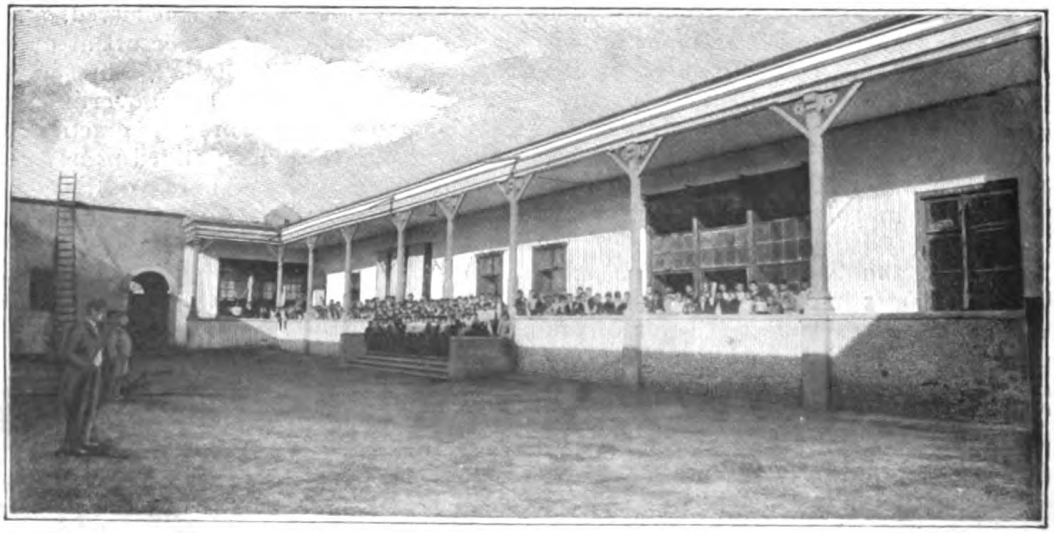
Perhaps the two things which most impressed me in this fairly thorough review of Mexico were the fever of municipal improvement and the sheer epidemic of public schools. These are but logical features of the Diaz administration; probably no more remarkable than the other methods of the digestion which has assimilated so chaotic a meal, but less familiar, since they are but now ripening to the harvest. Peace had first to be secured; and that cannot be had until it is no longer possible for rebels to combine and drill by the month before the government even hears of it. Commerce comes after railroads and harbors, and political reform after commerce. And only now is the country ripe for the other development which has loomed logical but late in the statesmanship of a decade.

General Diaz came up by a revolution; and that means debts as well as inheritances not of his choosing. There were accidental allies to be considered, and hold-overs who could not be all at once swept away—for stability is the first need and the first duty of any government. But both these factors are now practically eliminated. Diaz has outlived nearly all his first associates; and in one of the most extraordinary games of chess ever played in statecraft he has shifted, cornered, or jumped the hold-over impossibles. There is left to-day in Mexico not one important figure that could by any reasonable probability set face against the government, nor one that is to its serious present discredit. The long era of dishonest officials, little and big, is past. There are no more brigand governors; no more customs collectors wonted to "fix the accounts to suit themselves"—as a President once told a friend of mine to do. There

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is probably no other country in the New World whose whole public service is to-day so scrupulously clean; and this large assertion is made neither carelessly nor ignorantly. One has not to remember long to a time when even the presidency of Mexico was a den of robbery; nor half so far to thievish governors and petty officials. But the Diaz administration has never had a stain of its own; and it has kept up its steady pressure until now not a state in the republic is spotted as to its local government.

Even to one as familiar with the swift development of parts of our West as with the more conservative growth of our East, it is surprising to watch the gait of almost every Mexican city in municipal improvements. Modern water-works to replace the fine old Spanish aqueducts; modern sewerage to replace the street sinks of centuries; modern lighting, modern transit, modern health departments; public buildings better than our average towns of the like population think they can afford; splendid prisons, markets, hospitals, asylums, training-schools—these are some of the things the "despotism" of Diaz is planting through the length and breadth of the country. As for schools, it sometimes made me smile, but oftener turned my eyes moist, to note the perfect mania to have them—and to have them of the best. Every state capital has its free public "model schools," on which it lavishes a wealth of love and money; and the state earnestly follows its lead. There is now in Mexico no hamlet of one hundred Indians, I believe, which has not its free public school. This summer (1896) has seen a radical change. Hitherto the schools of the republic had been in charge of the municipalities, the federal government aiding in their support with about $1,000,000 a year. In July the central government took direct charge of every public school in Mexico. This is to secure homogeneity in the system. For the men and women now in charge of the schools of Mexico, I must admit that I have never met a more faithful and enthusiastic corps; and they are, on the average, very fairly fitted for their work. In every state there are normal schools, generously endowed by the government, for the fit training of these teachers; and the attendance is encouragingly large. There are also countless industrial schools, art schools, professional schools, and the like, not to mention the host of private schools, of which some are entirely admirable. The teaching of religion in public schools is absolutely prohibited. "That," President Diaz said to me, "is for the family to do. The state must teach only scholarship, industry, and patriotism. In the private schools we do not interfere with religious training. Beyond the standard we require of all, they may teach anything they like, so long as it is honorable and useful." The attitude of Mexico on this point is curious. There has been disestablishment throughout Spanish America, but it is



ANNEX, SCHOOL FOR BOYS, CHIHUAHUA.

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GOVERNOR MIGUEL AHUMADA, CHIHUAHUA.

not a usual sight to see a nation so rigidly, even so unmercifully, regulating the Church to which ninety-five per cent. of its population belong. The harsh laws of the *Reforma*—set by Juarez, and, curiously enough, maintained by Maximilian, who never could have sat down in Mexico at all but for the aid of the Church party in rebellion against the great Zapotec iconoclast—are still vital. Catholics have far less rope in Catholic Mexico than in the Protestant United States. Church processions are impossible—even a priest dare not walk the streets in his churchly garments. Probably a justifiable reaction against the tyranny to which centuries of absolutism—such is our poor human nature—had corrupted the missionaries; the equal tyranny of their suppression is logically not to last. I seem to detect even now traces of its gradual coming to a juster average. There is talk that the Sisters of Charity may presently be allowed to return to Mexico; and while I have no means of knowing that this is true, my very faith in human reason makes it seem probable. Those who have watched the Yellow Death when it walks a city of the tropics, who have seen men fall rotting by the curb, deserted by brother and mother, but picked up by these daughters of God—ay, and has himself felt their tender mercy upon his broken shell—such a one will hope for Mexico thus much alleviation of its severity. There is no danger that the old abuses will return. They were of their age, but are now as past as our Salem.

One will look far in most countries to find a town of 20,000 souls which has more progressed in five years than has Chihua-

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hua, the first place of consequence as one goes down from the United States by the chief railroad of Mexico—the Mexican Central. Less than that time ago this enormous state was not the most scrupulously governed in the republic. Visibly and intrinsically it rather suggested that Mr. Tweed might be "running it." To-day Chihuahua is a happy state; and its capital (of the same name) is almost a model little city. The Mexican commonwealths have all at last reasonable governors, but there are two eminent idols and figures of speech—Governor Reyes, of Nuevo Leon, and Governor Miguel Ahumada; both magnificent types of the physical man, and both executives for whom no state need blush. Perhaps only those who fully know the Latin-American character can guess how much of popularity this means: Not long ago a scrubby *corrida* precipitated a riot at the bull-fight in Chihuahua; the raging populace invaded the ring, smashing things, and bent on worse. Suddenly the giant form of the governor was seen elbowing among them, and in a twinkling his stentorian speech had swerved the mob from madness, and set them to shaking the skies with their "Viva Ahumada!" They gave their entrance money to a charity.

But if this be insignificant to the stranger, the visible tokens of his progressiveness are all about the capital city of his state. Chihuahua has suddenly (within three years, that is) become populous with public schools, not to count several unusually good private ones. Instead of the former stuffy rented rooms, there are cheerful, commodious, well-ventilated school-houses, with new American school furniture. Ahumada's special creation and pride are the free industrial schools, where rich or poor of either sex can have a utilitarian education. The Spanish had established industrial schools in America two centuries before we dreamed of them; but any one familiar with the Spanish system (which was merely the general mediæval system) of education for women can appreciate how typical of modern Mexico is this innovation. Indeed, I, who am not old, can remember when it would have been a miracle in New England. The Chihuahua training-school for girls has a hundred pupils. They learn (and by modern methods) bookkeeping, telegraphy, type-writing, stenography, tailoring, dress-cutting, machine knitting, etc., and of course English. President Diaz is not what the dilettante might term a savant. He was fitted for the law, but the whole trend of his education up to maturity was military. Yet he is one of the most studious men I know. It is wholly within bounds to say that no other ruler of our times has studied so hard in office; and he is, I believe, the only chief magistrate who ever added a new language to the accomplishments of his nation. In every public school of Mexico above the primary grade, in every private school, training-school, and college, English is a compulsory study. Spanish will never cease to be the language of half the area of this hemisphere, but in another generation Mexico is going to be equipped for business and pleasure in two languages—the two which dominate the Americas.

Schools have always more or less appealed to me; and with the sympathy for Latin America brought about by some alleviation of my first ignorances, the Latin-American school has been one of the most pathetic things I have known. But not in modern Mexico. I have never found brighter children, nor anywhere pupils so alert, as the thousands visited and talked with in this latest review of Mexico. There are degrees, of course, but all had such attention and such intention as were fit to make the blood tingle. Such vivid faces, such swift upward hands, such impetuous speech—and right as a trivet! I would like to see the seven-year-olds of the Escuela Anexa de Niños, in Chihuahua, for instance, pitted against any similar school of ours in a sum in mental arithmetic.

Not only in schools is Chihuahua awakened. The new state palace is a splendid building for the population it represents. The alamedas, parks, paseos, owed originally to the matchless Iberian liberality with these breathing-places, are being improved handsomely. Few cities of ours of 20,000 inhabitants have anything like them. A first-class water system (based on the 130-year-old Spanish aqueduct), with all appliances for municipal and domestic use, has been completed recently; and with this summer's rains over, the same expert engineer is to put in a modern drainage system—with even a sewer farm.

It is a curious elbowing of old and new. The splendid parróquia, one of the finest cathedrals in Mexico, stands unchanged

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from the old days when it was built with $545,000 in contributions of a *real* out of every mark of silver mined in the famous *tiros* of Santa Eulalia; but around it the spirit of the nineteenth century is at work. Electric lights, iron-foundries, factories—even a quarter-million-dollar brewery—these are part of its new company. Beer is counted a missionary in Mexico—and not unwisely, if it may gradually wean the Indians from their benumbing pulque and inflammatory mescal. At any rate, there have come to be breweries all over the republic.

A $20,000 hospital, just finishing, has been built actually by the people of Chihuahua; and in an afternoon's fair, in the beautiful park of Lerdo de Tejada, they raised $4000 to send to the widows and orphans of the men buried by a great "cave" in the Santa Eulalia mines. Such things indicate the stuff of which the tall Chihuahuans are made.

As Colonel Ahumada is governor, so Don Luis Terrazas is "King of Chihuahua." He has been more than once its governor, and it was he who made the really remarkable campaign which obliterated Victoria, the foremost of Apaches, and not only won for Chihuahua peace after harried generations, but did more for the quiet of our own Territories than any one else has done except General Crook. Don Luis owns hundreds of leagues of Chihuahua, but is not an unpopular millionaire. When the new sewerage system for the city was projected, there was no hundred thousand dollars in the treasury for it. Governor Ahumada had in three years paid off the state debt, paid the debt of his predecessor's discreditable Temósochic (Indian) war, paid the $123,000 for the new water-works, and paid up the salaries of the state officials, long in arrears. But if the treasury was lean, Don Luis was not. He offered to lend the city the $100,000 for five years without interest—or longer if need be. This is mentioned not so much because it touches a man admired and loved by all who know him, as because it indicates the sort of citizens upon whom the guide of modern Mexico is able to count.

There is a touching fitness in this swift uprising of Chihuahua by the paths of progress. One can half imagine the sweet, sad, inspired face which looks down from the tall shaft in the Plaza de Hidalgo taking on new sweetness as it sees at its very feet the fulfilment of more, surely, than even Hidalgo ever dared hope. For next to the remote hamlet from whose church tower the patriot priest raised the midnight *grito* of Independence, Chihuahua is richest in memories of him. Here, in the bare room mid-



DON LUIS TERRAZAS.

way of the stone *caracol* in the tower of an unfinished Jesuit church, the betrayed "Washington of Mexico" suffered his last prison; and where the graceful monument rises he was shot, with his companion heroes, eighty-five years ago. One cannot look upon that remarkable face and fancy that he doubted the outcome; but even the faith of Hidalgo could not have bridged to the things that are. Almost where his executioners stood, to-day stands the state-house of a government of which any state might be proud; behind his monument is the handsome and crowded state college; and adjoining that, two model public schools. The blood of martyrs has been the seed of a free nation.

There are in Chihuahua many other interesting things which I have never known discovered by the tourist; but the aim of these articles is to point out not the old, but the new. It may, however, be fit for remark that it is a happy city

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which can present at once the advantages of modern civilization and the romantic picturesqueness of an era forever fled; and there is hardly a city in Mexico which has not these schools of the higher education of taste.

Unlike enough to Chihuahua, but still in the category of Mexican progress, are the little mining camps. Take, for instance, the hamlet of Sierra Mojada, in the state of Coahuila, at the terminus of the most profitable railroad in America (since the Panama bonanza has passed its palmy days). Sierra Mojada, said to be the most extensive carbonate camp in the world, may have in its group of villagelings two thousand people. Of course it is too small to dabble much in municipal improvements; but the public school is here, well housed, well furnished, and alert as the next.

Leon is thus far one of the least progressive of Mexican cities. The mortal floods of 1888 (which so devastated Lagos also) drove off 25,000 from its population of 105,000. Here are now 80,000 people without a bank—a case which cannot be paralleled elsewhere in the republic. Yet Leon is a prosperous and contented city, full of little and big manufactures of yarn, hats, *zarapes*, soap, *rebozos*, saddles, harness, and the beautiful *charro* suits of velvety kid-skin. And though behind its peers, it too is awakening to education and improvement.

Historically the most attractive city of Mexico to the American student is Zacatecas, the Place of Grass.* Here were the first bonanza mines in the New World, and here sprung up the first American millionaires. Not only that, but here was coined the money which permanently colonized the first corner of what is now the United States. Few cities have a more romantic history.

In 1546 Joannes de Tolosa discovered the valley. Two years later he and his companions at arms—Cristóbal de Oñate, Baltasar Bañuelos de Temiño, and Diego de Ibarra—founded the city. The first mine located was that of San Bernabé; but the one most important to us was the Tajos de Pánuco, discovered by Oñate in the same year of 1548. It was this mine which laid the corners of the first vast fortune in America—the fortune which founded New Mexico. Cristóbal de Oñate was a typical cavalier—fearless, chivalrous, generous. For more than a generation his servants daily rang a great bell, and all came who cared to and ate at his table. He founded the first chapel in Zacatecas—the little adobe pile known to-day as El Bracho, half a mile north of the city. His son Juan—unspoiled by his natal silver spoon—married a granddaugh-



HIDALGO'S LAST PRISON.

* This is the meaning of the Aztec word, the plural of *zacatl*.

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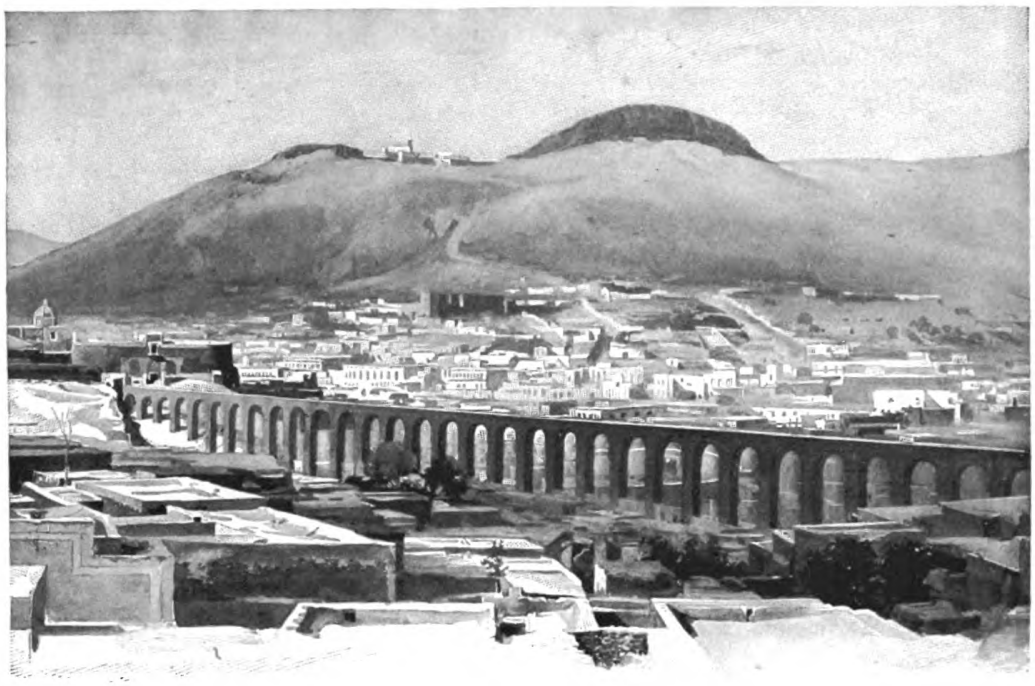
CORNER OF THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, LEON.

ter of Cortez, but had by his ambition a larger child than she bore him. He organized an expedition which cost half a million before it moved; colonized New Mexico; founded San Gabriel de los Españoles in 1598, and Santa Fe in 1605; explored our country from northern Nebraska to the Gulf of California, and approved himself not only one of the most competent pioneers in American history, but an executive of high order. In our first pages there are few other figures so romantic and so stalwart as those of Juan de Oñate and his comrades, the brothers Zaldivar (Juan and Vicente) and Gaspar de Villagran, the soldier-poet.

Except Cerro de Pasco in Peru, and Potosi in Bolivia, there have never been silver-mines like those of Zacatecas and Guanajuato. Under the Spanish red-tape —one of the most complete routines in history—it is always possible to know just what was what. The Zacatecas mines have produced close on to a billion of dollars. The present output of the *partido* in precious metals is only about three and a half millions a year. Mining has shrunken of late—thanks partly to nine years' drouth in this state, partly to the disinclination of the rich to imperil money and the inability of the poor to find any to imperil, and partly to the fact that the most wonderful of the old bonanza mines are down to too much water (at 500 to 600 feet) to be overcome by mule-and-drum pumps, while the scarcity of fuel forbids steam. Still it can hardly be called stagnation when a state with half a million people (as Zacatecas has in its 65,000 square kilometres) produces in its worst year six and a third millions of dollars from mines alone.

Even aside from its associations, Zacatecas is full of charm. There are but two cities in the New World more picturesque —La Paz (Bolivia) and Guanajuato. The metropolis of the Choqueyapu would not count prior except for its red-tiled roofs (which are more beautiful than any gray flat azoteas), and for the blue-white glaciers of Illimani imminent above it. Zacatecas sags in the heavy lap of concentric hills. There is not a level street. As in La Paz, whatsoever way you go is up; and it is not so well paved. But in the very elbows of its ways is dignity. No city north of the line is so stanchly built as this type of the Spanish-American capi-

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ZACATECAS—THE BUFA AND THE AQUEDUCT VILLAREAL

tal. I do not understand a fate which has kept Ruskin from knowing the architecture which, more than any other, would have set his heart afire—at once the honesty of the sixteenth century, the Moresque art of Spain, the added massiveness taught by the earthquake lands. First, of course, are the churches; and through the five thousand north-and-south miles of Spanish America these form a series of monuments scarcely to be matched elsewhere. Palaces, bridges, public buildings, even roads—all are fit for their company. One finds few things more discouraging than to know well the architecture of Latin America and then come back to that of our contractored cities.

The chief landmark of Zacatecas—the hill on which Tolosa found the savages intrenched—is the striking hogback known as the *Bufa*, which does *not* mean "the buffalo," despite the beprinted tourist. The founders of the city were *Viscainos;* and *Bufa* is the Biscayan word for *vejiga de cerdo.** Up the flanks of this hill and those of its neighbors clamber the cubic houses of Zacatecas; and in the tortuous ravine are the towers and domes of a host of churches. The city is full of aqueducts, of which the chief is the fine league-long pile built by the corregidor Villareal in the middle of the last century; a delightful setting for those who know (as few seem to) where to seek the most typical views of the Very Loyal and Very Noble City of the Nativity of Our Lady. The great curse of Zacatecas is the scantiness and wretchedness of its water-supply. At the city *pilas*—notably that of the Plazuela Villareal—the procession of water-carriers is amazing and pathetic. Women, dipping with their gourd *omates* a drop at a time from the crowded basin, take two hours sometimes to fill their shoulder-load *ollas.*

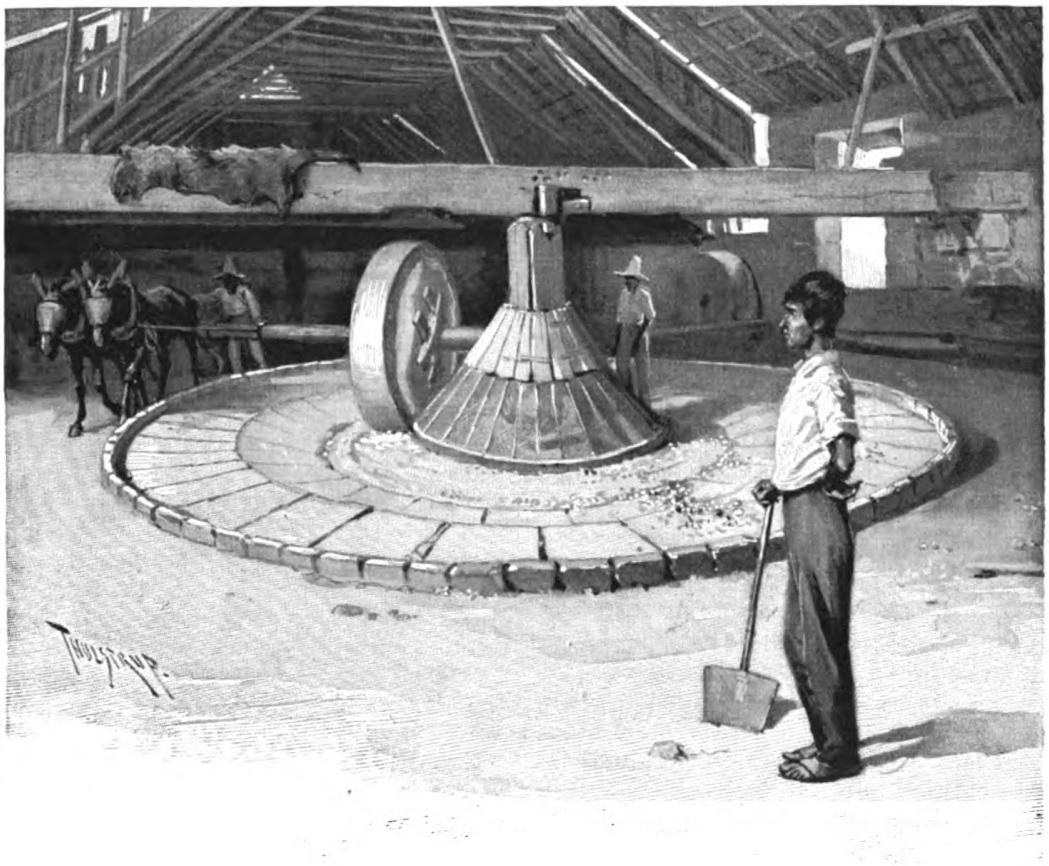
But with all its airs of antiquity—its vast old churches, its hotels housed in splendid convents, its multitudinous Rebeccas at the well, its warped streets—the virus of the new has "taken" in Zacatecas. It is not so unusual that a quarter-million-dollar theatre is being finished as I write; for splendid theatres are rather likelier to be found in Latin America than elsewhere in this hemisphere. Nor are hospitals an innovation in the country, which had better ones three centuries ago than there were in

* Pig's bladder.

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England. But a strictly modern hospital, costing $250,000, is nearly finished in Zacatecas; and its appointments are new, if its aims are not. The schools are in excellent condition, and progressing. The respective normal schools for males and females, the preparatory schools, the Institute of Sciences (engineering, law, medicine, etc.), are all well filled and well conducted. It goes without saying that the Church has theological schools here, as everywhere else. The state of Zacatecas has 240 schools for boys, 169 for girls, and 166 mixed—the last for populations too small to have "separate" schools. It is curious to note that the average annual pay of male teachers is $415; of female, $505.

At Guadalupe, three miles south of the city, is the *hospicio*, or asylum, with 222 boys and 150 girls. This is typical in every one of the United States of Mexico. An orphan babe can be, on the very day of its birth, placed in a governmental orphanage, where it will be tenderly reared and trained up to six years old. Without the loss of a day it can then be put in an *hospicio*, to be educated and taught a trade and maintained until its majority—twenty-one years of government fathering. Possibly it may become us, in our present circumstance, not to look down too disdainfully upon a nation which is doing this for its foundlings, and so much for its children in general. There are naturally various grades of merit among the *hospicios*, but their average is high, and some of them are among the most admirable public institutions I have known. The state college of Zacatecas is full; and so are the professional schools. As in every other Mexican city nowadays, there are also free night schools for the working classes.



THE MOLINO—ORE-CRUSHER.

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If Zacatecas and La Paz dispute precedence in picturesqueness, there is no question about Guanajuato. It is the most picturesque city in the New World, the delight and despair of the artist—who can never get it all, nor rest short of getting all he can. More huddled and more distorted than Zacatecas, climbing to every point of the compass by white steps from the great ravine, into which it looks to have rained, twisted in every street to the whim of the wayward hills, uneven, indirect, and lawless, it is the most artistic of cities. Areas of it (particularly against San Miguel and its opposite hill) are vividly like Jerusalem; but the Holy City is a comparative toy. In parts it is wonderfully suggestive of the prehistoric terraced pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona—but vastly greater. First and last, it is—itself—a special standard of reckless beauty.

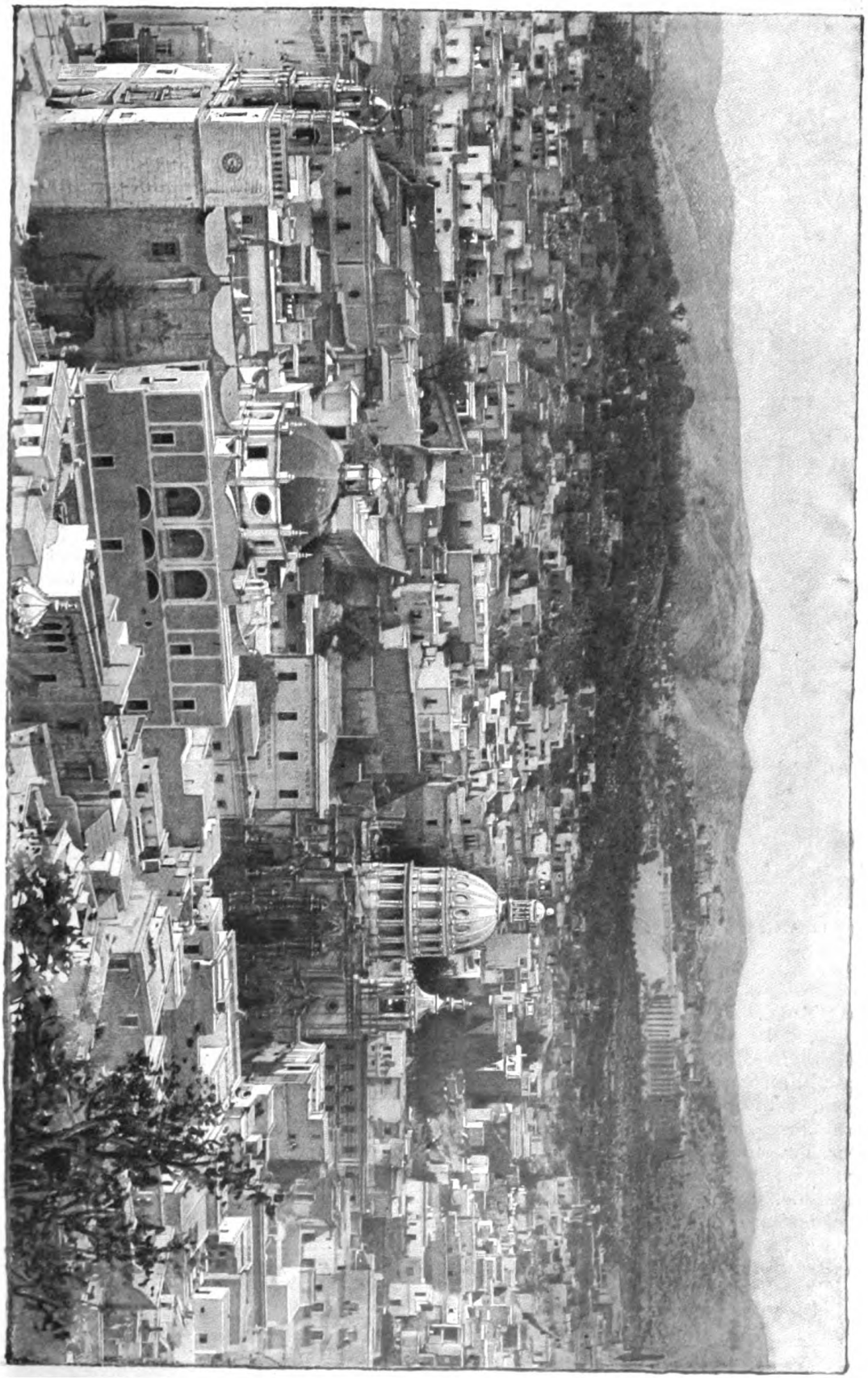
Arrieros tramping to Zacatecas behind their cargo-mules in the 1550's discovered Guanajuato, and the usual swift development followed. In the beginning of this century Humboldt found two Guanajuato mines—the famous "Conde de Valenciana" and the "Marques de Rayas"—producing annually 550,000 marks (4,400,000 ounces) of silver—one-seventh or one-eighth of the entire American output. From January 1, 1787, to June 11, 1791, the Valenciana yielded 13,896,416 ounces of silver, its ore averaging a little over 100 ounces to the ton. Though flooded, this fine old mine is still far from exhausted. One could write a volume of fascinating true incidents (eliminating the equal fables) of the old Mexican mines—even a volume on those of Guanajuato. It was the inevitable story, even where camp-fires roasted silver buttons from the soil—the accident by which so many famous Mexican mines were discovered. There were wonderful fortunes, and streets paved for squares with silver ingots for the christening procession of some purple-born, and twenty-ton silver railings for a church altar, and all that; and there were—the other fellows. Agustin de Zavala, three centuries ago, after paying $800,000 in fifths to the king from his mine, was buried by charity. Bartolomé Bravo de Acuña rendered unto Cæsar the *quintos* that were Cæsar's to the tune of a million and a half—and his heirs had not even a house to live in. They were robust in virtue as in vice, these cavaliers of early Mexico—like Don Manuel Correa, the miner who won $18,000 at cards one night, and next day gave it and $7000 more to the Convent of San Agustin—which is still one of the landmarks of Zacatecas, though now a hotel not conducive to piety.

In 1557 the "patio process" of treating silver ores was invented in Pachuca; and in five years Zacatecas had already thirty-two haciendas for this method of *beneficiando*. All the way up the cañon, from Marfil to Guanajuato, these interesting establishments can be seen in operation—the slow-trundling dry crusher, the stone-tub arrastra, the huge patio with its mud "omelet" salted with quicksilver and stirred by patient blindfold mules and barelegged peons. For the average silver ores of Mexico this is the cheapest and best reduction, the normal loss being less than six per cent.

As at Zacatecas, and for the same reasons, mining is dull. Yet it goes on steadily. A curious company (American, of course) has recently been formed to "wash" the bed of the little river—down which, in three centuries and a half, some five hundred millions in silver and mercury is computed to have run away.

But if the mines just now lag, Guanajuato does not. The capital of its state, it is the home of a good governor, and its hunchbacked streets echo progress. The city is spending about $150,000 a year on municipal improvements—something fair for a town of 25,000. The present administration has completed the Teatro Juarez, the most splendid theatre in Mexico, if not in America. Beautiful modern residences are springing up along the picturesque ravine which winds down from the newer reservoir Presa de la Olla. The city has a first-class high-pressure water-service, and of course electric lights—as has every Mexican population of any consequence. The schools are populous and prosperous. The state college has 300 pupils. The ancient mint, which has coined so many hundreds of millions, is still at work; the noble old churches hold their own—and their next neighbor is to be a modern system of sewerage. It is one of the typical anachronisms of Mexico the new—this picturesque city, which was already luxurious a century before any population of 20,000 English-speaking people was in the New World, still full of its ancient landmarks, yet with the facilities of the nineteenth cen-

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A BIT OF GUANAJUATO.

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COURT-YARD OF THE POST-OFFICE. QUERÉTARO, ONCE THE CONVENT OF SAN AGUSTIN.

tury's end. Telegraph, telephone, electric light, and their concomitants are everywhere in Mexico. As for the phonograph, an enterprising Mexican lady lamented to me the other day that she had lost several thousand dollars by her investment, the invention was already so *vulgarizado* in all parts of the republic.

Querétaro—significant to the historian as the last page in the tragedy of poor, well-meaning, weak-jawed Maximilian; and fascinating to the collector as the home of the most beautiful opals (*if* he knows how to find them)—is no less attractive to the economist. Its charming plaza, fine churches, admirable market, and rich associations of history are not so typical of awakening Mexico as are its suburban industries. A scant league south are the magnificent Hercules Cotton-Mills, the model factory, perhaps, of America; and nearer the centre, the hardly less important annexes for making prints, etc. Founded by the Spaniard Cayetano Rubio a generation ago, at a cost of several millions, these mills are now owned by a Spanish-English stock company. Over 1700 operatives are employed, and every department is fitted with the finest modern machinery. Wages range from twenty-five cents a day (for the cheapest boys) up to five dollars, the ordinary workman receiving seventy-five cents. I know no factory in the United States which is such a missionary of beauty to its employees. Its lovely patios of tropical flowers, its fountains, its $18,000 Carrara marble Hercules at the main mill, and other fine statues at the annexes—these are educators not many corporations give their workmen. But this eye for the artistic is rather habitual in Mexico, and the usual factory there is beautified in a way that would seem absurd to many of us. Possibly such settings as those of Hercules, of La Constancia (near Puebla), of the mills of Orizaba, and others, are not going to affect the mind of the operative. Possibly, also, Evolution is a fool.

Nothing is more characteristic of the present Mexico than the multiplying of manufactures. There are countries in America where million-dollar factories are not exactly springing up, but Mexico is of another catalogue. At the falls of Jua-

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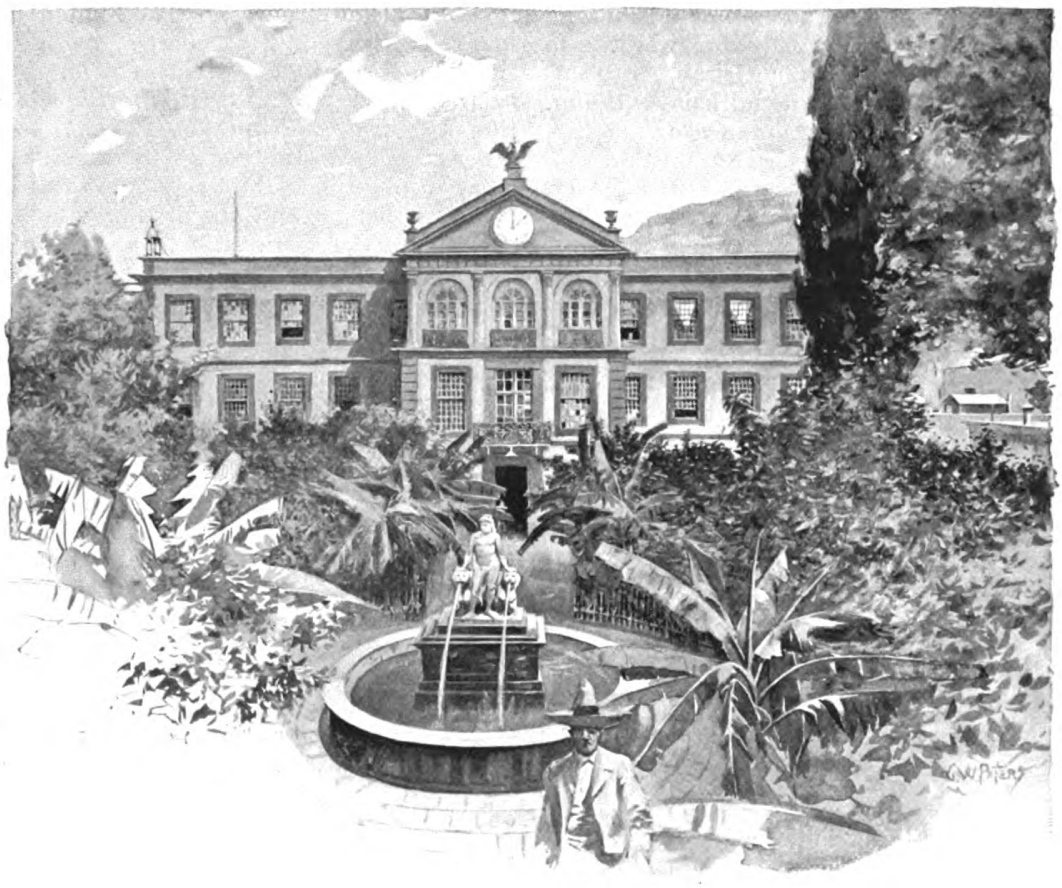
nacatlan—the Niagara of Mexico—a 28,000-spindle cotton-mill, to employ a thousand operatives, is just ready for work. On the Rio Blanco, near Orizaba, a four-million-dollar cotton-mill is building. About Puebla half a dozen are going up, costing from a quarter of a million to a million apiece, besides the extensive establishments which have so long prospered Puebla. And so nearly all over the republic. It is significant, too, that this new development has as yet barely begun in the richest portions of Mexico. If such progress has come in the dry corners, what will it be when the tropic wealth of Guerrero, Vera Cruz, Chiapas, and the like shall be exploited? So many tourists judge Mexico by the arid steppes of Chihuahua, Coahuila, Zacatecas—the thousand half-desert miles they traverse between our border and the capital—never guessing that while this bare plateau is so much of Mexican geography, it is so little of Mexican resources. The huge and marvellously rich west coast; the big, luxuriant group of southern states; the smaller but magnificent Gulf lowlands—these are what are to make Mexico. No other country on this continent runs such a gamut of climates, and therefore of natural products. And the nation which, ever since the beginnings of American history, has been pre-eminent by her mines, is now to be richer in the output of her furrows. If schools, municipal improvements, railroad and harbor development, and factories have become suddenly epidemic, the renaissance of agriculture is no less remarkable—or, rather, the invention; for it is the first time in Mexican history that the soil has really been called upon to declare itself.

The Spanish crown colonized the New World by the only effective policy, of



THE PATIO PROCESS, GUANAJUATO.

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ENTRANCE TO THE HERCULES MILLS.

which a large feature was the grant of enormous areas to deserving pioneers. It was part of the statecraft which is still the wonder of the scholar; and it was approved by its result—the most successful up-hill colonization in human history. But now America is settled, and land-grants and untaxed principalities are outgrown. For centuries the revenues of Spanish America have been derived from everything except the one safe, ultimate basis. Import and export duties, stamp acts, fifths, license taxes, inter-state taxes, city front-door taxes—everything but a tax on land. For three hundred and fifty years the mediæval *alcabalas* have been adding new barbs to the fences between state and state. It was almost a civil war of finance. Each state made its own duties, to protect its own products and discriminate against those of its neighbors. It became almost as astounding an economic fetichism as the notion (said to be visible in a country I have heard of) that all you have to do to make money "easy" is to make plenty of whatever you may choose to call money. It is needless to add that these inter-state fences had largely paralyzed internal trade.

But all that is swept away. Several years ago Diaz abolished the *alcabala chiquita*—the petty tax on back-loads. On the 1st of July, 1896, he put in force the most important economic change that ever befell Mexico. For the first time in three and a half centuries the *garitas* (municipal customs-gates) of all Mexico stood open and unguarded. The alcabalas were wiped out. Wondering Indians with burro train or gun wale-deep *chalupa* waited, sneaked ahead, looked back for some one to rush out and tax them for entering town. They had heard of it—

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but who would be so many fools as to believe that there was no more toll at the *garita*? I watched the morning and noon and night of that great day for Mexico, and it was as pathetic as humorous. Those who have scoured the republic with a few gross of photographic plates, or some like prey of the local tax-collector, can realize what it means to be able now to enter any city unharassed, after once being *registrado* at the national frontier.

No other one piece of legislation has meant so much for Mexico; and it is characteristic of Diaz. It has been the vision of a generation. No revolution since the *Reforma* but has had for a chief rallying-cry, "Down with the alcabalas!" Yet any government which had dared abolish them would have been overturned in a month. It means coming to the sane final tax on lands; therefore the breaking up of the enormous uncultivated holdings—distinctly legislation favorable to the poor and (temporarily) unfavorable to the rich—and it would have meant a revolution wherever there was a wealthy hacendado. Even Diaz dared not make this tremendous innovation three years ago. This "dictator" is a rather conservative ruler. Through at least a decade he has waited patiently for time to ripen to this change, and his judgment of season is approved by the result. These millions of revenue* have to be made up. It means a notable stiffening of the "direct contribution"; but though business men have growled at paying the immediate piper, they realize that the enormous internal development which is inevitable under the new dispensation will more than repay them.

For three hundred and fifty years Mexico has been rich by not much else than mines; and a fantastic, perilous wealth it is. As every student of mining countries knows, the life is a kaleidoscope of extraordinary contrasts; crazy luxury and insane misery; the few rich, the many poor; the carelessness of all other than money standards; the looseness which accompanies any form of gambling. It is a glittering, barbaric life, but not just what the soberest patriot would wish to befall his native town.

But to-day—though it is a conservative estimate that not ten per cent. of the mineral wealth of Mexico has been exploited—mines are becoming a secondary consideration. Not that they are failing, but that other industries are being born. Commerce growing through the new and costly harbors and the lavishly subsidized railroads; the product of multiplying mills; the swift new development of agriculture — these are the safer bonanzas which are engaging more and more attention, not only from Mexicans, but from the increasing army of foreign investors. Cereals are already a heavy factor in the national output. Cotton is foreordained to be one of the chief productions, as it is already the chief staple of manufacture. Coffee is just now the shibboleth, and great areas are being planted. In 1897 the coffee crop will be twice what it was in 1896, and by 1899 it will have doubled again. Rubber—which becomes more important every year, as we need more and find less—is an industry barely born in Mexico. There are but two plantations of over 5000 trees; yet millions of acres in the republic are as perfectly adapted to caoutchouc-culture as the most favored spots in the Amazonas of Peru. The enormous backbone of Mexico—the 2000-mile north-central plateau, of 4000 to 8000 feet elevation — is already an important cereal country, and scientific irrigation, such as we have in California and Arizona, will vastly multiply its product. Every fruit grows in Mexico; broadly speaking, no fruit whatever (except strawberries) has ever been really cultivated there. I have never found a strictly first-class orange below the Tropic of Cancer; but when the grower shall learn to prune and cultivate, there is no knowing what he may harvest. If culture does for fruit here what it has done elsewhere, Mexico—so much nearer our great markets—is like to have something to say in them, to the distinct disadvantage of certain remoter sources of present supply.

These observations are sketchy, but they are typical indices of the new life in the northern and poorer half of the republic. To understand broadly all the meaning of this regeneration one must come intelligently to the palatial city which has been by turns Tenochtitlan, the ancient pueblo of the Nahuatl confederacy, the gorgeous capital of the viceroys, and (now) the model of a nation — the head and heart of modern Mexico.

* The garita of the capital alone produced seven millions a year.

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HYGEIA IN MANHATTAN.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

THAT beautiful Greek myth of the goddess Hygeia is an eloquent prophecy of the character and functions of all bodies like the Board of Health of the Health Department of New York. Perfectly organized, intelligent, wide-awake, and with genuinely feminine qualities, she is ideally adapted to the work assigned to her doing. Daughter of Æsculapius, father of the healing art, from whom she received her knowledge of herbs and mastery of medicinal and surgical science, she was lovingly worshipped at Athens, Corinth, and other cities. The Board of Health also is held in high critical esteem. It includes women, other than stenographers and type-writers, among its co-laborers, and develops the motherly element of humanity in all its members, while cultivating the close observation, keen judgment, and scientific helpfulness distinguishing the corps of Asclepiads whose headquarters are in the Criminal Court Building, bridge-connected with the gloomy Egyptian edifice so sorrowfully known as the Tombs, or City Prison.

New York is not, and never has been, exempt from epidemics of infectious and contagious disease. Malarial fever, small-pox, diphtheria, and consumption are common scourges; yellow fever and Asiatic cholera are not unknown afflictions. The city lost more than five hundred inhabitants from yellow fever in 1702. The first quarantine against the introduction of small-pox and spotted fever was established in 1737. Dr. Colden, in 1742, in view of the prevalence of yellow fever, recommended sanitary precautions, whose adoption was prolific of excellent results, and won for him a vote of thanks from the Common Council. Multitudes of physical ailments, with imposing Greek titles, aid the ordinary morbific complaints in preventing rapid increase of the population, and in impairing the health and efficiency of those already on the ground. Specific febrile (zymotic), constitutional, nervous, organic, respiratory, digestive, urinary, and developmental diseases diligently work deadly mischief. Poisons—principally alcoholic—accidents, and injuries increased the mortality to 40.175 in 1888, and to 43,420 in 1895. Pneumonia and phthisis are the most destructive of human ills, and with bronchitis caused 28.19 per cent. of deaths in the city in 1888, and 28.79 per cent. of deaths from all causes within the previous ten years. Typhus fever rarely occurs, except in connection with Hebrew and Italian immigrants. Leprosy and kindred diseases, indigenous to hot countries, seldom make their appearance, save in the persons of recent arrivals.

Experience has emphatically taught the lesson that "diseases are more easily prevented than cured, and [that] the first step to their prevention is the discovery of their exciting causes." These exciting causes may be chemical or organic—chemical, as in the case of bad smells from fertilizer or oil-refining factories and gas-works, or of poisonous exhalations from sewers, decaying animal or vegetal matter, or offensive chemicals; organic, such as the specific germs of sickness, so abundant in the earth on which we tread, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the foods we consume, the moving dust and innumerable objects with which we come in contact. Like Milton's angels, "they thicken air, darken heaven, and rule this lower world." Alonzo Gray affirms that millions of them would not equal the bulk of a grain of sand, and "yet each of them performs the functions of respiration, circulation, digestion, and locomotion." Biologists say there is no essential difference between the protoplasmic cells which make up the sum of animal life and those which compose the vegetable world. Whether these germs be animal or vegetal, or of both kinds, is not always clear. Dr. C. F. Chandler asserts that some are known to be animal in character, others vegetable. All kinds of food contain them. Any liquid containing animal substance, exposed to the air, soon swarms with them. Hay is always rich in bacilli. Human beings are never free from them. They are in plants and living bodies, in saliva, in all the secretions; crowd the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, the skin, the bronchial passages, and teem wherever air, water, or aliment is brought into contact with the body, externally or internally. All consist in differing proportions of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen,

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and carbon. All, or most, draw their sustenance from inorganic materials.

Nature is essentially cannibal. Distributed through the dough, yeast plants —a billion of which may be bought in a single yeast-cake for a cent—feed on flour, salt, and water; and, after the baking, their remains are consumed by human beings and other animals. Like fate awaits the yeasts or microbes that occasion fermentation of liquors. Those familiar to us under the name of moulds ordinarily escape it. Whether animal or vegetal, the bacteria abounding in nearly all waters attack and destroy impurities for their own nourishment, and in turn are devoured by higher organisms, until in the form of fishes they become nutritive food for the human family. But for the voracity with which the mother devours her own offspring, one bacterium, in the course of a single year, might monopolize her entire domain. Some bacteria are colorless, others iridescent, others phosphorescent; and all may be useful—although the usefulness is not always evident—in natural economy.

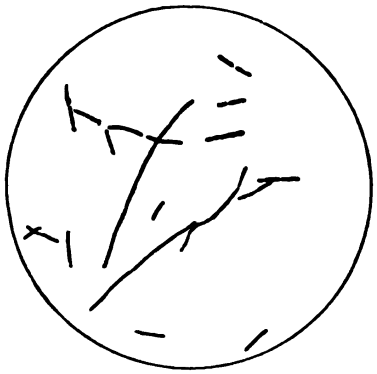
Whence derive these beings of the infinitely little their origin and life? Physiologists, like Carpenter and Huxley, conclude that organization is not the cause of life, but that life is the cause of organization—precedes it, fashions it, builds it up. "Only like can beget like. Spontaneous generation is a chimera." Conditions decide the species of all germs, and these conditions are fixed by actual energy working with seeming intelligence to purposed ends. Reproductive formal ideas are in the supreme force which organizes them, as classified or unclassified. This supreme force, R. W. Wright contends, is specified in Genesis, i. 11: "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit *after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth.*" Correctly translated, the italicized words should read, "whose germinal principle of life, each in itself after its kind, is upon the earth." The germ-ideas, living and indestructible, of all organisms, animal or vegetal—man alone excepted—are in the earth, embody themselves wherever the necessary encircling conditions are present, and disembody themselves when the needful environment ceases to be.

It is with the germs of disease that hygienic science is mainly concerned. Bacteria is their generic designation. Not all bacteria, however, are malignant. Many, or most, are benignant. They embrace "many families of very similar physical structure, but endowed with very different chemical powers." One class attacks nitrogenous organic matter, and liberates the nitrogen in the shape of ammonia; while another class of bacteria determines the conversion of carbonaceous organic matter and ammonia into simple organic bodies—carbonic and nitric acids. They cause the return, through fermentation and putrefaction, of dead organic matter to the atmosphere and to water, maintain the equilibrium between living nature and dead nature, assure the same composition always to the atmosphere, and impart fertilizing quality to water. Pasteur claimed that their presence is indispensable to the germination of seeds, the growth of plants, and the digestion of food, as well as to the diseases of silk-worms and grape-vines. As ferments, they change the juice of the grape into wine, transform cider into vinegar, sour liquids and foods, ripen cheese, rot timber, and putrefy all organic masses. Much is known of their functions, and more remains to be known. Bacteria morphologically, or in respect of shape, may be the same, and yet in action on living matter so different that while some are pernicious, others appear to be harmless.

Not only is the fame of Pasteur inseparably associated with the germ theory of disease, but also with the art of varying the virulence of germs, increasing or decreasing it at will. Attenuating the virus and hypodermically injecting it—finding in the evil its own remedy—he gave immunity to animals so treated. These not only bore with little, if any, inconvenience strong doses of attenuated virus, but powerful doses of strong virus, that in their normal condition would have proved speedily fatal. His methods were soon adopted generally. By their application in France, the epidemics of carbuncle that emptied stables of horses, and of cholera that swept barn-yards clear of chickens, soon existed only in the memories of farmers. Equal service was rendered to purveyors of sumptuary supplies, and owners of flocks and herds in danger of decimation from anthrax or splenic fever, by his system of preventive vaccination. He also proved that in the human body living germs are the causes of

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transmissible and contagious disease, and that the injection of attenuated virus will give immunity against such disease, and arrest its development where already begun. This is the secret of his treatment of hydrophobia. The perfecting of his methods is reserved to the future. Bacteriology is still in sturdy infancy. It



TETANUS BACILLI.*

knows how, by isolation and disinfection, to avert contagion and to stamp out epidemics in the places of their beginning. The world is not likely to suffer in the future, as in the past, from devastating plagues. Hygeia is under obligations to him for aseptic and antiseptic treatments in surgery. The purulent infection of sores, erysipelas, and septicæmia, which formerly infested hospitals, has practically disappeared. Puerperal fever is now almost unknown to obstetrics. There is no one in the world to whom medical science owes more than to Pasteur. "His scientific career is a luminous track in the profound night of the 'infiniment petit,' on the lowest levels of being, where life originates." Of tender heart, he was the most merciful and reasonable of vivisectionists. The salvation of human health and life was his end in all experiments. "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" was his conclusive reply to cranky critics.

Haeckel classes bacteria as a special group with the zoomonera, or animal developments of the monera, the simplest discoverable forms of life; says they are nourished by the acquisition of plasma from other organisms, and change the elasticities obtained from them into the living power of warmth and mechanical motion. Of many and various forms—globular (*e. g.*, *micrococcus*), rodlets (*e. g.*, *bacillus*), filamentous, curved, spiral (*e. g.*, *spirillum*), or exhibiting peculiar quivering movements (*e. g.*, *vibriones*)—most of them are so minute of size as to be invisible, except under a very powerful magnifying-glass, and many even then only when colored. A single drop of putrid water may enclose milliards of them. All are homogeneous little lumps of plasma, without trace of sexual organs, and increase simply by fission, or self-division. "Many of the most dangerous illnesses" (cholera, tubercular diseases, erysipelas, splenitis, chicken-cholera, and swine-plague), continues the German philosopher, "are produced by peculiar species of bacteria." In the shortest space of time these minute protista, developing in masses, and producing a peculiar poison (ptomaine) from their own chemical substances—often indicated, as in putrid meat, by evil-smelling gases—characteristically ruin the tissues and corrupt the fluids of the human body, and thereby cause death. This is certain, but more or less of what is affirmed about them is uncertain. Scientists reason from the known to the unknown, and in so doing find ample scope for the play of imagination and the trustfulness of faith. The bacterial germs of influenza, typhoid fever, cholera, diphtheria, consumption, tetanus, glanders, splenic fever, and septicæmia (blood-poisoning) have been identified; those of rabies, scarlet fever, small-pox, and typhus have hitherto eluded the complete knowledge of bacteriologists. Any one of the specific bacteria may originate a thousand consecutive generations, of which the last will be endowed with precisely the same properties as the first. The bacterium of diphtheria never passes into that of tuberculosis. Of all and every one the specific antitoxine neutralizes its own poison. Thus, in one cage at the Willard Parker Hospital lay a dead guinea-pig, inoculated with diphtheritic poison, while its companion, inoculated by Dr. Park with the same poison and also with its correspondent antitoxine, seemed to be a little ragged and under the weather, but otherwise in cheerful spirits and condition. Dr. Park states that "some bacteria, such as tetanus and diphtheria, produce

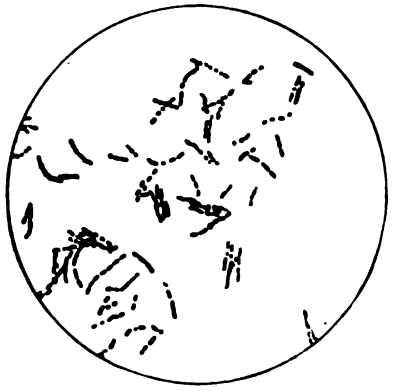
* For the diagrams used in this article to illustrate the appearance of bacilli under the microscope we are indebted to the courtesy of William Wood and Company.—EDITOR HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

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in the organism an antitoxine; others, such as typhoid and cholera, produce in the blood a specific bactericidal substance, which kills the disease bacteria, but produces no effect on the poison already elaborated; and probably still others act in still different ways, and tend to limit and cure diseases." Others of the less-known bacteria, in passing through the successive phases of life history, present differentiations of form that may be mistaken for generic or specific characteristics. Spores or resting-cells are minute bacterial granules that selfishly appropriate all the protoplasm, cover themselves with a dense envelope, are capable of immediate germination, or may be kept for months or years, during which they preserve vitality, being very resistant to desiccation, heat, and cold. It is almost impossible to kill the spores of certain bacilli by cold, or by a temperature of 110° C., or by several weeks' immersion in absolute alcohol. These and all noxious bacteria cause specific disease where their presence is constantly detected, and with constant malignant disposition toward tissues, organs, etc., when they can be cultivated in nutrient media outside the body, and when inoculation with a small amount of pure cultivation reproduces the specific disease in a healthy animal. High condition of bodily health is the surest safeguard against these insidious foes. Fatigue and fasting greatly diminish the power of resisting them. Normal healthy tissues are always effective germicides.

Hygeia's assistants long since discovered that bacteria multiply in milk exposed to germ-laden air, or conveyed in cans previously washed in contaminated water. Typhoid fever, preceded by the "feeling miserable," is frequently communicated through these media. The bacillus causing it has been proved to survive a journey of nine miles in closed water-pipes and a freezing of four days in ice. Bacilli will grow slowly in an ice-chest. In cheese and milk bacilli allied in shape to diphtheritic germs but destitute of their poisonous quality are microscopically detected. Germ-infested and adulterated milk, with Herodian cruelty, brings on the *cholera infantum*, so fatal to multitudinous little ones in large cities. Disease is frequently caused by virulent bacteria diffused throughout the offensive materials employed in many trades. The London *Lancet* shows that bread contains many kinds of living bacteria, and infers that many unaccountable disorders may eventually be traced to their agency. Deadly diphtheritic bacilli are known to pass from the throats and lips of pupils in public schools by means of pencils and sponges used by infected scholars, and redistributed every day. They infect following users, and frequently cause epidemics. The perils of travel by rail are multiplied by bacilli exhaled by consumptives, or conveyed to cushions and bedding by contact with the skins of sufferers from other maladies.

Hygienic research into the origins of sicknesses, to be of the highest value, must be comprehensive and exhaustive. As the enemy is everywhere, he must be sought, assailed, and conquered everywhere. In water is one of his favorite lurking-places. Epidemics of cholera, typhoid fever, and sundry other scourges are not infrequently attributable to water used for cooking and drinking purposes. Pathogenists trace visitations of Asiatic cholera to the sacred well Zem-Zem at Mecca,



BACILLUS TUBERCULOSIS.
Magnified one thousand diameters.

whose water, poisoned by innumerable bacteria, infects the Mohammedan pilgrims, who devoutly drink it, and whose homeward route is marked by the graves and bones of those who die on the way. From them the pestilence passes on to western Europe, and thence by steam and sail to the United States. Hamburg in 1892 suffered severely from cholera induced by using the water, filtered or unfiltered, of the sewage-laden Elbe. Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden (*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1892) lays great stress on the danger to civic health latent in water pumped

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from streams or reservoirs contaminated by the discharges of communities resident on their banks. Freezing does not purge it wholly from the disease germs introduced with human waste. This is true particularly of the typhoid bacillus, the most fatal of sewage germs. Vegetable bacteria, so hardy that no pressure or degree of cold can extinguish their vitality, constitute the ice flora, and after release by warmth are as potent for good or ill as before they were ice-bound. Snow contains more of them than clear ice. Innocent when the ice has been formed from pure water, they are dangerous if it has been polluted by matter from the bodies of men or animals afflicted by maladies. Distillation of such water through charcoal filters is no security against the peril, but rather enhances it, because the filters are too often breeding-places of the pest. Some bacteria are so small that they will pass through any filter. It is not because of bacteria simply as bacteria, but as disease-producing bacteria, that many portions of the ice flora are invested with practical importance. Neither oxidation nor sedimentation, as urged by belated scientists and unscrupulous dealers, can justify the use or sale of ice cut from sewage-polluted waters, whether of the Hudson or of any other stream. The late typhoid-fever epidemic with its grim death-roll at Elmira, New York, is ascribed to the use of water and ice swarming with bacteria from that open drain the Chemung River.

Professor Chandler's reports on the hygienic properties of Hudson River water at Albany and Troy express a different opinion. Spontaneous purification of water, he says, goes on in running streams; vegetable and animal life assists the process; atmospheric oxidation may complete it. Chemical tests will not detect the specific poisons of zymotic diseases in water; and yet, Dr. Tidy affirms, wherever drinking water has occasioned outbreaks of disease, such water "would have been unhesitatingly condemned on analysis by the chemist," as excessively charged with putrescent organic matter. The bacteriologist rather than the chemist is the preferable authority on all questions of water-supply. That the water of certain London wells has disseminated cholera poison does not prove that Thames water taken from the river above London is unwholesome; for visitations of cholera in London and elsewhere have been to low levels in proximity to tidal rivers, densely populated, badly sanitated, and drawing their cooking and drinking water from wells heavily charged with excrementitious matter oozing through the gravelly soil from the surface and from the local tide-locked sewers, while the people in the same districts using the Thames water were almost wholly exempt. Like remarks apply to American cities, and not least forcefully to Manhattan.

Dr. Koch detected the comma bacillus in the intestines of persons who had died of cholera in Egypt and at Calcutta. He also discovered it in East Indian tanks, the filthy waters of which were utilized for all domestic purposes. That the comma bacillus was the cause of cholera was subsequently demonstrated at Lucknow by the experience of the East Lancashire regiment, of which Company E escaped the scourge altogether, while the other companies, under identical conditions of barracks, food, and water-supply, suffered severely. All the water was pumped from deep wells, germ-free, into filter beds whose sand had been taken from the banks of the river below the city at a point exposed to every sort of contamination. This sand was alive with cholera bacilli, and poisoned the water seeping through it. The cause of the epidemic was explained by this discovery, but not the immunity of Company E. The cause of this also was made plain by the statement of the color-sergeant, who asserted that his company had precisely the same supply of water as its fellows, and that he ought to know the fact, because he boiled the water himself. *Boiling the water* had killed the germs, and completely protected the users. It is the simplest of germicides. Electrolized sea-water, solutions of carbolic acid and corrosive sublimate, moist steam, and the actinic rays of solar light are also inclusible in the list.

Cholera is not only propagated by germs in water, but also by microbes in the air. Its contagion is carried from house to house by persons and soiled clothing. From whatever source it may spring, or by whatsoever means it may spread, anticholeraic inoculation is the safest and best means of estopping its march. This is signally true of India. In that country Dr. Haffkine, "the Jenner of India," and the disciple and colleague of Pasteur, employed a weak vi-

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rus, prepared by passing air and oxygen over a cultivation of the cholera bacilli at a high temperature. After a few days he inoculated with a strong virus, artificially rendered highly virulent. Not a single injury to health ensued from 42,445 inoculations. In the vast majority of cases immunity from the disease resulted.

The water of lakes and reservoirs, in the warm months, is often fishy in taste and unpleasant in odor, from the presence of innumerable microscopic confervoid plants or algæ, abounding in a volatile odorous principle, and soluble to some extent in water. These, however, do not perceptibly affect the healthfulness of the fluid. Water also absorbs acid and sulphurous gases, and dissolves mineral and organic matters in the form of atmospheric dust that is precipitated by falling rains. Ehrenberg detected 320 species of organic forms in aerial dust. Subsurface impurities from limestones and chalks, coal measures, salt, and petroleum, often impart objectionable qualities to water. Organic impurities owe their poison to noxious bacteria. Microscopic fungi, looking like dust upon the water, and dense slimy strata of *oscillatoriæ* in stagnant pools, are no less deleterious. These and other plants give an oily appearance, greenish or brownish color, and repulsive odor to water.

Practical acquaintance with menacing dangers is absolutely essential to successful effort to ward them off, and even more needful to counteract them when in actual operation. Perfect knowledge of present and possible ills is not as yet in scientific possession. With partial knowledge of the causes and occasions of disease, and of the best means of preventing their ravages—knowledge not always of the clearest, but still invaluable—the members of the New York Board of Health, through collated experiences, close study, and elaborate experiment, strive to attain comprehension of entire truth and widest practical usefulness. The Board of Health consists of President (Charles G. Wilson) and Commissioner of Health (Dr. George B. Fowler), appointed by the Mayor; Health Officer of the Port (Dr. Alvah H. Doty), and President of the Board of Police Commissioners (Theodore Roosevelt), are *ex officio* members. A secretary with thirteen clerks and employees, and an attorney and counsel with four clerks, give effect to legal instructions in harmony with the sanitary code of the city. The Health Department, under these officials, is divided into two bureaus, of which the Sanitary is under the charge of Dr. C. F. Roberts, who as superintendent enforces the sanitary code, and all laws relating to tenement and lodging houses. The bureau itself works in four divisions—that of contagious diseases and special medical sanitary inspection (Dr. C. S. Benedict); of pathology, bacteriology, and disinfection (Dr. H. M. Biggs); sanitary inspection (Alfred Lucas); offensive trades, and food inspection, including chemistry (E. W. Martin). One hundred and eighty—more or less—subordinates discharge the duties of clerks, sanitary and medical inspectors, chemists, and disinfectors; inspectors of milk, fish, fruit, meat, tea and coffee, offensive trades, contagious diseases, vaccination, and virus.

The second bureau is that of Records, to which, under a medical registrar (Dr. R. S. Tracy) with twelve employees, is intrusted the registration of marriages, births, and deaths, the grant of burial permits, the study of topographic causes of sickness, the circumstances of unusual deaths, and the classification and filing of vital statistics in two forms—viz., by name, street, etc., and also by specific disease.

Ten honorary consulting officials of commanding professional eminence lend their aid in matters requiring expert acquaintance with hygiene, pathology, meteorology, sanitary engineering, veterinary science, and dermatology. The Riverside Hospital, on North Brother Island, for the care of contagious patients, is supervised by resident physicians, assisted by thirty-seven nurses and employees; the Willard Parker and Reception hospitals, at the foot of East Sixteenth Street, are in charge of two resident physicians with thirty-one employees; the steamboat *Franklin Edson*, in service of the Health Department, is manned by captain and crew of five members, and the Floating Hospital by captain and engineer.

Such is the organization and such the army chosen by American metropolitans for self-protection against assaults on public health and happiness by countless legions of enemies, visible and invisible. Let us watch the whole in counsel and action. The interests of the civic and

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national public are deeply involved. Modern municipal government is everywhere exalting the bacteriologist and sanitary inspector, fostering the kindergarten and the technical school, and paying anxious heed to the housing of the people. Sanitary inspection is of dwellings, trades buildings, conductors of gas, steam, and water, external conditions of healthfulness, plumbing, drainage, light, ventilation, and domestic conveniences. That it may be well done plenary powers should be conferred upon the Board of Health as a separate department of the city government. Inspectors should be independent of party politics, and with qualifications ascertained by rigorous examination. Skilled servitors are in imperative demand. The substitution of model domiciles for slum tenements is a humanitarian and patriotic necessity. The slum tenement is too frequently a darkened, malodorous, unwholesome sty, incapable of improvement, and worthy only of demolition.

The labors of regular sanitary inspection cover not only infected but non-infected districts. They are supplemented during the months of July and August by those of a special medical corps, who visit every tenement-house, and especially in the poorer and more crowded sections—where human beings are thicker than on any other spots of similar size upon the earth—prescribe for the helpless sick, impart needful advice, distribute printed rules for the care of infants, and cause all unsanitary conditions to be corrected. Figures impress but a faint idea of the fidelity with which this work is ordinarily performed. More public hospital accommodation should add to its benefits. The city has, or lately had, 10,245 beds in hospitals, of which only 4861 are in municipal charity institutions. It provides about 3.30 beds to every thousand of the population; London has 7.59; Paris, 9.83; Stuttgart, 11; Naples, 12; Rome, 18—the percentage rising in proportion to the poverty of the citizens.

Selection and appointment of officials to positions of honor and emolument may not altogether escape the taint of political partisanship, but, nevertheless, considerations of humanity and public policy outweigh the exigencies of party. Few know or care to know what the political affinities of Chandler, Prudden, Biggs, or any other expert may be, but all feel concerned in the question of professional merit and scientific acquisition. Hygeia in New York chooses of the best for the brain and sinew of her Health Department.

The disinfecting corps of twenty-six men, in charge of a medical man as disinfector-in-chief, is, like the disinfecting plant in East Sixteenth Street, one of the most excellent in the country. To each of fifteen districts into which the city is divided is assigned a disinfector, whose duty it is, when possible, to fumigate and disinfect, by means of three and a half pounds of sulphur dioxide to every 1000 feet of cubic air space, all premises where contagious diseases have been reported, and to give verbal and printed instructions for further action if required. All textile fabrics from the defiled premises are sent in departmental vehicles to the East Sixteenth Street station, there, by heating in an oven with dry heat and steam alternately for three hours, to be rendered innocuous, and then returned without cost to the owner, excepting such as are worthless or past redemption, and therefore doomed to the crematory. The sick of contagious complaints are removed by order of the diagnosticians to the hospital, and there subjected to secondary bacteriological diagnosis. The dead are carried to the Morgue in charge of the department. Nothing excels the tenderness and care with which the sick, and markedly the children, are handled by uniformed attendants, nurses, and doctors at the reception and other hospitals, nor the skill with which surgical manipulation is conducted, measures adopted to prevent the transmission of germs, and to secure proper temperature, pure air, and utter cleanliness. Where two contagious diseases—*e. g.*, measles and diphtheria—meet in the same person, he or she is sent by the diagnostician to the Reception Hospital, and from thence to North Brother Island, where excellent accommodation is provided. The Willard Parker Hospital and its annex are reserved for non-complicated cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever, diagnosed previously at the places whence they were reported. Syphilitic patients are consigned to the Charity Hospital. Minute and comprehensive instructions on the subjects and methods of disinfection are issued in circulars by the Health Department, and the reasons therefor made plain. All things with which families come into contact are comprised. The preparation of deodor-

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Dr. A. H. Doty, Health Officer.
Dr. George B. Fowler, Health Commissioner.
Theodore Roosevelt, President Police Department.
Gen. Emmons Clark, Secretary.
Charles G. Wilson, President.

THE NEW YORK BOARD OF HEALTH.

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ants and the sterilization of milk for feeding infants are matters of which full information is published.

Diagnostician research is curious, attractive, and pivotal. It deals chiefly with diphtheria, one of the most dreaded of germ diseases. Bacteriological investigation of its causes is careful and exhaustive, and diagnosis as thorough as skill and science can make it. Dr. W. H. Park, the special inspector, in common with leading foreign and domestic investigators, finds that practical differentiation of false from true diphtheria is of great sanitary importance. Mistake is easy, and frequent among medical practitioners. During the year 1894 at least one-third of the 4874 cases of diphtheria reported to the board were found to be of other character. The presence of the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus—so called from its discoverers—in the upper air passages is proof of mortal peril and possible infection. To neutralize the first by inoculation and prevent the second by disinfection, an elaborate system is established throughout the city. At about sixty depots—mainly in drug-stores—culture-tubes, swabs, printed blank reports, and instructions for inoculation can be obtained without charge by physicians. The tube, about four inches long and two-thirds of an inch in diameter, is partly filled with a mixture of calf or sheep serum and nutrient beef broth, in the proportion of one-third of the latter to two-thirds of the former, with one per cent. of glucose added. This is the Loeffler blood-serum mixture. The whole is sterilized by heat, and when solidified and protected by cotton plugs in the mouth of the tube will keep for months. The swab is a thin steel rod, six inches long, sterilized, with absorbent cotton attached to one end. Diphtheria antitoxine of high efficiency may also be purchased or obtained free at the same depots. Late in the afternoon of each day the tubes employed are collected, and the entire culture outfits returned to the station from which they were issued.



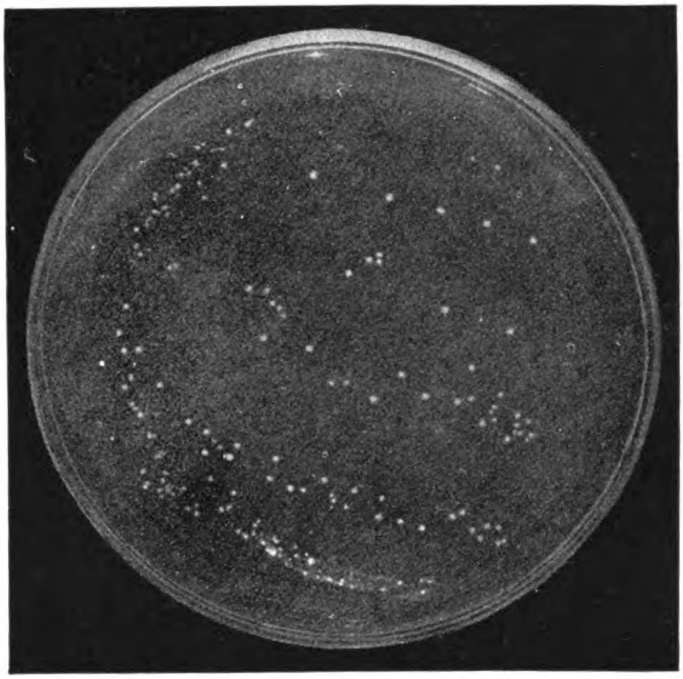
CULTURE OF TUBERCLE BACILLUS UPON GLYCERINE AGAR.

In the application of the culture outfit each doctor rubs the swab against the infected membrane, then inserts it into the blood-serum tube, and rubs it back and forth a number of times over the whole surface of the serum, but without breaking through it. This is, technically, the culture. The culture tubes, inoculated as described, and deposited in an incubator at 37° C.—the body temperature—are kept there for twelve hours. Then, on inspection, the surface of the blood serum is seen to be dotted with very numerous colonies of bacteria. Part of these are transferred on a platinum needle to a tiny drop of water, placed on a clean cover-glass and smeared over its face. The bacteria on the glass dry in the air. Next the cover-glass is passed quickly three times through the flame of a Bunsen burner or alcohol-lamp, covered with a few drops of Loeffler's solution of alkaline methyl blue, left without heating for ten minutes, then rinsed off in clean water, dried, and mounted in balsam. Seen through the one-twelfth oil-immersion lens is either an enormous number of characteristic Klebs-Loeffler bacilli with a moderate number of cocci, or a pure culture of cocci, mostly in pairs or short chains. Other and different bacilli sometimes appear. Immediate diagnosis by direct microscopic examination of matter exuded from infected membranes may in some instances be of great value, but is not a method suitable for general use. Repeated cultures of bacteria taken from the throats of convalescents show that they remain in the secretions from three days to three weeks after the patient is apparently well. Not until they have vanished is disinfection performed.

The Loeffler bacilli occur singly, in pairs, or in chains; vary greatly in size and shape, and are readily stained. Multiplying quickly, one may produce, by self-division, about thirty millions in the

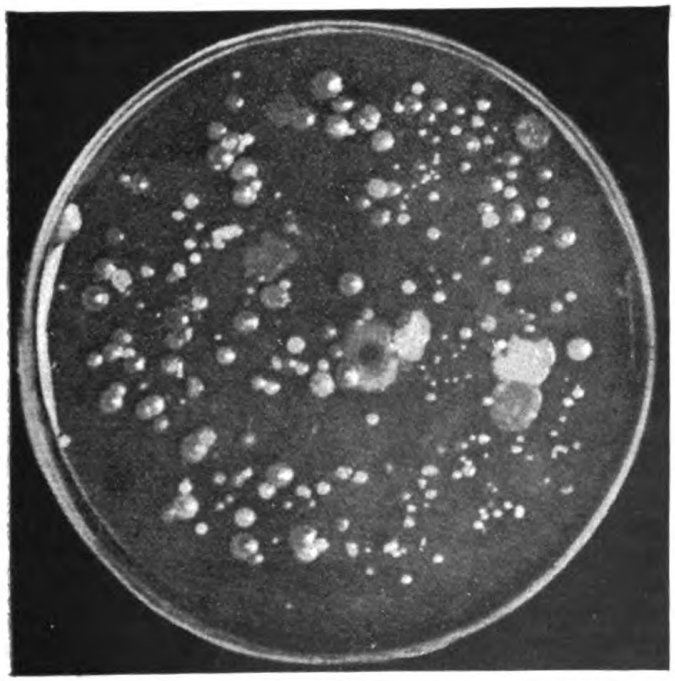
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course of twenty-four hours. Pearl-gray points on the blood serum grow into colonies one-quarter of an inch thick in the space of forty-eight hours. Edges of colonies show sprouting bacilli, some of which when dried retain vitality for five months. Diphtheritic cultures in flasks containing bouillon cause the latter to present a turbid appearance; cultures of tuberculosis create a dense wavy pellicle on the surface.



COLONIES FROM DIPHTHERITIC MEMBRANE.

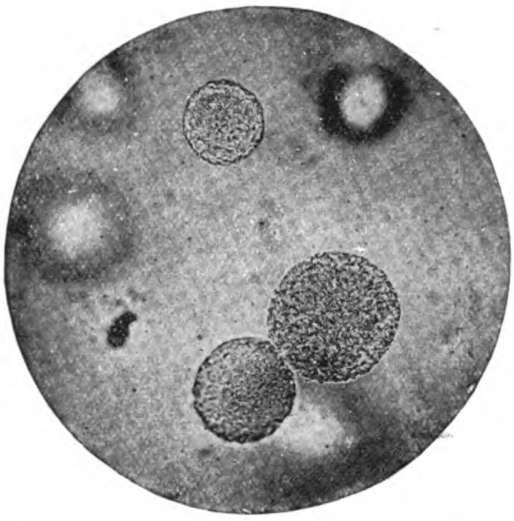
Guinea-pigs, of which, as well as of rabbits, the Board of Health has numerous collections, furnish the media through which may be determined with certainty the virulence of bacilli. Hygienists prize the lively, amusing little animals as valuable adjuncts in the arrest and prevention of disease. They, when about half grown, receive, by subcutaneous inoculation, alkaline glucose broth cultures of forty-eight hours' growth. The amount injected varies from one-fourth to one-half of one per cent. of the body weight of the animal inoculated. When the bacilli are virulent, this quantity causes death in twenty-four hours. Much of the work done in the laboratory is of routine character; not a little of this work, however, is original. It is pursued with an assiduity, patience, exhaustiveness of comparison, and closeness of logic that cannot but yield trustworthy results.



COLONIES OF DIPHTHERITIC BACILLI AND STREPTOCOCCI.

Diphtheria antitoxine, injected with excellent effect in hospitals and the homes of patients, is derived from animals inoculated with the poison generated by the diphtheria bacillus. Its action on the blood, chemically, is like that of the substances created in illness—as in scarlet fever and small-pox—which render an individual insusceptible to a second attack of the same disorder. It is drawn from the blood of animals, mostly horses, rendered im-

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COLONIES OF SPIRILLUM CHOLERÆ ASIATICÆ.
Magnified one hundred diameters.

mune against diphtheria bacilli through repeated injections of their toxines. These "toxines are the poisonous chemical compounds produced and set free by the growth of the diphtheria bacilli," the most virulent of which are selected for this purpose. After testing the strength of the toxines on guinea-pigs, the bouillon containing the toxines is injected into horses and other animals. Of the horses subjected to this process there are more than forty, whose health and comfort are sedulously cared for by trained veterinarians, in the stables at No. 154 East Fifty-seventh Street, at the cost of the Health Department. Into each of them about ten drops of the toxine are injected. After reaction against the injurious effect, the doses of toxine are increased in size and frequency, until, in less than five months, the less sensitive horses will receive doses a thousand times larger than the first, without showing any local or constitutional symptoms of serious disturbance. They are then said to be immunized. When from 4000 to 6000 drops have thus been introduced, the horse's blood holds antitoxine in sufficient quantity for healing purposes. The blood is drawn from the jugular vein by means of a canula into sterilized flasks, with capacity of from one to four pints. The horses themselves seem to be indifferent to the operation. From two to four days' storage in an ice-chest suffices for the squeezing out of the serum from the clot. In this serum is the dissolved antitoxine, which has the power of neutralizing the poison secreted by the special bacillus of diphtheria. Different methods ascertain its strength. A small quantity of it is enough to save life if injected some hours before diphtheria poison is introduced. If injected within twenty-four hours from the outbreak of the complaint, recovery is remarkably rapid; if toward the end of its course, little or no improvement follows. Notwithstanding negligence and delay, the mortality in children's hospitals has been reduced from about 55 to 12, and even 8, per cent.—an achievement without parallel in the annals of medicine. The amount of antitoxine required for the treatment of a case of diphtheria is from 1000 to 3000 units, according to the severity of the case. The price of the remedy, as sold by the Health Department, is $1 50 per 1500 antitoxine units.

Vital statistics adduce the measure by which the remedial value of antitoxine may be estimated. Out of 5611 cases of suspected diphtheria studied by Dr. Park and Inspector A. L. Beebe from May 4, 1893 (bacteriological diagnosis beginning on May 6), to May 4, 1894, 3255, or about 58 per cent., were proved to be of true diphtheria. These were of ages between three weeks and seventy years. Forty-five per cent. of those under four years of age died. Paralysis of the heart, or of respiration, extending to the whole body, extinguished all vitality. False



BACILLUS TYPHI ABDOMINATUS, SHOWING FLAGELLI.
Magnified one thousand diameters.

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diphtheria is usually due to bacteria (*streptococci*) in the throats of healthy persons, which cause inflammation when the mucous membrane is attacked by cold or other deleterious forces. Nettle-rash (*urticaria*) and insignificant needle abscesses are the only inconveniences that follow antitoxine inoculation of healthy persons. Inspector Beebe, reporting on the rise and fall of diphtheria and croup in New York from October 7, 1894, when antitoxine was first used, to October 6, 1895, and comparing this period with that between October 8, 1893, and October 6, 1894, expresses them in figures as follows:

	1893–4.	1894–5.
Total cases	8978	9379
" deaths	3073	2125
Average of fatal cases	34.23 %	22.66 %

The death rate of cases in 1891–4, inclusive, was 34.66 per cent.; in 1895 it was 19.43 per cent.—showing a decrease of 15.23 per cent., and the corresponding power of the new treatment.

In the prosecution of its prophylactic and curative mission the Health Department restrains threatened epidemics of typhus fever by means simple and easily applied, but dependent for success on the perfection of detail with which they are carried out. These means are the isolation of the ailing and of those previously exposed to contagion, and the thorough disinfection of all contaminated rooms and materials.

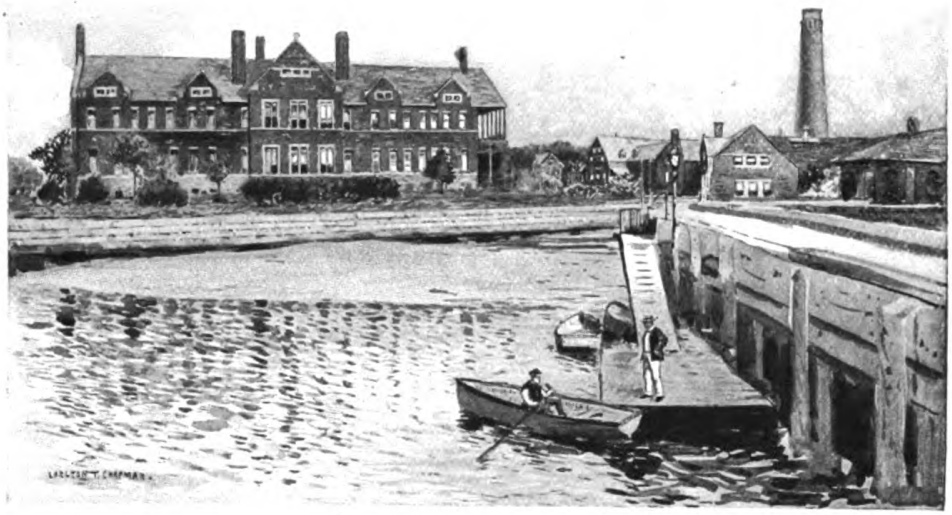
Nor is modern hygiene less successful in opposition to cholera of Asiatic type,



THE WILLARD PARKER HOSPITAL.

whether indigenous or intrusive. In other forms it is not due to the comma bacillus or spirillum of *cholera Asiatica*. The latter may be diffused by garbage, rags, old iron, bottles, and other refuse. In treating it, part of the discharges from a sufferer are committed to a sterilized bottle, and reported on by the bacteriologists of the board. After diagnosis the patient is transferred to a reception hospital, and his former environment, together with the ambulance and its furnishings, disinfected by fumigation and strong antiseptic solutions. In 1884 the study of epidemic cholera by Dr. Robert Koch elicited the facts that the cholera spirillum in the intestinal discharges of patients is never found in any other disease, that it may be cultivated in various substances out-

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PIER AND LANDING, RIVER-SIDE HOSPITAL.

side of the living body, and that its biological characteristics differentiate it with certainty from all other micro-organisms. Further studies by scientists, at home and abroad, have suggested means for excluding the pestilence from the city. The task is all the more feasible in view of the alleged fact that the disease is not one whose germs travel through the air, but must actually enter the body through the mouth. Cleanliness in this case, if not next to godliness, is neighbor to healthfulness. Isolation and disinfection are pretty certain to assure the latter. Broom, pail, and scrubbing-brush, with antiseptic solutions, are among the humble weapons with which our hygienic army combats the assailant. Imitation of and improvement upon the measures of Koch and Haffkine are obligatory upon and will be accomplished by Hygeia in Manhattan should events demand it.

The Board of Health is visibly triumphant in antagonism to another complaint—a thousandfold more to be feared by its clients than cholera. It is consumption. In the heterogeneous mass of folk from over seventy diverse nations that compose the nearly two-millioned citizenship of the American metropolis, the Jews number more than one-eighth. Less than Gentile immigrants or native-born do they suffer from the bane of consumption or tuberculosis. Comparative exemption follows from their custom of killing and examining animals by professional and licensed slaughterers. Flesh infested by disease germs is repudiated as unclean, and only that whose blood and viscera are free from them is accounted *kosher*, or clean, and allowed to enter into family use.

Although the most common and fatal of diseases, over 6000 deaths being due to it in 1892, it is only lately that it has come under the official sanitary surveillance of the Board of Health. More deaths from tuberculosis would be reported were it not that policies issued by industrial companies — a single city company issuing about 400,000—are vitiated wholly or in part if the word *tuberculosis* appear in the death certificate. Consumption is at once communicable and preventable. Pathologists state that it may affect any organ or tissue of the

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body. When it attacks the lungs it is known by the qualifying name of pulmonary consumption. In this form it causes about one-fourth of all deaths occurring in the human family. More than one-half of the entire adult population is, at some period in life, injured by it. The germ—tubercle bacillus—is the cause, and the sole cause, of tuberculosis. These germs, finding their way through the mouth into the body, multiply there, if favoring circumstances exist, and produce new growths or tubercles, which tend to soften. Discharges from these softened nodules, containing living germs, are thrown off from the body. Expectoration in pulmonary consumption expels enormous quantities—many millions of them in the space of twenty-four hours. Their power of mischief, even when thoroughly dried, may remain unimpaired for long periods. Tuberculosis cannot happen except through direct communication with some individual or animal afflicted by that disorder.

Meat and milk of tubercular cattle are prolific sources of the evil. Consumption is most frequently brought on by breathing air in which the germs are suspended as dust. The breath and moist sputum of tubercular patients are not perilous, because the germs are not dislodged from moist surfaces by currents of air. One cubic centimetre of sputum is said to enclose from ten thousand to nine hundred thousand bacilli, and four billions of them may be thrown out of the mouth in a single day. Methods of preventing infection include deposit of disinfecting fluid in domestic cuspidors used by patients, pocket paper cuspidors for patients when not at home, and paper napkins to be burnt after use. Pathogenists would prohibit, as the New Jersey legal code is said to do, the common practice of kissing, lest this token of affection should spread contagion. For like reason, individual communion cups are used by fastidious churches. Nowhere should the sputum be ejected where it may dry, and in powdered form mingle with atmospheric dust, and thus become new centres of disease. The ruling entity of zymotic or germ sickness is the microbe—lurking in all dark, mouldy, and unclean places. Its quickest destroyer is the sunbeam, aided by currents of fresh, pure air.

Circulars printed in English, German, Italian, and Jüdisch Deutsch disseminate these informatory items, together with ap-



SCARLET-FEVER HOSPITAL, NORTH BROTHER ISLAND

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DR. PARK'S COLLECTION.

propriate instructions, among the commonalty. The Health Board also requires hospitals, and requests private physicians, to report the name, sex, age, and address of every tuberculous person within seven days from the time such person comes under observation ; orders special medical sanitary inspectors to investigate cases reported, but without interference with regular physicians, and to submit specimens of the sputa in doubtful instances for bacteriological diagnostication. It supplies bottles for the collection of such sputa, and blank forms for report, without charge, at the depositories where culture outfits are distributed. It urges hospital authorities to set aside proper wards for treatment of the disease, recommends acquisition by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction of a con-

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sumptive hospital, and the provision of cuspidors for public and factory buildings. Its war on consumptive exuviæ is perpetual. Deaths from tuberculosis decrease annually.

The Health Department is more than a match for small-pox, which prior to 1877 was one of the worst contagions in respect of numbers and mortality. Its death-rate in 1875 was 122.55 per 100,000 people; in 1884, zero. Since then it has oscillated between the extremes of 6.43 and .06. Inspectors of vaccination have reduced the number of scarred faces formerly seen in the streets, and would reduce it still further if vaccination were compulsory. Revaccination, after a term of from five to ten years, seems to bestow absolute protection. The pure, carefully selected bovine virus, liquid or otherwise, produced in the vaccine laboratory of the department is used exclusively, and its surplus sold to applicants at a fixed price—realizing $3879 in 1892. A new needle with freshly charged quill for each is used for every operation, to avoid the possibility of infection or blood contamination. Primary vaccinations are examined and reported on by colleagues of the operators. The cost of each case to the department is eleven and a half cents; to the subject or parents, nothing. No pupil can legally attend a public school, nor any teacher be employed therein, who has not been vaccinated. All must present certificates of vaccination by medicos in good standing.

Our hygienic army diligently corrects, as lies in its power, all unsanitary conditions within the field of its operation. These unsanitary conditions are unquestionably responsible for much of susceptibility to disease. They derange the physical system by the introduction of poisonous substances, and thus create the abnormal conditions in which pestiferous germs work out deathful issues. Therefore the forceful vacation of dwellings and cellars unfit for human habitation, limitation to the crowding of domiciles by inmates, and effort to supply each with pure air in the proportion of 200 cubic feet to a child and 400 to an adult, pure water to drink, and pure unadulterated food, attainable in sufficient quantities by purchase. The lodging-house, unless lighted, ventilated, and sanitated properly, is a *bête noire*. Defective sewers, canals, bridges, docks, streets, private and public buildings endangering life or health, are scarcely less objectionable, and receive critical condemnation. All, as dangerous, are nuisances; so, legally, is anything that interferes with the proper enjoyment of human existence. Slaughter-houses for quadrupeds and chickens, of which there are from thirty-five to forty in the city, would be pestilent nuisances were it not that the Board of Health sees to it that all offal, blood, refuse, and other offensive matters are promptly removed, and the premises cleansed and deodorized. The Health Board solicitously supervises stables for more than 60,000 horses and cows, and also the health of their occupants; has abolished the sidewalk manure-pit, and regulates the daily disposition of 500 tons of manure.

Bad smells, to the certain knowledge of the hygienic corps, aggravate the dangers coming from another source, and one that is indispensable to popular welfare. Milk—easily soured by one species of bacterium and putrefied by another—impregnated with the germs of many sicknesses, and notably with that of tuberculosis, is a constant peril to health. Tuberculous cows, singly or in herds, are deplorably numerous in rural districts. Guinea-pigs inoculated with their milk develop tuberculosis and die. Sterilization by heat destroys the germs, and permanently prohibits fermentative changes. Armed with lactometer, thermometer, and suitable apparatus, the seven milk-inspectors visit the places where the lacteal fluid is sold, select samples for chemical analysis, and test them for skimming, watering, and other adulterations—such as the addition of salt, sugar, borax, annoto, alkaline carbonates, salicylic acid, and nitrates. Microscopic examination detects the infusion of colostrum, blood, pus, starch, and other insoluble substances. Milk adulterated by anything but water is poured into the sewers, and the venders thereof fined.

So serious a menace to public health is the prevalence of bovine tuberculosis in the State that the committee on tuberculosis appointed by the Legislature of 1895 virtually recommends the destruction of all cattle affected by it. This would stamp out the plague at the expenditure of about a million dollars. Reintroduction by imported animals from other States could be guarded against. The cost of suppression, at first glance, seems to be large, but prevention is al-

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ways less costly than cure. In no other way known to science can the disease be extirpated. Koch's *tuberculin*, or its perfected successor, is practically an infallible means of bringing it to light, without injury or risk to sound animals. A million dollars is a small price to pay for future immunity. It costs many millions to counteract the ravages of germ-milk, buttermilk, and skim-milk, which "is so virulent an infective agent that the removal of the cows giving it from dairies is absolutely necessary." Such removal, it is calculated, would save from three to five thousand lives yearly. In the interval between the recommendation and legislative decision the Board of Health demands that the 6[illegible]3 milk-dealers in the city and those who ship milk to them shall take out permits. It also prohibits the keeping of milk for sale or storage in any room used for sleeping or domestic purposes, or opening into it. Nor must it be transferred from one vessel to another, except at the time of delivery. Bottles and vessels used in the trade must be thoroughly clean, and protected against dust and other impurities.

On duty, offensive and defensive, continuously, our health army daily inspects, to the limits of its power, the markets, commission-houses, and stores where meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, and other sumptuary supplies are offered for sale. Millions of pounds, alive with baleful bacilli, are condemned, seized, and sent to the offal-dock, and millions more will be if public well-being be adequately defended against morbific agencies. Confectionery adulterated with poisonous pigments, often enclosing alcoholic fluids, and thus preparing children for alcoholic inebriety and ruin, falls under the cognizance and ban of the board. So do the dead animals in the streets, the unsaleable provisions in the markets, and the offal from the abattoirs. All are conveyed by the contractor to the offal-dock, and shipped to Barren Island for crematory treatment and conversion into fertilizers and other useful materials.

Reports of weekly analyses of the Croton water by the chemists of the Health Board, and comparisons of it with the water-supply of other cities, are of unfailing interest, and most of all to those familiar with the facts and discussions heretofore recited. These reports are eloquent, as they are instructive, in the statement that the solvent powers of water are superior to those of any other known liquid; that in its extensive range of affinities almost every substance in nature may be dissolved by it; and that it is rarely, if ever, wholly free from impurities. Hence it is of great sanitary importance to determine what impurities are contained in it, and what their action on the human body is. Three-fourths of the human body is composed of the elements of water, with other substances. Pernicious impurities derange its digestive apparatus, and reduce living tissues into peculiar susceptibility to malignant ailments. Purest natural waters contain mineral and organic impurities to the extent of one to eight grains per gallon. The mineral impurities are of one or more of the most extensively distributed metallic elements; the organic, of a few elementary substances, metallic and non-metallic. If nitrogenized, they indicate harmful contaminations, and assuredly so if the product of animal decomposition.

The following analyses, made some years ago, of the waters of Loch Katrine, supplying the city of Glasgow; of the Croton River, supplying New York; and of the Hudson River above Poughkeepsie, show the best attainable minimum of impurities in the supply of large cities:

LOCH KATRINE.

Carbonate of magnesia	.216
Chloride of calcium	.144
Alkaline chlorides	.433
Sulphate of lime	.381
Oxide of iron	Trace
Silica	.170
Organic matter	.900
Total solids	2.244
Hardness, by Clark's scale	.80

CROTON RIVER.

Carbonate of lime	2.67
Carbonate of magnesia	1.90
Chloride of sodium	.402
Chloride of calcium	.86
Sulphate of lime	.158
Sulphate of potassa	.179
Sulphate of soda	.260
Oxide of iron	Trace
Silica	.62
Organic matter	.67
Total solids	7.719
Hardness, by Clark's scale	....

HUDSON RIVER ABOVE POUGHKEEPSIE.

Carbonate of lime	1.059
Carbonate of soda	2.126
Chloride of sodium	.108
Sulphate of soda	2.785
Oxide of iron	3.644
Silica	2.201
Organic matter	.776
Total solids	12.699
Hardness, by Clark's scale	.43

The analyses of Croton water not only

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determine its character, metallic impurities in solution, and degree of sanitary purity, but also the number of bacteria in every cubic centimetre. The chemical analysis for 1892 averaged, per United States gallon, 8.56 grains of solid matter.

Chlorine in chloride	.238
Equivalent to sodium chloride	.364
Nitrogen in nitrates	.026
Free ammonia	.0008
Albuminized ammonia	.0128
Total nitrogen	.0372
Hardness before boiling, equivalent to carbonate of lime	4.90
Organic and volatile matter	2.16
Mineral matter	6.40
Total solids	8.56

This analysis demonstrated that the water was not so good as formerly. It was more turbid, of darker color, and more offensive odor than in the previous ten years. These facts led to fresh inspection of the Croton water-shed, further precautions against pollution, abatement of such pollutions as existed, and acquisition of necessary lands by the city. They also led to the conclusion that some effective system of filtration must be adopted, inasmuch as self-purification through the action of plant life, bacteria, aeration, sedimentation, etc., cannot go on while the water in its flow is receiving constant increments of pollution along its several courses. Croton Lake, the distributing reservoir, which has served as settling-pond for many years, has not only largely silted up, but has become so charged with organic matter that it now gives out more or less of it to the outflow as the water rises and falls and as the temperature changes. Hygeia must and will find out the remedy.

Multifarious as the functions of the Board of Health are, and analogous at many points to those of the military in active service, they are exercised with care, force, and fulness. Organization approximates perfection. Scouts and sentries report attacks upon the public health, and of what character and in what locality. Relieving parties hasten to the rescue, report what progress is made in repulse, and what arrangements are established for confining peril to the spot and guarding against its recurrence. Tacticians in the laboratory and strategists in the office lend the aid of their art, science, and resources for checking the progress of the enemy and putting them to utter rout. Highest officials direct the ceaseless campaign. Orders, verbal and printed, issue to the fighting contingents; and returns, verbal and printed, are promptly made to superiors. Thus the warfare rages. Results, for life or death, with all essential particulars, are carefully inscribed in the archives of the department as memories of the past and guides of the future. More than 12,000 applications for authentic information were made in the year 1895. It is incessant warfare—warfare of highest moral character, for it seeks to overcome evil with good—warfare winning peace, prosperity, strength, and longevity for the whole municipality.

The facts and conditions thus indicated are of abiding influence upon the birth-rate as to sex and upon the general death-rate; upon death according to sex, age, and disease in the whole and in special localities of the city. Recorded in the annual report of vital statistics, they enable our modern Asclepiads to fix with some degree of precision the limits of mortality and its causes, and lead to consideration of the causes which bring about a high death-rate. The Bureau of Records is eminently serviceable. It reports 53,731 births during the year 1895. Nearly half—46.24 per cent.—of mothers are attended by midwives, not all of whom report all the advents of the human species into this world, although the civil law makes it compulsory on them to do so. Of the 20,612 marriages recorded it must be remarked that they are only such as were accompanied by some ceremony, sacred or secular, performed by some official legally authorized. Common-law marriages are not recognized. The number of deaths reported was 43,420, or 23.11 per 1000 of a population reckoned at 1,879,195 on July 1, 1895. The average population of New York is 71.07 to the acre, and 45,888 to the square mile. The number of inhabited houses is 87,291, in which reside 1,874,772 souls, besides 4423 who live in boats. The cost of the Board of Health to the city in 1895 amounted to $460,680, including large expenditures for hospitals and burials. This is a sum saved many times over by the practical wisdom with which it teaches citizens how to guide their lives. Hygeia in modern garb and with modern appliances is a public blessing whose worth is beyond estimation.

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ARCHITECTURE AND MODERN LIFE.*

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

ANY effort to define clearly the Renaissance style of to-day, or any endeavor to divine that of to-morrow, would be an ambitious and a fruitless attempt. If we would know what we have been passing through, we must go forward, and then look back. To be modern should be the common aim of all living architects. The pertinent question is, what is it to be modern in that style which, according to the law of historic development, belongs to our time, and which is our true inheritance? The question should not be, what is modern Renaissance architecture? but, rather, how shall we be modern Renaissance architects? In the style of architecture which has prevailed for the last four hundred years there have been modifications in each successive generation. These modifications clearly show differences of character expressive of the life of each of the successive generations.

Is it right for the architect to select in this Renaissance style the different modes of expression in different periods, and to be governed slavishly by them? For example, is it right for us, in our time, to build following the characteristics of the period of the Louis XII. or of the Francis I. Renaissance and be French, or of the Cinquecento period and be Italian? And this for an American people in modern times? This would be to deny to the generation to which we belong the right and privilege of freely expressing its own life, as all the preceding generations for four hundred years have done. Yet this would be better than to endeavor to revive Mediævalism, because nearer to the spirit of our modern life. However, it would not be our life, and it would not be modern architecture. When architects slavishly follow any period of the Renaissance, their work always lacks individuality, and looks like archæological research, without the spirit and the spontaneity of the living artist. Our Renaissance must not be merely archæological —the literal following of certain periods of the style. To build a Louis XII. or Francis I. or Louis XIV. house is indisputably not modern architecture; the present life has no place in it. There are, however, lessons for us to learn in the past. Let us consider five conspicuous epochs in the history of the Renaissance. We shall begin after the transition or the Louis XII. and Francis I. times, because the style of those times suffered from the spirit of indecision natural to a period of transition. Some might even contend that this transition period was only the end of Mediævalism. Let us begin, rather, with the time when truly classic forms were at last restored. We will consider French architecture, because most people are more familiar with the monuments of France than with those of any other nation. We may define these periods, for example, by the reigns of Henry II., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. These periods might be respectively represented by the following conspicuous and remarkable buildings, selected principally because of many things they have in common in their general composition. The aim in selecting similar compositions is that we may more easily compare their different characteristics.

These buildings are the Henry II. portion of the "Grande Cour Carrée" of the Louvre; the Château de Versailles "Cour de Marbre"; the Château de Versailles façade on the park; the Grand Trianon; and the Garde-Meuble on the Place de la Concorde.

What did Pierre Lescot, the architect of the first-named building, endeavor to do? It would have been impossible for him actually to define the style of his own period. That is for us, his successors, to do. For him the question was, how to meet the new demands of contemporaneous life. He used all that he could find in classic and Renaissance precedents applicable in the study of his problem. He composed, never copying, and always with that artistic sense which is capable of realizing what would be harmonious in his work. In the same way all the architects of his time contributed to a contemporaneous architecture, which we now recognize as the Henry II. Renaissance.

If next we consider the architecture of

* This article is intended to be the sequel of one entitled "The Relations of Life to Style in Architecture," and published in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1894.

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the time of Louis XIV., here too we shall find new and living problems to be solved, and in the solution of them the architects in like manner considered all precedents of the foregoing periods which were applicable to the new demands of their life. Since the time of Henry II. this Renaissance style has passed through the times of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., and when we study any other monument, or the one already named of the time of Louis XIV., we can clearly distinguish the fact that the architect had freely adapted anything he could lay his hands upon in the periods that had preceded, but invariably with modifications to meet new conditions. This was done with a scholarly appreciation of that harmonious result which comes only from a thorough education. So, with freedom of the imagination and unity of design, an architecture was secured expressive of the time.

The same truth might be illustrated in each of these five great periods of the Renaissance. No architect slavishly followed the characteristics of any particular period, but he used all that he could get from what preceded him, solving such new problems as were the imperatives of his position, and always consistently with the great principles of composition. To test the truth of this assertion, study consecutively the five examples of French Renaissance already mentioned.

Now let us endeavor to particularize, coming nearer to our times, and looking at one conspicuous modern building. We shall take for our example the Paris Opera-house. Probably no one familiar with modern Parisian life and habits would deny the fact that this opera-house thoroughly expresses the spirit and life of the people of the time of Napoleon III. Who, for example, could call this building Henry II. or Louis XV. architecture? We must concede that it is "modern"; and yet in the great comprehensiveness of this design by Monsieur Charles Garnier we can clearly see the influence of every one of these five epochs of the Renaissance, and this without the slightest suggestion of a medley. We should even be unable to distinguish with certainty from which of these periods any one part or motif derived its origin. Not only is this true, but we can clearly see in many mouldings, capitals, and other details more Greek and Roman influence than ever before in the previous periods; and this is because of the modern advance in knowledge. The more the architect knows of classic and Renaissance forms, the more freely may he use them, if only he will use them harmoniously, with unity of design, and in the modern spirit, to meet new conditions and new ways of thinking. With a free and scholarly use of all precedents, M. Garnier put his own personal temperament into his work, to carry out that style amid which he was brought up and lived. The question of selecting a style from any one period in the history of architecture probably never even occurred to him. The only thing for him to do was to work in a natural way. He not only studied all periods of the classic art, but other theatres built before his time, conspicuously the plan of that charming historic one at Bordeaux. Garnier's floor-plan is a masterpiece of architectural composition, and the façade is an honest interpretation of it. The foyer is clearly accentuated by the great colonnade and attic; the dome frankly indicates the auditorium; while the roof and gable pediment behind the dome distinctly define the stage, administration, and dependencies. This was the solving of the problem in the natural way. Everything inside the building is clearly expressed on the outside. As to the style, it is thoroughly modern, though evolved from the past; and as to its character, it is decidedly theatrical; while as to the taste displayed in this design, it is distinctly national, and though it may have its faults, we Americans can hardly be impartial in our judgment without looking at it from a Frenchman's point of view. All things considered, it is unquestionably one of the greatest works of architecture in modern times, notwithstanding the fact that portions of its details are somewhat coarse. This design of M. Garnier's has influenced everything that has been subsequently built in the way of an opera-house or theatre throughout Europe, and it will continue such influence for generations to come. Nor is the Opera-house the only modern building in France. Such buildings as the Medical College, the libraries of the School of Fine Arts and of St.-Geneviève, are amongst many other examples that are thoroughly modern, and expressive of the life of the nineteenth century, though the general public is less familiar with them. The most recent domestic work in France

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also deserves careful study. How is it with us in this country? Not only do many architects of our time slavishly follow the character of some selected period, but they also deliberately steal entire motifs of composition from other times and other places to patch and apply them to our new conditions and new life. Every man's conscience must speak for itself as to whether such plagiarism is right; but while the moral aspect of this question has very little to do with art, yet intellectually such imitative work, though seemingly successful, positively stifles originality, imagination, and every effort to advance in the right direction. It is as though a modern *littérateur* were to take entire pages from the works of Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, and connect them with a few sentences of his own in the hope of making a literary production. If he is clever he may accidentally do an amusing thing, but what influence would such efforts have upon modern literature? The principal reason that modern French architecture and the French schools are unquestionably better than others is because the present confusion in styles has not made itself so much felt in France as in other countries, and the artists there, for the most part, work on a common principle. France has been more successful than England or this country in resisting the modern confusion, though unfortunately the brilliant personality of Viollet-le-Duc, together with his school, has unquestionably had its influence, but not sufficient to turn the entire tide of historic development. Who would deny the fact that the new Romanesque church of Sacré Cœur de Montmartre has much ability as a composition? But very few would defend its style and character. It is an attempt to do a mediæval church in modern times. Even such a perfect composition and exquisite design as M. Vaudremer's church of Montrouge, Paris, unquestionably the best and ablest attempt in our time to revive mediæval art, is considered cold, even by his own pupils. This is because it lacks the life that we are living, and at the same time is without the real mediæval life. With how much interest and anxiety all lovers of modern French art watch the struggle that is now going on between L'Institute de France and the architects in the Société des Monuments Historiques in France! The one body is fighting for the principles of the School of Fine Arts and the French Institute, while the other is possessed with the desire to renew and restore mediæval architecture. It is a living and modern architecture in opposition to mere archæological servitude. Success must attend the former society, because it is alive and working with the times. We can point to a building in this country which is modern, and may fairly be considered the expression of the life and character of our people. I refer to the New York City Hall—built not long after the construction of the Garde-Meuble. The composition of this charming building, though it is small in scale as compared with the other five buildings to which we have referred, is in good proportion, and is the natural outcome of a well-studied plan. I cannot refrain from making an appeal to American architects to consider seriously this little building, not so much because there is any extraordinary ability in the design, as compared with the other monuments, but rather because of its dignity and sobriety, and the lesson that it should teach us in the question of style. While we may call it Colonial, it is really characteristic of the time of Louis XVI.: it represents that period, though it is not strictly French. We should work in sympathy with that period, as illustrated not only in this instance, but also in many small domestic works, which, though sadly wanting in architectural composition, represent, both here and in Europe, the last distinctive epoch in the history and development of style. If we compare our small City Hall with the five examples we have considered, we can clearly see that the architect looked for inspiration to the greater buildings of Europe. Let us work with our times, with all Renaissance and classic forms as precedents, for this is the great thing to do. Let us recognize, first of all, in the solving of problems, the necessity of the artistic development of the floor-plan in the composition. For this is one of the principal and natural media through which our life and habits will influence our composition and style, and make it impossible for us to adapt or copy.

The architect should, first of all, design in ground-plan, because this will determine the entire structure of the building, both external and internal. It is in this way that he can first meet the practical conditions imposed upon him. He must

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look upon the plan, however, as something more than merely a question of the convenient arrangement of the several parts of the building. He must look upon it as involving and determining the entire composition, as well as the silhouette or outline of the building which is really projected on the plane of this drawing, if studied in an artistic way. In the development of style actual designing to meet new conditions makes natural selection possible. Consider, for example, the classic orders as they have been used from one generation to another in solving new problems. Compare the Roman orders with the Greek and previous work. In the earlier years the Etruscan architect was almost wholly confined to building tombs, while the Greek architect was mostly occupied in designing temples and theatres, and the Egyptian in constructing temples and tombs. When Rome was at its zenith in civilization, the life of the people demanded of the architect that he should not only build temples, theatres, and tombs, but amphitheatres, baths, palaces, basilicas, triumphal arches, commemorative pillars, aqueducts, and bridges; as each of these new problems came to the architect, it was simply a new demand from the life of the people —a new work to be done. When the Roman architect was given such varied work to do, there was no reason for his casting aside all precedent. While original in composition, he was called upon to meet these exigencies with modifications of the old forms. These modifications gradually gave us Roman architecture. The Roman orders distinctly show themselves to be a growth from the Greek orders, but the variations were such as were *necessary* that the orders might be used with more freedom in a wider range of problems. These orders were to be brought into contact with wall or arch, or to be superimposed upon one another, as in a Roman amphitheatre.

For example we need only consider a Greek Doric column.

The impropriety of using the Greek Doric cap with its projections in all manner of ways, or one might almost say in any other way than that in which the Greeks used it, is too apparent to need comment. The Doric cap, as the Romans modified it, though it would never have existed without the Greek Doric as its forerunner, is not a copy, but it is an evolution from the Greek, probably receiving some modification for each new exigency. Its form distinctly shows adaptation to meet the more varied conditions of life. It is therefore absurd to say, as has so often been claimed, that Rome, situated between Etruria and Greece, did in any sense give us an architecture which was a mere mixture of Etruscan and Greek ideas. So the Roman orders were no mere copies, but they were the work of artists who adapted what had been done before to their own life. Only when we take this into the account can we understand the fitness of these variations to meet the new conditions of Roman environment. Indeed, the Romans did so much to make architecture meet the more varied wants of life that this brings them nearer to the still more varied demands of to-day.

The structural principles of the earlier orders were adhered to conscientiously as precedents. It is easy to see in the history of architecture many examples of the different variations of the orders where the structural principles or the anatomy are always the same. There has been just as much invention, and more than there would have been had artists entirely departed from the original anatomy, so the orders which exist to-day are the outcome of generation after generation of study and experience. These orders are elastic and pliable—the willing and ready servants or instruments in composition. When artists have applied these classic orders to composition, they have remembered that restraint is not bondage; it makes perfect freedom and progress possible, while slavish bondage ends every good work. Restraint does not destroy but promotes originality, guiding and stimulating it, and opening the only safe paths which lead to usefulness and success.

Let us look at another illustration, where the meeting of special demands of life has conspicuously influenced design. So far as we are able to discover, the baluster or the balustrade was unknown before the early Renaissance architects. If there were suggestions of it by the late Gothic artists, that only helps to show that with the new modern life and the revival of classic forms it was impossible in the evolution of the new style not to recognize the fact that the Middle Ages had come between the Renaissance and

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the source of its inspiration. A balustrade was a good thing—perhaps a necessary thing. There was a principle involved and a requirement of the new life to be met: how best to make a balustrade Renaissance with classic forms. The baluster is, as it were, a small column with a cap and base. Indeed, in its earliest stages it was often actually designed like a column on a small scale. But when the classic orders came into more general use in composition it was necessary to change the form of the baluster in order to avoid an unpleasant similarity of two different motives in totally different scales. This necessity was met by making the shafts of the balusters vase-like in form, and they were so spaced and arranged as to make both the *voids* and the solids, or the spaces between them as well as the balusters themselves, agreeable in proportions and shape. Study the variety of problems given the architect to solve, and you will find that such solutions have always determined contemporaneous style. How to design a balcony with classic art was a new thing for Renaissance architects, and how did it influence style? Many such illustrations will readily occur to the reader. One of the new conditions that are most conspicuous in modern times is the frequent use of iron as a constructive material. When iron appears in construction, as it often must, then we must know how to use it—a way consistent both with the nature of this material and with the character of the composition into which it enters. The Halles Centrales in Paris, by Baltar, was the first important building erected where iron was used in an honest way, from an artistic point of view, and at the same time the demands of this new material were answered. Since then French architects have continued to treat iron in the same way even more successfully, because their opportunities have been greater. Let us always endeavor to do new work without mere copying and adapting, yet studying applicable precedents, especially from classic and Renaissance times. This natural method of dealing with new work will settle for us this entire question of a modern and national style of architecture.

The way is now prepared for us to endeavor to indicate what are some of the principal causes of the modern confusion in style. With us Americans, an excessive anxiety to be original is one of the causes of no end of evil. The imagination should be kept under control by given principles. We must have ability to discern what is good among our own creations and courage to reject what is bad. Originality is a spontaneous effort to do work in the simplest and most natural way. The conditions are never twice alike; each case is new. We must begin our study with the floor-plan, and then interpret that floor-plan in the elevation, using forms, details, and sometimes motives with natural variations and improvements on what has gone before. The true artist leaves his temperament and individuality to take care of themselves.

Some may say that if this is all that we are doing, there is nothing new in art; but if we compose in the right way, there can be nothing that is not new. Surely you would not condemn nature for not being original because there is a certain similarity between the claw of a bird and the foot of a dog, or between the wing of a bird and the fin of a fish. The *ensemble* of each creature is the natural result of successive stages of life, with variations of the different parts according to the principle of evolution. There are countless structural correspondencies in the skeletons of organic life, but these show the wonderful unity of the universe; and yet, notwithstanding this unity, nature is flooded with an infinite variety of forms and species of life.

It is as easy to be what many call original as it is to copy, but history will settle the true order of merit, and both plagiarism and the extravagant efforts after originality will alike disappear with time.

Taste is another question of no less interest, about which there are many perverted ideas. People are more sensitive on this subject than on almost anything else. It is only with the greatest care that the architect can avoid offending his client when questions of taste are involved. Every man's taste, like his orthodoxy, is personal. It belongs to himself, and to nobody else. It is therefore a very dangerous thing to condemn what has been received and recognized as a work of art because *you* believe it to be in bad taste. I sometimes feel that we need in this country some academic traditions, school conventionalisms, studio

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prescriptions—more of these, with less eccentricities. We have all heard men say we know what pleases us, but surely it requires no taste to know that. I have heard men who called themselves architects condemn the best portions of the Louvre and other great works in architecture because of their pet prejudices and their little formulas of good taste. They write or dogmatize in a way that is sometimes very persuasive, using superficial arguments, and perhaps applying some well-known principles, without being able to recognize the exceptions. It is difficult, in fact, always to detect the difference between a prejudice and a principle. We must no more mistake prejudices for principles in art than in life. We should not dogmatize on the basis of our prejudices, and should make proper allowance for our temperaments. Some men have so much conceit that they do not hesitate to condemn *in toto* works of art which have been considered masterpieces by artists and by an intelligent and admiring public for centuries. They write critically, not only about individual buildings, but they decry entire epochs in the history of art.

In order to comprehend a work of art, we must first consider what the artist was trying to do, and then how he has done it. The environment, or the social and intellectual condition of the time to which that work of art belongs, must also be considered. In spite of common prejudices, a pilaster need not of necessity be a buttress. A cornice need not of necessity *crown* the entire height of a building simply because of the etymology of the name, especially when the building is so high that no reasonable projection could crown it, or be weighted enough to be held in place without iron. A pediment need not be reserved exclusively for the purpose of receiving a roof because it was originated for this purpose. Even broken pediments, so much deplored by purists, have been built by artists. They cannot be said to be bad when they compose well and look well. The masterpieces of architecture of all ages contradict such theories, and show them to be prejudices. While we can refer to great and artistic precedents, we need not fear to build attics or to decorate with pilasters and pediments, if they look well. The story is told of Haydn that a pupil brought to him one of the master's compositions and asked him if certain sequences were not wrong or contrary to the rules. Impatiently the master replied, "Yes, but they sound well." If a design looks well it *is* well. Of course such freedom should not be carried so far as to become license.

It is right to be logical, but a work of art was never beautiful solely because it was logical. The highest logic in art is truth. The lack of study and skill in composition is one great cause of the modern confusion in style. It is, for example, false composition to have a great auditorium or principal room running through three or four stories of a building without some indication of the fact in the façade. If you are anxious to introduce into a composition a tower, a dome, or any insignificant feature, where the practical conditions imposed upon you will not allow you to expose such a motive in plan, don't build the motive, but do something else rather than resort to deceit or constructive trickery. Such things will do in stage scenery; they may be very clever there. It is too bad that where such theatrical trickeries have been resorted to in buildings we cannot shift them as they do in the theatre. If we only know how to compose, the more variety offered us in the conditions imposed, the more interesting would it be to look for the artistic solution of the problem. We must logically interpret the practical conditions before us, no matter what they are. No work to be done is ever so arbitrary in its practical demands but that the art is elastic and broad enough to give these demands thorough satisfaction in more than a score of different ways. If only the artist will accept such practical imperatives as are reasonable, if only he will welcome them, one and all, as friendly opportunities for loyal and honest expression in his architecture, he will find that these very conditions will do more than all else besides for his real progress and for the development of contemporaneous art in composition. There is no one who does more harm to the art of our country than the mere purist who worships what he thinks logic, but which is only prejudice, while he is blind to the fact that he is admiring and encouraging falsehood and vice in art and trampling truth under foot.

Men who have learned about art only in a literary way write critically concern-

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ing art, creating unreasonable prejudices even against some of the greatest artistic works. Men have always freely expressed their opinions about art, and always should do so, but the printing-press has not always existed for the widespread promulgation of such criticism. Until modern times, writers on art have generally been familiar with working methods, like Vitruvius, Vasari, Vignola, and Alberti. One of the greatest of modern critics, Sainte-Beuve, has given us the true principles which should obtain in this relation. He said: "The *Revue des Deux Mondes* mixes a good deal of its wishes and its hopes with its criticisms; it ought to explain and to stimulate rather than to judge. I hold very little to literary opinions. What does occupy me seriously is life itself and the object of it. I am accustomed to call my judgments in question anew and to recast my opinions the moment I suspect them to be without validity. What I have wished is to say not a word more than I thought; to stop even a little short of what I believed in certain cases, in order that my words might acquire more weight as historical testimony." This is high authority.

These strong words have a lesson for our time. I am convinced that the modern confusion in architectural styles comes in large part from the excess of literary instead of artistic criticism, and from the endless diversity of opinions which are too hastily put into print. Perhaps the confusion in building has come from a confusion of tongues. It is a modern Tower of Babel that confronts us. Those who would write about architecture should first be familiar with the working methods of the art. Only so can they become an integral part of the life and growth of true art, and only so can they be qualified to write that which the time needs to read.

No artist would deny the well-informed literary critic the right of speaking or writing about art in all its phases, if his aim be to stimulate and encourage. We may look to him for the history of art, and of its influence upon the human race. We would be the last to deny ourselves the pleasure of enjoying and benefiting by much good literary work which may be done in this way. We would not deny any man the right to speak freely on all matters of art in the common intercourse of daily life. We would, in fact, insist upon its being every man's duty to express freely the impressions that different works of art make upon himself. This would be helpful in promoting a more general interest in art; but only the artist can so know the principles and working methods of his art as to be qualified to write that which will help progress. But we must protest when all honest attempts to work in the spirit of the times are scoffed at, not because the results are bad, but because the style is not Gothic or Romanesque.

Where is the literary man who would write about disease without knowing pathology or having a hospital experience? Why, then, should not men who would write critically about architecture learn the structural principles of the art?

The man who does the most good is the man who can teach the public to appreciate what is good, rather than the man who would make bad things more conspicuous by calling attention to them. The literary critic sees and understands the subject; the artist, the art. The critic understands the story told; the artist, the way in which it is told. And this is art.

Poor Sir John Vanbrugh, one of England's greatest architects, whose charming floor-plan of Blenheim Palace will be admired for all time to come—how was he written about by the men of his time, and by no less a man than Pope! The poet little thought that he was building a lasting monument to his own want of appreciation of anything good in art when he wrote of Vanbrugh's work:

> "Lo! what huge heaps of littleness around,
> The whole a labored quarry above ground."

What a total insensibility to good composition, perhaps the very best that was being done in England at that time!

The true way for a man to educate the public judgment is to teach it how to discriminate for itself. If one has a prejudice against any good thing in the world of art, and he writes about it for the public, the world suffers for it, for he inspires the patrons of art with his prejudices; and when one unduly praises a bad thing, the world of art suffers. The surprising thing to me is that so many honest men have done so much harm inadvertently, and I look forward to the day when the artists will come forth, though with perhaps feeble literary ability, to respond to such opportunities as are offered them in the way of writing about art.

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THE STOUT MISS HOPKINS'S BICYCLE.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

THERE was a skeleton in Mrs. Margaret Ellis's closet; the same skeleton abode also in the closet of Miss Lorania Hopkins.

The skeleton — which really does not seem a proper word — was the dread of growing stout. They were more afraid of flesh than of sin. Yet they were both good women. Mrs. Ellis regularly attended church, and could always be depended on to show hospitality to convention delegates, whether clerical or lay; she was a liberal subscriber to every good work; she was almost the only woman in the church aid society that never lost her temper at the soul-vexing time of the church fair; and she had a larger clientele of regular pensioners than any one in town, unless it were her friend Miss Hopkins, who was "so good to the poor" that never a tramp slighted her kitchen. Miss Hopkins was as amiable as Mrs. Ellis, and always put her name under that of Mrs. Ellis, with exactly the same amount, on the subscription papers. She could have given more, for she had the larger income; but she had no desire to outshine her friend, whom she admired as the most charming of women.

Mrs. Ellis, indeed, was agreeable as well as good, and a pretty woman to the bargain, if she did not choose to be weighed before people. Miss Hopkins often told her that she was not really stout; she merely had a plump, trig little figure. Miss Hopkins, alas! was really stout. The two waged a warfare against the flesh equal to the apostle's in vigor, although so much less deserving of praise.

Mrs. Ellis drove her cook to distraction with divers dieting systems, from Banting's and Dr. Salisbury's to the latest exhortations of some unknown newspaper prophet. She bought elaborate gymnastic appliances, and swung dumbbells and rode imaginary horses and propelled imaginary boats. She ran races with a professional trainer, and she studied the principles of Delsarte, and solemnly whirled on one foot and swayed her body and rolled her head and hopped and kicked and genuflected in company with eleven other stout and earnest matrons and one slim and giggling girl who almost choked at every lesson. In all these exercises Miss Hopkins faithfully kept her company, which was the easier as Miss Hopkins lived in the next house, a conscientious Colonial mansion with all the modern conveniences hidden beneath the old-fashioned pomp.

And yet, despite these struggles and self-denials, it must be told that Margaret Ellis and Lorania Hopkins were little thinner for their warfare. Still, as Shuey Cardigan, the trainer, told Mrs. Ellis, there was no knowing what they might have weighed had they not struggled.

"It ain't only the fat that's *on* ye, moind ye," says Shuey, with a confidential sympathy of mien; "it's what ye'd naturally be getting in addition. And first ye've got to peel off that, and then ye come down to the other."

Shuey was so much the most successful of Mrs. Ellis's reducers that his words were weighty. And when at last Shuey said, "I got what you need," Mrs. Ellis listened. "You need a bike, no less," says Shuey.

"But I never could ride one!" said Margaret, opening her pretty brown eyes and wrinkling her Grecian forehead.

"You'd ride in six lessons," pronounced Shuey.

"But how would I *look*, Cardigan?"

"You'd look noble, ma'am!"

"What do you consider the best wheel, Cardigan?"

The advertising rules of magazines prevent my giving Cardigan's answer; it is enough that the wheel glittered at Mrs. Ellis's door the very next day, and that a large pasteboard box was delivered by the expressman the very next week. He went on to Miss Hopkins's, and delivered the twin of the box, with a similar yellow printed card bearing the impress of the same great firm on the inside of the box cover. For Margaret had hied her to Lorania Hopkins the instant Shuey was gone. She presented herself breathless, a little to the embarrassment of Lorania, who was sitting with her niece before a large box of cracker-jack.

"It's a new kind of candy; I was just *tasting* it, Maggie," faltered she, while the niece, a girl of nineteen, with the inhuman spirits of her age, laughed aloud.

"You needn't mind me," said Mrs.

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Ellis, cheerfully; "I'm eating potatoes now!"

"Oh, Maggie!" Miss Hopkins breathed the words between envy and disapproval.

Mrs. Ellis tossed her brown head airily, not a whit abashed. "And I had beer for luncheon, and I'm going to have champagne for dinner."

"Maggie, how do you dare? Did they —did they taste good?"

"They tasted *heavenly*, Lorania. Pass me the candy. I am going to try something new—the thinningest thing there is. I read in the paper of one woman who lost forty pounds in three months, and is losing still!"

"If it is obesity pills, I—"

"It isn't; it's a bicycle. Lorania, you and I must ride! Sibyl Hopkins, you heartless child, what are you laughing at?"

Lorania rose; in the glass over the mantel her figure returned her gaze. There was no mistake (except that, as is often the case with stout people, *that* glass always increased her size), she was a stout lady. She was taller than the average of women, and well proportioned, and still light on her feet; but she could not blink away the records; she was heavy on the scales. Did she stand looking at herself squarely, her form was shapely enough, although larger than she could wish; but the full force of the revelation fell when she allowed herself a profile view, she having what is called "a round waist," and being almost as large one way as another. Yet Lorania was only thirty-three years old, and was of no mind to retire from society, and have a special phaeton built for her use, and hear from her mother's friends how much her mother weighed before her death.

"How should *I* look on a wheel?" she asked, even as Mrs. Ellis had asked before; and Mrs. Ellis stoutly answered, "You'd look *noble!*"

"Shuey will teach us," she went on, "and we can have a track made in your pasture, where nobody can see us learning. Lorania, there's nothing like it. Let me bring you the bicycle edition of *Harper's Bazar*."

Miss Hopkins capitulated at once, and sat down to order her costume, while Sibyl, the niece, revelled silently in visions of a new bicycle which should presently revert to her. "For it's ridiculous, auntie's thinking of riding!" Miss Sibyl considered. "She would be a figure of fun on a wheel; besides, she can never learn in this world!"

Yet Sibyl was attached to her aunt, and enjoyed visiting Hopkins Manor, as Lorania had named her new house, into which she moved on the same day that she joined the Colonial Dames, by right of her ancestor the great and good divine commemorated by Mrs. Stowe. Lorania's friends were all fond of her, she was so good-natured and tolerant, with a touch of dry humor in her vision of things, and not the least a Puritan in her frank enjoyment of ease and luxury. Nevertheless, Lorania had a good, able-bodied, New England conscience, capable of staying awake nights without flinching; and perhaps from her stanch old Puritan forefathers she inherited her simple integrity, so that she neither lied nor cheated—even in the small whitewashed manner of her sex—and valued loyalty above most of the virtues. She had an innocent pride in her godly and martial ancestry, which was quite on the surface, and led people who did not know her to consider her haughty.

For fifteen years she had been an orphan, the mistress of a very large estate. No doubt she had been sought often in marriage, but never until lately had Lorania seriously thought of marrying. Sibyl said that she was too unsentimental to marry. Really she was too romantic. She had a longing to be loved, not in the quiet, matter-of-fact manner of her suitors, but with the passion of the poets. Therefore the presence of another skeleton in Mrs. Ellis's closet, because she knew about a certain handsome Italian marquis who at this period was conducting an impassioned wooing by mail. Margaret did not fancy the marquis. He was not an American. He would take Lorania away. She thought his very virtue florid, and suspected that he had learned his love-making in a bad school. She dropped dark hints that frightened Lorania, who would sometimes piteously demand, "Don't you think he *could* care for me — for — for myself?" Margaret knew that she had an overweening distrust of her own appearance. How many tears she had shed first and last over her unhappy plumpness it would be hard to reckon. She made no account of her satin skin, or her glossy black hair, or her lustrous violet eyes with their long black

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lashes, or her flashing white teeth; she glanced dismally at her shape and scornfully at her features, good, honest, irregular American features, that might not satisfy a Greek critic, but suited each other and pleased her countrymen. And then she would sigh heavily over her figure. Her friend had not the heart to impute the marquis's beautiful, artless compliments to mercenary motives. After all, the Italian was a good fellow, according to the point of view of his own race, if he did intend to live on his wife's money, and had a very varied assortment of memories of women.

But Margaret dreaded and disliked him all the more for his good qualities. To-day this secret apprehension flung a cloud over the bicycle enthusiasm. She could not help wondering whether at this moment Lorania was not thinking of the marquis, who rode a wheel and a horse admirably.

"Aunt Lorania," said Sibyl, "there comes Mr. Winslow. Shall I run out and ask him about those cloth-of-gold roses? The aphides are eating them all up."

"Yes, to be sure, dear; but don't let Ferguson suspect what you are talking of; he might feel hurt."

Ferguson was the gardener. Miss Hopkins left her note to go to the window. Below she saw a mettled horse, with tossing head and silken skin, restlessly fretting on his bit and pawing the dust in front of the fence, while his rider, hat in hand, talked with the young girl. He was a little man, a very little man, in a gray business suit of the best cut and material. An air of careful and dainty neatness was diffused about both horse and rider. He bent towards Miss Sibyl's charming person a thin, alert, fair face. His head was finely shaped, the brown hair worn away a little on the temples. He smiled gravely at intervals: the smile told that he had a dimple in his cheek.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Ellis, "whether Mr. Winslow can have a penchant for Sibyl?"

Lorania opened her eyes. At this moment Mr. Winslow had caught sight of her at the window, and he bowed almost to his saddle-bow; Sibyl was saying something at which she laughed, and he visibly reddened. It was a peculiarity of his that his color turned easily. In a second his hat was on his head and his horse bounded half across the road.

"Hardly, I think," said Lorania. "How well he rides! I never knew any one ride better—in this country."

"I suppose Sibyl would ridicule such a thing," said Mrs. Ellis, continuing her own train of thought, and yet vaguely disturbed by the last sentence.

"Why should she?"

"Well, he is so little, for one thing, and she is so tall. And then Sibyl thinks a great deal of social position."

"He is a Winslow," said Lorania, arching her neck unconsciously—"a lineal descendant from Kenelm Winslow, who came over in the *May*—"

"But his mother—"

"I don't know anything about his mother before she came here. Oh, of course I know the gossip that she was a niece of the overseer at a village poorhouse, and that her husband quarrelled with all his family and married her in the poorhouse, and I know that when he died here she would not take a cent from the Winslows, nor let them have the boy. She is the meekest-looking little woman, but she must have an iron streak in her somewhere, for she was left without enough money to pay the funeral expenses, and she educated the boy and accumulated enough money to pay for this place they have.

"She used to run a laundry, and made money; but when Cyril got a place in the bank she sold out the laundry and went into chickens and vegetables; she told somebody that it wasn't so profitable as the laundry, but it was more genteel, and Cyril being now in a position of trust at the bank, she must consider *him*. Cyril swept out the bank. People laughed about it, but, do you know, I rather liked Mrs. Winslow for it. She isn't in the least an assertive woman. How long have we been up here, Maggie? Isn't it four years? And they have been our next-door neighbors, and she has never been inside the house. Nor he either, for that matter, except once when it took fire, you know, and he came in with that funny little chemical engine tucked under his arm, and took off his hat in the same prim, polite way that he takes it off when he talks to Sibyl, and said, 'If you'll excuse me offering advice, Miss Hopkins, it is not necessary to move anything; it mars furniture very much to move it at a fire. I think, if you will allow me, I can extinguish this.' And he did, too,

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didn't he, as neatly and as coolly as if it were only adding up a column of figures. And offered me the engine as a souvenir of the occasion afterwards."

"Lorania, you never told me that!"

"It seemed like making fun of him, when he had been so kind. I declined as civilly as I could. I hope I didn't hurt his feelings. I meant to pay a visit to his mother and ask them to dinner, but you know I went to England that week, and somehow when I came back it was difficult. It seems a little odd we never have seen more of the Winslows, but I fancy they don't want either to intrude or to be intruded on. But he is certainly very obliging about the garden. Think of all the slips and flowers he has given us, and the advice—"

"All passed over the fence. It is funny our neighborly good offices which we render at arm's-length. How long have you known him?"

"Oh, a long time. He is cashier of my bank, you know. First he was teller, then assistant cashier, and now for five years he has been cashier. The president wants to resign and let him be president, but he hardly has enough stock for that. But Oliver says" (Oliver was Miss Hopkins's brother) "that there isn't a shrewder or straighter banker in the State. Oliver likes him. He says he is a sandy little fellow."

"Well, he is," assented Mrs. Ellis. "It isn't many cashiers would let robbers stab them and shoot them and leave them for dead rather than give up the combination of the safe!"

"He wouldn't take a cent for it, either, and he saved ever so many thousand dollars. Yes, he *is* brave. I went to the same school with him once, and saw him fight a big boy twice his size—such a nasty boy, who called me 'Fatty,' and made a kissing noise with his lips just to scare me—and poor little Cyril Winslow got awfully beaten, and when I saw him on the ground, with his nose bleeding and that big brute pounding him, I ran to the water-bucket, and poured the whole bucket on that big bullying boy and stopped the fight, just as the teacher got on the scene. I cried over little Cyril Winslow. He was crying himself. 'I ain't crying because he hurt me,' he sobbed; 'I'm crying because I'm so mad I didn't lick him!' I wonder if he remembers that episode?"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Maggie, what makes you think he is falling in love with Sibyl?"

Mrs. Ellis laughed. "I dare say he *isn't* in love with Sibyl," said she. "I think the main reason was his always riding by here instead of taking the shorter road down the other street."

"Does he always ride by here? I hadn't noticed."

"Always!" said Mrs. Ellis. "*I* have noticed."

"I am sorry for him," said Lorania, musingly. "I think Sibyl is very much taken with that young Captain Carr at the Arsenal. Young girls always affect the army. He is a nice fellow, but I don't think he is the man Winslow is. Now, Maggie, advise me about the suit. I don't want to look like the escaped fat lady of a museum."

Lorania thought no more of Sibyl's love-affairs. If she thought of the Winslows, it was to wish that Mrs. Winslow would sell or rent her pasture, which, in addition to her own and Mrs. Ellis's pastures thrown into one, would make such a delightful bicycle track.

The Winslow house was very different from the two villas that were the pride of Fairport. A little story and a half cottage peeped out on the road behind the tall maples that were planted when Winslow was a boy. But there was a wonderful green velvet lawn, and the tulips and sweet-pease and pansies that blazed softly nearer the house were as beautiful as those over which Miss Lorania's gardener toiled and worried.

Mrs. Winslow was a little woman who showed the fierce struggle of her early life only in the deeper lines between her delicate eyebrows and the expression of melancholy patience in her brown eyes.

She always wore a widow's cap and a black gown. In the mornings she donned a blue figured apron of stout and serviceable stuff; in the afternoon, an apron of that sheer white lawn used by bishops and smart young waitresses. Of an afternoon, in warm weather, she was accustomed to sit on the eastern piazza, next to the Hopkins place, and rock as she sewed. She was thus sitting and sewing when she beheld an extraordinary procession cross the Hopkins lawn. First marched the tall trainer, Shuey Cardigan, who worked by day in the Lossing furniture-factory, and gave bicycle lessons at the armory evenings. He was clad in a white

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sweater and buff leggings, and was wheeling a lady's bicycle. Behind him walked Miss Hopkins in a gray suit, the skirt of which only came to her ankles—she always so dignified in her toilets.

"Land's sakes!" gasped Mrs Winslow, "if she ain't going to ride a bike! Well, what next?"

What really happened next was the sneaking (for no other word does justice to the cautious and circuitous movements of her) of Mrs. Winslow to the stable, which had one window facing the Hopkins pasture. No cows were grazing in the pasture. All around the grassy plateau twinkled a broad brownish-yellow track. At one side of this track a bench had been placed, and a table, pleasing to the eye, with jugs and glasses. Mrs. Ellis, in a suit of the same undignified brevity and ease as Miss Hopkins's, sat on the bench supporting her own wheel. Shuey Cardigan was drawn up to his full six feet of strength, and, one arm in the air, was explaining the theory of the balance of power. It was an uncanny moment to Lorania. She eyed the glistening, restless thing that slipped beneath her hand, and her fingers trembled. If she could have fled in secret she would. But since flight was not possible, she assumed a firm expression. Mrs. Ellis wore a smile of studied and sickly cheerfulness.

"Don't you think it is very *high*?" said Lorania. "I can *never* get up on it!"

"It will be by the block at first," said Shuey, in the soothing tones of a jockey to a nervous horse; "it's easy by the block. And I'll be steadying it, of course."

"Don't they have any with larger saddles? It is a *very* small saddle."

"They're all of a size. It wouldn't look sporty larger; it would look like a special make. Yous wouldn't want a special make."

Lorania thought that she would be thankful for a special make, but she suppressed the unsportsmanlike thought. "The pedals are very small too, Cardigan. Are you *sure* they can hold me?"

"They could hold two of ye, Miss Hopkins. Now sit aisy and graceful as ye would on your chair at home, hold the shoulders back, and toe in a bit on the pedals—ye won't be skinning your ankles so much then—and hold your foot up ready to get the other pedal. Hold light on the steering-bar. Push off hard. *Now!*"

"Will you hold me? I'm going—Oh, it's like riding an earthquake!"

Here Shuey made a run, letting the wheel have its own wild way—to teach the balance. "Keep the front wheel under you!" he cried, cheerfully. "Niver mind *where* you go. Keep a-pedalling; whatever you do, keep a-pedalling!"

"But I haven't got but one pedal!" gasped the rider.

"Ye lost it?"

"No; I *never had* but one! Oh, don't let me fall!"

"Oh, ye lost it in the beginning; now, then, I'll hold it steady, and you get both feet right. Here we go!"

Swaying frightfully from side to side, and wrenched from capsizing the wheel by the full exercise of Shuey's great muscles, Miss Hopkins reeled over the track. At short intervals she lost her pedals, and her feet, for some strange reason, instead of seeking the lost, simply curled up as if afraid of being hit. She gripped the steering-handles with an iron grasp, and her turns were such as an engine makes. Nevertheless Shuey got her up the track for some hundred feet, and then by a herculean sweep turned her round and rolled her back to the block. It was at this painful moment, when her whole being was concentrated on the effort to keep from toppling against Shuey, and even more to keep from toppling away from him, that Lorania's strained gaze suddenly fell on the frightened and sympathetic face of Mrs. Winslow. The good woman saw no fun in the spectacle, but rather an awful risk to life and limb. Their eyes met. Not a change passed over Miss Hopkins's features; but she looked up as soon as she was safe on the ground, and smiled. In a moment, before Mrs. Winslow could decide whether to run or to stand her ground, she saw the cyclist approaching—on foot.

"Won't you come in and sit down?" she said, smiling. "We are trying our new wheels."

And because she did not know how to refuse, Mrs. Winslow suffered herself to be handed over the fence. She sat on the bench beside Miss Hopkins in the prim attitude which had pertained to gentility in her youth, her hands loosely clasping each other, her feet crossed at the ankles.

"It's an awful sight, ain't it?" she breathed, "those little shiny things; I don't see how you ever git on them."

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"I don't get on them," said Miss Hopkins. "The only way I shall ever learn to start off is to start without the pedals. Does your son ride, Mrs. Winslow?"

"No, ma'am," said Mrs. Winslow; "but he knows how. When he was a boy nothing would do but he must have a bicycle, one of those things most as big as a millwheel, and if you fell off you broke yourself somewhere, sure. I always expected he'd be brought home in pieces. So I don't think he'd have any manner of difficulty. Why, look at your friend; she's most riding alone!"

"She could always do everything better than I," cried Lorania, with ungrudging admiration. "See how she jumps off! Now I can't jump off any more than I can jump on. It seems so ridiculous to be told to press hard on the pedal on the side where you want to jump, and swing your further leg over first, and cut a kind of a figure eight with your legs, and turn your wheel the way you don't want to go —all at once. While I'm trying to think of all those directions I always fall off. I got that wheel only yesterday, and fell before I even got away from the block. One of my arms looks like a Persian ribbon."

Mrs. Winslow cried out in unfeigned sympathy. She wished Miss Hopkins would use her liniment that she used for Cyril when he was hurt by the burglars at the bank; he was bruised "terrible."

"That must have been an awful time to you," said Lorania, looking with more interest than she had ever felt on the meek little woman; and she noticed the tremble in the decorously clasped hands.

"Yes, ma'am," was all she said.

"I've often looked over at you on the piazza, and thought how cozy you looked. Mr. Winslow always seems to be home evenings."

"Yes, ma'am. We sit a great deal on the piazza. Cyril's a good boy; he wa'n't nine when his father died; and he's been like a man helping me. There never was a boy had such willing little feet. And he'd set right there on the steps and pat my slipper and say what he'd git me when he got to earning money; and he's got me every last thing, foolish and all, that he said. There's that black satin gown, a sin and a shame for a plain body like me, but he would git it. Cyril's got a beautiful disposition too, jest like his pa's, and he's a handy man about the house, and prompt at his meals. I wonder sometimes if Cyril was to git married if his wife would mind his running over now and then and setting with me awhile."

She was speaking more rapidly, and her eyes strayed wistfully over to the Hopkins piazza, where Sibyl was sitting with the young soldier. Lorania looked at her pityingly.

"Why, surely," said she.

"Mothers have kinder selfish feelings," said Mrs. Winslow, moistening her lips and drawing a quick breath, still watching the girl on the piazza. "It's so sweet and peaceful for them, they forget their sons may want something more. But it's kinder hard giving all your little comforts up at once when you've had him right with you so long, and could cook just what he liked, and go right into his room nights if he coughed. It's all right, all right, but it's kinder hard. And beautiful young ladies that have had everything all their lives might—might not understand that a homespun old mother isn't wanting to force herself on them at all when they have company, and they have no call to fear it."

There was no doubt, however obscure the words seemed, that Mrs. Winslow had a clear purpose in her mind, nor that she was tremendously in earnest. Little blotches of red dabbled her cheeks, her breath came more quickly, and she swallowed between her words. Lorania could see the quiver in the muscles of her throat. She clasped her hands tight lest they should shake. "He is in love with Sibyl," thought Lorania. "The poor woman!" She felt sorry for her, and she spoke gently and reassuringly:

"No girl with a good heart can help feeling tenderly towards her husband's mother."

Mrs. Winslow nodded. "You're real comforting," said she. She was silent a moment, and then said, in a different tone: "You 'ain't got a large enough track. Wouldn't you like to have our pasture too?"

Lorania expressed her gratitude, and invited the Winslows to see the practice.

"My niece will come out to-morrow," she said, graciously.

"Yes? She is a real fine-appearing young lady," said Mrs. Winslow.

Both the cyclists exulted. Neither of them, however, was prepared to behold the track made and the fence down the

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"OH, DON'T LET ME FALL!"

very next morning when they came out, about ten o'clock, to the west side of Miss Hopkins's boundaries.

"As sure as you live, Maggie," exclaimed Lorania, eagerly, "he's got it all done! Now that is something like a lover. I only hope his heart won't be bruised as black and blue as I am with the wheel!"

"Shuey says the only harm your falls do you is to take away your confidence," said Mrs. Ellis.

"He wouldn't say so if he could see my *knees!*" retorted Miss Hopkins.

Mrs. Ellis, it will be observed, sheered away from the love-affairs of Mr. Cyril Winslow. She had not yet made up her mind. And Mrs. Ellis, who had been married, did not jump at conclusions regarding the heart of man so readily as her spinster friend. She preferred to talk of the bicycle. Nor did Miss Hopkins refuse the subject. To her at this moment the most important object on the globe was the shining machine which she would allow no hand but hers to oil and dust. Both Mrs. Ellis and she were simply prostrated (as to their mental powers) by this new sport. They could not think nor talk nor read of anything but *the wheel.* This is a peculiarity of the bicyclist. No other sport appears to make such havoc with the mind.

One can learn to swim without describing his sensations to every casual acquaintance or hunting up the natatorial columns in the newspapers. One may enjoy riding a horse and yet go about his ordinary business with an equal mind.

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One learns to play golf and still remains a peaceful citizen who can discuss politics with interest. But the cyclist, man or woman, is soaked in every pore with the delight and the perils of wheeling. He talks of it (as he thinks of it) incessantly. For this fatuous passion there is one excuse. Other sports have the fearful delight of danger and the pleasure of the consciousness of dexterity and the dogged Anglo-Saxon joy of combat and victory; but no other sport restores to middle age the pure, exultant, muscular intoxication of childhood. Only on the wheel can an elderly woman feel as she felt when she ran and leaped and frolicked amid the flowers as a child.

Lorania, of course, no longer jumped or ran; she kicked in the Delsarte exercises, but it was a measured, calculated, one may say cold-blooded kick, which limbered her muscles but did not restore her youthful glow of soul. Her legs and not her spirits pranced. The same thing may be said for Margaret Ellis. Now, between their accidents, they obtained glimpses of an exquisite exhilaration. And there was also to be counted the approval of their consciences, for they felt that no Turkish bath could wring out moisture from their systems like half an hour's pumping at the bicycle treadles. Lorania during the month had ridden through one bottle of liniment and two of witch-hazel, and by the end of the second bottle could ride a short distance alone. But Lorania could not yet dismount unassisted, and several times she had felled poor Winslow to the earth when he rashly adventured to stop her. Captain Carr had a peculiar, graceful fling of the arm, catching the saddle bar with one hand while he steadied the handles with the other. He did not hesitate in the least to grab Lorania's belt if necessary. But poor modest Winslow, who fell upon the wheel and dared not touch the hem of a lady's bicycle skirt, was as one in the path of a cyclone, and appeared daily in a fresh pair of white trousers.

"Yous have now," Shuey remarked, impressively, one day—"yous have now arrived at the most difficult and dangerous period in learning the wheel. It's similar to a baby when it's first learned to walk but 'ain't yet got sense in walking. When it was little it would stay put wherever ye put it, and it didn't know enough to go by itself, which is similar to you. When I was holding ye you couldn't fall, but now you're off alone depindent on yourself, object-struck by every tree, taking most of the pasture to turn in, and not able to git off save by falling—"

"Oh, couldn't you go with her somehow?" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow, appalled at the picture. "Wouldn't a rope round her be some help? I used to put it round Cyril when he was learning to walk."

"Well, no, ma'am," said Shuey, patiently. "Don't you be scared; the riding will come; she's getting on grandly. And ye should see Mr. Winslow. 'Tis a pleasure to teach him. He rode in one lesson. I ain't learning him nothing but tricks now."

"But, Mr. Winslow, why don't you ride here—with us?" said Sibyl, with her coquettish and flattering smile. "We're always hearing of your beautiful riding. Are we never to see it?"

"I think Mr. Winslow is waiting for that swell English cycle suit that I hear about," said the captain, grinning; and Winslow grew red to his eyelids.

Lorania gave an indignant side glance at Sibyl. Why need the girl make game of an honest man who loved her? Sibyl was biting her lips and darting side glances at the captain. She called the pasture practice slow, but she seemed, nevertheless, to enjoy herself sitting on the bench, the captain on one side and Winslow on the other, rattling off her girlish jokes, while her aunt and Mrs. Ellis, with the anxious, set faces of the beginner, were pedalling frantically after Cardigan. Lorania began to pity Winslow, for it was growing plain to her that Sibyl and the captain understood each other. She thought that even if Sibyl did care for the soldier, she need not be so careless of Winslow's feelings. She talked with the cashier herself, trying to make amends for Sibyl's absorption in the other man, and she admired the fortitude that concealed the pain that he must feel. It became quite the expected thing for the Winslows to be present at the practice; but Winslow had not yet appeared on his wheel. He used to bring a box of candy with him, or rather three boxes—one for each lady, he said—and a box of peppermints for his mother. He was always very attentive to his mother.

"And fancy, Aunt Margaret," laughed Sibyl, "he has asked both auntie and me to the theatre. He is not going to com-

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promise himself by singling one of us out. He's a careful soul. By-the-way, Aunt Margaret, Mrs. Winslow was telling me yesterday that I am the image of auntie at my age. Am I? Do I look like her? Was she as slender as I?"

"Almost," said Mrs. Ellis, who was not so inflexibly truthful as her friend.

"No, Sibyl," said Lorania, with a deep, deep sigh, "I was always plump; I was a chubby *child!* And oh, what do you think I heard in the crowd at Manly's once? One woman said to another, 'Miss Hopkins has got a wheel.' 'Miss Sibyl?' said the other. 'No; the stout Miss Hopkins,' said the first creature; and the second—" Lorania groaned.

"What *did* she say to make you feel that way?"

"She said — she said, 'Oh my!'" answered Lorania, with a dying look.

"Well, she was horrid," said Mrs. Ellis; "but you know you have grown thin. Come on; let's ride!"

"I *never* shall be able to ride," said Lorania, gloomily. "I can get on, but I can't get off. And they've taken off the brake, so I can't stop. And I'm object-struck by everything I look at. Some day I shall look down hill. Well, my will's in the lower drawer of the mahogany desk."

Perhaps Lorania had an occult inkling of the future. For this is what happened: That evening Winslow rode on to the track in his new English bicycle suit, which had just come. He hoped that he didn't look like a fool in those queer clothes. But the instant he entered the pasture he saw something that drove everything else out of his head, and made him bend over the steering-bar and race madly across the green; Miss Hopkins's bicycle was running away down hill! Cardigan, on foot, was pelting obliquely, in the hopeless thought to intercept her, while Mrs. Ellis, who was reeling over the ground with her own bicycle, wheeled as rapidly as she could to the brow of the hill, where she tumbled off, and abandoning the wheel, rushed on foot to her friend's rescue.

She was only in time to see a flash of silver and ebony and a streak of brown dart before her vision and swim down the hill like a bird. Lorania was still in the saddle, pedalling from sheer force of habit, and clinging to the handle bars. Below the hill was a stone wall, and farther was the creek. There was a narrow opening in the wall where the cattle went down to drink; if she could steer through that she would have nothing worse than soft water and mud; but there was not one chance in a thousand that she could pass that narrow space. Mrs. Winslow, horror-stricken, watched the rescuer, who evidently was cutting across to catch the bicycle.

"He's riding out of sight!" thought Shuey, in the rear. He himself did not slacken his speed, although he could not be in time for the catastrophe. Suddenly he stiffened; Winslow was close to the runaway wheel.

"Grab her!" yelled Shuey. "Grab her by the belt! *Oh, Lord!*"

The exclamation exploded like the groan of a shell. For while Winslow's bicycling was all that could be wished, and he flung himself in the path of the on-coming wheel with marvellous celerity and precision, he had not the power to withstand the never yet revealed number of pounds carried by Miss Lorania, impelled by the rapid descent and gathering momentum at every whirl. They met; he caught her; but instantly he was rolling down the steep incline and she was doubled up on the grass. He crashed sickeningly against the stone wall; she lay stunned and still on the sod; and their friends, with beating hearts, slid down to them. Mrs. Winslow was on the brow of the hill. She blesses Shuey to this day for the shout he sent up. "Nobody killed, and I guess no bones broken."

When Margaret went home that evening, having seen her friend safely in bed, not much the worse for her fall, she was told that Cardigan wished to see her. Shuey produced something from his pocket, saying: "I picked this up on the hill, ma'am, after the accident. It maybe belongs to him, or it maybe belongs to her; I'm thinking the safest way is to just give it to you." He handed Mrs. Ellis a tiny gold-framed miniature of Lorania in a red leather case.

The morning was a sparkling June morning, dewy and fragrant, and the sunlight burnished handle and pedal of the friends' bicycles standing on the piazza unheeded. It was the hour for morning practice, but Miss Hopkins slept in

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her chamber and Mrs. Ellis sat in the little parlor a ljoining, and thought.

She did not look surprised at the maid's announcement that Mrs. Winslow begged to see her for a few moments. Mrs. Winslow was pale. She was a good sketch of discomfort on the very edge of her chair, clad in the black silk which she wore Sundays, her head crowned with her bonnet of state, and her hands stiff in a pair of new gloves.

"I hope you'll excuse me not sending up a card," she began. "Cyril got me some going on a year ago, and I *thought* I could lay my hand right on 'em, but I'm so nervous this morning I hunted all over, and they wasn't anywhere. I won't keep you. I jest wanted to ask if you picked up anything—a little red Russia-leather case—"

"Was it a miniature—a miniature of my friend Miss Hopkins?"

"I thought it all over, and I came to explain. You no doubt think it strange; and I can assure you that my son never let any human being look at that picture. I never knew about it myself till it was lost and he got up out of his bed — he ain't hardly able to walk—and staggered over here to look for it, and I followed him; and so he *had* to tell me. He had it painted from a picture that came out in the papers. He felt it was an awful liberty. But—you don't know how my boy feels, Mrs. Ellis; he has worshipped that woman for years. He 'ain't never had a thought of anybody but her since they was children in school; and yet he's been so modest and so shy of pushing himself forward that he didn't do a thing until I put him on to help you with this bicycle."

Margaret Ellis did not know what to say. She thought of the marquis; and Mrs. Winslow poured out her story: "He 'ain't never said a word to me till this morning. But don't I *know?* Don't I know who looked out so careful for her investments? Don't I know who was always looking out for her interest, silent, and always keeping himself in the background? Why, she couldn't even buy a cow that he wa'n't looking round to see that she got a good one! 'Twas him saw the gardener, and kept him from buying that cow with tuberculosis, 'cause he knew about the herd. He knew by finding out. He worshipped the very cows she owned, you may say, and I've seen him patting and feeding up her dogs: it's to our house that big mastiff always goes every night. Mrs. Ellis, it ain't often that a woman gits love such as my son is offering, only he da'sn't offer it, and it ain't often a woman is loved by such a good man as my son. He 'ain't got any bad habits; he'll die before he wrongs anybody; and he has got the sweetest temper you ever see; and he's the tidiest man about a house you could ask, and the promptest about meals."

Mrs. Ellis looked at her flushed face, and sent another flood of color into it, for she said, "Mrs. Winslow, I don't know how much good I may be able to do, but I am on your side."

Her eyes followed the little black figure when it crossed the lawn. She wondered whether her advice was good, for she had counselled that Winslow come over in the evening.

"Maggie," said a voice. Lorania was in the doorway. "Maggie," she said, "I ought to tell you that I heard every word."

"Then *I* can tell *you*," cried Mrs. Ellis, "that he is fifty times more of a man than the marquis, and loves you fifty thousand times better!"

Lorania made no answer, not even by a look. What she felt, Mrs. Ellis could not guess. Nor was she any wiser when Winslow appeared at her gate, just as the sun was setting.

"I didn't think I would better intrude on Miss Hopkins," said he, "but perhaps you could tell me how she is this evening. My mother told me how kind you were, and perhaps you—you would advise me if I might venture to send Miss Hopkins some flowers."

Out of the kindness of her heart Mrs. Ellis averted her eyes from his face: thus she was able to perceive Lorania saunter out of the Hopkins gate. So changed was she by the bicycle practice that, wrapped in her niece's shawl, she made Margaret think of the girl. An inspiration flashed to her; she knew the cashier's dependence on his eye-glasses, and he was not wearing them.

"If you want to know how Miss Hopkins is, why not speak to her niece now?" said she.

He started. He saw Miss Sibyl, as he supposed, and he went swiftly down the street. "Miss Sibyl," he began, "may I ask how is your aunt?"—and then she turned.

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"HAS THE BICYCLE DONE SO MUCH FOR ME?"

She blushed, then she laughed aloud. "Has the bicycle done so much for me?" said she.

"The bicycle didn't need to do *anything* for you!" he cried, warmly.

Mrs. Ellis, a little distance in the rear, heard, turned, and walked thoughtfully away. "They're off," said she—she had acquired a sporting tinge of thought from Shuey Cardigan. "If with that start he can't make the running, it's a wonder."

"I have invited Mr. Winslow and his mother to dinner," said Miss Hopkins, in the morning. "Will you come too, Maggie?"

"I'll back him against the marquis," thought Margaret, gleefully.

A week later Lorania said: "I really think I must be getting thinner. Fancy Mr. Winslow, who is so clear-sighted, mistaking me for Sibyl! He says—I told him how I had suffered from my figure—he says it can't be what he has suffered from his. Do you think him so very short, Maggie? Of course he isn't tall, but he has an elegant figure, I think, and I never saw anywhere such a rider!"

Mrs. Ellis answered, heartily, "He isn't very small, and he is a beautiful figure on the wheel!" And added to herself, "I know what was in that letter she sent yesterday to the marquis! But to think of its all being due to the bicycle!"

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THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART V.

"Ô céleste haine,
Comment t'assouvir?
Ô souffrance humaine,
Qui te peut guérir?
Si lourde est ma peine
J'en voudrais mourir—
Tel est mon désir!

"Navré de comprendre,
Las de compatir,
Pour ne plus entendre,
Ni voir, ni sentir,
Je suis prêt à rendre
Mon dernier soupir—
Et c'est mon désir!

"Ne plus rien connaître,
Ni me souvenir—
Ne jamais renaître,
Ni me rendormir—
Ne plus jamais être,
Mais en bien finir—
Voilà mon désir!"—ANON.

BARTY went third class to Bruges, and saw all over it, and slept at the "Fleur de Blé," and heard new chimes, and remembered his Longfellow.

Next morning, a very fine one, as he was hopefully smoking his centime cigar with immense relish near the little three-horsed wagonette that was to bear him to Blankenberghe, he saw that he was to have three fellow-passengers, with a considerable amount of very interesting luggage, and rejoiced.

First, a tall man about thirty, in a very smart white summer suit, surmounted by a jaunty little straw hat with a yellow ribbon. He was strikingly handsome, and wore immense black whiskers but no mustache, and had a most magnificent double row of white, pearly teeth, which he showed very much when he smiled, and he smiled very often. He was evidently a personage of importance and very well off, for he gave himself great airs and ordered people about and chaffed them, and it made them laugh instead of making them angry; and he was obeyed with wonderful alacrity. He spoke French fluently, but with a marked Italian accent.

Next, a very blond lady of about the same age, not beautiful, but rather overdressed, and whose accent, when she spoke French, was very German, and who looked as if she might be easily moved to wrath. Now and then she spoke to the gentleman in a very audible Italian aside, and Barty was able to gather that her Italian was about as rudimentary as his own.

Last and least, a pale, plain, pathetic little girl of six or eight, with a nose rather swollen, and a black plait down her back, and large black eyes, something like Leah Gibson's; and she never took these eyes off Barty's face.

Their luggage consisted of two big trunks, a guitar and violin (in their cases), and music-books bound together by a rope.

"Vous allez à Blankenberghe, mossié?" said the Italian, with a winning smile.

Barty answered in the affirmative, and the Italian smiled ecstatic delight.

"Jé souis bienn content—nous férons route ensemblé . . . ." I will translate: "I call myself Carlo Veronese—first barytone of the theatre of La Scala, Milan. The signora is my second wife; she is prima donna assoluta of the grand opera, Naples. The little ragazza is my daughter by my first wife. She is the greatest violinist of her age now living—un' prodige, mossié—un' fenomeno!"

Barty, charmed with his new acquaintance, gave the signore his card, and Carlo Veronese invited him graciously to take a seat in the wagonette, as if it were his own private carriage. Barty, who was the most easily impressed person that ever lived, accepted with as much sincere gratitude as if he hadn't already paid for his place, and they started on their sunny

* Begun in October number, 1896.

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drive of eight miles along the dusty straight Belgian chaussée, bordered with poplars on either side, and paved with flag-stones all the way to Blankenberghe.

Signor Veronese informed Barty that on their holiday travels they always managed to combine profit with pleasure, and that he proposed giving a grand concert at the Café on the Plage, or the Kursaal, next day; that he was going to sing Figaro's great song in the *Barbiere*, and the signora would give "*Roberto, toua qué z'aime*" in French (or rather, "*Ropert, doi que ch'aime*," as *she* called it, correcting his accent), and the fenomeno, whose name was Marianina, would play an arrangement of the "Carnival of Venice" by Paganini.

"Ma vous aussi, vous êtes mousicien—jé vois ça par la votre figoure!"

Barty modestly disclaimed all pretensions, and said he was only an art student—a painter.

"All the arts are brothers," said the signore, and the little signorina stole her hand into Barty's and left it there.

"Listen," said the signore; "why not arrange to live together, you and we? I hate throwing away money on mere pomposity and grandiosity and show. We always take a little furnished apartment, elle et moi. Then I go and buy provisions, bon marché—and she cooks them—and we have our meals better than at the hotel and at half the price! Join us, unless you like to throw your money by the window!"

The Signorina Marianina's little brown hand gave Barty's a little warm squeeze, and Barty was only too delighted to accept an arrangement that promised to be so agreeable and so practically wise.

They arrived at Blankenberghe, and leaving their luggage at the wagonette station, went in search of lodgings. These were soon found in a large attic at the top of a house, over a bakery. One little mansarde, with a truckle-bed and wash-hand stand, did for the family of Veronese; another, smaller still, for Barty.

Other mansardes also opened on to the large attic, or grenier, where there were sacks of grain and of flour, and a sweet smell of cleanliness. Barty wondered that such economical arrangements could suit his new friends, but was well pleased; a weight was taken off his mind. He feared a style of living he could not have afforded to share, and here were all difficulties smoothed away without any trouble whatever.

They got in their luggage, and Barty went with the signore in search of bread and meat and wine and ground coffee. When they got back, a little stove was ready lighted in the Veronese garret; they cooked the food in a frying-pan, opening the window wide and closing the door, as the signore thought it useless to inform the world by the sense of smell that they did their cooking *en famille;* and Barty enjoyed the meal immensely, and almost forgot his trouble, but for the pain of his seton.

After lunch the signore produced his placards, already printed by hand, and made some paste in an iron pot, and the signora made coffee. And Veronese tuned his guitar and said:

"Jé vais vous canter couelquécoze—una piccola cosa da niente!—vous comprenez l'Italien?"

"Oh yes," said Barty: he had picked up a deal of Italian and many pretty Italian canzonets from his friend old Pergolese, who kept the Italian eating-house in Rupert Street. "Sing me a stornella—je les adore."

And he set himself to listen, with his heart in his mouth from sheer pleasurable anticipation.

The signore sang a pretty little song, by Gordigiani, called "Il vero amore." Barty knew it well.

"E lo mio amor è andato a soggiornare
A Lucca bella—e diventar signore. . . ."

Alas! for lost illusions! The signore's voice was a coarse, unsympathetic, strident buffo bass, not always quite in the middle of the note; nor, in spite of his native liveliness of accent and expression, did he make the song interesting or pretty in the least.

Poor Barty had fallen from the skies; but he did his best not to show his disenchantment; and this, from a kind and amiable way he always had and a constant wish to please, was not difficult.

Then the signora sang "O mon Fernand!" from the *Favorita*, in French, but with a hideous German accent and a screech as of some Teutonic peacock, and without a single sympathetic note, though otherwise well in tune, and with a certain professional knowledge of what she was about.

And then poor Marianina was made to

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"THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE."

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stand up on six music-books, opposite a small music-easel, and play her "Carnival of Venice" on the violin. Every time she made a false note in the difficult variations, her father, with his long, thick, hairy middle finger, gave her a fierce fillip on the nose, and she had to swallow her tears and play on. Barty was almost wild with angry pity, but dissembled, for fear of making her worse enemies in her father and step-mother.

Not that the poor little thing played badly; indeed, she played surprisingly well for her age, and Barty was sincere in his warm commendation of her talent.

"Et vous ne cantez pas du tout — du tout?" said Veronese.

"Oh, si, quelquefois!"

"Cantez couelquécoze—zé vous accompagnerai sous la guitare! — n'ayèz pas paoure—nous sommes indoulgents, elle et moi—"

"Oh—je m'accompagnerai bien moi-même comme je pourrai—" said Barty, and took the guitar, and sang a little French Tyrolienne called "Fleur des Alpes," which he could always sing quite beautifully; and the effect was droll indeed.

Marianina wept; the signore went down on his knees in a theatrical manner to him, and called him "maestro" and other big Italian names; the Frau signora, with tears in her eyes, asked permission to kiss his hand, which his modesty refused. He kissed hers instead.

"He was a great genius, a bird of God, who had amused himself by making fools of poor innocent humble wandering minstrels. Oh, would he not be generous as he was great and be one of them for a few days, and take half the profits—more—whatever he liked?" etc.

And indeed they immediately saw the business side of the question, and were, to do them justice, immensely liberal in their conditions of partnership—and also most distressingly persistent, with adulations that got more and more fulsome the more he held back.

There was a long discussion. Barty had to be quite brutal at the end—told them he was not a musician, but a painter, and that nothing on earth should induce him to join them in their concert.

And finally, much crestfallen and somewhat huffed, the pair went out to post their placards all over the town, and Barty went for a bath and a long walk—suddenly feeling sad again and horribly one-eyed and maimed, and more woefully northless and homeless and friendless than ever.

Blankenberghe was already very full, and when he got back he saw the famous placards everywhere. And found his friends cooking their dinner, and was pressed to join them; and did so—producing a magnificent pasty and some hot-house grapes and two bottles of wine as a peace-offering—and was forgiven.

And after dinner they all sat on grain-sacks together in the large granary, and made music—with lady's-maids and valets and servants of the house for a most genial and appreciative audience — and had a very pleasant evening; and Barty came to the conclusion that he had mistaken his trade—that he sang devilish well, in fact; and so he did.

Whatever his technical shortcomings might be, he could make any tune sound pretty when he sang it. He had the native gift of ease, pathos, rhythm, humor, and charm—and a delightful sympathetic twang in his voice. His mother must have sung something like that; and all Paris went mad about her. No technical teaching in the world can ever match a genuine inheritance; and that's a fact.

Next morning they all bathed together, and Barty unheroically and quite obscurely saved a life.

The signore and his fat white signora went dancing out into the sunny waves and right away seawards.

Then came Barty with an all-round shirt collar round his neck and a white tie on, to conceal his seton, and a pair of blue spectacles for the glare. And behind him Marianina, hopping on and following as best she might. He turned round to encourage her, and she had suddenly disappeared; half uneasy, he went back a step or two, and saw her little pale brown face gasping just beneath the surface—she had just got out of her depth.

He snatched her out, and she clung to him like a small monkey and cried dreadfully, and was sick all over him and herself. He managed to get her back on shore and washed and dried and consoled her before her people came back — and had the tact not to mention this adventure, guessing what fillips she would catch on her poor little pink nose for her stupidity. She looked her gratitude for this reticence of his in the most touching

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way, with her big black eyes—and had a cunning smile of delight at their common tacit understanding. Her rescuer from a watery grave did not apply for the "médaille de sauvetage"!

Barty took an immense walk that day to avoid the common repast; he was getting very tired of the two senior Veroneses.

The concert in the evening was a tremendous success. The blatant signore sang his Figaro song very well indeed—it suited him better than little feminine love-ditties. The signora was loud and passionate and dramatic in Roberto; and Belgians make more allowance for a German accent in French than Parisians; besides, it was not *quite* their own language that was being murdered before them. It *may* be, some day! I sincerely hope so. Je leur veux du bien.

Poor little Marianina stood on her six music-books and played with immense care and earnestness, just like a frightened but well-trained poodle walking on its hind legs—one eye on her music and the tail of the other on her father, who accompanied her with his guitar. She got an encore, to Barty's great relief; and to hers too, no doubt—if she hadn't, fillips on the nose for supper that night! Then there were more solos and duets, with obligatos for the violin.

Next day Veronese and his wife were in high feather at the Kursaal, where they had sung the night before.

A very distinguished military foreigner, in attendance on some august personage from Spain or Portugal (and later from Ostend), warmly and publicly complimented the signore on "his admirable rendering of 'Largo al factotum'—which, as his dear old friend Rossini had once told him (the General), he (Rossini) had always modestly looked upon as the one thing he had ever written with which he was *almost* pleased!"

Marianina also received warm commendation from this agreeable old soldier, while quite a fashionable crowd was listening; and Veronese arranged for another concert that evening, and placarded the town accordingly.

Barty managed to escape any more meals in the Casa Veronese, but took Marianina for one or two pleasant walks, and told her stories and sang to her in the grenier, while she improvised for him clever little obligatos on her fiddle.

He found a cheap eating-house and picked up a companion or two to chat with. He also killed time with his seton-dressing and self dry-cupping—and hired French novels and read them as much as he dared with his remaining eye, about which he was morbidly nervous; he always fancied it would get its retina congested like the other, in which no improvement manifested itself whatever—and this depressed him very much. He was a most impatient patient.

To return. The second concert was as conspicuous a failure as the first had been a success: the attendance was small and less distinguished, and there was no enthusiasm. The Frau signora slipped a note and lost her temper in the middle of "Roberto," and sang out of tune and with careless, open contempt of her audience, and this the audience seemed to understand and openly resent. Poor Marianina was frightened and played very wrong notes under the furious gaze of her papa, and finally broke down and cried, and there were some hisses for him, as well as kind and encouraging applause for the child. Then up jumps Barty and gets on the platform and takes the signore's guitar and twangs it, and smiles all round benignly—immense applause!

Then he pats Marianina's thin pale cheek and wipes her eyes and gives her a kiss. Frantic applause! Then "Fleur des Alpes!"

Ovation! encore! bis! ter!

And for a third encore he sings a very pretty little Flemish ballad about the rose without a thorn—"Het Roosje uit de Dorne." It is the only Flemish song he knows, and I hope I have spelt it right! And the audience goes quite crazy with enthusiasm, and everybody goes home happy, even the Veroneses—and Marianina does not get filliped that night.

After this the Veroneses tried humbler spheres for the display of their talents, and in less than a week exhausted every pothouse and beer-tavern and low drinking-shop in Blankenberghe! and at last they took to performing for casual coppers in the open street, and went very rapidly down hill. The signore lost his jauntiness and grew sordid and soiled and shabby and humble; the signora looked like a sulky, dirty, draggle-tailed fury, ready to break out into violence on the slightest provocation; poor Marianina got paler and thinner, and Barty was very

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unhappy about her. The only things left rosy about her were her bruised nose, and her fingers, that always seemed stiff with cold; indeed, they were blue rather than rosy—and anything but clean.

One evening he bought her a little warm gray cloak that took his fancy; when he went home after dinner to give it her he found the three birds of song had taken flight—sans tambour ni trompette, and leaving no message for him. The baker-landlord had turned them adrift—sent them about their business, sacrificing some of his rent to get rid of them; not a heavy loss, I fancy.

Barty went after them all over the little town, but did not find them; he heard they were last seen marching off with guitar and fiddle in a southerly direction along the coast, and found that their luggage was to be sent to Ostend.

He felt very sorry for Marianina and missed her—and gave the cloak to some poor child in the town, and was very lonely.

One morning, as he loafed about dejectedly with his hands in his pockets, he found his way to the little Hôtel de Ville, whence issued sounds of music. He went in. It was like a kind of reading-room and concert-room combined; there was a piano there, and a young lady practising, with her mother knitting by her side; and two or three other people, friends of theirs, lounging about and looking at the papers.

The mamma was a very handsome person of aristocratic appearance. The pretty daughter was practising the soprano part in a duet by Campana, which Barty knew well; it was "Una sera d' amore." The tenor had apparently not kept his appointment, and madame expressed some irritation at this; first to a friend, in French, but with a slight English accent—then in English to her daughter; and Barty grew interested.

After a little while, catching the mamma's eye (which was not difficult, as she very frankly and persistently gazed at him, and with a singularly tender and wistful expression of face), he got up and asked in English if he could be of any use—seeing that he knew the music well and had often sung it. The lady was delighted, and Barty and mademoiselle sang the duet in capital style to the mamma's accompaniment: "guarda che bianca luna," etc.

"What a lovely voice you've got! May I ask your name?" says the mamma.

"Josselin."

"English, of course?"

"Upon my word I hardly know whether I'm English or French!" said Barty, and he and the lady fell into conversation.

It turned out that she was Irish, and married to a Belgian soldier, le Général le Comte de Clèves (who was a tremendous swell, it seems—but just then in Brussels).

Barty told Madame de Clèves the story of his eye—he was always very communicative about his eye; and she suddenly buried her face in her hands and wept; and mademoiselle told him in a whisper that her eldest brother had gone blind and died three or four years ago, and that he was extraordinarily like Barty both in face and figure.

Presently another son of Madame de Clèves came in—an officer of dragoons in undress uniform, a splendid youth. He was the missing tenor, and made his excuses for being late, and sang very well indeed.

And Barty became the intimate friend of these good people, who made Blankenberghe a different place to him—and conceived for him a violent liking, and introduced him to all their smart Belgian friends; they were quite a set—bathing together, making music and dancing, taking excursions, and so forth. And before a fortnight was over, Barty had become the most popular young man in the town, the gayest of the gay, the young guardsman once more, throwing dull care to the winds; and in spite of his impecuniosity (of which he made no secret whatever) the *boute-en-train* of the company. And this led to many droll adventures—of which I will tell one as a sample.

A certain Belgian viscount, who had a very pretty French wife, took a dislike to Barty. He had the reputation of being a tremendous fire-eater. His wife, a light-hearted little flirt (but with not much harm in her), took a great fancy to him, on the contrary.

One day she asked him for a wax impression of the seal-ring he wore on his finger, and the following morning he sealed an empty envelope and stamped it with his ring, and handed it to her on the Plage. She snatched it with a quick

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gesture and slipped it into her pocket with quite a guilty little coquettish look of mutual understanding.

Monsieur Jean (as the viscount was called) noticed this, and jostled rudely against Josselin, who jostled back again and laughed.

Then the whole party walked off to the "tir," or shooting-gallery, on the Plage; some wager was on, I believe, and when they got there they all began to shoot — at different distances, ladies and gentlemen; all but Barty; it was a kind of handicap.

Monsieur Jean, after a fierce and significant look at Barty, slowly raised his pistol, took a deliberate aim at the small target, and fired—hitting it just half an inch over the bull's-eye; a capital shot. Barty couldn't have done better himself. Then taking another loaded pistol, he presented it to my friend by the butt, and said, with a solemn bow:

"À vous, monsieur de la garde."

"Messieurs de la garde doivent toujours tirer les premiers!" said Barty, laughing; and carelessly let off his pistol in the direction of the target without even taking aim. A little bell rang, and there was a shout of applause: and Barty was conscious that by an extraordinary fluke he had hit the bull's-eye in the middle, and saw the situation at once.

Suddenly looking very grave and very sad, he threw the pistol away—and said:

"Je ne tire plus—j'ai trop peur d'avoir la main malheureuse un jour!" and smiled benignly at M. Jean.

A moment's silence fell on the party and M. Jean turned very pale.

Barty went up to Madame Jean:

"Will you forgive me for giving you with my seal an empty envelope? I couldn't think of anything pretty enough to write you—so I gave it up. Tear it and forgive me. I'll do better next time!"

The lady blushed and pulled the letter out of her pocket and held it up to the light, and it was, as Barty said, merely an empty envelope and a red seal. She then held it out to her husband and exclaimed:

"Le cachet de Monsieur Josselin, que je lui avais demandé . . .!"

So bloodshed was perhaps avoided, and Monsieur Jean took care not to jostle Josselin any more. Indeed, they became great friends.

For next day Barty strolled into the Salle d'Armes, Rue des Dunes—and there he found Monsieur Jean fencing with young de Clèves, the dragoon. Both were good fencers, but Barty was the finest fencer I ever met in my life, and always kept it up; and remembering his adventure of the previous day, it amused him to affect a careless nonchalance about such trivial things—"des enfantillages!"

"*You* take a turn with Jean, Josselin!" said the dragoon.

"Oh! I'm out of practice — and I've only got one eye—"

"Je vous en prie, monsieur de la garde!" said the viscount.

"Cette fois, alors, nous allons tirer *ensemble!*" says Barty, and languidly dons the mask with an affected air, and makes a fuss about the glove not suiting him; and then, in spite of his defective sight, which seems to make no difference, he lightly and gracefully gives M. Jean such a dressing as that gentleman had never got in his life—not even from his maître d'armes: and afterwards to young de Clèves the same. Well I knew his way of doing this kind of thing!

So Barty and M. and Madame Jean became quite intimate—and with his usual indiscretion Barty told them how he fluked that bull's-eye, and they were charmed!

"Vous êtes impayable, savez-vous, mon cher!" says M. Jean—"vous avez tous les talents, et un million dans le gosier par dessus le marché! Si jamais je puis vous être de service, savez-vous, comptez sur moi pour la vie. . . ." said the impulsive viscount when they bade each other good-by at the end.

"Et plus jamais d'enveloppes vides, quand vous m'écrirez!" says madame.

So frivolous time wore on, and Barty found it pleasant to frivol in such pleasant company — very pleasant indeed! But when alone in his garret, with his seton-dressing and dry-cuppings, it was not so gay. He had to confess to himself that his eye was getting slowly worse instead of better; darkening day by day; and a little more retina had been taken in by the strange disease—"la peau de chagrin," as he nicknamed this wretched retina of his, after Balzac's famous story. He could still see with the left of it and at the bottom, but a veil had come over the middle and all the rest; by daylight

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"À VOUS, MONSIEUR DE LA GARDE!"

he could see through this veil, but every object he saw was discolored and distorted and deformed — it was worse than darkness itself: and this was so distressing, and so interfered with the sight of the other eye, that when the sun went down, the total darkness in the ruined portion of his left retina came as a positive relief. He took all this very desperately to heart and had very terrible forebodings. For he had never known an ache or a pain, and had innocently gloried all his life in the singular perfection of his five wits.

Then his money was coming to an end: he would soon have to sing in the streets, like Veronese, with Lady Archibald's guitar.

Dear Lady Archibald! When things went wrong with her she would always laugh, and say,

"Les misères du jour font le bonheur du lendemain!"

This he would say or sing to himself over and over again, and go to bed at night quite hopeful and sanguine after a merry day spent among his many friends; and soon sink into sleep, persuaded that his trouble was a bad dream which next morning would scatter and dispel. But when he woke, it was to find the grim reality sitting by his pillow, and he couldn't dry-cup it away. The very sunshine was an ache as he went out and got his breakfast with his blue spectacles on; and black care would link its bony arm in his as he listlessly strolled by the much-sounding sea—and cling to him close as he swam or dived; and he would wonder what he had ever done that so serious and tragic a calamity should have befallen so

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light a person as himself; who could only dance and sing and play the fool to make people laugh — Rigoletto — Triboulet — a mere grasshopper, no ant or bee or spider, not even a third-class beetle—surely this was not according to the eternal fitness of things!

And thus in the unutterable utterness of his dejection he would make himself such evil cheer that he sickened with envy at the mere sight of any living thing that could see out of two eyes—a homeless irresponsible dog, a hunchback beggar, a crippled organ-grinder and his monkey—till he met some acquaintance; even but a rolling fisherman with a brown face and honest blue eyes—a pair of them —and then he would forget his sorrow and his envy in chat and jokes and laughter with him over each a centime cigar; and was set up in good spirits for the day! Such was Barty Josselin, the most ready lover of his kind that ever existed, the slave of his last impression.

And thus he lived under the shadow of the sword of Damocles for many months; on and off, for years—indeed, as long as he lived at all. It is good discipline. It rids one of much superfluous self-complacency and puts a wholesome check on our keeping too good a conceit of ourselves; it prevents us from caring too meanly about mean things—too keenly about our own infinitesimal personalities; it makes us feel quick sympathy for those who live under a like condition: there are many such weapons dangling over the heads of us poor mortals by just a hair—a panoply, an armory, a very arsenal! And we grow to learn in time that when the hair gives way and the big thing falls, the blow is not half so bad as the fright had been, even if it kills us; and more often than not it is but the shadow of a sword, after all; a bogie that has kept us off many an evil track—perhaps even a blessing in disguise! And in the end, down comes some other sword from somewhere else and cuts for us the Gordian knot of our brief tangled existence, and solves the riddle and sets us free.

This is a world of surprises, where little ever happens but the unforeseen, which is seldom worth meeting half-way! And these moral reflections of mine are quite unnecessary and somewhat obvious, but they harm nobody, and are very soothing to make and utter at my time of life. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man and forgive him his maudlin garrulity....

One afternoon, lolling in deep dejection on the top of a little sandy hillock, a "dune," and plucking the long coarse grass, he saw a very tall elderly lady, accompanied by her maid, coming his way along the asphalt path that overlooked the sea — or rather, that prevented the sea from overlooking the land and overflowing it!

She was in deep black, and wore a thick veil.

With a little jump of surprise he recognized his aunt Caroline—Lady Caroline Grey—of all his aunts the aunt who had loved him the best as a boy — whom he had loved the best.

She was a Roman Catholic, and very devout indeed — a widow, and childless now. And between her and Barty a coolness had fallen during the last few years — a heavy raw thick mist of cold estrangement;—and all on account of his London life and the notoriety he had achieved there; things of which she disapproved entirely, and thought "unworthy of a gentleman": and who can blame her for thinking so?

She had at first written to him long letters of remonstrance and good advice; which he gave up answering, after a while. And when they met in society, her manner had grown chill and distant and severe.

He hadn't seen or heard of his aunt Caroline for three or four years; but at the sudden sight of her a wave of tender childish remembrance swept over him, and his heart beat quite warmly to her: affliction is a solvent of many things, and first cousin to forgiveness.

She passed without looking his way, and he jumped up and followed her, and said,

"Oh, Aunt Caroline—won't you even speak to me?"

She started violently, and turned round, and cried, "Oh, Barty, Barty, where have you been all these years?" and seized both his hands, and shook all over.

"Oh, Barty—my beloved little Barty—take me somewhere where we can sit down and talk. I've been thinking of you very much, Barty — I've lost my poor son—he died last Christmas! I was afraid you had forgotten my existence!

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"I AM A VERY ALTERED PERSON!"

I was thinking of you the very moment you spoke!"

The maid left them, and she took his arm and they found a seat.

She put up her veil and looked at him: there was a great likeness between them in spite of the difference of age. She had been his father's favorite sister (some ten years younger than Lord Runswick); and she was very handsome still, though about fifty-five.

"Oh, Barty, my darling—how things have gone wrong between us! Is it *all* my doing? Oh, I hope not!. . ." And she kissed him.

"How like, how like! And you're getting a little black and bulgy under the eyes—especially the left one—and so did *he*, at just about your age! And how thin you are!"

"I don't think anything need ever go wrong between us again, Aunt Caroline! I am a very altered person, and a very unlucky one!"

"Tell me, dear!"

And he told her all his story, from the fatal quarrel with her brother, Lord Archibald—and the true history of that quarrel; and all that had happened since: he had nothing to keep back.

She frequently wept a little, for truth was in every tone of his voice; and when it came to the story of his lost eye, she wept very much indeed. And his need of affection, of female affection especially, and of kinship, was so immense that he clung to this most kind and loving woman as if she'd been his mother come back from the grave, or his dear Lady Archibald.

This meeting made a great difference to Barty in many ways—made amends! Lady Caroline meant to pass the winter at Malines, of all places in the world. The Archbishop was her friend, and she was friends also with one or two priests at the seminary there. She was by no means rich, having but an annuity of

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not quite three hundred a year; and it soon became the dearest wish of her heart that Barty should live with her for a while, and be nursed by her if he wanted nursing; and she thought he did. Besides, it would be convenient on account of his doctor, M. Noiret, of the University of Louvain, which was near Malines—half an hour by train.

And Barty was only too glad; this warm old love and devotion had suddenly dropped on to him by some happy enchantment out of the skies at a moment of sore need. And it was with a passion of gratitude that he accepted his aunt's proposals.

He well knew, also, how it was in him to brighten her lonely life, almost every hour of it—and promised himself that she should not be a loser by her kindness to Mr. Nobody of Nowhere. He remembered her love of fun, and pretty poetry, and little French songs, and droll chat—and nice cheerful meals tête-à-tête—and he was good at all these things. And how fond she was of reading out loud to him! The time might soon arrive when that would be a blessing indeed.

Indeed, a new interest had come into his life—not altogether a selfish interest either—but one well worth living for, though it was so unlike any interest that had ever filled his life before. He had been essentially a man's man hitherto, in spite of his gay light love for lovely woman; a good comrade par excellence, a frolicsome chum, a rollicking boon companion, a jolly pal! He wanted quite desperately to love something staid and feminine and gainly and well bred, whatever its age! some kind soft warm thing in petticoats and thin shoes, with no hair on its face, and a voice that wasn't male!

Nor did her piety frighten him very much. He soon found that she was no longer the over-zealous proselytizing busybody of the Cross—but immensely a woman of the world, making immense allowances. All roads lead to Rome (dit-on!), except a few which converge in the opposite direction; but even Roman roads lead to this wide tolerance in the end—for those of a rich warm nature who have been well battered by life; and Lady Caroline had been very thoroughly battered indeed: a bad husband—a bad son, her only child! both dead, but deeply loved and lamented; and in her heart of hearts there lurked a sad suspicion that her piety (so deep and earnest and sincere) had not bettered their badness—on the contrary, perhaps! and had driven her Barty from her when he needed her most.

Now that his need of her was so great, greater than it had ever been before, she would take good care that no piety of hers should ever drive him away from her again: she felt almost penitent and apologetic for having done what she had known to be right—the woman in her had at last outgrown the nun.

She almost began to doubt whether she had not been led to selfishly overrate the paramount importance of the exclusive salvation of her own particular soul!

And then his frank fresh look and manner, and honest boyish voice, so unmistakably sincere, and that mild and magnificent eye, so bright and humorous still, "so like—so like!" which couldn't even see her loving, anxious face. . . . Thank Heaven, there was still one eye left that she could appeal to with both her own!

And what a child he had been, poor dear—the very pearl of the Rohans! What Rohan of them all was ever a patch on this poor bastard of Antoinette Josselin's, either for beauty, pluck, or mother-wit—or even for honor, if it came to that? Why, a quixotic scruple of honor had ruined him, and she was Rohan enough to understand what the temptation had been the other way: she had seen the beautiful bad lady!

And, pure as her own life had been, she was no puritan, but of a church well versed in the deepest knowledge of our poor weak frail humanity; she has told me all about it, and I listened between the words.

So during the remainder of her stay at Blankenberghe he was very much with Lady Caroline, and rediscovered what a pleasant and lively companion she could be—especially at meals (she was fond of good food of a plain and wholesome kind, and took good care to get it).

She had her little narrownesses, to be sure, and was not hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, like him; and did not think very much of giddy little viscountesses with straddling loud-voiced Flemish husbands; nor of familiar facetious commercial millionaires, of whom Barty numbered two or three among his adorers; nor even of the "highly born" Irish

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wives of Belgian generals and all that. Madame de Clèves was an O'Brien.

These were old ingrained Rohan prejudices, and she was too old herself to alter.

But she loved the good fishermen whose picturesque boats made such a charming group on the sands at sunset, and also their wives and children; and here she and her nephew were "bien d'accord."

I fear her ladyship would not have appreciated very keenly the rising splendor of a certain not altogether unimportant modern house in Barge Yard, Bucklersbury—and here she would have been wrong. The time has come when we throw the handkerchief at female Rohans, we Maurices and our like. I have not done so myself, it is true; but not from any rooted antipathy to any daughter of a hundred earls—nor yet from any particular diffidence on my own part.

Anyhow, Lady Caroline loved to hear all Barty had to say of his gay life among the beauty, rank, and fashion of Blankenberghe. She was very civil to the handsome Irish Madame de Clèves, *née* O'Brien, and listened politely to the family history of the O'Briens, and that of the de Clèveses too; and learnt, without indecent surprise, or any emotion of any kind whatever, what she had never heard before—namely, that in the early part of the twelfth century a Rohan de Whitby had married an O'Brien of Ballywrotte; and other prehistoric facts of equal probability and importance.

She didn't believe much in people's twelfth-century reminiscences; she didn't even believe in those of her own family, who didn't believe in them either, or trouble about them in the least; and I dare say they were quite right.

Anyhow, when people solemnly talked about such things it made her rather sorry. But she bore up for Barty's sake, and the resigned, half-humorous courtesy with which she assented to these fables was really more humiliating to a sensitive haughty soul than any mere supercilious disdain; not that she ever wished to humiliate, but she was easily bored, and thought that kind of conversation vulgar, futile, and rather grotesque.

Indeed, she grew quite fond of Madame de Clèves and the splendid young dragoon, and the sweet little black-haired daughter with lovely blue eyes, who sang so charmingly. For they were singularly charming people in every way, the de Clèveses; and that's a way Irish people often have—as well as of being proud of their ancient blood. There is no more innocent weakness. I have it very strongly—moi qui vous parle—on the maternal side. My mother was a Blake of Derrydown—a fact that nobody would have known unless she now and then accidentally happened to mention it herself, or else my father did. And so I take the opportunity of slipping it in here—just out of filial piety!

So the late autumn of that year found Barty and his aunt at Malines, or Mechelen, as it calls itself in its native tongue.

They had comfortable lodgings of extraordinary cheapness in one of the dullest streets of that most picturesque but dead-alive little town, where the grass grew so thick between the paving-stones here and there that the brewers' dray-horses might have browsed in the "Grand Brul"—a magnificent but generally deserted thoroughfare leading from the railway station to the Place d'Armes, where rose still unfinished the colossal tower of one of the oldest and finest cathedrals in the world, whose chimes wafted themselves every half-quarter of an hour across the dreamy flats for miles and miles, according to the wind, that one might realize how slow was the flight of time in that particular part of King Leopold's dominions.

> "'And from a tall tower in the town
> Death looks gigantically down!'"

said Barty to his aunt—quoting (or misquoting) a bard they were very fond of just then, as they slowly walked down the "Grand Brul" in solitude together, from the nineteenth century to the fourteenth in less than twenty minutes—or three chimes from St. Rombault, or fifty shrieks from the railway station.

But for these a spirit of stillness and mediæval melancholy brooded over the quaint old city and great archiepiscopal see, and most important railway station in all Belgium. Magnificent old houses in carved stone with wrought-iron balconies were to be had for rents that were almost nominal. From the tall windows of some of these a frugal, sleepy, priest-ridden old nobility looked down on broad and splendid streets hardly ever trodden by any feet but their own, or

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those of some stealthy Jesuit priest, or Sister of Mercy.

Only during the Kermesse, or at carnival-time, when noisy revellers of either sex, and ungainly processions of tipsy masques and mummers, waked Mechelen out of its long sleep, and all the town seemed one vast estaminet, did one feel one's self to be alive. Even at night, and in the small hours, frisky masques and dominoes walked the moonlit streets, and made loud old Flemish mediæval love, à la Teniers.

There was a beautiful botanical garden, through which a river flowed under tall trees, and turned the wheels of the oldest flour-mills in Flanders. This was a favorite resort of Barty's—and he had it pretty much to himself.

And for Lady Caroline there were, besides St. Rombault, quite half a dozen churches almost as magnificent if not so big, and in them as many as you could wish of old Flemish masters, beginning with Peter Paul Rubens, who pervades the land of his birth very much as Michael Angelo pervades Florence and Rome.

And these dim places of Catholic worship were generously open to all, every day and all day long, and never empty of worshippers, high and low, prostrate in the dust, or kneeling with their arms extended and their heads in the air, their wide-open, immovable, unblinking eyes hypnotized into stone by the cross and the crown of thorns. Mostly peasant women, these: with their black hoods falling from their shoulders, and stiff little close white caps that hid the hair.

Out of cool shadowy recesses of fretted stone and admirably carved wood emanations seemed to rise as from the long forgotten past—tons of incense burnt hundreds of years ago, and millions of closely packed supplicants, rich and poor, following each other in secula seculorum! Lady Caroline spent many of her hours haunting these crypts—and praying there.

At the back of their house in the rue des Ursulines Blanches, Barty's bedroom window overlooked the playground of the convent "des Sœurs Rédemptoristines": all noble ladies, most beautifully dressed in scarlet and ultramarine, with long snowy veils, and who were waited upon by non-noble sisters in garments of a like hue but less expensive texture.

So at least said little Finche Torfs, the daughter of the house—little Frau, as Lady Caroline called her, and who seems to have been one of the best creatures in the world; she became warmly attached to both her lodgers, who reciprocated the feeling in full; it was her chief pleasure to wait on them and look after them at all times of the day, though Lady Caroline had already a devoted maid of her own.

Little Frau's father was a well-to-do burgher, with a prosperous ironmongery in the "Petit Brul."

This was his private house, where he pursued his hobby, for he was an amateur photographer, very fond of photographing his kind and simple-minded old wife, who was always attired in rich Brussels silks and Mechelen lace on purpose. She even cooked in them, though not for her lodgers, whose mid-day and evening meals were sent from "La Cigogne," close by, in four large round tins that fitted into each other, and were carried in a wicker-work cylindrical basket. And it was little Frau's delight to descant on the qualities of the menu as she dished and served it. I will not attempt to do so.

But after little Frau had cleared it all away, Barty would descant on the qualities of certain English dishes he remembered, to the immense amusement of Aunt Caroline, who was reasonably fond of what is good to eat.

He would paint in words (he was better in words than any other medium—oil, water, or distemper) the boiled leg of mutton, not overdone; the mashed turnips; the mealy potato; the caper sauce. He would imitate the action of the carver, and the sound of the carving-knife making its first keen cut while the hot pink gravy runs down the sides. Then he would wordily paint a French roast chicken and its rich brown gravy and its water-cresses; the pommes sautées; the crisp curly salade aux fines herbes! And Lady Caroline, still hungry, would laugh till her eyes watered, as well as her mouth.

When it came to the sweets, the apple puddings and gooseberry pies and Devonshire cream and brown sugar, there was no more laughing, for then Barty's talent soared to real genius—and genius is a serious thing. And as to his celery and Stilton cheese— But there! it's lunch-time, and I'm beginning to feel a little peckish myself. . . .

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Every morning when it was fine Barty and his aunt would take an airing round the town, which was enclosed by a ditch, where there was good skating in the winter, on long skates that went very fast, but couldn't cut figures, 8 or 3!

There were no fortifications or ramparts left. But a few of the magnificent old brick gateways still remained, admitting you to the most wonderful old streets with tall pointed houses — clean little slums, where women sat on their doorsteps making the most beautiful lace in the world—odd nooks and corners and narrow ways where it was easy to lose one's self, small as the town really was; innumerable little toy bridges over toy canals one could have leaped at a bound, overlooked by quaint, irregular little dwellings, of colors that had once been as those of the rainbow, but which time had mellowed into divine harmonies, as it does all it touches — from grand old masters to oak palings round English parks; from Venice to Mechelen and its lace; from a disappointed first love to a great sorrow.

Occasionally a certain distinguished old man of soldierlike aspect would pass them on horseback, and gaze at their two tall British figures with a look of curious and benign interest—as if he mentally wished them well, and well away from this drear limbo of penitence and exile and expiation.

They learnt that he was French, and a famous general, and that his name was Changarnier—and they understood that public virtue has to be atoned for.

And he somehow got into the habit of bowing to them with a good smile, and they would smile and bow back again. Beyond this they never exchanged a word, but this little outward show and ceremony of kindly look and sympathetic gesture always gave them a pleasant moment and helped to pass the morning.

All the people they met were to Lady Caroline like people in a dream: silent priests; velvet-footed nuns, who were much to her taste; quiet peasant women, in black cloaks and hoods, driving bullock-carts or carts drawn by dogs, six or eight of these inextricably harnessed together and panting for dear life; blue-bloused men in French caps, but bigger and blonder than Frenchmen, and less given to epigrammatic repartee, with mild, blue, beery eyes, *à fleur de tête*, and a look of health and stolid amiability; sturdy green-coated little soldiers with cock-feathered brigand hats of shiny black, the brim turned up over the right eye and ear that they might the more conveniently take a good aim at the foe before he skedaddled at the mere sight of them; fat, comfortable burgesses and their wives, so like their ancestors who drink beer out of long glasses and smoke long clay pipes on the walls of the Louvre and the National Gallery that they seemed like old friends; and quaint old heavy children who didn't make much noise!

And whenever they spoke French to you, these good people, they said "savez-vous?" every other second; and whenever they spoke Flemish to each other it sounded so much like your own tongue as it is spoken in the north of England that you wondered why on earth you couldn't understand a single word.

Now and then, from under a hood, a handsome dark face with Spanish eyes would peer out—eloquent of the past history of the Low Countries, which Barty knew much better than I. But I believe there was once a Spanish invasion or occupation of some kind, and I dare say the fair Belgians are none the worse for it to-day. (It might even have been good for some of us, perhaps, if that ill-starred Armada hadn't come so entirely to grief. I'm fond of big, tawny-black eyes.)

All this, so novel and so strange, was a perpetual feast for Lady Caroline. And they bought nice cheap savory things on the way home, to eke out the lunch from "la Cigogne."

In the afternoon Barty would take a solitary walk in the open country, or along one of those endless straight *chaussées*, paved in the middle, and bordered by equidistant poplars on either side, and leading from town to town, and the monotonous perspective of which is so desolating to heart and eye; backwards or forwards it is always the same, with a flat sameness of outlook to right and left, and every 450 seconds the chime would boom and flounder heavily by, with a dozen sharp railway whistles after it, like sword-fish after a whale, piercing it through and through.

Barty evidently had all this in his mind when he wrote the song of the seminarist in "Gleams," beginning:

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"'Twas April, and the sky was clear,
An east wind blowing keenly;
The sun gave out but little cheer
For all it shone serenely.
The way-side poplars, all arow,
For many a weary mile did throw
Down on the dusty flags below
Their shadows, picked out cleanly."
Etc., etc., etc.

(Isn't it just like Barty to begin a lyric that will probably last as long as the English language with an innocent jingle worthy of a school-boy?)

After dinner, in the evening, it was Lady Caroline's delight to read aloud, while Barty smoked his cigarettes and inexpensive cigars—a concession on her part to make him happy, and keep him as much with her as she could; and she grew even to like the smell so much that once or twice, when he went to Antwerp for a couple of days to stay with Tescheles, she actually had to burn some of his tobacco on a red-hot shovel, for the scent of it seemed to spell his name for her, and make his absence less complete.

Thus she read to him *Esmond*, *Hypatia*, *Never too Late to Mend*, *Les Maîtres Sonneurs*, *La Mare au Diable*, and other delightful books, English and French, which were sent once a week from a circulating library in Brussels. How they blessed thy name, good Baron Tauchnitz!

"Oh, Aunt Caroline, if I could *only* illustrate books! If I could only illustrate *Esmond*, and draw a passable Beatrix coming down the old staircase at Castlewood with her candle!" said Barty, one night.

That was not to be. Another was to illustrate *Esmond*—a poor devil who, oddly enough, was then living in the next street, and suffering from a like disorder.*

As a return, Barty would sing to her all he knew, in five languages—three of which neither of them quite understood—accompanying himself on the piano or guitar. Sometimes she would play for him accompaniments that were beyond his reach; for she was a decently taught musician who could read fairly well at sight—whereas Barty didn't know a single note, and picked up everything by ear. She practised these accompaniments every afternoon, as assiduously as any school-girl.

* ("Un malheureux, vêtu de noir,
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère . . ."—Ed.)

Then they would sit up very late, as they always had so much to talk about—what had just been read or played or sung, and many other things: the present, the past, and the future. All their old affection for each other had come back, trebled and quadrupled by pity on one side, gratitude on the other—and a little remorse on both. And there were long arrears to make up, and life was short and uncertain.

Sometimes l'Abbé Lefebvre, one of the professors at the séminaire and an old friend of Lady Caroline's, would come to drink tea, and talk politics, which ran high in Mechelen. He was a most accomplished and delightful Frenchman, who wrote poetry and adored Balzac—and even owned to a fondness for good old Paul de Kock, of whom it is said that when the news of his death reached Pius the Ninth, his Holiness dropped a tear and exclaimed,

"Mio caro Paolo di Kocco!"

Now and then the Abbé would bring with him a distinguished young priest, a Dominican—also a professor—Father Louis, of the princely house of Aremberg, who died a Cardinal three years ago.

Father Louis had an admirable and highly cultivated musical gift, and played to them Beethoven and Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, and Schumann—and this music, as long as it lasted (and for some time after), was to Barty as great a source of consolation as of unspeakable delight; and therefore to his aunt also. Though I'm afraid she preferred any little French song of Barty's to all the Schumanns in the world.

First of all, the priest would play the Moonlight Sonata, let us say; and Barty would lean back and listen with his eyes shut, and almost believe that Beethoven was talking to him like a father, and pointing out to him how small was the difference, really, between the greatest earthly joy and the greatest earthly sorrow: these were not like black and white, but merely different shades of gray, as on moonlit things a long way off! and Time, what a reconciler it was—like distance! and Death, what a perfect resolution of all possible discords, and how certain! and our own little life, how short, and without importance! what matters whether it's to-day, this small individual flutter of ours; or was a hundred years

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THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

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ago; or will be a hundred years hence! it has or had to be got through—and it's better past than to come.

"It all leads to the same divine issue, my poor friend," said Beethoven; "why, just see here—I'm stone-deaf, and can't hear a note of what I'm singing to you! But it is not about *that* I weep, when I am weeping. It was terrible when it first came on, my deafness, and I could no longer hear the shepherd's pipe or the song of the lark; but it's well worth going deaf, to hear all that *I* do. I have to write everything down, and read it to myself; and my tears fall on the ruled paper, and blister the lines, and make the notes run into each other; and when I try to blot it all out, there's that still left on the page which, turned into sound by good Father Louis the Dominican, will tell you, if you can only hear it aright, what is not to be told in any human speech; not even that of Plato, or Marcus Aurelius, or Erasmus, or Shakespeare; not even that of Christ himself, who speaks through me from His unknown grave, because I am deaf and cannot hear the distracting words of men — poor, paltry words at their best, which mean so many things at once that they mean just nothing at all. It's a Tower of Babel. Just stop your ears and listen with your heart and you will hear all that you can see when you shut your eyes or have lost them—and those are the only realities, mein armer Barty!"

Then the good Mozart would say:

"Lieber Barty — I'm so stupid about earthly things that I could never even say Boh to a goose, so I can't give you any good advice; all my heart overflowed into my brain when I was quite a little boy and made music for grown-up people to hear; from the day of my birth to my fifth birthday I had gone on remembering everything but learning nothing new —remembering all that music!

"And I went on remembering more and more till I was thirty-five; and even then there was such a lot more of it where that came from that it tired me to try and remember so much — and I went back thither. And thither back shall you go too, Barty—when you are some thirty years older!

"And you already know from me how pleasant life is there — how sunny and genial and gay; and how graceful and innocent and amiable and well-bred the natives—and what beautiful prayers we sing, and what lovely gavottes and minuets we dance — and how tenderly we make love — and what funny tricks we play! and how handsome and well dressed and kind we all are — and the likes of you, how welcome! Thirty years is soon over, Barty, Barty! Bel Mazetto! Ha, ha! good!"

Then says the good Schubert:

"I'm a loud, rollicking, beer-drinking Kerl, I am! Ich bin ein lustiger Student, mein Pardy; and full of droll practical jokes; worse than even you, when you were a young scapegrace in the Guards, and wrenched off knockers, and ran away with a poor policeman's hat! But I don't put my practical jokes into my music: if I did, I shouldn't be the poor devil I am! I'm very hungry when I go to bed, and when I wake up in the morning I have Katzenjammer (from an empty stomach), and a headache, and a heartache, and penitence and shame and remorse; and know there is nothing in this world or beyond it worth a moment's care but Love, Love, Love! Liebe, Liebe! The good love that knows neither concealment nor shame — from the love of the brave man for the pure maiden whom he weds, to the young nun's love of the Lord! and all the other good loves lie between these two, and are inside them, or come out of them, . . . and that's the love I put into my music. Indeed, my music is the only love I know, since I am not beautiful to the eye, and can only care for tunes! . . .

"But you, Pardy, are handsome and gallant and gay, and have always been well beloved by man and woman and child, and always will be; and know how to love back again — even a dog! however blind you go, you will always have that, the loving heart—and as long as you can hear and sing, you will always have my tunes to fall back upon. . ."

"And mine!" says Chopin. "If there's one thing sweeter than love, it's the sadness that it can't last! *she* loved me once —and now she loves *tout le monde!* and that's a little sweet melodic sadness of mine that will never fail you, as long as there's a piano within your reach, and a friend who knows how to play me on it for you to hear. You shall revel in my sadness till you forget your own. Oh! the sorrow of my sweet pipings! Whatever becomes of your eyes, keep your two

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ears for *my* sake; and for your sake too! You don't know what exquisite ears you've got. You are like me—you and I are made of silk, Barty—as other men are made of sackcloth; and their love, of ashes; and their joys, of dust!

"Even the good priest who plays me to you so glibly doesn't understand what I am talking about half so well as *you* do, who can't read a word I write! He had to learn my language note by note from the best music-master in Brussels. It's your mother-tongue! You learnt it as you sucked at your sweet young mother's breast, my poor love-child! And all through her, your ears, like your remaining eye, are worth a hatful of the common kind—and some day it will be the same with your heart and brain. . . ."

"Yes"—continues Schumann—"but you'll have to suffer first—like me, who will have to kill myself very soon; because I am going mad—and that's worse than any blindness! and like Beethoven who went deaf, poor demigod! and like all the rest of us who've been singing to you to-night; that's why our songs never pall—because we are acquainted with grief, and have good memories, and are quite sincere. The older you get, the more you will love us and our songs: other songs may come and go in the ear; but ours go ringing in the heart forever!"

In some such fashion did the great masters of tune and tone discourse to Barty through Father Louis's well-trained finger-tips. They always discourse to you a little about yourself, these great masters, always; and always in a manner pleasing to your self-love! The finger-tips (whosesoever finger-tips they be) have only to be intelligent and well trained, and play just what's put before them in a true, reverent spirit. Anything beyond may be unpardonable impertinence, both to the great masters and yourself.

Musicians will tell you that all this is nonsense from beginning to end; you mustn't believe musicians about music, nor wine-merchants about wine—but vice versa!

When Father Louis got up from the music-stool, the Abbé would say to Barty, in his delightful pure French,

"And now, mon ami—just for *me*, you know—a little song of autrefois."

"All right, M. l'Abbé—I will sing you the 'Adelaïde' of Beethoven . . . . if Father Louis will play for me."

"Oh, non, mon ami, do not throw away such a beautiful organ as yours on such really beautiful music, which doesn't want it; it would be sinful waste; it's not so much the tune that I want to hear as the fresh young voice; sing me something French, something light, something amiable and droll; that I may forget the song, and only remember the singer."

"All right, M. l'Abbé," and Barty sings a delightful little song by Gustave Nadaud, called "Petit bonhomme vit encore."

And the good Abbé is in the seventh heaven, and quite forgets to forget the song.

And so, cakes and wine, and good-night—and M. l'Abbé goes humming all the way home. . . .

"Hé, quoi! pour des peccadilles
Gronder ces pauvres amours?
Les femmes sont si gentilles,
Et l'on n'aime pas toujours!
C'est bonhomme
Qu'on me nomme. . . .
Ma gaîté, c'est mon trésor!
Et bonhomme vit encore—
Et bonhomme vit encore!"

An extraordinary susceptibility to musical sound was growing in Barty since his trouble had overtaken him, and with it an extraordinary sensitiveness to the troubles of other people, their partings and bereavements and wants, and aches and pains, even those of people he didn't know; and especially the woes of children, and dogs and cats and horses, and aged folk—and all the live things that have to be driven to market and killed for our eating—or shot at for our fun!

All his old loathing of sport had come back, and he was getting his old dislike of meat once more, and to sicken at the sight of a butcher's shop; and the sight of a blind man stirred him to the depths . . . . even when he learnt how happy a blind man can be!

These unhappy things that can't be helped preoccupied him as if he had been twenty, thirty, fifty years older; and the world seemed suddenly grim a shocking place, a gray, bleak, melancholy hell where there was nothing but sadness, and badness, and madness.

And bit by bit, but very soon, all his old trust in an all-merciful, all-powerful ruler of the universe fell from him; he shed it like an old skin; it sloughed itself away; and with it all his old conceit of himself as a very fine fellow, taller,

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handsomer, cleverer than anybody else, "bar two or three"! Such darling beliefs are the best stays we can have; and he found life hard to face without them.

And he got as careful of his aunt Caroline, and as anxious about her little fads and fancies and ailments, as if he'd been an old woman himself.

Imagine how she grew to dote on him!

And he quite lost his old liability to sudden freaks and fits of noisy fractiousness about trifles—when he would stamp and rave and curse and swear, and be quite pacified in a moment: "*Soupe-au-lait*," as he was nicknamed in Troplong's studio!

Besides his seton and his cuppings, dry and wet, and his blisters on his arms and back, and his mustard poultices on his feet and legs, and his doses of mercury and alteratives, he also had to deplete himself of blood three times a week by a dozen or twenty leeches behind his left ear and on his temple. All this softens and relaxes the heart towards others, as a good tonic will harden it.

So that he looked a mere shadow of his former self when I went over to spend my Christmas with him.

And his eye was getting worse instead of better; at night he couldn't sleep for the fireworks it let off in the dark. By day the trouble was even worse, as it so interfered with the sight of the other eye—even if he wore a patch, which he hated. He never knew peace but when his aunt was reading to him in the dimly lighted room, and he forgot himself in listening.

Yet he was as lively and droll as ever, with a wan face as eloquent of grief as any face I ever saw; he had it in his head that the right eye would go the same way as the left. He could no longer see the satellites of Jupiter with it; hardly Jupiter itself, except as a luminous blur; indeed, it was getting quite near-sighted, and full of spots and specks and little movable clouds—*muscæ volitantes*, as I believe they are called by the faculty. He was always on the lookout for new symptoms, and never in vain; and his burden was as much as he could bear.

He would half sincerely long for death, of which he yet had such a horror that he was often tempted to kill himself to get the bother of it well over at once. The idea of death *in the dark*, however remote—an idea that constantly haunted him as his own most probable end—so appalled him that it would stir the roots of his hair!

Lady Caroline confided to me her terrible anxiety, which she managed to hide from him. She herself had been to see M. Noiret, who was no longer so confident and cocksure about recovery.

I went to see him too, without letting Barty know. I did not like the man—he was stealthy in look and manner, and priestly and feline and sleek: but he seemed very intelligent, and managed to persuade me that no other treatment was even to be thought of.

I inquired about him in Brussels, and found his reputation was of the highest. What could I do? I knew nothing of such things! And what a responsibility for me to volunteer advice!

I could see that my deep affection for Barty was a source of immense comfort to Lady Caroline, for whom I conceived a great and warm regard, besides being very much charmed with her.

She was one of those gentle, genial, kindly, intelligent women of the world, absolutely natural and sincere, in whom it is impossible not to confide and trust.

When I left off talking about Barty, because there was really nothing more to say, I fell into talking about myself: it was irresistible—she *made* one! I even showed her Leah's last photograph, and told her of my secret aspirations; and she was so warmly sympathetic and said such beautiful things to me about Leah's face and aspect and all they promised of good that I have never forgotten them, and never shall—they showed such a prophetic insight! they fanned a flame that needed no fanning, good heavens! and rang in my ears and my heart all the way to Barge Yard, Bucklersbury—while my eyes were full of Barty's figure as he again watched me depart by the *Baron Osy* from the Quai de la Place Verte in Antwerp; a sight that wrung me, when I remembered what a magnificent figure of a youth he looked as he left the wharf at London Bridge on the Boulogne steamer, hardly more than two short years ago.

When I got back to London, after spending my Christmas holiday with Barty, I found the beginning of a little trouble of my own.

My father was abroad; my mother and sister were staying with some friends in Chiselhurst, and after having settled all

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ENTER MR SCATCHERD.

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business matters in Barge Yard I called at the Gibsons', in Tavistock Square, just after dusk. Mrs. Gibson and Leah were at home, and three or four young men were there, also calling. There had been a party on Christmas eve.

I'm afraid I did not think much, as a rule, of the young men I met at the Gibsons'. They were mostly in business, like myself, and why I should have felt at all supercilious I can't quite see! But I did. Was it because I was very tall, and dressed by Barty's tailor, in Jermyn Street? Was it because I knew French? Was it because I was a friend of Barty the Guardsman, who had never been supercilious towards anybody in his life? Or was it those maternally ancestral Irish Blakes of Derrydown stirring within me?

The simplest excuse I can make for myself is that I was a young snob, and couldn't help it. Many fellows are at that age. Some grow out of it, and some don't. And the Gibsons were by way of spoiling me, because I was Leah's bosom friend's brother, and I gave myself airs in consequence.

As I sat perfectly content, telling Leah all about poor Barty, another visitor was announced—a Mr. Scatcherd, whom I didn't know; but I saw at a glance that it would not do to be supercilious with Mr. Scatcherd. He was quite as tall as I, for one thing, if not taller. His tailor might have been Poole himself; and he was extremely good-looking, and had all the appearance and manners of a man of the world. He might have been a Guardsman. He was not that, it seemed—only a barrister.

He had been at Eton, had taken his degree at Cambridge, and ignored me just as frankly as I ignored Tom, Dick, and Harry—whoever they were; and I didn't like it at all. He ignored everybody but Leah and her mamma: her papa was not there. It turned out that he was the only son of the great wholesale furrier in Ludgate Hill, the largest house of the kind in the world, with a branch in New York and another in Quebec or Montreal. He had been called to the bar to please a whim of his father's.

He had been at the Gibson party on Christmas eve, and had paid Leah much attention there; and came to tell them that his mother hoped to call on Mrs. Gibson on the following day. I was savagely glad that he did not succeed in monopolizing Leah; not even I could do that. She was kind to us all round, and never made any differences in her own house.

Mr. Scatcherd soon took his departure, and it was then that I heard all about him.

There was no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were immensely flattered by the civilities of this very important and somewhat consequential young man, and those of his mother, which were to follow; for within a week the Gibsons and Leah dined with Mr. and Mrs. Scatcherd in Portland Place.

On this occasion Mr. Gibson was, as usual, very funny, it seems. Whether his fun was appreciated I doubt, for he confided to me that Mr. Scatcherd senior was a pompous and stuck-up old ass. People have such different notions of what is funny. Nobody roared at Mr. Gibson's funniments more than I did—but he was Leah's papa.

> "Let him joke his belly full,
> I'll bear it all for Sally!"

Young Scatcherd was fond of his joke too—a kind of supersubtly satirical Cambridgy banter that was not to my taste at all; for I am no Cantab, and the wit of the London Stock Exchange is subtle enough for me. His father did not joke. Indeed he was full of useful information, and only too fond of imparting it, and he always made use of the choicest language in doing so; and Mrs. Scatcherd was immensely genteel.

Young Scatcherd became the plague of my life. The worst of it is that he grew quite civil—seemed to take a liking. His hobby was to become a good French scholar, and he practised his French—which was uncommonly good of its English kind—on me. And I am bound to say that his manners were so agreeable (when he wasn't joking), and he was such a thoroughly good fellow, that it was impossible to snub him; besides, he wouldn't have cared if I had.

Once or twice he actually asked me to dine with him at his club, and I actually did—and actually he with me, at mine! And we spoke French all through dinner, and I taught him a lot of French schoolboy slang, with which he was delighted. Then he came to see me in Barge Yard, and I even introduced him to my mother and sister, who couldn't help being charmed with him. He was fond of the best music

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only (he had no ear whatever, and didn't know a note), and only cared for old pictures—the National Gallery, and all that; and read no novels but French—Balzac and George Sand; and that only for practice; for he was a singularly pure young man, the purest in all Cambridge, and in those days I thought him a quite unforgivable prig.

So Scatcherd was in my thoughts all day and in my dreams all night—a kind of incubus; and my mother made herself very unhappy about him, on Leah's account and mine; except that now and then she would fancy it was Ida he was thinking of. And that would have pleased my mother very much; and me too!

His mother called on mine, who returned the call—but there was no invitation for us to dine in Portland Place.

Nothing of all this interrupted for a moment the bosom-friendship between my sister and Leah; nothing ever altered the genial sweetness of Leah's manners to me, nor indeed the cordiality of her parents: Mr. Gibson could not get on without that big guffaw of mine, at whatever he looked or said or did; no Scatcherd could laugh as loudly and as readily as I! But I was very wretched indeed, and poured out my woes to Barty in long letters of poetical Blaze, and he would bid me hope and be of good cheer in his droll way; and a Blaze letter from him would hearten me up wonderfully—till I was told of Leah's going to the theatre with Mrs. Scatcherd and her son, or saw his horses and groom parading up and down Tavistock Square while he was at the Gibsons', or heard of his dining there without Ida or me!

Then one fine day in April (the first, I verily believe) young Scatcherd proposed to Leah—and was refused—unconditionally refused—to the deep distress and dismay of her father and mother, who had thoroughly set their hearts on this match; and no wonder!

But Leah was an obstinate young woman, it seems, and thoroughly knew her own mind, though she was so young—not seventeen.

Was I a happy man? Ah, wasn't I! I was sent to Bordeaux by my father that very week on business—and promised myself I would soon be quite as good a catch or match as Scatcherd himself. I found Bordeaux the sunniest, sweetest town I had ever been in—and the Bordelais the jolliest men on earth; and as for the beautiful Bordelaises—ma foi! they might have been monkeys, for me! There was but one woman among women—one lily among flowers—everything else was a weed!

Poor Scatcherd! when I met him, a few days later, he must have been struck by the sudden warmth of my friendship—the quick idiomatic cordiality of my French to him. This mutual friendship of ours lasted till his death, in '88. And so did our mutual French!

Except Barty, I never loved a man better; two years after his refusal by Leah he married my sister—a happy marriage, though a childless one: and except myself, Barty never had a more devoted friend. And now to Barty I will return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FLIRT.

BY SARAH STIRLING McENERY.

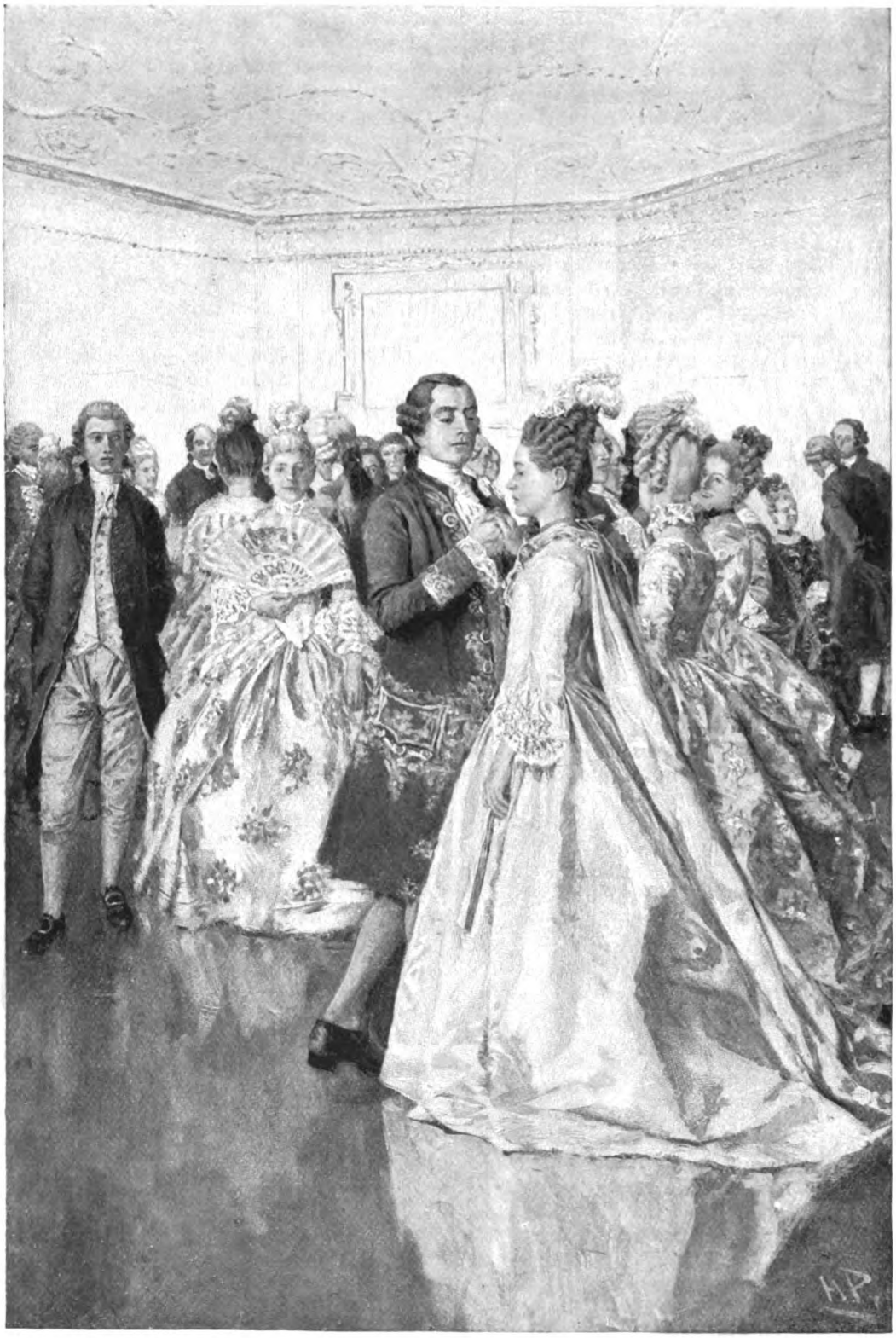
O LITTLE brook
Of modest look
Coquetting with the sky,
And wearing blue
His love to woo,—
No other reason why,—

Or else bedight
In fleecy white
To fit his cloudy mood,
To his great eye
Beseeming shy
As maiden in a hood.

Ah, had he seen
Thy dress of green
When loitering by the trees;
Thy ruffled skirt,
Thou winsome flirt,
When dancing with the breeze;

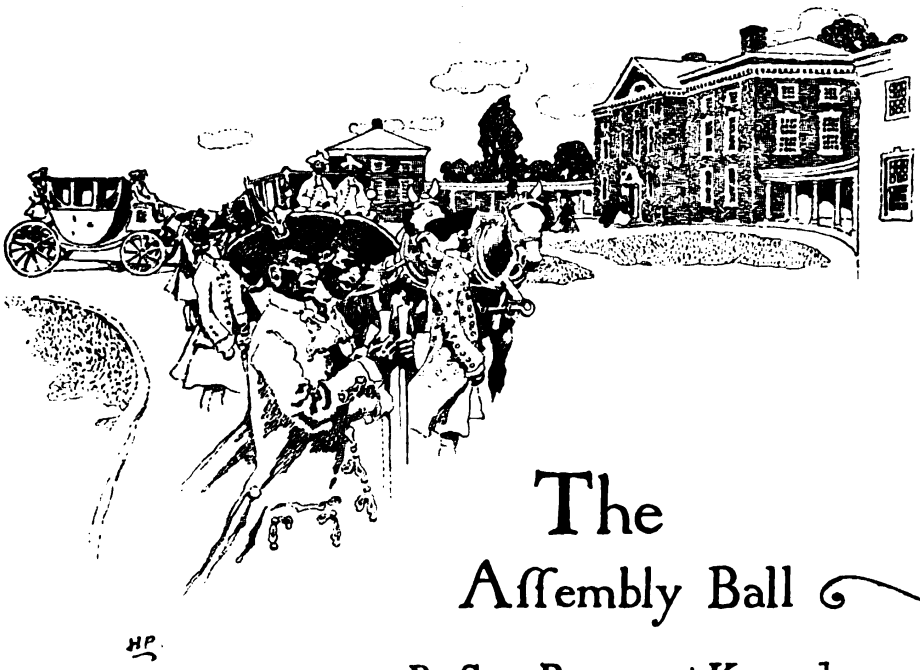
Thy countless hues
Of pinks and blues,
When at the iris place,—
I think no more
At eve he'd pour
Star-kisses on thy face.

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THE ASSEMBLY BALL.

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The Assembly Ball

By Sara Beavmont Kennedy

IT was the rankest nonsense to give the child a frivolous name like Dolly when there was such a stock of substantial family names to choose from. Aunt Maria said this openly, and Aunt Hannah Jane and Aunt Penelope nodded assent, casting reproachful glances the while toward the cradle beside which stood the pale young mother, upon her face that divine light with which painters limn the Madonna.

From time immemorial there had been Betsies and Marthas and Hannahs and Dorothies in the two families, but no Griffin, and for that matter no Bryan, had ever borne so silly a name as Dolly, "and no good would come of it," Aunt Hannah Jane protested as the child fretted through its season of teething. She said it again when, a pinafored miss, Dolly pouted over her knitting and made mouths at her sampler. And yet again, with added emphasis, she repeated it when, at the age of eighteen, the girl turned away her cousin Griffin Roberts, the *parti* chosen of her elders, and despite the opposition of mother, father, three aunts, and two uncles, had smiled coyly upon Roger Winston, a square-jawed, serious-faced young Hercules from Halifax borough, far away on the Roanoke.

Every fault the girl had, everything that went amiss with her conduct, from the dropped stitches in her knitting to this affair with Roger, was laid by her exacting aunts at the door of her name. So persistent were they in this assertion that Mistress Bryan, whose opinions were usually formed from those of her two older sisters, sometimes herself questioned the wisdom of her choice. And yet anything less winsome would have been out of accord with the girl's personality. To have called that soft-eyed, rose-faced damsel, with her cooing voice and pretty, clinging ways, Maria or Hannah Jane would have seemed almost a sacrilege. Dolly suited her as nothing else could; suited her fawnlike eyes, her diminutive figure, her dimpled daintiness. She was the only girl in the connection — Aunt Maria and Aunt Hannah Jane having each only a houseful of boys—and she was adored accordingly. Accustomed from babyhood to this adoration she accepted it as her natural right, and was no doubt a little spoiled withal, only the family never knew it. That is, no one suspected it until she began to quarrel with Griffin; then it was Aunt Maria who discovered it and failed not to enlighten the others.

"'Tis the humoring and petting she

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gets that makes her give herself such airs," she declared, tossing her head until her high coiffure was like to lose its powder. "Why else should she quarrel with my Griffin? He was good enough for her till last May-day. 'Tis the petting, I say."

"Nay, nay," retorted her older sister; "'tis the name; I always said no good would come of it. A thoughtless, feather-brained girl like that needs have a sober name to steady her, just as a ship should have its ballast. Depend upon it, Maria, 'tis the name."

"Nonsense; 'tis the petting. Methought from the first that Providence mistook in sending the girl to Betsy; she is that lenient she has spoiled her in the raising."

Aunt Penelope, who sat listening, only laughed, knowing full well who helped to do the spoiling, and what a storm Betsy would have raised had she ever subjected the little maid to severe discipline.

Now Mistress Penelope had never married. Twenty-five years before, when she was a light-hearted girl, one Jonathan Green had wooed her ardently. He won her heart but not her hand, for some lovers' quarrelling arising she sent him away in a pet on the eve of their marriage, rendering him thus a laughing-stock for the town.

"As you will," he had said, bowing low at her door. "But hark you, Mistress Penelope, I like not a trifler, and 'twill be many a day ere I speak to you in this wise again."

She had thought to see him return when his anger was spent, but he was of an unforgiving disposition, and so kept his distance; and she, perceiving this, retained her coldness of demeanor, and so the breach had widened between them until they never met save by accident, and then always most formally. He did not take to drink or go abroad or rush into another marriage, or do any of the hasty things men are like to do under similar circumstances. On the contrary, he settled down to business, and the whole affair slipped gradually from public memory. The years went by, and Jonathan grew gray and rich and taciturn, and the sadness in Mistress Penelope's eyes softened to habitual pensiveness.

Perchance it was this experience that gave to Mistress Penelope's manner an added gentleness, for of all her relatives Dolly loved her the best; and it was to her she had gone with a shy half-confidence in the days that followed the May festival when Roger Winston had whispered such tender things into her ear as she sat beside him under the green-wood trees. Before that, Griffin had been all-sufficient for her; his effeminacy was overlooked, his readiness to yield to her opinion was most convenient, and his boyish love-making left no unsatisfied longings in her heart. She really liked him very much better than any of the young men who hovered about her, fearing to make love to her because it was so generally understood that she was set aside for Griffin. But from the day the grave-faced but ardent-tongued stranger from Halifax town had selected her to share the honors his prowess in the games of the day had won him there had been a change in her. Griffin's devotion was wearying, and the unspoken admiration of those who stood aloof on his account filled her with disdain. By contrast how striking and picturesque was the wooing of Roger Winston, who asked no favors of his rivals and gave no quarter! Quite sufficient for him were the two facts that Dolly was lovable and beautiful. He did not stop to ask if there were an accepted suitor in the field; he did not even care; so long as the maid was unwed the lists were open, and if he upon whom she had formally smiled could not hold her against all competitors, why, so much the worse for him, and so much the better for the new-comer.

Dolly received his compliments at first soberly, albeit with a secret thrill, telling herself she had no right to listen because of Griffin. But Roger made her listen by sheer force of will and eloquence, until by-and-by she began to question with herself Griffin's right to her loyalty. They had always been sweethearts, ever since she could remember, and it was understood that one day they would be married. Grandpa, who died before Dolly was born, had by some whim left a certain valuable property jointly to Maria's and Betsy's eldest children; and grandma in her will bequeathed her silver tea set to the same two heirs. Aunt Maria thought at the time that it was a pity the silver set should be broken; but when Betsy's baby proved to be a girl the whole matter was made plain before her, for she saw the hand of Providence moving mys-

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teriously to reunite that sugar-bowl to its attendant cream-jug and teapot. It seemed equally desirable that grandpa's legacy should not be divided, and so from the first it was an accepted idea in the family and the community that Dolly and Griffin were intended for each other.

But following the first timid remonstrance with her conscience after that May-day, Dolly began to tell herself that, after all, there was no positive promise between her and Griffin. Only the slack thread of a tacit understanding bound her, and that was elastic enough to admit of much stretching. It stretched so far that she speedily ceased to reproach herself for lending an ear to Roger's fine speeches, and showed for that gentleman himself a most marked preference. During the summer he came again and again to the town between the two rivers, and her tremulous welcome blotted out the memory of weary miles in the saddle, for New Berne and Halifax borough lay many leagues apart, and the country between was little else than a wilderness of virgin forest.

It was after the third visit that Griffin's jealousy took fire, and in the scene that followed Dolly told him frankly she was not to be bound by so flimsy a tie as an assumed pledge. The sparring between the two ended in an open breach, the news of which filled the family circle with consternation. They met in grave conclave in Mistress Bryan's parlor and summoned the culprit to appear before them. Father and mother remonstrated as became their authority; Aunt Penelope shook her head tearfully, thinking of her own lost happiness; Aunt Maria rated her soundly, pointing out Griffin's disappointment; and Aunt Hannah Jane said spitefully that nothing else was to be expected of a girl with such a name. But pretty Dolly only pouted her red lips and tore her kerchief into shreds, and drew upon herself more of contumely by laughing openly at Griffin's sullen appearance and mocking his lackadaisical tone. The conference broke up in dismay, and Dolly was sent to her room to meditate in solitude upon her wilfulness and to repent of her disobedience. But instead she sat all day by the window and sang the tenderest love-songs that she knew; and the lilting voice dropping down from the vine-wreathed casement filled the air with a subtle charm of suggestion, and carried consternation to the hearts of her elders. They urged an immediate marriage with Griffin, and threatened a diet of bread and water to reduce her to submission. But she only laughed the more and made faces at her would-be husband, who, truth to tell, with the management of the whole affair taken out of his hands by the elder women folk, cut but a sorry figure in her eyes.

The reason for this opposition on the part of her family was twofold. In the first place, they were of honest opinion that she did not know her own mind, and was like to ruin her life through a caprice. Then there came in the question of family. Her people had been gentle-folk in the home country, and brought across the sea as part and parcel of their household gods the pride and traditions of the great families of Spencer and Throckmorton, while Roger was of humbler origin.

"Tut, tut, child, 'twill never do. Why, his grandsire was a farrier out Nottingham way. I mind me now how the sign looked when as a lad I travelled that road with my father—'*Peter Winston*,' with a horseshoe above and below the words."

"A horseshoe keeps away the witches, papa," said Dolly, with a coaxing smile; then added, seeing her father's face did not brighten, "well, an his grandsire were a farrier in Nottingham, his father is the King's magistrate in Carolina, and his mother was a Vancourtland of Virginia, and there be no better people in the colony than they."

"Ay, and a fine fuss there was when she married Winston. Her father scarce spoke to her for a year."

"But he forgave her, and loves his grandson dearly. And Roger is counted a great man in Halifax town, wellnigh as great as you are here in New Berne."

She patted his hard red cheeks and kissed the bald spot on top of his head, as was her wont when she wanted any favor at his hands. But this time her wheedling was in vain, for Samuel Bryan, big, bluff man that he was, stood much in awe of his womenkind. He therefore beat a hasty retreat, and left her to her mother and her aunts, who, having determined every event of her life, from the putting on of her first pinafores to the wonderful change to grown-up gowns, deemed themselves judges of what was wise for her in the marriage line.

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In October Roger came again, and formally asked her hand of her father, and got a curt refusal for his pains. So much as even a word with the maid herself was denied him, and he was descending the steps quite dejectedly when a rose dropped from the balcony above and struck him softly upon the arm. That night a passionate love-letter, weighted with a jewelled buckle torn hastily from his knee, found its way to that same balcony; and the next day Dolly's song had in it a new note of ecstasy. Much her mother marvelled at the light-hearted lay, for only the roses shared with Dolly the knowledge of the letter, and roses tell no secrets.

The days went by and Roger, who had lingered in the town, made no headway against the obstacles in his path; nor was he allowed speech with Dolly, who went not abroad save with her mother or one of her aunts. But he was not to be so entirely thwarted, for one day as she took her constitutional along the river-front, with only Aunt Maria as her escort, Roger came boldly to her other side, saluting her companion with scrupulous courtesy. Then ignoring that lady's frowns and angry whispers and even her very presence, he began forthwith, as if they two were all alone, to make the most open and violent love to Mistress Dolly, who dimpled and smiled and cast down her fawnlike eyes and answered in soft monosyllables.

Finding her reproaches and commands fall upon unheeding ears, and her presence set at naught, Aunt Maria seized the girl by the arm and hurried her home. But Roger kept beside her and went on with his wooing. It was only when he had set the gate ajar for them that he again saluted the elder woman as though just recalling her presence; then stooping lower he left a kiss upon Mistress Dolly's hand, which she had graciously yielded him, and for which imprudence her aunt was near to shaking her upon the public street. This affair brought about another family consultation, as a result of which the girl took her exercise in the garden; and worse still, a special day began to be talked of for her nuptials with Griffin.

One day, as a last argument, Aunt Penelope, opening for the first time in years a certain brass-bound box in the attic, showed Dolly the wedding-gown that had been sewed for her so many years gone by, and told her the story that went with it—a pathetic story, with an odor about it of faded flowers like those yellowing upon the folds of the gown.

"The case was not unlike your own, my dear, for I was betrothed to Jonathan and yet gave ear to what Asa Ellis had to say of love. It was naughty, very naughty, of course, but then Asa had such a way with women. We quarrelled about him, Jonathan and I, and nothing has ever gone exactly right since."

There were tears as well as dead rose leaves on the faded dress as Mistress Penelope laid it softly in its accustomed place.

"It will never be used now, unless perchance they bury me in it," she said, wistfully, with a last caressing touch ere the trunk lid descended. "Say naught to Hannah Jane of this; she knows not that I have kept the gown; she has no patience with any sort of weakness, and would only laugh," she whispered, as they came down the garret stair.

And looking at the slender figure, the flushed cheeks, and shining eyes, Dolly realized for the first time that her aunt was not an old woman, and with this knowledge there came a quick wonder if indeed it were too late to mend the broken romance. Even Roger was forgotten amid these new thoughts, and that evening when Jonathan Green passed down the street she leaned over the garden wall with a sudden purpose forming in her mind, and accosted him.

"A fair evening to you, Master Green."

"Good-day, little maid," he answered, with his stately courtesy, marvelling the while that she stopped him thus.

"'Tis a beautiful sunset," she said, hesitatingly, and waved her hand to the west.

"Truly it is," he replied, with his surprised eyes on her rather than on the clouds.

"Will you—will you not come in and —and see my roses?" she asked, desperately, as he was moving on. "Aunt Penelope is farther down the walk gathering some more to put in this basket for the Governor's lady. This is the finest bud in the garden; I think she must have laid it aside for some one of whom she is very fond," and Dolly smiled insidiously as she held up a great pink-hearted blossom.

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With his hat still in his hand he looked up at her from the street below, his brow darkening with a sudden frown. Then straightening his spare figure, he answered, gravely: "For some one of whom she is fond? Then it is doubtless full of the very sharpest thorns; you had best handle it carefully, little maid."

And ere Dolly could frame an answer he was half-way down the block, pacing briskly along, with his shoulders thrown back. The next afternoon, however, when he reached that special part of the wall he stopped and looked up; then rising cautiously on tiptoe—for the garden was higher than the street—he peeped into the shrubbery, wondering from which particular bush that rose had been plucked.

Dolly was much taken aback by this first failure, but not utterly discouraged as to the plan she had concocted, but the growing talk of her own marriage crowded it for a while from her thoughts.

"She will never say Griffin nay when the gowns from Philadelphia come," said Aunt Maria, confidently.

But her mother shook her head; she began to realize the set purpose underlying the girl's seeming obstinacy. She would die an old maid, Dolly began to say with flagging spirits when winter had come and there were no roses at her casement and no letters upon her balcony; for after another violent scene with her father Roger had gone back to his Halifax home, and no word reached her concerning him. The suspicious redness about her eyes smote her mother and Aunt Penelope with consternation, but Samuel Bryan said, oracularly, "Horseshoes make not a fair coat of arms"; and so the wedding preparations went on slowly.

Toward the middle of December a divertisement came in shape of the Assembly ball. This function was to take place for the first time in the Governor's new palace, and Lady Tryon was preparing to dazzle the members with the splendor of her levee. Nothing else was talked of for weeks; wild rumors of her Ladyship's extravagance went the rounds, and gave occasion in the lulls of dress-making for rare bits of gossip. The number of fowls reported to have been ordered for the feast would have fed an army in the wilderness, to say nothing of the sweets being prepared by the pastrymen.

Mistress Tempe Nall, the spare little mantua-maker, was for obvious reasons the most popular woman in the town, surpassing even Lady Tryon in importance. Her small front room focussed the gossip of the day, for while snipping and cutting and basting she assiduously gathered from each new-comer scraps of information, which were duly passed to the next customer, with just enough change of flavor to make them appetizing. She was in everybody's confidence, and her news was always the latest, her gossip the raciest of its kind.

The whole community was in an ecstasy of expectation. Boats that came to the wharves brought huge boxes for the wealthier dames who had sent their orders abroad, while the home merchants found plenty to do in supplying the needs of those less fortunate. The streets were thronged with runners and messengers bearing bundles and boxes; and in the secrecy of their apartments grand dames, with powdered coiffures and nodding plumes, practised minuet steps and stately courtesies before their mirrors.

The excitement ran high in the house on Pollock Street, where the vine, reft of its blossoms, still wreathed Dolly's window in tremulous green. It was to be her first ball, and the ache in her heart was for the time abated by the delight of choosing the pink satin gown in which she was to bewitch half the ballroom. There was, after all, much of the coquette in Mistress Dolly, and albeit she was wearying for Roger, she was not averse to the compliments she was sure to receive on so grand an occasion. Besides, the thought had come to her that perchance Roger might be present: all the country-side was sending its quota of guests; why not Halifax borough? And when the final day came and she heard no word of him among the arrivals, her face took on a rueful cast, and she was half inclined to stop at home. But as she sat before the glass, with Aunt Penelope's deft hands twisting her blond locks into shape, her excitement began to revive, and by the time the last fastening of the pink satin had been secured it was at fever-heat. Coming down the stair, one hand upon the banister, her unfurled fan high in the other and her head turned slightly to catch the frou-frou of her skirts upon the steps, she made so ravishing a picture that Griffin, waiting below, smote his hands together and cried out

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his admiration. In the parlor, with the entire connection as spectators—for in all she did they needs must bear a part—she went pirouetting about like a freed butterfly, winding up with a grand flourish of fan and skirts and ribbons before the long mirror that filled the niche between the two windows. Then her father pompously tucked her arm under his, and with Griffin on the other side, and aunts, uncles, and cousins forming a procession in the rear, she went away to the ball.

The palace glowed with light and blossomed with flowers, and no fairer company had ever assembled in the colony, for the entire province sent its highest and mightiest. And through this brilliant throng the smiling maid in the rose-hued gown led Griffin a weary chase.

There were plenty of partners, and she had already danced twice, when suddenly in the open doorway she saw Roger standing with Mistress Esther Wake, a celebrated beauty of the province. There was a quick catch of her breath, and her rose of a face sparkled with its welcoming smile. To her amazement his answering salute betrayed no sign of enthusiasm, and he immediately continued his conversation with his fair partner, toying with her flowers and bending toward her in the most deferential manner; and when another gallant claimed her attention he went straight to Anita Burgwyn, passing on his way the settee upon which Dolly sat with Aunt Penelope. Her dismay turned to a dull pain as she watched him unfurl Anita's fan and bend smilingly over her hand. The pain grew as the hour passed and he still kept away from her, devoting himself to her companions. The experience was so new and she so unused to self-control that at first she gave way to the cloying misery that had seized her, and complaining of a headache, she sat between her two aunts, declining with scant speech her would-be partners. But presently a reaction set in; the color came again to her cheeks, she laughed and chatted extravagantly, and her little feet would not stay still for sheer excitement. The admirers who half an hour ago had been repulsed were now received so graciously as to make them forget the past slight; and she hung upon Griffin's arm and smiled into his face in such a way as to reawaken hope and stir anew the embers of his passion.

"Methought," whispered Aunt Maria, approvingly, "that by-and-by she'd find who 'twas that most deserved her good graces. That disagreeable fellow from Halifax borough sees how matters stand, and properly keeps his distance."

"And right glad am I of it," answered Aunt Penelope; "for brother Samuel is much wrought up over this matter, and the least presumption on the part of this stranger might have caused trouble."

"Oh, he knows his place, depend upon it."

"Nevertheless, I shall keep an eye on Dolly; he might offer her some annoyance, and methinks I never saw the dear child so happy," and Mistress Penelope moved off in the direction the girl had taken, her gray mantle, which she had kept about her because of her cough, fluttering after her. All the evening through that mantle shadowed Dolly as she came and went; and all the while Mistress Penelope's thoughts were busy, from some unaccountable reason, with the final crisis of her own dead romance, and she trembled as she passed Jonathan Green in the doorway.

He stood aside for her with that silent bow that had come to be his only greeting, but he soon after found a quiet corner from which, being taller than most folk, he could keep her in sight as she moved about. He forgot the drifting dancers as he watched her. To whom had she given that pink-hearted rose last autumn? And if he asked it, would she give this one in her hair to— He caught himself up with a start: what should he be doing with a rose? His thoughts had been running a bit wild of late; something must be amiss with him; perchance it was his liver; he would see Dr. Duffy immediately. And yet, ten minutes later, he was asking himself that same question about the flower in Penelope's hair.

Roger cared not for dancing, but by-and-by he stood up in the minuet; and it so fell out that in the changes of the figures he and Dolly, with their partners, found themselves *vis-à-vis*. Back and forth they swung in the graceful measure, then the ladies changed places, and Dolly's little hand fluttered into Roger's, which closed over it in a grasp, the pain of which was forgotten in the tremulous happiness that followed his quick whisper:

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"Come to the roof garden at one o'clock—alone."

Just a sentence, but it changed the whole scene for her; the lights flashed clearer, the music was more sparkling, and the long line of dancing figures seemed floating away on ebbing waves of melody.

But because of her impatience the hour seemed long in coming. It was difficult to elude Griffin and her aunts, but the Governor coming to talk with them, she slipped through the crowd into the hall. She was too tired to dance again just yet, she said to one gallant who met her there. To another, who overtook her upon the stair, she excused herself, saying some one had trod upon her gown, and she needs must go to the cloak-room to repair the damage. In that apartment all was quiet, for the one maid left in charge was fast asleep. Passing out of the far door, Dolly found herself in a dimly lit hall, along which she ran swiftly to the foot of the rear staircase which led up to the roof garden. For one moment she hesitated, afraid to venture up through the twisting darkness. But to wait was perhaps to be detected; any moment her father or her aunts might come in search of her. The thought gave her courage and she began the ascent, feeling her way at every turn, starting at distant sounds, and shrinking with panicky heart-throbs from her own moving shadow. At the last turn she saw the stars overhead, and as she paused breathlessly at the top she was seized and drawn into the shadow of a huge potted plant, where two arms caught her in a quick embrace and two lips set themselves rapturously against her soft cheek.

"Unhand me," she cried, extricating herself with difficulty. "I am here but to say that I have lost somewhat of confidence in your pretty love-tale; that it—it wearies me, and you must look elsewhere for some one to listen to it."

"And I am here, sweet lady, to say this is our wedding night," Roger answered, softly, drawing her to him again in his masterful way.

"I pray you, sir, remember your distance, and talk no more of such nonsense." She moved coldly from him as she spoke.

But he kept her hand in his firm grasp. "Prithee, sweet one, be not so cold—my heart is athirst for one kind word. Nay, nay; toss not your head so disdainfully; I have talked with others in the rooms below for prudence' sake, but on my soul I have seen but you, thought but of you. I have journeyed thirty miles this day, and every foot of the way was marked by a hope that shrined you in its heart. I could not let you know, but I have looked to this ball as my one chance to win you. Since your father withholds his consent, I needs must carry you away as the knights of old stole their lady-loves—for have you I will."

She was silent, but left her fingers in his hold.

"There, give me your other hand—what wee white hands they are, beloved! Now look you, sweet one, far below; see you yon corner to the right? In the shadow of it waits my horse, the fleetest that ever raced a mile 'twixt the mountains and the tide-water. On the pommel of the saddle is a pillow for you; and in an hour we shall reach Gray's Inn, where his Reverence and a license await us. The mare has rested here with the groom since yesterday, and with five minutes' start none may catch us. You will come, sweetheart?"

She stood irresolute, leaning partly against the balustrade, partly on his arm; her breath came and went in a quick flutter. He stooped and kissed her.

"'Twas part of my plot to pay you no court this night, but now I will take no refusal. Come, you need but your cloak, and we will away."

But Dolly was pushed aside, and it was Mistress Penelope who stood before him in the wan moonlight. At first she found no speech in which to vent her indignation; then the torrent of words that tripped each other up over her tongue bade fair to rise into a scream. It was a startling crisis. In a moment the house would be alarmed and all would be lost. Roger's square jaw set itself hard; he would not be thwarted thus by a scolding woman! And with a sudden determination he caught her up in one strong arm, and stifling her voice with the skirt of her mantle, he sprang upon the stair, whispering Dolly to follow. The winding descent was difficult with such a burden, for he felt her fighting to free herself, and in his desperation he pressed the mantle yet more closely upon her mouth—pressed it harder than he knew, and suddenly she ceased to struggle. In the hall below he glanced about. At the far end

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was a door partially ajar, toward which he strode, kicking it wide open at the last step. The dim light through the casement showed a lounge, upon which, after snatching away her mantle, he hastily deposited the now unconscious Mistress Penelope.

"There is scarce time to go back for your cloak; this must serve instead," he whispered, wrapping the mantle about Dolly as she stood trembling in the entry. "This room is far from the revel; pray heaven the maids be either asleep or watching the dance that there yet may be a chance for us. And stay—this will give us more time," and with a backward step he locked the door and tossed the key through an open window. Then drawing the hood over Dolly's head, and never heeding her remonstrance, he half led, half carried her down the next flight of stairs. A knot of revellers in the lower corridor looked with some curiosity at the hurrying figures, the lady muffled in a gray mantle with a scarlet hood, the gentleman with his riding-coat collar turned up to his ears; then, supposing they were some departing guests, they took no further heed.

Ten minutes later a smothered scream came from the upper story. People looked at each other questioningly, then fell again to talking. But the cry, rendered weird by distance, came again and again, accompanied now by the sound as of knocking; and men stood up irresolutely and women dropped fan and flowers to ask what it all meant. Then suddenly into the ballroom rushed a dishevelled maid-servant, scarcely yet awake, calling out shrilly,

"The West Room—somewhat is amiss in the West Room!"

Instantly she was surrounded and pelted with questions, to all of which she had but one answer:

"The West Room!"

And thither the company, headed by Governor Tryon, turned their steps. The cries and knocking increased in volume as they approached, and the excitement grew apace.

"Open the door," commanded his Lordship, when he had tried the knob; and the crowd echoed the order.

"'Tis fastened from without — open, open, or they will escape!" replied the voice within, hoarse from overmuch screaming.

"Who will escape?" shouted the Governor.

"Who are you?"

"Who locked you in?"

"Is any one with you?" chorussed the company behind him.

"Dolly — Mistress Penelope Griffin— that horrid man! Oh, hurry; they have eloped," came the incoherent answer.

And no one knowing to which question this was a reply, the report somehow spread that Mistress Penelope Griffin had eloped with some "horrid man." Some of the company scoffed at the idea until certain of their number suddenly recalled those figures passing through the lower corridor, and remembered that the lady had worn a gray mantle with a scarlet hood, and that the gentleman was just the height and build of Master Jonathan Green. And the rumor of the elopement gained credence, and flew from lip to lip, with the added intelligence that the astute maiden had locked her niece, Dolly Bryan, in the West Room to prevent detection.

"How absurd!" cried the matter-of-fact ones, thinking of the age of the two runaways.

"Was anything ever so romantic?" exclaimed the more sentimental of the assembly, recalling that almost forgotten romance of the far past.

So Cupid and Hymen had triumphed, and the love-affair of a quarter of a century's standing had culminated in an elopement. There had not been such a sensation in a decade, and the crowd about the door of the West Room forgot the sobbing damsel within to exchange excited comments.

"I always said she had never gotten over it; that was why she coughed and looked so sad."

"The idea of making such a spectacle of one's self; and she forty if she's a day!"

"Her sisters will be mortified to death."

"Truly there be no fools like the old ones."

"What need to run away? There were none to gainsay them."

"How old did you say? Forty-two and fifty? Old enough, then, to know better, both of them."

"Acting like a girl of sixteen, and she an old maid when I was a child."

These were some of the sentences that flew about the circle and drifted through the key-hole to the captive within.

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Other guests joined those already in the corridor, and among them came Samuel Bryan, who, regardless of what the proprieties in such an emergency might be, threw his bulky weight against the panels again and again until the lock yielded and the door flew open. The light rushing in revealed Mistress Penelope, a most pitiable figure with torn dress and rumpled hair, weeping distractedly in the centre of the room. Her brother-in-law stopped aghast as the truth flashed upon him.

"So — 'tis Dolly who has eloped, and you who were locked in!"

The craning crowd without, catching the full meaning of the situation, tried in vain to repress the titter that crept about. Then slyly they began to wonder at the lady's plight should she hear of their mistake and the slighting things that had been said. But she knew already; looking now from face to face, hearing that tittering laugh and recalling those fragmentary sentences, she comprehended her embarrassing position. A new sense of mortification overpowered her, and tears gathered once more in her eyes and coursed down her cheeks while the crowd looked on in hesitating silence. But there was one who came to the rescue. A tall, gray-haired man pushed his way through the company and took the hysterical woman by the hand.

"Penelope, a moment ago they were saying out there that it was you who had run away to marry me. It was a mistake then, but will you come now, my dear?"

Thus, after twenty-five years of silence, Jonathan Green had spoken again, and feeling her hand lie passive in his, he led her away down the aisle the amazed crowd opened for them, and never a jeer mingled with the fervent congratulations that followed them. As they descended the broad stairway hand in hand the rose in her hair brushed his cheek, and the spirit of a lost June-time fluttered out of its velvet petals and set the joy-bells ringing in his heart.

Afar on the road there was the sound of hoof-beats, a racing shadow along the moonlit way cleft through the pines, for the mare quivered under the touch of Roger's spur, and the flickering lights of the town behind swam out of sight like a drifting swarm of fire-flies. Dolly felt the strength of her lover's arm clasping her and was content.

Down long reaches of shimmering radiance they sped, or through dim circles of shadow where the trees hung over the way and dropped their cast-off needles upon the path to carpet it with silence. He had won her at last; she was his for all time; and they were alone with only the rushing winds to hear his low-toned love-words and the Argus-eyed night to catch the happiness in their faces.

Gray's Inn at last, and the sleepy landlord and his Reverence and the license; and then, freshly mounted, they rode on gayly through the widening dawn with all of life and love before them; while far behind the flowers faded and the lights went out in the palace ballroom, and the town was given over to silence and to rest.



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WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART IV.—THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

THE balance of power in South Africa is to-day in the hands of Marthinas Theunis Steyn, President of the Orange Free State. This little republic is ideal in many respects, but in none more so than its fortunate geographical position. It is almost at the centre of the white man's South Africa. It is a buffer state between the Boers of the Transvaal and the thriving colonists at the Cape of Good Hope. Its capital, Bloemfontein, is about half-way between Cape Town and the southern edges of Mashonaland; and the bulk of the travel by rail from Table Bay to the gold-fields of Johannesburg is through its territory. It sells its corn and cattle in the markets created by the gold and diamond diggers, and is thankful, or ought to be, that these sources of political disturbance are beyond its borders.

Its neighbors are all well-disposed towards it, and all seek its alliance, particularly the Boers of the Transvaal. Yet it is a very small state, measured by African scale—about as large as England—scarcely more than one-third the size of its Transvaal neighbor.

It is difficult now to believe that in 1854 the Orange Free State was deliberately cut adrift by the British government and compelled to organize independently. We hear many complaints against John Bull as one rather prone to absorb land on slight provocation, but in South Africa he has shamefully belied the current opinions about him. Forty years ago so little did this Boer state desire separation that it sent a deputation to England begging that it might be allowed to remain under the British flag. The Duke of Newcastle received it (March, 1854), and in the name of the Queen informed its members that their petition could not be entertained; that in his opinion England had already extended her rule too far in Africa; indeed, that she needed no territory beyond a coaling-station at the Cape.

The British commissioner to the Orange Free State had great difficulty in bringing about the wishes of his government. Then was presented the strange spectacle of the English government treating as "obstructionists" those loyal subjects who insisted upon remaining British rather than forming a republic of their own. Sir George Clerk, the commissioner, had to bully and coax long and skilfully before he finally succeeded in cutting this little state adrift.

It was March, 1854, that the British flag last waved over the little fort which to-day overlooks Bloemfontein. The English troops marched away, and with them went the English officials. They parted from the inhabitants in friendship—for a large proportion of the people had Scotch or English ancestry, and of these many were intermarried with the families of Boer extraction. Even the most extreme of those who disliked the English government felt that they had a very difficult task before them. They had a standing boundary war with the Basuto tribes on their east, and with the rest of the black population about them they were not on the best of terms. The whole population of the Orange Free State in 1853 was estimated as 15,000, whereas the hostile black tribes numbered their hundreds of thousands. The whole of the Transvaal at that time was said to contain only 5000 white families, say roughly 25,000 souls; and they were amply occupied with their own struggle for existence, without any thought of coming to the aid of their neighbor—especially a neighbor whom they liked but little.

That was the Orange Free State forty years ago. It was what we would have called "the frontier," where cabins passed for houses, where all men worked with their hands, where all lived on pretty much the same social level, where none were very rich and none very poor, where life must have resembled what it was amongst the New England pioneers who crossed the Alleghanies and settled in the prairies of Ohio and Illinois in the days before the railway.

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President Steyn was born three years after the birth of the Orange Free State, on October 2, 1857, at Wynburg, about fifty miles northeast from Bloemfontein. Before he or his country was christened, Paul Kruger had already become a political power amongst his burghers; but Kruger is not merely a patriarch amongst his own people, he has been a part of South African history since the Boers "trekked" away in a body from the Cape. That is an interesting chapter, but too long a one to be inserted here.

When I had the honor of first being presented to Mr. Steyn, in the spring of 1896, every Boer—ay, every "Afrikander"—was smarting under the outrage attempted against the Transvaal by Jameson and his fellow-adventurers. It was in the midst of Mr. Steyn's campaign for the Presidency that Jameson (January 1, 1896) made his raid. On the 19th of the month following the new President was elected, and he was inaugurated on March 11, while the public mind throughout South Africa was excited to fighting pitch against an act which, at the time, appeared to be directed with the connivance of the British government against the independence of the Boer republics. We must bear in mind that Boers are not confined to these two republics, but that they form a majority in the Cape Colony, and a very respectable part in every state or territory south of the Zambezi.

President Steyn himself told me, with much feeling, how deeply the raid of Jameson had injured South Africa; how it had revived race hatred, which had been all but obliterated. Race hatred, let me hastily interject, has in South Africa reference not to black and white, as with us, but, strangely enough, designates the feeling between English and Dutch, who have practically the same blood in their veins, and the same way of thinking on the most important social, political, and religious questions.

Mr. Steyn told me that so soon as the news of Jameson's raid reached the farmers of the Orange Free State, the government officials were besieged by burghers desirous of being enrolled in the defence of the Transvaal. "For," they argued, "to-day their liberties are in danger, but to-morrow it may be that ours will be attacked in the same manner." A candidate for the Presidency seeking popularity could have found it cheaply by fanning the universal hatred, and thus making himself the people's champion in the issue that overshadowed all others. But Steyn was a different man.

On the occasion of his inauguration he used language touching this burning issue that would have done credit to statesmen of double his age and ten times his experience. Did I not believe that Mr. Steyn is the most available candidate for the Presidency of the future United States of South Africa, I should not here ask so much of the reader's time on a subject that might otherwise appear rather personal to the writer alone. On March 11, 1896, President Steyn, amongst other things, said this to the members of the Popular Assembly, or Volksraad:

"Here we have the [Orange] Free State inhabited by a people who have shown themselves capable of coping with all the demands which an unexpected change of conditions made upon them, a people in whom lies the stem of a great nation. [The reference is to their independence in 1854.]

"Can there be a more glorious work than to apply all your power and strength, all the means at your disposal, to aid that people in fighting against the difficulties which they have to encounter every day, by advancing religion and education to elevate that people higher and higher, and so make it worthy of its vocation?

"Here in the Free State, where we have raised the banner of republicanism, and will continue to uphold that banner, sustained by true republican principles, where from all quarters strangers are coming to us, is it not a glorious task to incorporate these strangers with us, and amalgamate them in one republican people? [This would be heresy to the burghers of Paul Kruger.]

"I know that when we take note of the occurrences of the past few months and the history of the South African people, a feeling of uneasiness comes over us, and we ask ourselves how long, how long must we extend the hand of friendship, to see it time after time rejected with contempt? But shall we, then, as sensible men, allow a wretched freebooter [Jameson] to put race hatred in our hearts? Or shall we allow him to take us a hair-breadth out of the path our fathers have pointed out to us and followed, which leads to peace, friendship, and fraternity? For the sake of their memory we shall again

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pursue that path, and say to the stranger, 'Come and join us, show that you mean well by us, but do not stand aside and expect that we will abandon our nationality and allow you to absorb us.' In this way alone can we expect blessing and progress.

"Here we have the Free State, situated in the heart of South Africa, surrounded by states and colonies. Is it not our duty to evoke from them a spirit of union; and if misunderstandings arise, to gather our brethren together, remove those misunderstandings, give each other the hand of friendship, and so, here in the Free State, lay the foundation of a unity for which every right-thinking Afrikander yearns? [Here, then, is the lead towards the Great Federation.]

"Yes, great and glorious tasks, with many more, to which a life could be devoted; and if it is given to me to advance one of them, I shall feel happy and grateful."

I venture to think that for breadth of thought, for condensation of words, and for charity of spirit, the expressions I have quoted may be placed beside President Lincoln's famous speech at Gettysburg, or the farewell address of George Washington.

Of a politician I cannot but be suspicious, particularly when he speaks to his constituents. He talks "bunkum"; he frequently exaggerates; he often misleads; he has been known to lie. It has been my fortune to meet many in many countries, and I have noted with much interest how in their case like causes produce like results. For fear that those who read these lines should charge me with frequenting bad company, let me hasten to add that political life has produced some of the noblest types of man amongst us of the English-speaking race —not merely in times past, but to-day. Nevertheless, we are suspicious when a politician pleads for votes.

As I talked with this Boer President of a Boer republic, this Afrikander leader of an Afrikander Union, I had in mind the words I have quoted from his inaugural speech. In the talk of Mr. Steyn are the same political charity and breadth of reasoning as breathe in that address.

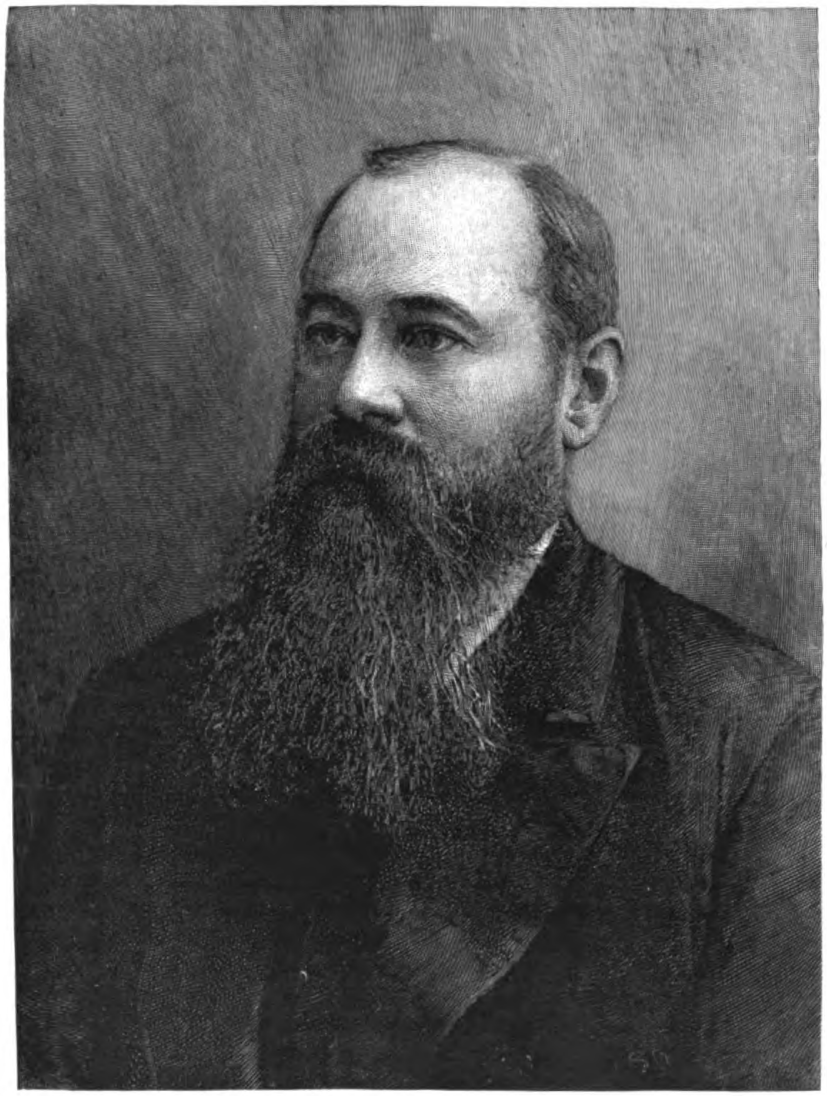
The eyes of Paul Kruger are close together and small, resembling those of a North American Indian. The eyes of President Steyn are those of a frank as well as fearless man. In them I seemed to see the reflection of a mind resigned to the injuries that usually come to the one determined to do his duty. The whole expression of his face is eminently that of harmony and strength. His nose is a strong one, but not, as in Paul Kruger's case, an exaggerated feature of the face. Both Presidents have the large ears characteristic of strong men, and both are broad between the cheek-bones. The full beard of President Steyn gives to him so great an aspect of dignity that I, at least, was much surprised on learning later that he was not yet forty years old. His ample forehead adds to this dignity, and he has also, from much poring over books, allowed one or two folds of skin to droop upon his upper eyelids. So striking are these most prominent features of the President's head and face that it is only on a second and closer inspection that one is struck by the youthful quality of his skin—the notable absence of wrinkles.

To be sure, he leads a singularly simple and regular life; he has inherited a grand body as casement to his spirit; he is fond of all out-door life, and seizes every occasion for a day on the prairie with his rifle. He may in twenty years seem no older than to-day, but may preserve his youth like many of those splendid Englishmen one meets in the hunting-field, who ride to hounds in every weather at an age when most New York business men think a drive around Central Park quite enough.

Like Paul Kruger, Mr. Steyn is a man of great physical strength; stands a full six feet high, and weighs two hundred pounds, or, as our English cousins would put it, fourteen stone and a fraction.

It is hard to speak of Mr. Steyn without comparing him, if not contrasting him, at every step with Paul Kruger. Indeed, the one President stands towards the other much as the one state compares with the other, or rather as the citizens of one state compare socially with those of the other. I was forcibly reminded of this by a gentleman in Bloemfontein, whom I somewhat irritated by referring to Boers as being the same in both states. He took me sharply to task for my slip, and begged me to remember that the Boers of the Transvaal had to send their children to Grey College, in the Orange Free State,

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M. T. Steyn

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

in order to give them an education. This is true, and marks well the relative levels of these two Boer republics in the scale of civilization.

Again we are reminded of the contrast between the two Boer Presidents—Kruger, who can barely write his name, and would not know what to do with a library, save as the means of lighting his big pipe; Steyn, a statesman, strengthened, like Kruger, by familiarity with the people and the forms of popular government, but whose mind is liberally stored with the knowledge acquired from contact with the minds of other countries and other ages. Kruger is to-day a po-

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litical anachronism; Steyn understands the movement about him, and works for the future.

So interesting to me were the few personal talks I enjoyed with the President that before leaving Bloemfontein I tried to buy a sketch of his life. But in vain. As in the case of Kruger, no one had found it expedient to print his biography. It seemed at first strange to me, for in England or America we should have had in print certainly the outlines of such men's careers. Perhaps the explanation for Africa lies in the fact that these Presidents become personally known to every farmer of their respective states long before they aspire to the honors of the Presidency. It is said of Kruger that he knows personally every voting-man in the Transvaal. Perhaps my informant (a member of the Volksraad) spoke of Kruger when he was more active and fit to travel. He admitted that of late there had been instances when young men had called upon him whose faces he did not know. Of course he at once asked their names. But the moment they had spoken that much, the old man readily recalled their fathers and all their family affairs.

This being true of Kruger, it is still more so of Steyn to-day, for he has travelled his state more than Oom Paul has the Transvaal, and it is a much smaller state, with a smaller population. When, therefore, the people voted for Steyn as President, there was not one that had to be told what sort of a man he was—that had to be enlightened upon his career by professional campaign speakers. In America and England voters are called upon to support candidates whose names they may never have heard six weeks before election day; and in America at least it has often been the case that the man likely to succeed as a Presidential candidate is one almost unknown before. Nearly all the candidates nominated during the last fifty years illustrate this.

President Steyn enjoyed in his youth the best education which South Africa could afford, in the Grey College of Bloemfontein. I took much interest in visiting this school, which is a monument to the generosity of Lord Grey, once Governor of Cape Colony. It was a novelty to see here two languages in use side by side, the text-books being some in Dutch and some in English. There appeared to be no disposition to boycott the English tongue; on the contrary, the pupils from the Transvaal made the long journey to Grey College because they were there not only taught English, but also in other things taught better. The High-School of the Transvaalers at their capital, Pretoria, is wholly in the hands of a "Hollander" who hates the English tongue so much that he would rather his pupils learned nothing than that they should learn it through that medium. The Transvaal government makes to that Hollander High-School enormous grants, and still their burghers insist on keeping away from it, or of patronizing the rival school two hundred miles away. Here is another lesson in the wisdom of not being guided by the spirit of "race hatred."

I have had great difficulty in gleaning the few facts I am here bringing together about President Steyn; fortunately, however, the little I have is on good authority.

After leaving school, young Steyn worked upon the farm of his father. He did exactly what other young Boers did, and no doubt at that time looked forward to a life devoted mainly to his cattle range, his black workmen, and the little interests surrounding the average taxpayer in a free community. Of course he had to be a horseman, for riding is the normal manner of getting about in that country; and of course he became expert with the rifle, for not to be able to ride and shoot is there quite as anomalous as along our rivers to find a youngster who cannot swim and handle a pair of oars.

In 1876, however, when the young Steyn was nineteen years old, an event happened which changed the whole of his life's plan. He received a visit from Mr. Justice Buchanan, of the Orange Free State High Court, a visit that gave obvious satisfaction to both host and guest. My informant did not mention the fact, but it is safe to suppose that a justice of the High Court would not "visit" a young man of nineteen in the house of that young man's father. The elder Steyn was in Bloemfontein, attending to his duties as member of the Executive Council, having for many years been a member of that important body, and also "a valued and trusted friend and adviser of the late Sir John Brand, who was then President of the Orange Free State. Nothing, by-the-way, could better illustrate

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the former relations between this republic and Great Britain than that the burgher President should wear with pride the title of an English knight. Sir John is dead, but his widow lives in Bloemfontein, gratified by the constant evidence she has that the memory of her husband is well preserved. A dozen Jameson raids could not make her people distrust her for having an English title. Grey College and Lady Brand are institutions in Bloemfontein.



TRAVELLING IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

When President Brand's fellow-citizens became independent they acted towards English names and insignia with more liberality than did we Yankees in the glorious days of 1776. We amused ourselves tearing down all the effigies of George III. that were within reach; the Boers would have smiled at such child play. I happened to be in Bloemfontein on Queen Victoria's birthday, and, in spite of the Jameson raid, it seemed as though English sentiment governed the place. Up to the year of my visit the Anglican clergymen had persistently and offensively used

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the English formula in praying for the sovereign; that is to say, Afrikander Episcopalians, citizens of the Orange Free State, each week prayed for a "sovereign Lady Queen Victoria," begged the Almighty to "confound" her enemies, and otherwise acted as though these words meant nothing. For forty years the Episcopal Church used this formula unchallenged. Up to this year (1896) the prayer for the Queen appeared a matter of course; after the Jameson raid honest English Afrikanders asked themselves if they could conscientiously respond to such a prayer, knowing that this raid against their sister republic was commanded by officers wearing the uniform of Queen Victoria.

Justice Buchanan was visiting the nineteen-year-old Steyn, doubtless, during one of his circuits, when the judges are made welcome at the best farms along their route. When he returned to the capital and met the father of Marthinas Theunis, he gave that father a glowing account of the boy who had entertained him—said that the young man had talents which should be developed, and finally persuaded him to send his son abroad to study law.

This was the turning-point in the life of President Steyn. It was a momentous step for the father to allow. It was a costly experiment — so costly that few in the Orange Free State attempted it. From Bloemfontein to the coast there were as yet no railways. The nearest port was Durban, about 300 miles away, through a wild and dangerous country. Cape Town was about 600 miles off, through territory equally inhospitable. Johannesburg had not been heard of, nor was it to be for yet ten years. Kimberley was furnishing a feverish excitement to a few speculators, but few suspected the steady output that was to take place under the genius of Cecil Rhodes. The Zulu war had not yet commenced. In fact, when young Steyn, in 1876, began his long land journey of 300 miles to the coast, and his 7000 miles of sea journey round the Cape to England, I doubt if at average dinner tables in London one person out of one hundred had ever heard the name of the Orange Free State, let alone that of its President. Africa was known then in so far as Livingstone had been there, and Stanley had written a book about finding him. No one dreamed that any white people would ever go there for the serious purpose of becoming Afrikanders. True, the Cape of Good Hope was known to be an important strategic station, where life was tolerable to Europeans, but for the rest, the huge expanse of South Africa stretching from the Cape to the Zambezi River, a distance about equal to that from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, was about as little known as were fifty years ago our rich territories beyond the Mississippi.

Young Steyn threw himself heart and soul into the work before him, and studied the practice and the philosophy of law not merely in England, but in Holland as well. Six years he spent in Europe—years devoid of historic incident so far as his student life was concerned, but in that time he was learning more than law. He was studying the means by which little England dotted the seas with her merchant ships, and rolled up at home ever-increasing comfort and population. He had in Holland an object-lesson of how one nation can stand still while another moves forward. To-day the public acts of President Steyn are influenced, to an extent he himself probably does not realize, by the education he received during his six years' residence abroad. Paul Kruger and most Boers believe, and no doubt honestly, that England is powerful merely because she maintains soldiers and war-ships and delights in oppression. Steyn may have thought this before he crossed the seas, and shared in this respect the feelings of his neighbors. Soon, however, he saw that the source of power in England resided not in the Queen, not in the House of Lords, not in the fighting forces of the army and navy. He saw that the strength of England lay in the collective strength of strong Englishmen exercising their energies in a community governed with the utmost practicable freedom. Steyn studied the British constitution closely, and there learned the greatest lesson which a statesman can lay to heart, namely, that the making of laws is easy, but that good administration is the beginning and the end of good government. In England Steyn saw that the subjects of Queen Victoria had their personal rights and political liberty protected quite as effectually as were those in the so-called republics of Africa, where England was usually personified as a heart-

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less tyrant. He saw, as Mr. Kruger had never been able to see, that when English legislation in regard to South Africa had been oppressive, it was because it had been done under misapprehension. Steyn returned to Africa no less a republican, but one able to see that it takes more than a name and a pronunciamento to make a true republic.

I have extended this somewhat, for when we come to look at the Transvaal we shall see the radical differences between the governments of these two African states—differences such as we see between two brothers one of whom seeks an education while the other prefers to grow up amongst cattle.

In 1882 young Steyn, now twenty-five years of age, returned to his native country, full of enthusiasm for his profession. He did not come to criticise. His old friends and his neighbors had no reason to find him spoiled by his life in great cities; on the contrary, he was the same Theunis Steyn, stronger in his capacities and more esteemed for his knowledge. He returned with pleasure to a society where the reputation of women was held sacred, where religion was still a real thing, where the stranger found welcome at every farm-house, where paupers and tramps were unknown, where rich and poor had not yet learned that they should hate one another. In the Orange Free State is realized a state of society which we of New York and London talk about as ideal, or as having possibly existed in some past golden age.



BOER SENTRY GUARDING THE LITTLE FORT OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

From a photograph by the author.

Steyn practised six years at the bar of the Supreme Court of his native state; then he was made Attorney-General, and in less than a year thereafter was raised to the bench, at the age of thirty-two. And during the six years between this important step and being elected President, I am assured, on the best authority, that "not one of his judgments was set aside (reversed)."

No judiciary in the world, I venture to think, commands more completely the confidence of those over whom it is placed than that of this state. This matter I spoke of with many lawyers of both parties, and heard but this one conclusion most emphatically pronounced. In my days of legal practice before the judges of the New York Supreme Court it used to be the common talk amongst members at the Bar Association how this judge or that might be influenced; whether it were possible to impeach a third. In short, it required some experience at the bar to say that such or such a judge was wholly capable, honest, or free from strong political bias. While I was in the Transvaal one of the principal judges was there convicted, not of having merely accepted bribes, but of having solicited them.

The days that Mr. Steyn spent in riding circuit over the prairies of his native country were the days in which he formed the friendships which resulted in making him President. Six years of circuit-riding in such a country as that makes a man either very much liked or very much disliked. The people of that country are all free farmers, and the judge must throw himself upon the hospitality of the people exactly as would the poorest teamster. There are no roads in that country, and a bridge excites wonder. Judge Steyn travelled in a two-wheeled gig drawn by four mustangs, forded the rivers as best he

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might, picked his way amidst the gullies and wallows that abound over the fields as they do in our Western country, made his fires at meal-time from cattle dung, broiled his beef or mutton-chops like any ranchman, and let his ponies browse about under no more restraint than hobbling.

At night he knocked at the door of a ranchman; the host would shake him by the hand, bid him welcome, present him to the wife, and give him what cheer the hut or house afforded. Perhaps he spent the night in a bed, perhaps on the floor—at any rate, it was the best which the farmer could afford. Steyn never left such a house without having made of its inmates friends for life. His calm, strong, dignified, and yet sympathetic manner appealed strongly to people whose lives are secluded, reflective, and free from shams.

His opponent for the Presidency was his wife's uncle, Mr. J. G. Fraser, who was chairman of the Volksraad, and as such enjoyed an almost prescriptive right to the suffrages of the people. Steyn, however, beat him six to one. There was a whisper that even here the "Jameson business" had an influence; that Steyn, as an Afrikander of Dutch Boer ancestry, and a member of the Dutch Reformed Church besides, was a safer man in such a crisis than even so loyal a citizen as Mr. Fraser; for Fraser is not a Boer name, and Fraser represents the blood of the Jameson tribe rather than that of the great "Trekkers"—the Dutch "Pilgrim Fathers." However, I prefer to think that had the election been held in 1895 rather than on February 19 of 1896, Steyn would still have been elected by a gratifying majority.

President Steyn is essentially a domestic man, most happy in his home, with his wife, his boy, and his three little girls. He married in 1887 a lady distinguished for her accomplishments as well as for her beauty, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Colin Fraser, the Dutch Reformed minister of Philippolis, a town in the Orange Free State. The father and mother of Mrs. Steyn are both Scotch, and therefore if race hatred played an important part in the Presidential campaign of Mr. Steyn, it must have played as much for one side as the other.

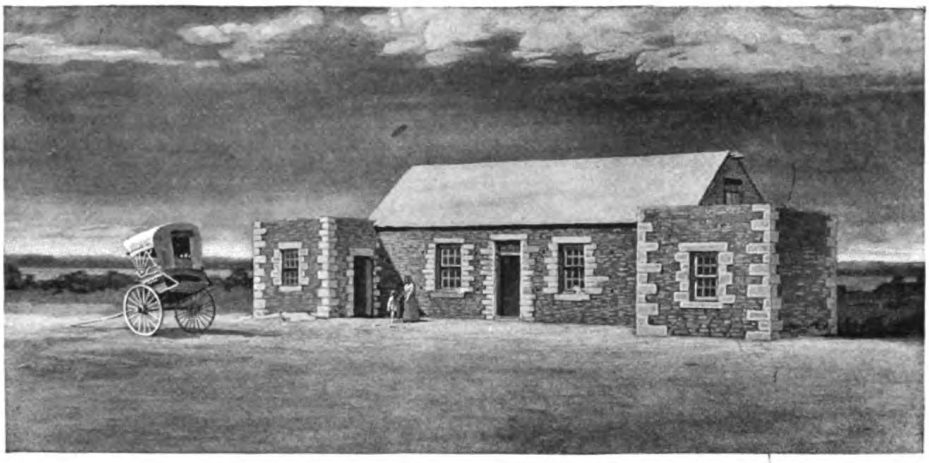
The careers of kings, great ministers, successful money-makers, and such seekers after power are for the most part so filled with acts of selfishness and injus-



THE BOER'S FIRST HOMESTEAD.

Drawn by W. H. Drake after a photograph by the author.

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A BOER FARM-HOUSE IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

Drawn by W. H. Drake after a photograph by the author.

tice that much reading about them is apt to make one think that moral virtue holds no place in public men. The more important for us is it, therefore, to gather together what is authentic in the life of a President who has come to this honor with a record calculated to stimulate rather than discourage our trust in human goodness.

For instance, when Steyn had been but three years a judge there appeared serious danger of losing the Chief Justice because of a disagreement between him and certain members of the legislature (Volksraad). If this Chief Justice had resigned, Steyn would have been his successor, as being the next in rank. Here was a great temptation for a young man, then only about thirty-five years old. Not merely was the great honor in prospect, but a substantial increase in his salary, and Steyn was not a rich man. The great Lord Chancellor Bacon grovelled in the dust and did unutterable acts of meanness to compass ends less important than this promotion.

Judge Steyn in this crisis took into consideration first the good of his country. He reflected that both of his associate judges were his seniors, and that if he became Chief Justice he would be enjoying a triumph hardly justified by his years. He therefore unhesitatingly waived his well-recognized claim to the higher post, and begged the President to appoint for that place an older man. Meantime he worked with real interest to remove the cause of friction between the Volksraad and the Chief Justice. So well and unselfishly did he work that the breach was closed, and the Chief Justice withdrew his resignation. "And I venture to say," wrote my informant, "that nobody in the state was better pleased than the first puisne judge, Steyn."

In 1887, before Steyn had been made judge, the late President, Sir John Brand, had also a disagreement with the Volksraad, or House of Representatives, but it was in secret session, and no one outside knew what the cause of quarrel was. It resulted, however, in the resignation of President Brand. It is worth noting that to this day the people of Bloemfontein do not know the exact subject of this quarrel.

When "Advocate" Steyn heard of President Brand's resignation, he at once waited upon the Mayor of Bloemfontein and begged him to call a public meeting. The Mayor did so, and on this occasion young Steyn, then thirty years old, made his first public appearance, other than at the bar. He here offered a resolution begging the President to withdraw his resignation. Amongst other things he said: "Though we do not know what the cause of disagreement is, we have such confidence in the father of our state that we have no hesitation in asking him to withdraw his resignation, and we consider that it would be nothing short of a calamity to the state should he refuse to do so."

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The occasion was a triumph for Steyn as well as for Sir John Brand, for the motion was carried unanimously. Steyn's popularity in that year was so great in Bloemfontein that he was strongly pressed to become Mayor, but that honor he declined, though at the time he was a member of the town council.

Mr. Steyn, in the midst of his new Presidential honors, and housed in the official mansion, often speaks of his circuit-riding days as the pleasantest of his life. On his return from England his health was somewhat impaired by too close confinement to study, and on joining the bar he followed the circuit largely on account of the benefit to his health, and with complete success, as we have seen, in more ways than one. A friend of the President's, who shared the circuit-riding with him, told me this to illustrate the variety in the life of an "Afrikander" judge:

In one small town Mr. Steyn was treated badly by the keeper of the only inn. He was a selfish man, and thought that he could maintain a monopoly. He put five of Mr. Steyn's party in one room, which was a very small one, with a mud floor and no window. In the language of my informant, "the food and tea and coffee were such that we could not eat or drink them; and his insolence such as we found equally difficult to swallow."

Steyn remonstrated with the man, and told him that if he did not give them better things for their money he and his party would not come to his inn when, six months hence, they should hold court in that town. But the rude host became still more offensive. His answer was, "You can't help yourselves; this is the only hotel in town."

In due time the same circuit-riders once more came around to the same place, and all bore in mind the discomforts they had endured at the hands of the rude host. So they made a camp outside of the village, and staid there happily for four days and four nights. This made the innkeeper very angry, and he sought to compel the party to once more come to his wretched hotel. He happened to be the only butcher in the village as well as the only innkeeper, and he refused to sell them any meat so long as they remained in camp. He was so powerful in town that he even succeeded in persuading the baker to boycott the encampment.

But this boycott was a lamentable failure. There were six in the camping party, all supplied with sporting pieces. But they had been surfeited elsewhere with partridge and antelope, and wanted mutton. So they bought a sheep from a neighboring farmer, and drove it to camp, where it was neatly slaughtered by expert hands. It was Mr. Advocate Steyn and another member of the circuit who drove this sheep through the main street of the village and past the door of the surly innkeeper. The burghers in general were very much amused, but not so the would-be boycotter. Of course when the people in town learned the circumstances of the case, the camping party were overwhelmed with offers of every article of food which skilful cooks could prepare, and they did very well without the baker—thanks to a certain lady. As to this surly innkeeper, his behavior was advertised so effectually throughout the country that when Mr. Steyn again visited this village the man had already been forced to go away, so completely had his house been shunned by travellers. Mr. Steyn and his friends little dreamed how completely that innkeeper could be punished for his behavior—and without appeal to a court of law.

Steyn's mother was a noble specimen of womanhood, and his maternal grandmother equally so. The President to-day speaks with great feeling of the much that he owes to their teaching, and still more to their example. His mother was a daughter of the famous Boer leader Wessels—a name spoken in the two republics of South Africa as we of New England mention the pioneers of the *Mayflower*. Wessels was a "vortrekker"—one of the emigrants who went forth into the wilderness in 1836, and spent most of his time in shooting Kaffirs and lions. The mother of our hero led this savage life during her infancy, and came into the Orange Free State before Bloemfontein or Wynburg or any other settlement had been founded. She is described to me, by one who knew her, as a "God-fearing, pious, patriotic, gentle, and loving woman, who lived and died devoted to her children." She was splendidly hospitable, and to those near her she was the embodiment of nobility and goodness. No one who conversed with her failed to be impressed by her strong char-

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BOERS IN CAMP.

Drawn by Frederic Remington after a photograph by the author.

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acter. She filled her son's mind with pictures of early Boer suffering in the cause of liberty; taught him the history of his ancestors — talked to him as an American mother might whose memory had embraced the battle of Bunker Hill and the long seven years of fighting between that and the surrender at Yorktown. But there was no bitterness in the narrative of Mrs. Steyn, no disposition to be unfair. The "Great Trek" of 1836, and the subsequent hardships, she accepted as dispensations of an all-wise Providence. That she should hate the English because they were instruments of this Providence never occurred to her. She taught her son to love liberty, to love his country, to cherish the memory of the men who had built up the struggling state, and to give his last drop of blood in the maintenance of that state's independence. Some might see in this the preaching of defiance to the mother colony. It was nothing of the kind. It went hand in hand with the Boer's view of his Church, his relations to his own government, and to his neighbor. The right of "private judgment," for which Martin Luther joined issue with the Roman Pope, carries with it, in the Boer mind, the right to govern himself to a degree never before attempted by God-fearing and law-abiding people. Had the English law-makers in London half understood the Boer character, there never would have been the "Great Trek" of 1836; had they understood the Americans of 1776, there would have been no "Boston Tea Party."

But that is something else.

The father of the President, Marthinas Steyn, was a man of decided parts. I need only to recall that he was for many years the intimate friend and adviser of the late President, a friendship which closed only with the death of Sir John Brand. He was a strict father to young Theunis. His sons rose with the dawn of day, and early became inured to hard work and plenty of it. If the future President asked permission to go to a dance at the house of a neighbor, however far away, it was always upon condition that he returned home immediately after the affair, and was up and at work at the usual hour next morning. No doubt young Theunis smarted under many a restraint that would have driven many high-spirited lads to open mutiny, but for the genuine admiration and respect he entertained for both his parents. For his father showed that he always had his boy's good at heart, whatever form it might take. The elder Steyn was a conscientious and industrious man; he was, moreover, an excellent farmer. In his dress he was so particularly neat that he was nicknamed "Blank Stevel"—"Shiny Shoes," as we might put it. These individually trifling items I have taken pains to preserve here, not because historically it is of critical moment whether a certain Steyn did or did not have his boots blacked, but because I hold it to be of great interest to recall that the parents of President Steyn were both of them distinguished for qualities that made them conspicuous examples for good amongst their own people; and, indeed, would have made them important members of any society where moral standards were high. Paul Kruger speaks with gratitude of his parents, as does President Steyn. But the elder Steyns would no doubt have been classed by the elder Krugers as fools for wasting so much money upon their youngsters' education.

It was between the ages of sixteen and nineteen that young Steyn served his farmer apprenticeship, taking complete charge of the estate at times, and managing so well as to earn the praise even of his exacting father.

The earlier years, between his twelfth and fifteenth, he spent with his maternal grandmother in Bloemfontein. She took charge of the lad, and made a home for him and his two elder brothers while Theunis attended Grey College. President Steyn speaks to-day with great affection of this dear old grandmother, wife of the famous pioneer Wessels. She appears to have had all those good qualities which distinguished the President's mother, and of course her age and experience enabled her to draw from the history of her people almost a complete record of three generations. Young Steyn was never weary of listening to the tales of his grandmother; they were to him more interesting than any book of romance. Many a time had Steyn's grandmother, when a young married woman, been forced to fly in the night because of an attack by the natives. One babe she carried at her breast; another struggled by her side. Their home was an ox-wagon;

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their destination God alone knew. Such a life does not make people graceful, but it makes them strong.

One story the President tells with much pleasure about his grandmother. During a war with the neighboring natives (the Boers and Basutos were formerly in a chronic state of fighting) the British government—for reasons we shall not discuss here—refused to allow gunpowder to be imported into the Free State. Well, during those days she and her husband had to go down into the Cape Colony, to Colesberg, only about ten miles beyond the southern boundary of the republic, in order to sell some of their produce. Of course they travelled in the usual manner, on a huge tented wagon—"prairie-schooner"—drawn by sixteen bullocks. With the proceeds of the sale, the patriotic Wessels purchased some gunpowder and started for home. But the frontier police of the Cape suspected the well-known Boer, and watched for his "outfit." While the Wessels party were "outspanned"—that is to say, had turned their cattle out to graze for the noonday meal—they noticed a party of horsemen approaching. With admirable presence of mind the wife took down from the wagon all the bags of gunpowder and piled them as close to the camp-fire as was possible without producing an explosion. Then the lady calmly seated herself on top of the gunpowder and spread her skirts. From what I have seen of skirts in the Transvaal I can readily believe that good Mrs. Wessels was able to conceal from view on this occasion gunpowder enough to blow up the castle of Heidelberg.

Then she stirred the fire up and welcomed the mounted police to the chops she was assiduously turning on her gridiron. The police, however, were evidently under urgent orders, for they searched the big wagon thoroughly, satisfied themselves that this time at least no powder was being smuggled, thanked the Wessels for their proffered hospitality, apologized for having had to perform a disagreeable duty, and rode away over the prairie, to the great satisfaction of the encampment.

One of the expressions which she addressed most often to her sons was: "You are free men. See to it that you remain free."

It is hard to say whether the mother or grandmother made the more impression upon the boy; both had a great share in the making of his character; together they did more for him than all other influences—certainly up to his sixteenth year, when he left his grandmother's home in Bloemfontein and started farming for his father.



OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

It would be hard in England to find the type of these people who moulded Steyn. In New England we know him well. It is the Puritan of 1630, who left Suffolk with scant baggage, but a Bible, and who added a blunderbuss to his outfit when he reached Massachusetts Bay. The basis is the Old World Huguenot or Calvinist. To-day, in South Africa, he is the same man plus the inevitable modification produced by the many years in which he has had to face savages—man and beast.

I am sorry that I cannot enliven this little account of President Steyn by tell-

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THE NEWLY COMPLETED CAPITOL AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

ing some marvellous adventures, such as befell President Kruger. The development of Mr. Steyn has been almost as uneventful as that of an average English statesman, who goes first to a great "public" school, next to the university, then travels abroad, and finally enters Parliament. Young Steyn was born just after both of the Boer republics had adopted Constitutions and settled down to the peaceful enjoyment of their territories. Every one was wearied with fighting and living in tent-wagons. The Boers felt in their way as did Europe in general when Napoleon I. was safely lodged on far-away St. Helena, and the long war had come to an end, and people might once more transact honest business. Young Steyn, however, had a healthy rough-and-tumble bringing up. He is proud to remember that he was but eleven years old when he knocked over his first buck (springbok). As a youngster he was, I am assured, as good a shot as most of his grown-up neighbors. At school he was a famous football-player; and stories are current in Bloemfontein that he was very handy with his fists, and several times knocked out boys older and bigger than himself. But I am assured that the quarrel was never of Steyn's making.

My first sight of President Steyn was in the State Capitol. He was seated officially in a large arm-chair at the right hand of the Speaker during a session of the Volksraad. It was an eminently dignified gathering, though the sight of the head of the state in the midst of them seemed, of course, strange to an American. The Boers still consider their President as a member of the Volksraad, or Council of the People. His office is not cleanly marked out as in our Constitution, and consequently bears a confused character. The people in general regard their President as the chief officer of the state, and the one to whom they look for direction in times of danger. At the same time they treat him much as we treat our army. We make a great pet of it when there is danger—when the Indians are loose in Arizona or the anarchists in Chicago. Then the people talk of strengthening the arm of the government. But so soon as the danger is past, a set of wiseacres in Congress, who conspicuously pose as patriotic Americans, at once seek means of cutting down the already niggardly amount allowed for military (really police) purposes.

In the two South African republics human nature is not much different. President Kruger appears to be a dictator because his country has passed through a succession of crises calling for military preparation and a strong executive. In the Orange Free State, on the other hand, there is and has been no such popular excitement; and while the burghers in general nominally treat the President as a powerful leader, the Volksraad, little by little, has come to regard him as merely the means of enforcing the laws which it may choose to pass. It gives him not even a veto, and leaves him, therefore, with no choice but to either concur with the Volksraad or resign.

Mr. Steyn discussed this point with me at some length and with great frankness; for he was familiar with the United States Constitution, and curious to know how the veto worked. He did not disguise his annoyance at the manner in which his own Volksraad was able to override him,

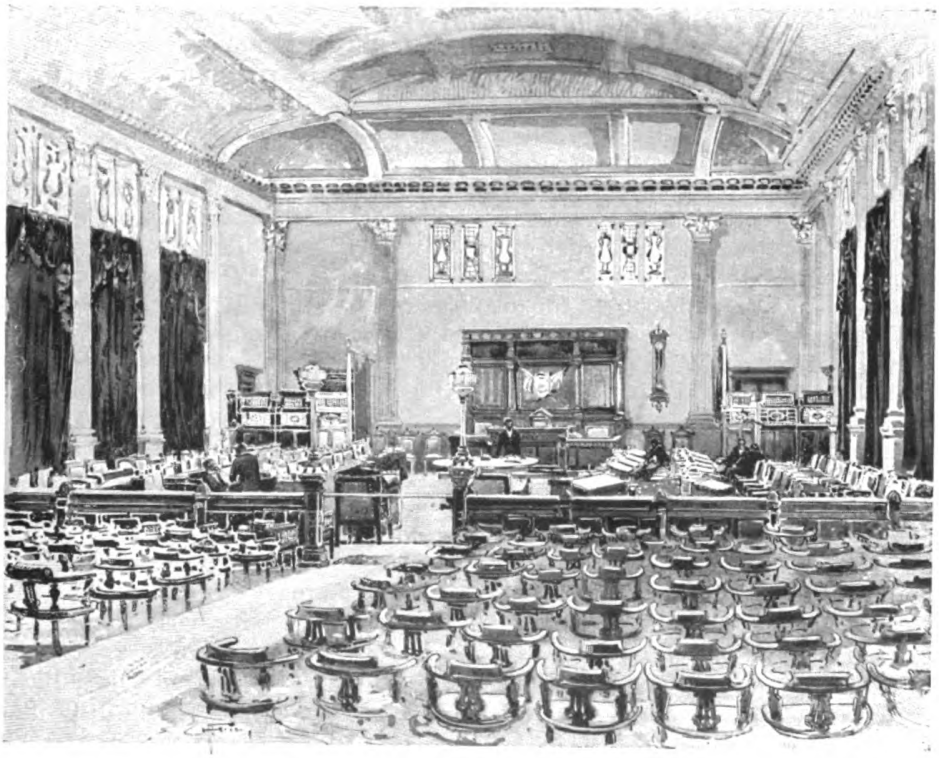
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and assured me that he was preparing an appeal to the people which he believed would end this anomalous state of things. The present system, thought the President, worked well enough so long as only such laws were passed as had been contemplated when the members knew the minds of their constituents. But suppose a wholly new question arose, springing from an unexpected change in all conditions about them, and one on which they had not given their constituents the means of forming an opinion—let us imagine something like news of a European war—the Volksraad, under the spur of sensational news, might hastily pass a measure calculated to do much harm. If the President cannot veto, what can he do? Steyn proposes that such a measure be referred to the whole people, as we here do a constitutional amendment. This would force the Volksraad to pause; it would give notice that the President disapproved of it; it would bring the President face to face with the whole of his people, and relieve him of a painful choice between resigning or obeying a Volksraad which possibly did not at the time represent faithfully the popular wishes.

This conversation took place in the official mansion one rather warm afternoon. Mrs. Steyn had "a tea and tennis" party on the lawn, and I could not but be struck by hearing only the English tongue on all sides of me, though the larger portion of the guests were men in public life, and most of them, if not all, spoke Dutch habitually in their business hours. For all that I could note, the garden party might have been in England.

Mr. Steyn lives very simply, compared with the Queen's representatives in Natal or Cape Town. When I first rang the bell at the President's door it was opened by a maid (white), and at a large dinner there the service was performed entirely by maid-servants. Imagine, if you please, an English Governor without his retinue of overfed, clerical-looking men-servants, all brought out from England! The thing is impossible for us to conceive.

Mr. and Mrs. Steyn live in their new grandeur with excellent taste; it was to me a contrast with Pretoria, where President Kruger required a military guard as portentous as that of the dictator of a South American republic. There were no soldiers to be seen about the Steyn Presi-



INTERIOR OF THE LEGISLATIVE HALL IN THE NEW CAPITOL.

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dency—not even a policeman did I ever see about his door.

But if any of womankind has had patience to follow me so far, let me tell her a bit of romance. Mrs. Steyn has not the slightest knowledge of this, and probably never will have.

When the nineteen-year-old Steyn steamed away to Europe from South Africa, there was on the same ship a bright-eyed, fair-haired girl of twelve. The journey from South Africa is a long one. Mine, from Delagoa Bay, around Cape of Good Hope, to Southampton, lasted thirty days, though I was not on a particularly slow boat. In those thirty days we have to see very much of our fellow-passengers, and learn to judge them fairly well—whether they can be selfish or generous, entertaining or dull. Young Steyn had never seen this fair-haired little girl before, and did not see her again during his six years of law study. But on his return to Bloemfontein as a barrister, the first social event in his legal career was the being presented to a handsome fair-haired young lady of eighteen, in whom he recognized the little travelling companion of six years before. She had been thoroughly educated, not merely abroad, but also in a most excellent high-school for girls established at Bloemfontein. The young advocate very properly fell deeply in love with this most attractive of women, and in due course offered himself, was accepted, and discovered, like many another in like happy state, that the contemplation of matrimony means war with material obstacles—sometimes parents, sometimes the means of livelihood, frequently both. Steyn had for his fortune little more than his education and license to accept briefs. The young lady's father was a clergyman. The parents on both sides were in comfortable circumstances, from the point of view taken in their neighborhood, but the young people were forced to remain merely engaged until the young lawyer had secured the means of supporting his wife independently—a decision honorable to all concerned. But this long engagement was nearly fatal to the social career of one who was Mr. Steyn's intimate friend—I shall call him William Temple. For convenience, or a silly reason such as people in love can give, Steyn, who was much abroad on circuit, deemed it well to send the letters intended for Miss Fraser to the office of his friend Temple, there to be enclosed in another envelope, and re-addressed in the handwriting of his friend. Steyn perhaps wished to avoid being teased by his friends, for in the small community in which he moved a young man could not write often to the same young lady before all the tea tables would be discussing it.

This arrangement of the young advocate worked well for a time. The secret of the engagement was well preserved, and the young lady conducted her part of the correspondence by also giving all her letters to William Temple, to be forwarded under cover of his hand. William Temple was the only one besides the parents who knew of the engagement, and he would have died at the stake rather than betray his trust. And now, my lady reader, if you are seeking the elements of a brand-new plot, here it is, fresh from Africa.

The tea tables of Bloemfontein did finally commence to discuss the affairs of this postally connected trio. One busybody noticed that Miss Fraser was neglecting the advocate. Another noticed that while the advocate was away on circuit, the young lady appeared altogether too much with Mr. William Temple. Another noticed that she corresponded with Mr. Temple. Another had stopped a postman and learned from him that many letters came to Miss Fraser in Mr. Temple's handwriting.

Another and another had evidence more or less circumstantial to submit, until finally the little tea-table society of Bloemfontein felt convinced that William Temple was basely utilizing the absence of his friend Steyn in order treasonably to secure the affection of Miss Fraser. And so, while the two separated lovers were cheerily interchanging their messages through the useful clearing-house of William Temple, there was gathering about that honest man's head such a storm of social indignation as in our more happy country could have ended only in summary lynching. He received cold looks where formerly he had known only smiles; old friends appeared constrained when forced to be near him; the good people were heard repeating: "Poor Steyn! what a shame that he should be treated in this way! He ought to come back at once!" Men at the club mooted

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CROSSING A STREAM IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

Drawn by Frederic Remington after a photograph by the author.

how they could warn Steyn; but in these matters men are notorious cowards. The real heroes in such a crisis are the women.

And, indeed, a meddlesome, conscientious, God-fearing Puritan dame was found who sought William Temple one day, taxed him with his perfidy, pointed out the disgrace he was bringing on himself, the wrong he was doing to an estimable young lady, and, above all, the cold villany of his attitude toward Steyn. William Temple changed color with indignant anger—a change which the good lady naturally attributed to shame.

Think for a moment—what would you or I, my fellow-man, have done? Temple at least did not divulge his secret, and, until Steyn returned from circuit, remained in Bloemfontein the only man there capable of saying, "I have not a single friend in my own home!" At last the advocate returned, to find himself greeted by commiserating friends, whose languishing pressure of the hand and sad undertone gave him the foretaste of impending calamity. Before he reached the home of his true love or could communicate with Temple, his heart was beating wildly in foreboding. The neighbors evidently dared not tell him the worst!

How heartily did Steyn roar with laughter when Temple explained the situation! How people stared when they saw the advocate and his "base deceiver" laughing together arm in arm! How the tea tables hastened to invent other plausible tales! How the good, conscientious old lady commenced to feel foolish! How Temple became overwhelmed with invitations from every one who had formerly treated him coldly! All this and much more is the hint for great novelists. Next year there may be a dozen stories published on this theme, each encouraged by a prize from some enterprising journal.

When Advocate Steyn and Miss Fraser became man and wife they settled down to housekeeping and hard work. Mrs. Steyn, from the very outset, became her husband's help in his career; and I was assured by an official of the Free State judiciary that hundreds of legal documents filed in the archives of the Supreme Court are in the clear, bold hand of Mrs. Advocate Steyn.

Mr. Steyn's contempt for social shams

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was illustrated most strongly to me one day while I was travelling with this same William Temple over the prairie country called the "Conquered Territory." We stopped one night at the house of a Boer ranchman who knew the President well, and he told me this story. It is the more precious to me because Temple, who is Steyn's friend, had never before heard it, and was much impressed by it.

Steyn was not long since in a gathering of his friends, and some one of the party expressed surprise that a certain one should have married another whose grandfather had been a bricklayer.

At this Steyn spoke up: "I see nothing strange in that. My own father was a wagon-maker, and I am proud to think that he was a good one and an honest one."

This was not the "labor candidate's" trick to secure votes. It was the expression of one too frank to stand by and tacitly endorse the false social distinction made in his hearing. But for this, most of his fellow-citizens would have remained in ignorance that the elder Steyn had ever been anything else than the statesman and gentleman farmer.

And now I close, wishing a long and happy life to the President and Mrs. Steyn. May the house they now inhabit become the Presidency of a great United South Africa, free from the influence of all outside intrigue, whether from Holland, from Germany, or from Portugal! Africa for the "Afrikander"! Liberty and law! These are better watchwords than those whose sources are in race hatred or protectionism.

THE HIGHWAY.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

THE highway lies, all bare and brown,
A naked line across the down,
Worn by a hundred hurrying feet.
The tide of Life along it flows,
And busy Commerce comes and goes.
Where once the grass grew green and sweet,
The World's fierce pulses beat.

Well for the highway that it lies
The passageway of great emprise!
Yet from its dust what voices cry—
Voices of soft green growing things
Trampled and torn from earth which clings
Too closely, unperceiving why
Its darling bairns must die!

My heart's a highway, trodden down
By many a traveller of renown—
Grave Thought, and burden-bearing Deeds.
And strong Achievement's envoy fares,
With laughing Joys and crowding Cares,
Along the road that worldward leads—
Once rank with foolish weeds.

Glad is my heart to hear them pass;
Yet sometimes breathes a low Alas!
The tender springing things that grew—
The nursling hopes their feet destroyed,
Sweet ignorant dreams that youth enjoyed—
And blossomed there the long year through—
Would I could have them too!

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COMPOSERS AND "ARTISTES."

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

I HAVE often thought it would be interesting to record anecdotally how much musical composers owed to artistes, and how much artistes owed to composers. Both are proverbially an "irritable lot" --*irritabile genus*—but they "kiss and make it up," and as my Latin grammar used to say, the *amantium iræ amoris integratio* is more than all things needful in the case of those who cannot well afford to live apart.

The good-will of singers and players is especially important to composers; and to great composers, most of all, to write what a great prima donna objects to sing is perilous; so much so that operatic composers Bellini, Rossini, Verdi, etc., have habitually written for certain singers—Grisi and Mario, Lablache, Taglioni, Patti—whilst even Mendelssohn was not above writing oratorio for his two favorite exponents, Jenny Lind and Miss Dolby: the soprano part of *Elijah* was avowedly written in view of Jenny Lind. Miss Dolby was the only person in oratorio that Jenny Lind was afraid of, and there was no love lost between them. They watched each other very jealously, and although the operatic glamour of the incomparable Jenny far outshone anything that Miss Dolby ever attained to, still in the concert-room and in oratorio she often divided laurels with Jenny. This is the more noteworthy, first, because, with rare exceptions, like that of Alboni and Trebelli, both of them contraltos, the soprano lady usually bears the palm; and secondly, because for that very reason there is little rivalry amongst them, as they can never sing the same parts, or traverse each other's orbits.

Miss Dolby, when Jenny Lind came to England in 1847, was a slim-waisted, tall, dark girl, well proportioned, quite solid and unethereal, but a most earnest and conscientious student, gifted with a superb deep contralto, and a *bonhomie* and homely grace of her own that won, without exactly fascinating, the public at first. She was equally good at a rousing Scotch song or a fireside domestic ballad (John Hallah wrote the famous "Three Fishers" for her in his later days); but in oratorio, and in her own way, Miss Dolby was supreme—not second even to Jenny. Certainly she never had that extraordinary and weird magnetism which made unmusical people like Stanley, afterwards the celebrated Dean of Westminster, rave about her great soprano rival, Jenny; but the Dolby was better looking than Jenny, though never downright pretty—dark, very dark, and handsome, one might call her, with a certain *embonpoint* after thirty which she bore gracefully, but which did not add to her grace.

Miss Dolby's moment came. When Jenny Lind retired from the stage the Prima at once shone out as an oratorio star of the first magnitude; she thus directly invaded a sphere in which Clara Novello, soprano, and Miss Dolby, contralto, reigned supreme. Jenny Lind did not apparently accept the situation quite as gracefully as she could well have afforded to do. It was to her a necessity to outshine every one. Mendelssohn was doubtless a good deal smitten with the Swedish nightingale. He not unnaturally wrote his great soprano parts with her in his eye—or rather his ear. Many can remember her entrancing singing of "Jerusalem" in *St. Paul*, and the seraphic way in which her divine voice—spirit, I had almost said—would soar above the rest in the great double quartet in *Elijah*, "He shall give his angels charge over Thee." But Miss Dolby was not happy. She felt quite aggrieved at the music of *St. Paul*. That the first contralto singer in England, who had scored even in Germany against Jenny Lind, should have so little to do in *St. Paul* was too bad!

The following episode has, I believe, never been printed. I had it from the lips of Miss Dolby's sister (afterwards Madame Sainton), now in Australia.

"Dr. Mendelssohn," says Miss Dolby, then at the height of her popularity, "I do hope you won't treat the contraltos so badly in your next oratorio."

"Badly?" says Mendelssohn. "My dear Miss Dolby, what do you mean? I always treat every one as fairly as possible."

"Not at all," says Miss Dolby. "We've next to nothing to do in *St. Paul*—nothing to show us off to advantage, I

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mean." Mendelssohn was then writing his *Elijah*.

"Well, Miss Dolby, what do you want?"

"I want two good solos and some nice little bits."

"Stay!" says the amiable composer, taking out his note-book. "'*Two good solos and some nice little bits*,'" and he wrote it down, with that well-known most fascinating smile, which, once seen, could never be forgotten. When *Elijah* came out, in addition to the "*nice little bits*," Miss Dolby, to her delight, found the two immortal songs which she subsequently made almost her own—"Woe! woe unto them!" and "O rest in the Lord!"

Dr. Mendelssohn sent for her, and at Exeter Hall, in a room downstairs, he tried over the two songs, accompanying them himself.

When she had sung "Woe! woe!" Mendelssohn turned round and said, "*That* will be the favorite contralto song."

Miss Dolby replied, "I differ from you, Dr. Mendelssohn. 'O rest in the Lord!' will be the favorite. It will take the public far more than 'Woe! woe!'"

She then sang it, Mendelssohn accompanying in a sort of listening trance, with his head on one side—a way he had—and at the end he seemed quite overcome, as tens of millions have been since by her rendering of that inspired melody. "You are right, Miss Dolby: that will be the success!" And so it was.

Mendelssohn's popularity in 1846 was not what it became in 1856. He owed much to the now forgotten Mr. Lockey, who first sang the tenor part at Birmingham, much to Sims Reeves, much to Clara Novello and to Jenny Lind, but to none did he owe more than to Miss Dolby.

Composers have also owed much to pianists. There can be very little doubt that Chopin wrote a good deal, as it were, in the presence of Liszt. He was never equal himself, physically, to the musical hurricanes and tornadoes which he invoked in his grand polonaises, although Liszt told me that "Chopin played his own compositions charmingly." But Liszt often played them differently; and on one occasion I remember Liszt saying that when he had given quite an unexpected reading to one of the nocturnes, Chopin listened attentively, and then said, slowly, "Yes—I did not mean it like that, but —but I think I like it so."

Chopin is of course still a stock dish at piano-forte recitals, but Mendelssohn's piano-forte pieces are too seldom heard now (1896), and seldom played at all well. Of course Chopin is more difficult to play than Mendelssohn, but he is far less out of date, though a contemporary. In this Chopin resembles Schumann. The piano-forte school has not really advanced an inch, in my opinion, beyond Chopin in composition, or beyond Liszt in technique.

I could never see that Rubinstein excelled Liszt, nor do I think Paderewski excels Rubinstein. Piano-forte playing has probably reached its limits. But in emancipation of musical form Schumann and Chopin are as much beyond Mendelssohn as Wagner is beyond Schumann.

Beethoven sits, of course, as a colossus at the *fons et origo* of nineteenth-century music; but he is the beginning, and Wagner is the end. Into these thorny questions of relative progress I do not propose further to enter here. The sad fact remains that one of the most charming writers for the piano-forte has ceased to be commonly played outside schools and academies. Mendelssohn is not sympathetically understood by modern pianists.

I have watched the Mendelssohn *furor* die out, and I declare that the Mendelssohn piano-forte tradition is dead with Madame Schumann. (Madame Zavardy Clauss, still alive, is not to be compared to her as a Mendelssohn exponent.)

In the first place, Mendelssohn is always scampered through too fast. No doubt Mendelssohn himself played everything too fast, including his own compositions; but that was because he always seemed to anticipate the development and the end from the beginning, which made his rendering almost too sudden and spiritual, like a flash of thought which needed no language—not even a musical one. Everything to him was a "song without words"; but now pianists are heartless over Mendelssohn. I have heard the piano-forte Mendelssohn concertos rattled through as if they were mere school studies. Dear old Mrs. Anderson, the Queen's pianiste (I recall vividly her brown wig and sedate judicial manner at the Philharmonic concerts), was not exactly a genius of the first water, but she could play the Mendelssohn piano-forte concertos dedicated to her, with love and

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respect, even when she was an old woman, and not as your modern flash virtuoso, who rattles them through as if he were condescending to bolt very cheap wine.

As to the "songs without words," with the exception of now and then a good amateur rendering, I never hear them what I should call played at all.

Sterndale Bennett, who lived closer in spirit to Mendelssohn than any other contemporary pianist — Madame Schumann not excepted—although he always seemed to me lacking in pathos and passion, had certainly caught Mendelssohn's indefinable grace and elegance, and played the more delicate "Lieder" "*like a dream*," as the French say.

Mendelssohn was not at all an impersonal writer, like Spohr or Schumann, or even Wagner. He was very fond of composing for particulars, and he was quite right. He certainly never wrote for Liszt, but he wrote piano pieces for Madame Schumann, violin for David, Lieder for Jenny Lind, and oratorio for both Jenny Lind and Miss Dolby.

Rossini wrote the magnificent violoncello part which opens the overture to *William Tell* simply to show off a fine violoncello-player who happened to be at Berlin.

No one has owed more to his artistes than Richard Wagner. To play his music it is not enough to play the notes and to keep awake: every artiste must be inspired with his intention. Wagner's band is not so much like an army with fixed tactics as a special corps of picked marksmen; never for a moment must attention flag or vigilance be relaxed. At first trained operatic singers declined parts which were hard to learn and thankless to sing (so they held). Strictly vocal passages seldom occurred in Wagner's musical dramas. The very attitudes which the actors were called upon to assume sometimes rendered the singing almost impossible. The Rhine maidens, for instance, had to pour forth the most complicated strains whilst clasped in wire hoops in order to be swung up and down from the bottom of the Rhine to the top. They appear to the audience to be swimming in the depths of dim green water. The ladies, some of them rather heavy, when they saw the cages they were expected to trust their corporations to, at first absolutely declined; and it is commonly said that Wagner, after fuming and threatening, arguing and consoling in vain, as a last resource went down on his knees and with tears implored the ladies to make the attempt. After that no Rhine girl found it in her heart to refuse; and Rhine girls ever since have learned to be swung about uncomplainingly, like Eastern fakirs with a hook in the back.

The Walküre, or war-maidens, have also a rather rough time of it; perched on the brink of precipices, in full armor and flourishing their war-spears, they are expected to gesticulate freely and shout to the elements. It is true that the horses and Walküre who are seen for a moment rushing through the stormy gauze clouds are pasteboard horses and pasteboard Walküre, but I have seen the worthy Brünnhilde (Madame Materna) strutting on a dizzy stucco rock and peering with delighted shouts into a paper-lined chasm beneath, which could not possibly smile to her.

I will not speak of the fearful strain put upon his first ladies by the inexorable Wagner. For instance, in my opinion there ought always to be two Isoldes in *Tristan und Isolde;* for, by the time Isolde comes to die, she has been completely exhausted by the long love-scene in the garden at night. I defy any woman to die adequately after that, for more concentrated and agonizing robustiousness is needed for the death-scene than for all the rest of the part put together.

You really want quite a fresh woman, who has not been played out with previous musical convulsions. Still, Wagner's music is so exciting and the drama so intense that few prime donne, who are equal to the work at all, shrink from going through the ordeal pluckily to the bitter end.

Both Titiens and Albani, who were at first opposed to Wagner parts, chiefly for vocal reasons, learned to revel in them at last; and not even *Fidelio* (in which Titiens was supreme) gave that tragedienne such dramatic opportunities as she afterwards found in the Wagnerian drama.

It is not an uncommon notion that singers resort habitually to stimulants to carry them through. This is more true of actors, for obvious reasons, but not *so much* true of them as people suppose; but for singers to be habitual topers would

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soon impair their powers and terminate their career. The larynx and vocal cords are too delicate an apparatus to trifle with; and I think it would be quite true to say that most good singers are fairly temperate—far more temperate in drinking than in eating, for most of them get too fat from sedentary habits, frequent meals, and late suppers. What is probably true is that many singers, like some orators, resort to a little stimulant at the time to give an edge to the performance, and do not over-indulge at other times. In one of her great parts Madame Malibran was famous for the admirable manner in which she expired on the stage; but, in order to insure success, she used to slip adroitly behind a side wing, where an assistant was in waiting for her with half a pint of porter, which she quaffed in order to die before the foot-lights in her best style.

How much a composer owes to his artiste is unhappily too often apparent when the understudy is called upon, although reputations have been made that way. Of course the attempt to replace a Patti or a Sims Reeves is so obviously impossible that on those occasions, singularly rare, when the Diva has not been able to appear, the money is usually returned or the night postponed; and Sims Reeves, if unable to fill a festival oratorio engagement for which he had been advertised, invariably sent his check for fifty guineas.

But if composers owe a good deal to artistes, and artistes owe so much to composers, artistes are often completely at the mercy of one another. The drummer who at the famous *fff* in Haydn's Surprise Symphony surreptitiously let off a pistol, and so frightened the orchestra that the movement came to an abrupt close, is an extreme case; but the drum is a terrible instrument of vengeance, and is often a terror to the drummer himself, as well as to his less emphatic companions.

Once at a rehearsal conducted by the excitable Dr. Bülow, the great pianist and son-in-law of Liszt, the drummer, who had had, as usual, to rest some hundreds of bars, and then come in with two little taps, and rest again, got so nervous that he came in wrong; he did it a second time, and he did it a third time, when Bülow, losing all patience, roared out, "Du unrhythmischer Esel!" (thou unrhythmic ass!), and seizing the score before him, flung it at the unhappy man's head.

Professor Ella, that Nestor of critics, to whom England and all virtuosi owe so much as the father of chamber-music concerts, and founder of the Musical Union, once told me that when he was playing amongst the violins at one of Paganini's rehearsals the drummer got so alarmed in the presence of the prodigious virtuoso that he trembled almost too much to hold his drumsticks, and Ella, laying down his violin, went to the drums and took his place, receiving the thanks of Paganini, who was fast losing his temper with the nervous drummer. Still, drummers who have been abused are not always to blame. We have all heard of the ignorant manager-proprietor who, being present at an orchestral rehearsal, observed that the drummer did next to nothing, and went up to him angrily to expostulate.

"But, sir," says the drummer, "I'm resting—don't you see?" and he pointed to his part.

"Damme, sir," says the manager, "I do not pay you to rest; I pay you to play!"

The famous Madame Catalani sang at times notoriously out of tune. She knew it herself, and so did the band, but the object was to conceal her defect from the audience. On one occasion, at Bath, when she had gone flat quite half a semitone, the first violin winked to his fellows and followed her, playing down to her imperfect intonation, so that the stringed accompaniment might not betray the great star singer. Amidst the frantic applause that followed the close of her song, Catalani turned round and smiled a sweet and grateful smile to the violin leader, and afterwards sent him a handsome honorarium.

Every soloist knows that a slovenly orchestral accompaniment will entirely paralyze his effects. I must say, however, that great players are often most unmerciful to their orchestral accompanists. I have heard Sarasate run even the Crystal Palace band completely off its legs in the last movement of Mendelssohn's violin concerto; what could not be played in the time had to be scamped. I once saw Lübeck, the great pianist (he died in a lunatic asylum), get so angry that he banged away all through the *tutti* to try and get

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a poorly trained orchestra into his beat—from which it appears evident that a good mutual understanding and a capable co-operation are much to be desired between musicians of all sorts and conditions. A ballad may be completely ruined by the sheer incompetence or subtle malice of a pianist. Sir Julius Benedict was the prince of accompanists, but I have heard him accompany so badly a *débutante* that I could not help thinking it was intentional, and that he did not mean she should succeed. Alas! such things are done both on the stage and in the concert-room. Musicians are not only a most irritable, but, I am sorry to say, a most jealous race. I do not say all musicians succumb to these mean passions. I only declare that jealousy is their besetting sin—often non-existent, no doubt often nobly resisted, sometimes overcome, but jealousy is the upas-tree of the profession. May I not add that as composers owe so much to artistes and artistes to composers, and players and singers to each other, it is a thousand pities that there should not oftener be more of an "entente cordiale" and "noblesse oblige" between them? At present their professional harmonies are too often full of "unresolved discords."

PRINCESS I-WOULD-I-WOT-NOT.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"IT isn't as if I cared for any one else. I think you know that. It's only that I—"

"That you don't care for me."

"You put words into my mouth. I had not meant to say exactly that—still, if you prefer it should stand so—"

"I do, if you are thinking of our long row home, and so are tempering the wind for my shearing. Won't you speak with brutal frankness? When a woman has refused a man directly and indirectly as often as you have me, he may suffer each time a gamut of emotions, but really he ceases to be embarrassed."

The woman who had spoken flushed a little.

"That was not a nice speech. I have always been honest with you."

"Yes, but never quite so far from covert. If I were not I, and you you, the prospect ahead might be awkward for an hour or so, and awkwardness means anguish to your mind. You are a symphony of social accords. I have never yet made a discordant scene, I think, but being repeatedly refused with such unfailing tact and courtesy is having its effects on my nerves. I am more irritable than I used to be. It would be easier if you were rude to me."

"I know it." The answer came quickly. "It is all wrong between you and me. May I speak very plainly?"

"I beg that you will. I think I have almost the right to demand it; and you can speak the naked truth and still be artistic, you know. I learned that early in my art career. One day, when we were all in the studio painting, my old master came behind me and leaned over my shoulder to find that I had boyishly draped my figure in a floating gauzy veil. 'Mr. Satterly,' he said, 'if you want to paint draped figures, paint them, and if you want to paint nude figures, paint nude figures, but spare me shimmerettes!' Won't you spare me shimmerettes to-day, Annette?"

Satterly looked up, smiling, and his companion laughed, but she was still uneasy, as her very attitude showed. The two were sitting together in a deep stony hollow formed in some wave-smitten rocks, which were at once the breakwater and rugged bluff of a small island that lay green with its pine-trees in the midst of a deep cove. The site was too exposed to winter gales for verdure, but in place of grass, nature, fertile in expedients, had laid down matted pine needles season after season, until the net-work underfoot was more dense than the prickly boughs crossing overhead. Winds and storms had filled all the nooks and corners of the red crags with this fodderlike pine, making a veritable rookery of warm nests in among the rocks. It was in one of these nests that Annette and Satterly were sitting.

"I and my shimmerettes seem to offend you to-day," said Annette, after a long

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pause. "Do you know that we close our cottage to-morrow? I asked you early in the summer to give me quiet freedom while I staid here to think it all over, and I meant to be decided when these last days of October came. I have tried to be so all along, but I hoped you understood why I could not be too vehement in my denials."

There was a genuine sweetness and an unusual softness in her tone and manner that one less a lover would have found hard to resist. Satterly moved to lay his hand closely on the hand of the woman he loved, with a quick touch which had in it so much earnestness and so little of a caress that she did not withdraw from him.

"Forgive me," he said, "if I am soured; indeed it is not your fault. However this talk between us ends—and I feel that there are to be finalities in it—you must believe that I acquit you of any blame whatever. You have been most exquisitely patient, womanly, and kind to me from Alpha to Omega, if Omega it is to be. Now, while I can speak calmly and with unbiassed truth, I want you to write it in the tablets of your memory that I told you this. Don't you let anything—anything that I may be provoked to say or do hereafter—make you believe that I really think differently."

He was sitting at her feet, and could see, as she looked down at him, all the little flecks of warm brown in her eyes that on near view made them seem hazel. Her lips were parted and quivering slightly. To Satterly her face perfectly expressed her character as he had learned to know it. Her underlying nature was as the tendernesses of her beauty—those brown lights of the eyes, those soft curves of the lips—visible only when studied as Satterly was then devoutly studying them. She turned a little from his fixed gaze on her face, and looked over the waters at the low wintry sun hanging red above the red rocks. The movement drew her hand softly, as if unintentionally, from Satterly's grasp. He fell back with a laugh.

"Everything you do is characteristic of you. Here you have let me sit as another woman would not have dared trust a man madly in love with her, but you know exactly to a mathematical nicety the line of safety. Did you know that for two foolish moments just now, because a squirrel in the tree made you start, and again because the sunlight shifted on your face, I half believed that your fingers caught mine, or that your expression altered? Was that why you drew your hand away? No—pardon me—another woman would have done that—you only let it melt from mine."

"Yes," she answered, frankly; "and you are thinking, too, that my horror of 'scenes,' as you call them, is the cause of whatever is wrong between us. No, don't stop me. Something is wrong; but my real inability to decide and end this finally one way or the other has been due to my inexperience—"

Satterly laughed outright. "Inexperience! In what, pray, are you inexperienced—men or manners? Dear one, don't be troubled to find *reasons*. You don't love me—that's all—and enough. Why should you? Because I can't forget you—things stick in my heart as in a dog's—is no reason that you should be annoyed."

"I am glad you are willing to understand," she said, gently, "but you don't quite do so yet. I mean what I say of my ignorance. Most women of my age—I am no longer an immature girl—have some experiences to guide them, but I have never really cared for any man in my life; and as a woman has to be a little—well—susceptible herself, you know, to thoroughly enjoy playing at love, I have never even had flirtations to teach me. I have come nearer to both love and flirtation with you than with any one else." She paused, as if doubting the wisdom of such plain speech.

"Go on," he answered; "this is just what I wanted."

"You see now why I asked you for these free months. I have had nothing by which to gauge myself. Other men have loved me. You know that, so there is no harm in my saying so. I have been ashamed that I could hear them with not even a throb of answering emotion. With you it has been a little different. Sometimes I have thought that I did care for you because I hate to make you suffer, and because I can talk to you—well, as I am talking now. But neither of these is love. I want to ask you an odd question. How did you know that you loved me?" She flushed under his look of amusement, but did not explain further.

"How do I know I love you?"

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"That was not what I asked. The tense makes all the difference. I said, How *did* you know. I think I can understand diving deeply after plunging, but plunging in, it is quite another matter."

"Yes," he admitted, "it is. I have often wondered how women got the impulse to dive into marriage, lacking the stimulus of the chase."

Annette looked her assent.

"You understand me wonderfully well. It must be partly your artistic temperament that teaches you how a woman feels. You could never have sent me a Japanese oak, for instance, though you do think me a worldling. I think I want to tell you about my Japanese oak, and how I almost married the man who gave it to me. It was a long while ago. I was little more than a *débutante* then, but I thought it high time I married. The idea of never marrying had not then occurred to me." She waited again for Satterly to speak, but he was silent, and she went on: "I was never really engaged to the man I decided to marry. Something held me back from the final step; but he had reason to believe it would soon come to that, though I never pretended to love him at all; and his first gift to me, a young sensitive girl, was—what do you think?—a morbid Old World plant—a Japanese oak! Did you ever see one?"

"I think so. They look like weary, wizened old men—don't they?—and never grow larger than a little bush."

Annette spoke with suppressed feeling. "They don't grow because you deny them every natural condition. You keep them in a pot too small for them, with cruelly little water, too little sun, and too little air. They live for a century, and cost, I forget what, but small fortunes. It was a gift I was very proud of for a day or so. Then I began to hate it, and the man who thought I could be hard enough to enjoy it. I was, as he had reason to know, a rather cold woman, but not then, or now, I hope, a hard one. I set the poor thing in a great pot of earth, and put it in a south window, and drowned it with water, and flooded it with air. Of course it died. When I broke my engagement, if I can call the half-agreement such a name, I said that I did so because the oak had been made a gift to me, and because that proved an utter lack of comprehension of me. But that was not my whole reason. I did not tell him how I had learned to realize that if I married without love I should grow, or rather stop growing, just like that miserable starved little tree. He had unconsciously given me an object-lesson, you see, and I have never forgotten it. Worldly, as you and he—yes, both of you—think me, the ghost of that oak has again and again stood between me and a loveless marriage." There was a long pause. Annette broke the silence, speaking slowly, as if feeling her way to an understanding with herself as well as with her listener. "I am not a cold woman, whatever I seem. If I were, I should have married long ago. A marriage of love, genuine, tender love, is what I call beautiful, and I will have nothing less lovely. But how is one to know? How am I to know, for instance, that you can give me the sunshine, space, and free air of a love-marriage? I know—all this is hard for me to say—that I shall never marry any one if I do not engage myself to you to-day, for I can never again expect to meet a man whose comradeship I so enjoy or with whom I feel such freedom, and who—it is even harder to say than I thought—who so nearly stirs my heart." Satterly looked up quickly, but she would not meet his eyes. She had to steady her voice to go on, and the words came more firmly. "I confess I shrink from the thought of parting with you finally; yet, I do not, no, I do not feel that irresistible impulse to bind myself more closely to you which, I suppose, would mean that I really loved you. I don't know how better to test my heart, and you don't help me."

She ended with a little catch in her breath and more emotion than Satterly had ever seen her show. He replied instantly.

"Frankly, don't you think you are rather unreasonable? How am I to test your heart for you? As I understand, you paraphrase the old agnostic's prayer: 'O Love, if you be my Love, touch my heart, if I have a heart.' Perhaps you don't realize that you are asking me to teach you exactly what I have been vainly striving and slaving to make you learn, lo, these many moons. What more can I do? I do melt my own tested heart for you to drink as Cleopatra did her pearl. But that hasn't taught you,

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my Princess—Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not."

Annette's face changed. She looked down with a quick turn of her head.

"Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not," she repeated — "I-Would-I-Wot-Not." She recited the title over and over, as if it fascinated her. "Is that descriptive of me? Yes, I suppose it is. How discontented and fretful and peevish the name sounds —I would I wot not!" She interrupted Satterly's murmured protest. "I don't mind; it's entirely true. But don't you know that I would give the world to wot what I do want — to know my heart as others know theirs—as you do?"

"Yes," said Satterly, dryly, "there's no doubt whatever about my knowing. I am not introspective enough to be a doubter. I'm simply an old-fashioned lover on one knee before you offering my simple heart for what it is worth as frankly and as perpetually as an old-fashioned valentine picture. I have known unfortunately well just what I wanted—not ever since I first met you—I am not practised enough to pretend I have always loved you. I don't think I quite liked you when we first met, did I?"

"No," said Annette, laughing; "you thought me a worldly woman, and once deliberately told me so. I don't think I have ever had to complain of what you call 'shimmerettes' with you."

"You never will, I hope. The first time it ever occurred to me to love you was when we were walking one day under a grove of pine-trees just like these, and the ground was springy in the same way with the old and new shed needles. Do you remember that walk? I don't suppose so, but I was as I thought making myself agreeable to you, and talking cynically of what money could do, what I knew my own money had bought me of the world's favor, when you stopped short and dug the point of your parasol into the mat of pine needles. 'Bah! You haven't the money that would buy a carpet like this!' you said, scornfully, and you could have knocked me down with one of those same needles. I looked at you, and then somehow it seemed to me that I saw your beauty for the first time. I thought, 'Why, this is a woman to love!' But frankly it wasn't the first time I had thought that of a woman, and, according to experience, it seemed to me an unimportant discovery. Only I thought it again shortly, and again in a segregated kind of way, until at last the thought dropped down so often it grew as this pine-needle carpet must have grown, slowly but surely overlapping everything else. I can't tell you how I know I love you any more than the pine needles know what made them fall, or why they keep on falling."

Satterly was speaking with apparent calmness, but as Annette looked aside, the excited contraction of his eyes told a different story. Annette had been listening earnestly, now she leaned her hand on the stone by her, and with a restless gesture rose to her feet. She spoke slowly.

"I have always dreamed that if I ever fell in love it would be so deeply and overwhelmingly that I think I may have been, and perhaps I am now, afraid to loosen my hold on myself. That may be the trouble. But whatever the reason is, that hold is still there, Mr. Satterly. You have taught me nothing, and I am still my own. If I *had* to marry you—" She turned to Satterly with a smile so sweet and so frank that his heart sank in his breast—"I believe I could make you fairly happy, and you me, but I can be sure of nothing more ideal than that, and that is not very ideal, is it? As I said, if I *had* to marry you, I think it would be in all probability best and happiest for me; but marriages can't be made in that way, and as it has to be deliberate, and as the last word has to lie with me, I cannot take the responsibility of making it yes—it must be no."

She paused in a sudden embarrassment, looking away from Satterly over the edge of the rocky nest on the curved beach at the foot of the bluff. As she stood she shivered slightly.

"It grows very cold," she began, conventionally. Suddenly she interrupted herself, crying out in another voice, "Look! look! our boat!"

Satterly sprang to his feet beside her. He had left their flat-bottomed sharpy beached on the sands with the oars drawn into it; now it was floating free on the water, each moment drifting further, and already some distance away. The stealthy tide, rising and falling softly and rapidly, had washed off the light shell. They both stood staring helplessly after it.

"Can we do nothing?" cried Annette,

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aghast. "We might as well be in a prison with our key drifting away!"

In answer Satterly flung back his head suddenly, looking full in her face with wide-opened eyes that fairly spoke, though she failed to read the thought behind. An overwhelming sense of something trembling in the balance seized her, but a moment later he had turned from her as if with a wrench of will-power, and began to climb from the deep nest to the rocks above. His foot was on the upper ledge when Annette, following him, caught his arm.

"What are you thinking of?" she cried, sharply. Her upturned face was suffused with color, her lips were quivering, her eyes terrified. Satterly had never seen her so beautiful or so womanly.

"The boat," he answered, simply, looking down at her. "I can overtake it."

"You must not try. I implore you! These waters are always bitterly cold. Now they are icy. They will send out a search party from home after nightfall, so we have only to wait," she went on, resolutely, as his arm seemed to stiffen under her grasp. "I am not afraid, and I am woman enough, Mr. Satterly, and proud enough, to be indifferent."

Satterly broke from her hold.

"I am not," he said. "Go to the back of the rock. For God's sake don't follow me with your eyes. If I should fail, you could do nothing whatever to help me." He drew himself up and over the edge. His footfall sounded on the hard stone fainter and fainter. Annette stood for a moment motionless, then dropped down into the hollow, crouching against the wall, her face hidden, her eyes and ears sealed—waiting.

A half-hour later the low sun, hanging like a red disk over the water, shone blindingly into Annette's face as she sat in the stern of the boat facing Satterly, who was rowing. She was utterly silent, and he noticed that the glow in sky, sea, and air failed to warm her pallor. Her face was grave, her manner serious.

"I am sorry," said Satterly, apologetically. "It was a careless trick on my part. I should have remembered what a thief the water is; but, indeed," he went on, laughing, "you need not take it so solemnly. Except for your sad fright and a little wad of wet underwear in the locker, there's no harm done. It was not so bad as it looked. The tide was with me, and the water was not too cold."

Annette dropped her hand over the side of the boat, trailing it in the water, and drew it out again blue with the chill. Her voice was shaking, but she spoke with a cold precision.

"You risked your life. The tide could have swept you out and the cold have cramped you. It is a marvel that neither happened. I shall never as long as I live forget those moments I spent crouching down among the pine needles at the back of that rock. I was afraid to see or hear. I tried to bury myself alive."

"I know," said Satterly; "I had almost to shake you awake when I came back. It was like a disappointment, wasn't it, with such preparation for horrors?"

The recollection of her terrors and his light manner seemed to double Annette's annoyance.

"What right had you to impose such an experience on me? I am not speaking of any duty to yourself."

Satterly did not answer. She went on restlessly.

"I can't forgive you for any of it. I am weighed down by the obligations you persistently thrust on me. It is not generous."

Then he looked up, his brow reddening.

"On the contrary," he answered, quickly. He rowed less strongly, and the tide swept heavily against the bow of the boat until his face was in the sunlight, and Annette could see plainly his look of indignant repudiation. "On the contrary, you are now under no obligation of any kind. You are not Princess I-Wot-What-I-Must, as you might have been. You are still Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not."

Annette's head rose proudly.

"You think, then, that I did not mean it when I told you on the island I was willing to wait for rescue?"

"You thought you meant it; but as I was I, and you you, if the chance of escape had been one in a million, and I had but half a life to risk, I ought to have risked it."

"Why?"

But Satterly had already regained his composure and his usual easy good-humor.

"I refuse to answer," he said, laughing. "Just now you stung me into saying a great deal more than I should."

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"You may as well go on, as you have said so much. You think, in a word, that with the publicity, the hue-and-cry of a search party looking for us, I should not have been exactly in a position that forced me to marry you, but where it would have been more comfortable to my worldly-mindedness to do so, and so, worldly to the end, I would have married you as a mere escape from annoyance."

Satterly showed that he braced himself for what he saw had to come. "It is what you would have done," he said, firmly, "and what indubitably I should have grasped at your doing, and far better have died than been party to. You are very angry with me, I see. I don't wonder. I hardly think it will mend matters for me to tell you that I worship you just as you are, worldly-mindedness and all. You are not worldly at the core of your heart, but you have—you can't deny it—you have lived and outlived some things that other women have yet to fathom. You know, for instance, exactly how valuable the world's opinion is, and what it means to run even a little counter to it. I mean to tell you the whole truth now; it is better. When I saw the boat drifting off, I remembered that you had just told me you could marry me if you *had* to do so, and be fairly happy. I knew—forgive me—that you *would* consent to marry me because of that accident of wind and tide, and deep down in my heart I knew all in a moment that I should not be strong enough to resist such a temptation. My only salvation was to plunge in at once, and come back with the boat, or never come back to you at all. You must see that."

"You risked your life, then, to save me from yourself?"

Satterly laughed, and shook his head. "I don't know. I am getting out of my depth now. I tell you I haven't the kind of mind that untangles metaphysical confusions. I only know that I love you, and I stand now where I stood before the boat drifted away—with a fair field, but no favor whatever."

"You risked your life to save me from yourself," Annette repeated. Her voice was hard and mechanical. "You knew me better than I knew myself. Yes, I would have married you. It was very nobly done."

Satterly replied by silence only, which Annette made no effort to break. He bent to his oars, rowing strongly, while the sun sank and twilight settled on the waters. It was dark when the homing boat with its two silent occupants wove its way through the shipping and touched at the landing-pier. They could see the old weather-worn boat-master standing on the floating wharf with his lantern lit, peering out over the harbor, waiting for them. He had heard the splash of oars, and this was the last boat out. Satterly took the lantern from him, crossing the seats to the stern where Annette sat. As he lifted the light, and it fell full on her face, he paused in amazement, his hand extended to help her. It was Annette who spoke to the boatman, bidding him bring her some wrappings from the boat-house.

The man turned away, and she rose, taking the hand Satterly was still mechanically offering. As she stood beside him, the lifted light showed plainly her flushed and tear-wet cheeks. Her voice was soft with emotion, low with earnestness. All the tenderness of her beauty shone on Satterly as through a mist. It was the same imploring face that had looked up at him from the rocky nest.

"I sent him away on purpose, because I can't let myself leave this boat without speaking. Don't try to help me. I ought to say it alone. I know I am not worthy of a man like yourself—no, don't speak. But I have learned one thing from you to-night, and you'll teach me more. I know now that I never shall learn what love is except by loving and sacrificing as you do. It is with you that the last word lies, but you must never again call me Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not, for now, though I don't know just what it means, just as you do, I wot what I want."

The old boatman, limping down the pier with the wrappings, broke into a run as he heard a crash and saw the light fall and disappear from the row-boat. When he reached the wharf, Satterly was stumblingly helping Annette over the broken glass of the lantern and the seats of the boat. They were both groping and laughing.

"Lost your light, sir?" came the unnecessary question.

And Satterly's voice, strong and exultant, rang out from the darkness: "I? Oh no! I've only just found it."

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EDITOR'S STUDY.

IN October last the life of the College of New Jersey for one hundred and fifty years was marked by a great celebration in Princeton. The name was then formally changed to Princeton University, as more expressive of the advanced position the institution has taken in the higher education and in the breadth of university facilities and training. The occasion was such an entire departure in academic life in this country, exhibited so many novel features, and put such an emphasis upon the position of scholarship in our society, that it deserves more attention than it received from the passing reports of the newspapers, or can receive in the limits of these pages.

It was the first academic celebration that had the character of universality. It was the first formal recognition of the brotherhood of learning and research between the great educational institutions of the world. It was the first time that America has asserted her place in this hierarchy of learning. No pains were spared to give dignity and universality to the event. Invitations in Latin—the classical elegance of which was approved by the most scholarly critics—were sent to all the British and Continental universities of standing. All responded cordially, and in missive documents which are works of art, and in dignity befitting the foreign recognition of the rank of our great schools. Many universities sent as delegates professors and specialists of renown. There were delegates from the universities of Canada, Ireland, Scotland, England, Holland, Germany, and France. The delegate from Italy (University of Bologna) was prevented by illness, and representatives of other Continental schools who had intended to be present were obliged by personal reasons to forego the journey. Nearly all the universities, colleges, and learned societies of America were invited, and the most representative of them, North, South, and West, responded by delegates. There were present a great assembly of college presidents and of distinguished professors in letters, law, science, and divinity. Never before had the higher educational interests of America been so fully represented in one gathering.

Another feature of the occasion was the contribution to knowledge. This truly university function was emphasized as it never before has been in a celebration of this kind. For the three weeks before the three public days, series of lectures were given by foreign specialists on physics, biology, mathematics, and literature. These were largely attended by scholars and special students from all parts of the country. There were lecturers, recognized authorities in their specialties, from Edinburgh, Cambridge, the Sorbonne, Leipsic, Jena, Berlin, Utrecht, and Dublin. These lectures were not ordinary classroom discourses. They were in most cases advanced contributions to knowledge, the result of years of study, travel, and experiment, for the first time announced and given to the world on the Princeton platform. This made the real distinction of the occasion, and these fresh gifts to science will be, when published by the university, the chief monument of the celebration.

The formal exercises of the three days of display were up to the high level of the occasion: the opening discourse of President Patton, the welcoming address, the responses from foreign and American delegates, the oration of Professor Woodrow Wilson, and the poem of Dr. Henry Van Dyke. The conferring of degrees was a most impressive spectacle, each class of recipients being presented for the honor by a university orator. All the public utterances were pervaded by a spirit of patriotism, an emphatic recognition of the duty of scholarship to the public service and the public weal, a union of sturdy interest in politics and sound learning, which was born in Princeton, in the Revolutionary era, under the administration of President Witherspoon. And the capstone of the edifice of learning and patriotism was laid on by President Cleveland, in a noble address, which is one of the most luminous and sound ethical statements of political morality and high statesmanship that has been made since the days of Washington.

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Room also was made for the vent of enthusiasm and for popular display. The town joined in the celebration; houses were dressed in colors, the orange and black preponderating, and two triumphal arches were erected on the main street. For three days the village was given up to festivities. Visitors were entertained by a series of private dinners and luncheons, according to an elaborate plan most orderly carried out. Hospitality was unbounded. On the evening of the second day there was a great procession, a general illumination, and a display of fireworks. There were nearly three thousand students, professors, and graduates of Princeton in line, by classes, marching with bands of music, banners, torches, and innumerable patriotic and comical devices. The procession moved in a roar of singing, shouting, and cheering, lit up by colored lights and emphasized by explosions along the line. It was reviewed by the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and a crowd of delegates and invited guests on a platform in front of Nassau Hall. This historic building was illuminated by electric lights. The lovely campus, clothed in the brilliant foliage of October, was starred with colored lanterns, making an effect which entranced the foreign spectators. Indeed, when the marching columns were grouped on the campus, the crash of military bands, the college songs, the shouting and cheering, and the splendid fireworks made a scene of enthusiasm and beauty not commonly seen twice in a lifetime.

There was another feature which marked or emphasized a new departure in academic life in this country. This was the general wearing of academic costumes. Each day at the public exercises there was a procession from Marquand Chapel across the campus to Alexander Hall of the trustees, faculties, delegates, and invited guests. Every member of it wore the cap and gown, and the hood indicating the honorary degree of the wearer and the university from which he received it. The robes of the American colleges were black, the hoods alone showing brilliant colors; but many of the gowns of foreign universities were in scarlet and crimson, set off with velvet and ermine. The display was fine in color, but it was dignified. The flowing robes expressed something of the dignity of learning and the honor of academic life.

II.

Within a few years academic costumes, which are common abroad, except in Germany, have been introduced into our colleges and universities. In some the cap and gown are worn by the students. And the habit is becoming general for the trustees and faculties and holders of honorary degrees to wear these costumes on the high college days. No one can deny that they add greatly to the dignity and interest of our college anniversaries and special functions. The costumes are academic in origin and not ecclesiastic. The wearing of them, so lately taken up by us, is likely to spread rapidly, for we are prone to go to extremes in such matters. The danger is that they will run into meaningless display, with an utter disregard of historic origins. There should be a general understanding among universities, so that certain cuts and certain colors should mean everywhere and at all times definite honors and degrees.

It is sometimes said that the academic dress is not democratic, that it tends to foster a professional aristocracy. I do not think so. The aristocracy of learning, if there be such a thing, is a real democracy, and not less so because it has some dignity. Ignorance and disregard of decent conventionalities are not of the essence of real democracy. The aristocracy of education is open to the poorest student in the land. Commonly his reward, if he is devoted to the things of the mind and the good of his fellows, is not wealth. Why refuse to give a certain dignity to his unselfish career? Besides, the scholarly class is always democratic in its tendencies; it is in the great universities of the world that liberalizing ideas have been born; it is from them that progressive educators have gone forth. The student class is apt in all countries to be revolutionary.

But there is another consideration. We need in this country, just because of our democratic proclivities, the lessons of order, discipline, system, and respect for position and authority. Uniform, as a symbol both of authority and service, is a good thing in this country. It is needless to say this of the army, the navy, the police, or, to take a recent example, the street-cleaning brigades of New York, or the railway employés. Uniforms add dignity to all these services, and also security to the public. It is greatly to be regretted

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that all our judges and judicial authorities do not wear robes of office. That costume alone would teach us a certain respect for law and authority. Perhaps we should have more dignified courtrooms and more orderly procedure if the lawyers all wore gowns.

It cannot hurt a democracy to have respect for authority and respect for learning, and as we are in this country confessedly very much influenced by clothes, why should they not mark positions of responsibility and mental attainments, on proper occasions, as well as wealth inherited or acquired? And there is one comfort in academic fashions, that they cannot change with the whims of tailors and modistes.

III.

The evils of the Drink Habit are so evident, the crude legislative attempts to lessen them have been so nearly abortive, and the spasmodic efforts of one-ideaed enthusiasts have been so inadequate to meet the facts in the case, that the time seems to have come for a common-sense people to take up the matter in a broad and scientific spirit. What are the real evils, what are the inducing causes, and how, considering what human nature is, can they be lessened or mitigated? Here is a problem worthy the attention of the most accomplished statesman, the most enthusiastic student of humanity, the best educated specialist in any field relating to the conduct and comfort of life. This Habit touches every interest in our civilization—family life, taxation and our economic condition, and politics. How can intelligent public opinion be brought to bear upon this problem? No doubt there is a more wholesome public opinion in regard to temperance than existed fifty or even twenty years ago, but the matter has never been put upon a scientific basis. There is need of exact information that shall commend itself to the common-sense of the people and be serviceable for practical effort.

In order to study this subject thoroughly, impartially, and scientifically, there was organized in New York about three years ago "The Committee of Fifty for the investigation of the Drink Problem." The committee geographically is fairly representative of the United States, but it is largely made up of residents of Eastern States on account of the necessity of having members who can be active and conveniently attend the meetings. Those who live at a distance occasionally attend the meetings, and are kept informed of the investigations proposed and of their progress. In its composition the committee represents most of the religious denominations, many of the universities and schools of technical learning, active business men, and specialists in many departments, as in chemistry, physiology, hygiene, statistics relating to our economic life, and psychology. It was from the first understood that the prime business of the committee was not the expression of opinions or the advocacy of one theory or another, but strictly the investigation of facts without reference to conclusions to which they might lead; that is, if possible to get at the truth on the whole subject, in order that the truth may be a guide to the formation of public opinion and to possible legislation. It is believed that the men composing the committee are of such standing in the community as to be a guarantee that the investigations are impartially conducted, and that any publication of results they may authorize will be accepted as genuine. In short, the object of the committee is to present a mass of facts to the American people, that they may understand the problem we have to deal with, and attack it in a sober, practical, and scientific manner.

It was recognized at the beginning that this investigation was serious, that it covered a very wide field, and that progress in it must be slow and expensive. Provision was made for raising the money needed to carry on the work, in which the aid of persons interested in this vital question was and is solicited. The committee divided itself into several groups in order to pursue systematically the several lines of investigation open to it. The main groups, aside from that on finance and ways and means, are the Physiological and Pathological, the Legislative, the Economic, and the Ethical, with the necessary sub-divisions. Each group upon presentation of its proposed line and scope of investigation was authorized to employ experts outside the committee, and was voted money to pay them. The expert work involves laboratory-work, protracted experiments, the collection of statistics from scattered fields, and travel and trained observation. It is work that requires knowledge, experience, and ab-

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sorbs the time of the expert, and cannot be carried on without adequate compensation. In connection with the whole subject a bibliography is forming which will be of great use to scientific students.

For the better understanding of the work of the committee, and its claims upon public sympathy and confidence, I will refer to the lines of investigation in progress in the several groups.

The Physiological group has taken up alcohol, its nature, and exact office in the general economy. This was a study greatly needing to be made in the scientific world, and for its direct practical bearing on our problem. With this have gone along, under several experts, experiments as to the effect of alcohol upon the animal organism, physically and morally. These developments are exceedingly novel, curious, and interesting. Other lines of this group are statistics as to the use and the effect of alcohol among brain-workers; the relation of alcoholism to diseases observed in patients in the large general hospitals; the relation of alcoholism to insanity; and a careful investigation in regard to the metabolism of alcohol and alcoholic drinks in the living human body as bearing upon the question to what extent alcohol is consumed in the human body, thereby acting as a force-producer and a food.

The Legislative group has undertaken to study the effect of various methods of temperance reform as exhibited in the legislation of several States. Eight States having typical systems have been carefully studied, as to whether the laws have or have not lessened the drinking habit and the quantity of intoxicating liquor consumed, whether they have or have not been enforced, and the moral result of the application of these systems upon the communities. These systems are prohibition, local option, high license, general license, the dispensary law, taxation, and modifications of these. This report should be a valuable guide to future legislation.

The Economic group covers a very wide field. It seeks to ascertain the amount of capital invested and the number of persons engaged in the liquor traffic. It is here, as well as in the subject of legislation, that the Drink Habit enters into politics, and it cannot be intelligently dealt with without a knowledge of the invested interests that may oppose not only radical reform, but even moderate restraints in favor of temperate habits. It will ascertain the revenue derived by taxation from the liquor traffic. Here the interest of the State seems to be opposed to curtailing the use of liquor, on financial grounds. In most civilized countries it is a main source of revenue. It will consider the liquor problem in relation to industries, that is to say, how far the use of liquor affects or is affected by various industrial conditions, night work, overwork, etc. The relation of the liquor problem to poverty is another very broad subject. The relation of the liquor problem to crime is receiving as careful consideration. Another most interesting line of study is its relation to comforts, luxury, pleasure, to sanitary conditions, and to the habits of the different nationalities of the United States. This last is specially studied in cities and in States where there is a marked preponderance of one nationality. What is the race or the climatic predisposition, or aversion, to this habit, in moderation or in excess? Another investigation only just entered on, and which may be fruitful in results, is the relation of the liquor problem to the Negroes and the North American Indians.

An important subject, involving the co-operation of the economic and the physiological groups, is that of the teaching of total abstinence in the public schools to children in all grades, by means of text-books on physiology prepared for that purpose.

The Ethical group, while withholding its work until the accumulation of a mass of facts whose relations can be studied, has nevertheless undertaken to set forth what may be called certain "ethical facts" in relation to the subject, psychological relations, the habits of some communities, and such subjects as the means of instruction in the home itself in regard to temperance, provided by church or other publication societies.

It is not expected that this committee, or any other organization, or any national power, can suddenly or radically change the habits of the world. But wise and practical efforts can mitigate almost any evil under the sun, can produce a public opinion that operates in the right direction. The first requisite in any social problem is to throw light upon it, and this is the humble office of the Committee of Fifty.

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IV.

As I was reflecting, several mornings ago, upon what sort of a year this 1897 is likely to be for the dwelling together of people on this earth in amity (information on which the readers of the Study have a right to expect), my attention was absorbed by a pair of red squirrels, who were disporting on the trunks of two gigantic chestnut-trees, with an evident electric enjoyment of the clear frosty morning. If it is true that soul is only one form of electricity, these frisky creatures seemed well charged with the means of enjoying what is called animal life. Each squirrel had a tree to himself, and I fancied they were playing a sort of game, vying with each other in the rapidity of ascending and descending, and creating surprise by sudden appearances round the tree in unexpected altitudes. I may have been mistaken. It may not have been a childish game of hide-and-seek and bopeep at all, but a real social function, a morning call or other visiting ceremony, with the common chatter and more or less interesting intercourse. Or they may have been engaged in some business transaction in connection with the grocery and provision trade.

The trees are so near my upper windows that I seemed to be in the company of the squirrels, and presently they evidently saw me as plainly as I saw them, and they paused from time to time to observe me. No doubt the movements I was making with the pen seemed to them as silly and unimportant as the whisking of their tails seemed to me. Probably both our impressions were correct. They looked at me with curiosity, a wild and furtive curiosity, but with no trace of alarm or apprehension. These are not domesticated squirrels, they are not even tame. They live a perfectly free, wild, natural life, like hundreds of their companions around here. They are not tame, and they are not hunted. There is no sentimental intercourse between them and us, I might almost say no communication, but we dwell together in entire amity, and there is a feeling of confidence established that we will not encroach upon each other's independence. We like to see them sporting about in the trees—they give us a kind of pleasure that is never communicated by a bushy-tailed animal pitifully racing on a treadmill cage—and no doubt they enjoy a residence near civilized and not blood-thirsty carnivorous beings. They make their own living, and the little fellows are more provident than most working-folk in laying up something against dull times. Their success in this in this locality is the more to be commended because they have as competitors a lot of boys who swarm under the trees in the nut season from daylight to dark, merely to gratify a predatory instinct and a momentary appetite, and with none of the provident industry of the squirrel. However, the supply seems to be ample, and the squirrels probably lay by enough for the winter. I hope at least that their economy is not yet overmatched by the boys' destructiveness. I should hate to be compelled to buy nuts to feed the squirrels, on account of the bad effect on the squirrels, for charity would no doubt reduce them to the human level.

This is not the place to enter upon the deep question whether the taming of a wild animal does not deprive him of his most essentially interesting and noble qualities, reduce him to a degrading slavery and servility. He is apt to acquire the vices of humanity. We can hardly avoid a kind of contempt—a sort of pity at least—for anything that is "tamed." We ourselves revolt at the notion of subjection. I fancy the lion is not a noble beast, is rather a mean beast, but we respect him more in the desert than in a menagerie, where he has been so cowed as to lick his keeper's hand.

I am more interested in the problem whether the untamed animals and man, who has dropped some of his barbarous propensities, though he still likes to kill for the sake of killing, and is more prone to fight than the beasts of the forests, cannot arrange to live together in amity, and so have a kind of "kingdom come" that is fabled to have existed in paradisic times. I mean that they should live together without mistrust, fear, or cruelty. The experiment has never been fairly tried in historic times, though some saints have been said to have lived in peaceful relations with birds, fishes, minor animals not carnivorous, and even with what are called beasts of prey. But men have always been the beasts of prey. They have always tried to exterminate the animals. They have spread suspicion and terror throughout the world. Hardly an animal, the loveliest and most

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innocent, feels safe so long as a man is in sight. He has made himself everywhere a "holy terror." If he cannot kill animals, he thinks it manly, and what he calls patriotic, to make war on his own kind. But in this grove of forest trees we get on beautifully together—we and the squirrels. There is no cruelty or persecution on the one side, no wish to tame or subjugate, and consequently no fear on the other side. I fancy that if the squirrels were really tamed the charm would be gone.

The experiment of living together without cruelty or servility is being tried in the Yellowstone Park on a large scale. No one is permitted to hunt or kill the wild denizens of the Park. Will the animals, especially the elk, the deer, the antelope, in time lose their fear of man without losing their attractive wildness and shyness and native grace, and become a civilizing influence upon the visitors to this national play-ground? The bear, I fear, is in the way to become a beggar, an object of charity, and to slump into a mere mess of domesticity. If he does, his charm will disappear, and he will be no more an ornament to the scenery, or a wholesome example to man of self-respecting wildness, than a hog.

If the Yellowstone Park experiment succeeds, and it is demonstrated that men and free animals can live together in peace, we can then turn our attention to the experiment of inducing the races of men to dwell together or apart in something like amity.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed December 11, 1896.—It was announced at the Department of State in Washington, November 11, that the basis of an arbitration treaty with Great Britain for the settlement of the Venezuelan boundary question had been agreed upon, each nation to name two commissioners, and in case of the failure of these commissioners to agree upon a fifth for chairman, King Oscar II. of Sweden was designated to appoint a presiding officer. The Venezuelan cabinet ratified the agreement. The Boundary Commission suspended its work.

The second session of the Fifty-fourth Congress began at Washington December 7. President Cleveland's message announced the approaching settlement of the Venezuelan controversy and a gratifying advance toward a general arbitration treaty with Great Britain, proposed improvements in the consular service, recommended a revision of postage rates for second-class mail matter, and reported progress in the reform of the civil service and in the condition of the Indians. It tendered to Spain and Cuba the good offices of the United States in arranging a peace based on the autonomy of Cuba, and referred to the prospect of European intervention in the internal affairs of Turkey. The deficit in the National Treasury for the last fiscal year was $25,203,245 70. The retirement of greenbacks and Treasury notes was urged.

The appointment by the Pope of Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty to succeed Bishop John J. Keane as rector of the Catholic University at Washington was announced November 20.

The war in Cuba continued. The death on the battle-field of the insurgent leader General Antonio Maceo was announced December 8.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani was pardoned by the Hawaiian government, and upon her release from custody sailed for the United States, arriving at San Francisco December 10.

The failure of the potato crop in Ireland caused great misery. Bread riots resulted from the failure of the wheat crop in parts of India.

The Duc d'Orléans was married at Vienna, November 5, to the Archduchess Marie Dorothée Amelie of Austria.

The steamer *Salier* of the North German Lloyd line, from Bremen to Buenos Ayres, foundered on the Corunna Corrubeda Shoals, off Villagarcia, on the Spanish coast, December 8. All on board, 281 persons, were lost.

OBITUARY.

October 27.—At Paris, Paul Armand Challemel-Lacour, statesman and orator, aged sixty-nine years.

November 6.—In the Tyrol, William Nicholas, Duke of Würtemberg.

November 11.—Joseph James Cheeseman, President of the Republic of Liberia.

November 20.—At Paris, Noël Parfait, politician and writer, aged eighty-two years.—At Wernigerode, Germany, Otto, Count of Stolberg-Wernigerode, statesman and theologian.

November 21.—At London, Benjamin Ward Richardson, physician and writer, aged sixty-eight years.

November 26.—At Cambridge, Massachusetts, Benjamin Apthorp Gould, the astronomer, aged seventy-two years.

November 27.—At London, Mathilde Blind, the writer, aged forty-nine years.

November 30.—At Philadelphia, John Scott, ex-Senator of the United States, aged seventy-four years.

December 8.—At Lössewitz, Germany, Ernest Engle, the statistician, aged seventy-five years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

JANE.

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

SHE was quite the reverse of beautiful—to some she was positively unpleasant to look upon—but that made no difference to Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins, who, after long experience with domestics, had come to judge of the value of a servant by her performance rather than by her appearance. The girl—if girl she was, for she might have been thirty or sixty, so far as any one could judge from a merely superficial glance at her face and figure—was neat of aspect, and, what was more, she had come well recommended. She bore upon her face every evidence of respectability and character, as well as one or two lines which might have indicated years or toothache—it was difficult to decide which. On certain days, when the weather was very warm and she had much to do, the impression was that the lines meant years, and many of them, accentuated as they were by her pallor, the whiteness of her face making the lines seem almost black in their intensity. When she smiled, however, which she rarely did—she was solemn enough to have been a butler—one was impressed with the idea of hours of pain from a wicked tooth. At any rate, she was engaged as waitress, and put in charge of the first floor of the Perkins household.

"I fancy we've at last got a real treasure," said Mrs. Perkins. "There's no nonsense about Jane—I think." The last two words were added apologetically.

"Where did you get her?" asked Thaddeus. "At an Imbecility Office?"

"I don't quite know what you mean—an Imbecility Office?"

"Only my pet, private, and particular name for it, my dear. You would speak of it as an Intelligence Office, no doubt," was the reply. "My observation of the fruit of Intelligence Offices has convinced me that they deal in Imbecility."

"Not quite," laughed Mrs. Perkins. "They look after Domestic Vacancies."

"Well they do it with a vengeance," said he. "We've had more vacancies in this house to do our cooking and our laundering and our house-work generally than two able-bodied men could shake sticks at. It seems to me that the domestic servant of to-day is fonder of preoccupation than of occupation."

"Jane I think is different from the general run," said Mrs. Perkins. "As I said, she has no nonsense about her."

"Is she—ah—an ornament to the scene—pretty, and all that?" asked Perkins.

"Quite the reverse," replied the little housekeeper. "She is as plain as a—as a—"

"Say hedge fence and be done with it," said Perkins. "I'm glad of it. What's the use of providing a good dinner for your friends if they are going to spend all their time looking at the waitress? When I give a dinner it makes me rather tired to have the men afterwards speak of the waitress rather than of the purée or the birds. If any domestic is to dominate the repast at all, it should be the cook."

"Service counts for a great deal, though, Ted," suggested Mrs. Perkins.

"True," replied Thaddeus; "but, on the whole, when I am starving, give me a filet bearnaise served by a sailor rather than an empty plate brought in in style by a butler of illustrious lineage and impressive manner." Then he added: "I hope she isn't too homely, Bess—not a 'clock-stopper,' as the saying is? You don't want people's appetites taken away when you've worked for hours on a *menu* calculated to tickle the palates of your guests. Would her homeliness—ah—efface itself, for instance, in the presence of a culinary creation; or is it likely to overshadow everything with its ineffaceable completeness?"

"I think she'll do," returned Mrs. Perkins; "especially with your friends, who, it seems to me, would one and all insist upon finishing a 'creation,' as you call it, even if lightning should strike the house."

"From that point of view," said he, "I'm confident that Jane *will* do."

So Jane came, and for a year, strange to relate, was all that her references claimed for her. She was neat, clean, and capable. She was sober and industrious. The wine had never been better served; the dinner had rarely come to the table so hot. Had she been a butler of the first magnitude she could not so have discouraged the idea of acquaintance; her attraction, if anything, was a combination of her self-effacement and her ugliness. The latter might have been noticed as she entered the dining-room; it was soon forgotten in the unconsciously observed ease with which she went through her work.

"She's fine," said Perkins, after a dinner of twelve covers served by Jane with a pantry assistant. "I've always had a sneaking notion that nothing short of a butler could satisfy me, but now I think otherwise. Jane is perfection, and there is nothing paralyzing about her, as there is about most of these reduced swells who wait on tables nowadays."

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In August the family departed for the mountains, and the house was left in charge of Jane and the cook, and right faithfully did they fulfil the requirements of their stewardship. The return in September found the house cleaned from top to bottom. The hard-wood floors and stairs shone as they had rarely shone before, and as only an unlimited application of what is vulgarly termed "elbow grease" could make them shine. The linen was immaculate. Ireland is not freer from snakes than was the house of Perkins from cobwebs, and no speck of dust except those on the travellers was visible. It was evident that even in the absence of the family Jane was true to her ideals, and the heart of Mrs. Perkins was glad. Furthermore, Jane had acquired a full third set of teeth, which seemed to take some of the lines from her face, and, as Perkins observed, added materially to the general effect of the surroundings, although they were distressingly new. But, alas! they marked the beginning of the end. Jane ceased to wait upon the table with that solemnity which is essential to the manner of a "treasure"; she smiled occasionally, and where hitherto she had treated the conversation at the table with stolid indifference, a witticism would invariably now bring the new teeth into view.

"Alas!" cried Thaddeus, "our butleress has evoluted backwards. She grins like an ordinary waitress."

It was too true. The possession of brilliantly white teeth seemed to have brought with it a desire to show them, which was destructive of that dignity with which Jane had previously been hedged about, and substituted for it a less desirable atmosphere of possible familiarity, which might grow upon very slight provocation into intimacy, not to mention a nearer approach to social equality.

"I don't suppose we can blame her exactly," said Perkins, when discussing one or two of Jane's lapses from her old-time standard. "I haven't a doubt that if I'd gone for years without teeth, I'd become a regular Cheshire cat with a new, complete *édition de luxe* of white china molars. Still, I wish she'd paid more attention to the dinner and less to Mr. Barlow's conversation last night. She stood a



THE DISCHARGE.

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whole minute, with the salad-bowl in her hand, waiting for him to reach the point of his story about the plumber who put a gas-pipe through Shakespeare's tenor in Westminster Abbey, and when he finished and she smiled you'd have thought a dozen gravestones to the deceased's memory had been conjured up before us."

"It's a small fault, Thaddeus," returned Mrs. Perkins, "but I'll speak to her about it."

"Oh, I wouldn't," said Perkins. "Let it go. She means well, and when we got her we didn't suspect she'd turn out such a jewel. She's merely approaching her norm, that is all. We ought to be thankful to have had such perfection for one year. It's too bad it couldn't continue; but what perfection does?"

Nothing, therefore, was said, and Jane smiled on, yet waited most acceptably, and kept all things decently and in order—for a little while. Along about Christmas-time a further decadence and additional flaw in the jewel was discovered, and it was Perkins himself who discovered it. It happened one day while he was at work alone in the house, Mrs. Perkins having gone out shopping, a friend from Boston appeared—a friend interested in bric-à-brac and china generally. Thaddeus, to whom a luncheon in solitary grandeur was little short of abomination, invited his Boston friend to stay and share pot-luck with him, knowing, hypocrite that he was, that pot-luck did not mean pot-luck at all, but a course luncheon which many men would have found all-sufficient at dinner. The Boston friend accepted, and the luncheon was served by Jane. In the course of the repast the visitor observed,

"Pretty good china you have, Perkins."

"Yes," returned Thaddeus, "pretty good; I've always had a *penchant* for china. My mother-in-law thinks I'm extravagant, and sometimes I think she's right. You never saw my Capodimonte coffees, did you?"

"No," replied the Bostonian, "I never did. Where'd you get 'em?"

"London," replied Perkins. "Last time I was over. You must see them, by all means. Ah—Jane, hand Mr. Bunkerill one of the Capodimonte coffees."

"Wan o' the what, sorr?" asked the treasure.

Thaddeus blushed. To have his jewel go back on him at such a crisis was excessively annoying. "One of those gold after-dinner coffee-cups—one of the little ones—with the flowery raised figures," he said, sharply.

"Oh!" said Jane. "Wan o' thim with somebody else's initial on the bottom?"

"Yes," said Thaddeus, fuming inwardly.

"Quite a connoisseur, that woman," laughed the visitor, as Jane went after the dinner cup. "She's observed the china mark. She knows N doesn't stand for Perkins."

Thaddeus laughed weakly. "She probably thinks we got them second hand," he said.

"Very likely you did," retorted the Bostonian, and Jane returned with the desired cup. "An admirable specimen," continued the connoisseur, and then turning the cup bottom upwards, in search of the mark, he disclosed, to his own and Thaddeus's astonished gaze, no less an object than the remains of a mashed green pea, a reminiscence of the last Perkins dinner, and conclusive evidence that at times Jane was not as careful in the washing of her china as she might have been.

It would be futile and useless for me to attempt to describe the emotions of Thaddeus. I fancy a large enough number of us have been through similar experiences to comprehend the man's mortification and his inward wrath. It was too great to find suitable expression at the moment. Nothing short of the absolute destruction of the cup and the annihilation of Jane could have adequately expressed Perkins's true feelings. He was not by nature, however, a scene-maker: it would have been better if he had been. So he said nothing, abiding by his rule, which seemed to be that the man of the house would do better to reprehend the shortcomings of a delinquent servant by blowing up his wife, rather than by going direct to the core of the trouble and reading the maid a lecture. A great many men adopt this same method. I do. It is the easiest, though it is possibly prompted by that cowardice which is latent within us all. I never in my life have discharged more than one servant, and I not only did not do it gracefully, but discharged the wrong one, since which time I have left all that sort of work to others more competent than I. Perkins's method was precisely this.

"I'm not going to interfere," was his invariable remark in cases of the kind under discussion—which was unwise, for if he had ever scolded a servant as he did his wife for the servant's fault, he might have secured better service sooner or later.

Unfortunately, when Mrs. Perkins reached home that night she was so very tired with her exertions in the shops that Thaddeus hadn't the heart to tell her what had happened, and when morning came the episode was forgotten. When it did recur to his mind it so happened that Mrs. Perkins was out of reach. The result was that a month had passed before Mrs. Perkins came into possession of the facts, and it was then of course too late to mention it to Jane.

"You should have given her a good talking to at the time," said Mrs. Perkins. "It's awful. I don't really know what has got into Jane. My best table-cloth has got a great hole in it, and she is very careless with the silver. My fruit-knife last night was not clean."

"I suppose *you* spoke to her about that?" said Perkins, smiling.

"Not exactly; I sent for another, and handed her the dirty one," returned Mrs. Perkins. "I guess she felt all that I could have said."

And time went on, and Jane continued to decay. She pulled corks from olive-bottles

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with the carving-fork prongs, and bent them backward. She developed a habit of going out and leaving her work undone. The powdered sugar was allowed to resolve itself into small hard pill-shaped lumps of various sizes. Breakfast had a way of being served cold; the coffee was at times merely tepid—in short, it seemed as if she really ought to be discharged; but then there was invariably some reason for postponing the fatal hour. Either her kindness to the children, or a week or two of the old-time efficiency, her unyielding civility, her scrupulous honesty, her willing acquiescence in any new duty imposed, an impression that she was suffering—any one or all of these reasons kept her on in her place, until she became so much a fixture in the household, so much one of the family, that the idea of getting rid of her seemed beyond the possibility of realization. That the axe should fall her employers knew well, and many a resolve was taken that at the end of the season she should go. Yet neither Mrs. Perkins nor her husband liked to tell her so; her good points were still too potent, although none could deny that all confidence in her efficiency was shattered past repair. The situation finally reached a point where it inspired reflections of a more or less humorous order.

"I tell you what I think," said Thaddeus, one evening, after a particularly flagrant breach on Jane's part, involving a streak of cranberry sauce across a supposititiously clean plate: "you won't discharge her, Bess, and I won't; suppose we send for Mr. Burke, and get him to do it."

Mr. Burke was the one reliable man in town. It didn't make much difference what the Perkinses wanted done, they generally sent for Mr. Burke to do it, largely because when he attempted a commission he saw it through. A carpenter and builder by trade, he had for many years looked after the many repairs needful to the Perkins dwelling; he had come often between Thaddeus and unskilled labor; he had made bookcases which were dreams of convenience and sufficiently pleasing to the eye; he had "fixed up" Mrs. Perkins's garden; he had supplied the family with a new gardener when the old one had taken on habits of drink which destroyed not only himself but the cabbages; he had kept an eye on the plumbers; he had put up, taken down, and repaired awnings—in short, as Perkins said, he was a "Universal." Once, when a delicate piece of bric-à-brac had been broken, and the china-mender asserted that it could not be mended, Perkins had said, "See if Burke can't fix it," and Burke had fixed it; and as final tribute to this wonder, Perkins had said, in suffering:

"My dear, I'm afraid I have appendicitis. Send for Mr. Burke."

"Mr. Burke!" echoed his wife.

"Yes, Mr. Burke," moaned the sufferer. "If my vermiform appendix is to be removed, I'd rather have Mr. Burke do it with a chisel and saw than any surgeon I know—and I won't take ether either, because it is such a satisfaction to see him work."

So, when this unhappy pair of householders had reached what might be described as the grand climacteric of their patience, and it was finally decided that Jane's usefulness was a thing of the past, and utterly beyond redemption, Thaddeus naturally suggested turning to his faithful friend, Mr. Burke, to rid them of their woe—and, indeed, but for Jane's own intervention, I fear that course would have proved the sole alternative to her becoming an irremovable fixture in the household. But it was Jane herself who solved the problem.

It was two days after the cranberry episode that the solution came, and it was in this wise:

"Did ye send for me?" Jane asked, suddenly materializing in Mrs. Perkins's room.

"No, Jane, I haven't; why?"

The girl began to shed tears.

"Because—you'd ought to have, ma'am. I know well enough that I ain't satisfactory to you," she returned, her voice quivering, "and I can't be, and I know you want me to go—and I—I've come to give you notice."

Then Mrs. Perkins looked at Jane with sorrow on her countenance, for she had acquired an affection for her which the maid's delinquencies had not been able entirely to efface.

"Can't you try to do better?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," returned Jane. "Not with the system—never. Mr. Perkins is too easy, and you do be so soft-hearted it don't keep a girl up to her work. When I first come here, ma'am, not knowin' ye well, I was afraid to be anything but what was right, but the way you took accidents, and a bit of a short-comin' once in a while, sort of took away my fear, and I've been goin' down hill ever since. Servant-girls is only human, Mrs. Perkins."

Mrs. Perkins looked at Jane inquiringly.

"We needs to be kept up to our work just as much as anybody else, and when a lady like yourself is too easy it gets us into bad habits, and occasionally it does a girl good if the gentleman of the house will swear at her, Mrs. Perkins, and sort of scare her, so it does. It was that that was the makin' of me. The last place I was in, ma'am, I was so afraid of both the missus and the gentleman that I didn't dare to be careless; and I didn't dare be careless with you, until I found you all the time a-smilin', whatever went wrong, and Mr. Perkins never sayin' a word, whether the dishes come to the table clean or not."

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Perkins, somewhat carried away by this course of reasoning, "you haven't been what we hoped—there is no denying that—but, knowing that you were disappointing us, why couldn't you have made a special effort?"

"Oh, Mrs. Perkins," sobbed the poor woman, "you don't understand. We're all disappointin' to them we loves, but—it's them we fear—"

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"Then why aren't you afraid of us?"

Jane laughed through her tears. The idea was preposterous.

"Afraid of you and Mr. Perkins? Ah!" she said, sadly, "if I only could be—but I can't. Why, Mrs. Perkins, if he should come in here now and swear at me the way Mr. Barley did when I worked there, I'd know he was only puttin' it on, and that inside he'd be laughin' at me. No, ma'am; it's no use. I feel that I must go, or I'll be forever ruined. It was the cranberry showed me; a girl had ought to be discharged for that. Dirty dinner plates isn't excusable, and yet neither of you said a word, and next week it 'll be the same way—so I'm goin'. You won't send me off, so I've got to do it myself."

"Very well, Jane," said Mrs. Perkins, "if that is the way you feel about it, we'll have to part, I suppose. I am sorry, but—"

The sentence was not finished, for Jane rushed weeping from the room, and within a few days, her place having been filled, the house knew her no more, except as an occasional visitor, ostensibly to see the children. Later she got a place to her satisfaction, and one night the Perkinses were invited to dine with Jane's new employers. They went, and found their old-time "butler" at the very zenith of her powers. She served the dinner as she had never served one in her palmiest days in the Perkins dining-room; and when all was over, and Mrs. Perkins went up stairs to don her wrap to return home, she found Jane above waiting to help her.

"I am glad to see you so happy, Jane," she said, as the girl held her cloak.

"Ah, ma'am—I'm not very happy."

"You ought to be, here. Your work to-night was perfect."

"Yes," said Jane. "It had to be; for"—here her voice fell to a whisper—"I don't dare let it be different, ma'am. Mrs. Harkins is a regular divvle, and the ould gentleman—well, ma'am, he do swear finer 'n any gentleman I ever met. It's just the place for me."

And Jane sighed as her old mistress left her.

"Wasn't she great, Bess?" said Thaddeus, on the way home.

"She was indeed," replied Mrs. Perkins, with a smile. "It's a pity I'm not a divvle."

Thaddeus laughed. "That's so," he said; "or that I never learned to swear like a gentleman—eh?"



QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY.

MRS. GOTTHAIR. "Do you ask the same price for this one?"
MR. CHROME. "The same price."
MRS. GOTTHAIR. "Oh, then send me home the sheep picture. I couldn't think of giving so much for *just sea and sky*."

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A MONOTONOUS TIME.

"Now, Mr. Lanks," said the eminent specialist, severely, "it is wholly useless for you to expect to derive benefit from my treatment unless you follow my directions implicitly. I recommended you to go to the country and pass at least two months in strict retirement, and yet I find you back in the turmoil and excitement of the city in less than a single week."

"The trouble, doctor," replied the patient, "is that the monotony of a quiet, uneventful country existence is more than my already enfeebled constitution can endure. As you are aware, I repaired to the home of my uncle, Eben J. Tutgall, who lives away out beyond South Squam. That night I, jointly with several of the smaller Tutgalls, occupied the loft-chamber, and when I stepped over Henniker, one of the several boys who happened to be too many for the bed and consequently slept on the floor, and attempted to spring lightly over Cousin Winfield Scott Tutgall, so as to alight between him and another one of the boys, with the two of whom it was my lot to repose, I knocked my head against a beam above the bed with a force that I verily believe jarred the house to its foundation.

"The night was uncomfortably hot, and Nubbins, the other boy, insisted upon sleeping crosswise. Shortly after I had at last dropped to sleep, Winfield Scott had a fit, or something of the kind, right there in bed. He finally quieted down, and I eventually fell asleep again.

"About an hour later we were routed out by Uncle Eben. For breakfast we had side-meat, slapjacks, and gravy, and Winfield Scott had another fit, and tipped the coffee-pot over on me. After breakfast we sat on the fence for half an hour, waiting for it to get light enough for us to go to work. I had told Uncle Eben that I was anxious to work, to develop my muscles and tone up my shattered system, and he had promised to let me do a few light tasks, among them driving the go-devil hay-rake.

"The first of the light tasks that I was permitted to engage in was that of plucking and assassinating tomato-worms. After a time Uncle Eben promoted me to setting out sweet-potato plants. It was not long till I had a crick in my spine and my shirt was baked on to my half-broken back. By-and-by Nubbins came with the glad news that I was to turn the potato plants over to him and try the go-devil.

"A go-devil consists of a long pole with a number of sharp-pointed teeth stuck through it so that they project an equal distance from each side, a long rope tied to either end of the pole and fastened to a double-tree, to which a span of horses are hitched in such a manner that the atrocity is supposed to be dragged broadwise across the hay-field.

"The experienced operator walks in the rear of the monster, and when it has gathered its fill of hay he grasps a couple of the teeth behind, raises them slightly, and those ahead catch in the ground and the go-devil flops lightly over, depositing the hay in a windrow, and gathers up more hay with the teeth which are now in front but which before were behind, so to speak.

"Winfield Scott volunteered to show me how to operate it. He made one windrow, and then fell in another fit. When he had revived he crawled off to the house, and I was left alone with the demon. I started it up, and it went all right till I attempted to turn it over. I turned it over, and it turned me over. The front teeth jagged into the earth and flopped it over so quickly that I went over with it, and struck against old Dobbin's heels.

"He promptly kicked me back into the go-devil, which caught on something and turned over again, catching me in such a manner that I could not get away. I guess my presence in its midst threw it out of gear somehow. At any rate, it continued to turn. Ordinarily this would have done no harm, except to the man who happened to be caught in it, but upon this occasion, instead of the ropes turning freely at the ends of the machine's spine, they began to wind up, and after a few revolutions the go-devil was wound up on to the horses.

"Every time I was in front of the rake my weight made the teeth catch, and caused it to flop over again. When I was behind, every time I tried to rise the front teeth would catch, and over I'd go. A little later Uncle Eben's attention was attracted to a great cloud of hay that was rapidly approaching the barn from the southwest. The go-devil was revolving as it had never revolved before. It would turn over on to the horses, nearly breaking their backs, the ropes would slip, the go-devil fall back, and then begin winding itself up once more. Then after a few turns it would jump on to the horses again. All the time the noble animals were doing their best to keep out of its way, and I was somewhere in the midst of it, being thumped, whirled, twisted, dragged, kicked, and go-deviled, world without end.

"When Uncle Eben released me from the jaws of the infernal thing I hopped away at a surprising rate of speed for an invalid. I did not even stop to bid my kind uncle good-by. As I passed the open door of the house I saw Winfield Scott just going into another of his justly celebrated fits.

"And that little experience, doctor, is what led me to conclude that the turmoil and excitement of city life is less enervating than the peace and quiet of a monotonous country existence."

When Mr. Lanks had finished, the eminent specialist decided to change his treatment.

TOM P. MORGAN.

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AN EFFECTIVE REBUKE.

A DELICATE innuendo can often cause a man with a guilty conscience to flinch more readily than a fierce and direct attack. Lieutenant Joseph B—— was a member of the staff of old General F—— during the early part of the civil war. No officer in the brigade was better liked. Accordingly, when he asked for two weeks' leave of absence, early in 1863, it was granted. It was the last his fellow-officers ever saw of him. It was reported that at heart he was a coward, and that he had fled the country. Howsoever that was, the disappearance of Lieutenant B—— was a fact, but his influential family friends finally succeeded in hushing up the matter.

It was ten years after the war before he returned to his native town. None of his fellow-officers lived there, and Joe found that any odium in which he had been held had passed away. He came and went with ease of mind and joined heartily in any frolics that the seasons offered.

Joe's old general came to town on business one day, and a number of the leading citizens planned a reception. Joe at first shrank from the idea of attending, and then a hope of forgetfulness on his old chief's part, and real longing to see the general, came to his aid, and he went. A stream of people were pouring past the general, shaking hands with him. Joe joined them. But General F—— saw him coming, and as Joe half thrust out his right hand he drew himself up with extra military sternness, his hands rigidly by his side, and said, coldly, as his eyes met his former aide's,

"Pretty long furlough, Joe!"

SOME DICTIONARY ENGLISH FROM VIENNA.

A YOUNG American woman, who has for some years been a teacher of English in Vienna, received a note not long since from one of her pupils which caused her to question whether she was divinely appointed to teach her mother-tongue to the painstaking Austrian. What conclusion she has reached is not known, but the evidence against her, as set forth in the exhibit here printed, is strong.

The pupil's brother had just died, and the teacher had written her a letter of sympathy. This is the reply she received:

EXPENSIVE MISS,—Thank you for your kind participation in my brother's death. Please do not expectorate me at my next lesson.

Yours, etc., F. W. G.



A REBUFF.

"It rains, it rains!" the froggie said, and jumped beneath the flower.
"Go 'way, go 'way!" the roses cried; "this is a private shower."

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"Heavy chain to carry; but I had one wheel stolen, and it's not to happen again."



"Can't cut that log-chain with hand-nippers, that's sure; but—



"I've got a monkey-wrench, and that's a good handle-bar; and—



"The saddle is high grade; and no flies on these pedals;



"And as for Don't-Stop wood rims, they are the best.



"I do hope the young feller won't hurt hisself a-scorchin' goin' home."

THE BICYCLE SAFETY-CHAIN.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

MARGARET, sister and survivor of the brothers Van Eyck, said once of the illuminator's art—the words are put into her mouth by the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth"—"'Tis a trick I despise at heart, for by it the great art of color, which should be royal, aspiring, and free, becomes a poor slave to the petty crafts of writing and printing, and is fettered, imprisoned and made little, body and soul, to match the littleness of books." This was uttered some four hundred or more years ago, and long before the petty crafts she despised had become the most powerful and important on earth, and had made slaves of the crafts of war, feudalism, bigotry and ignorance. It refers to the art of illustration by hand, and in color, no longer practised by the illustrators of books which are, in some instances, no longer petty; and it sounds not unlike the recently published opinion of Mr. Joseph Pennell, who said, in a contemporary British periodical, that the standard of illustration was never so deplorably low as it is now, and that illustrators never were so technically ignorant. The sister of the Van Eycks did not live to see her arguments refuted, but Mr. Pennell, happily, lives to refute himself, and in his own illustrative art; as do scores of brilliant artists, in black and white, the wide world over.

The Prince of English illustrators died too soon, alas! the other day, with all his harness on his back; having made his mark not only as a writer of wonderfully successful tales, but as a draughtsman whose clever sketches tell whole stories in themselves. Of George du Maurier as a novelist this is not the time to speak, although as a novelist he is better known, unquestionably, on our own side of the Atlantic. His drawings made his name a household word in England long before Peter Ibbetson and Trilby were conceived and executed; and no man, since the days of Sterne, Fielding, Thackeray and Dickens, has been more powerful and more persistent in the destruction of social shams and social illusions. In his work he was never coarse, and he never exaggerated; and only du Maurier himself knew, perhaps, how much careful, elaborate, condensed literature was put into the few written words at the bottom of his pictorial sketches. These captions of his contain not a syllable too much, or too little. Not a verb, or a consonant, or an adjective or a vowel is misapplied. They speak chapters, if not volumes; and they cost him probably as much thought and labor as did pages of "The Martian." That the Ponsonby de Tompkynses, Sir George Midas and the Bishop without a name or a diocese, will live as long as will Little Billee, Barty Josselin, or Peter Ibbetson himself, who can doubt? And that their sayings and their doings have gone into literature and have made them as enduring as are the histories of Mrs. Proudie and Lady Glencora, of the Podsnaps and the Veneerings, and of Major Pendennis and Joseph Sedley, Esquire, who can deny?

When du Maurier arranged to send cartoons to this Magazine, a few years ago, loud and fervent were the protests on the part of his confrères in England's leading comic journal. But he is said to have declared, to the members of the staff of "Punch," that "man cannot live on Punch alone"; and a happy day was it for American readers when he came to that conclusion. It enabled him to find his way into the hearts of tens of thousands of persons who have no opportunity to study British satirical wit through its own accepted medium; and it brought the classes of the Mother-country nearer to the masses of our own land than they had ever come before, even in Colonial Days.

Under the title *English Society*,[1] have just been gathered together into one beautiful volume all the good things du Maurier pictured and said for many months in Harper's Magazine. It contains no letter-press, except a kindly sympathetic memorial Introduction by Mr. Howells, and the legends which du Maurier attached to his own sketches, which latter prove conclusively, as Mr. Howells expresses it, that "in the literary property of his work du Maurier has always been an author." What can be more perfect, in its way, than the remark of Tommy (hampered with a conscience, and home from an afternoon party): "Mama, darling, I've a great favor to ask of you .... *Please* don't ask me *how I behaved!*" the italics being Tommy's own. And where has the concentration of humor—a humor that is good enough to have been American—been better expressed than in the statement of the housekeeper who is showing visitors over an historic mansion, that—"This is the portrait of Queen Catherine de' Medici—sister to the Venus of that name."!

The book is not only a valuable addition to the art-literature of the century; but it is a lasting contribution to the gayety of nations.

MR. PENNELL, in a late number of "The Chap Book," an American contemporary periodical, speaking of Robert Louis Stevenson as an illustrator, says that "there have been in the

[1] *English Society* Sketched by GEORGE DU MAURIER. About 100 Illustrations. With an Introduction by W. D. HOWELLS. Oblong 4to, Cloth, $2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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past authors who wished to be illustrators. There was Thackeray, for example, and Victor Hugo and Rossetti; the first, a very commonplace draughtsman, who imagined that he was very distinguished; the second, a distinguished draughtsman, who never bothered, save for his own pleasure, about the form of expression; and the third, both a great writer and a great illustrator." And then Mr. Pennell, declaring that he has no intention of speaking of Stevenson's literary style or method, adds, somewhat gratuitously, that he is "yet to hear of a writer who refrained from discussing the artist; though he [the writer] expose his own ignorance with every word."

It is not the purpose of the present writer to display his own ignorance in any word by discussing the art of du Maurier. He is content to appear on record as asserting that du Maurier, like Rossetti, was a great illustrator as well as a great author; and there he stops. The critics of art may do the rest. As for du Maurier the author, when Mr. Howells affirms that "this novelist, who wrote no fiction till nigh sixty, is the greatest master in that sort who ever lived, and I do not forget either Sterne or Thackeray when I say so"; the present writer, with all admiration and affection for du Maurier, must say that he draws the line at Thackeray and Sterne.

In Bohemia with du Maurier,[2] by Mr. Felix Moscheles, does not pretend to be critical, nor is it intended as a memorial volume. It was written with du Maurier's full consent, and portions of it were printed, in periodical form, some time before du Maurier ceased to live. "He himself, in his kindly, simple way," says Mr. Moscheles, "had enjoyed my resuscitation of our early recollections, and had, here and there, lent a helping hand, even to the correcting of proof." The two men were warm and intimate friends for many years; and the survivor, loving du Maurier as Robert Maurice adored Barty Josselin, dwells pleasantly and most affectionately upon their student life in Antwerp and elsewhere. He brings us into touch with some of the originals of the characters and the scenes in the famous novels; and often he upsets our ideals. He shows us something of Louis Brassin, "an artist and thorough musician, the boonest of boon companions," who spoke French with a very German accent. "When he walked his head went back on his shoulders, and his hat went back on his head; his long arms dangled, pendulum-like, by his side, while his lanky legs, dragging along anyhow, were ever lagging behind one another. But when he opened the piano and put hands and feet to keys and pedal, he was not the same individual. He would turn on nerve and muscle power, and would hurl avalanches of music and torrents of notes at his audience, till he, in his turn, was overwhelmed with thunders of applause." Can this be Svengali?

He introduces us also to Virginie Marsandon, a devoted, *elderly* creature, who was a sort of cross between a char-woman and a housekeeper, using, in the studio, broom or tub, needle, grill or frying-pan, as the occasion might require; and a truly remarkable mesmeric subject. Can *this* be Trilby?

Speaking of du Maurier's experiences in the Painting Classes, Mr. Moscheles says, and says well: "He was not to become a painter, as he had fondly hoped, but, as we now know, he was to work out his destiny in another direction. With the simplest of means he was to delineate character; and every-day drops of ink, when filtered through his pen, were to emerge in quaint and graceful sketches; art, satire and sentiment taking their turns to prompt and guide that pen."

Elsewhere Mr. Moscheles writes, "It has always been a sort of legitimate pride to me to think that I should have been the tool selected by Providence to sharpen du Maurier's pencil." He reproduces in his volume some sixty odd specimens of the result of the sharpening of that blessèd pencil; and the world has reason to thank itself that the pen of Mr. Moscheles has given it these glimpses of the hand, and the head, and the heart, by which the pencil was guided.

THE now famous Peter Ibbetson speaks somewhere of certain young friends of his who were taught, early in their careers, to cross their legs, and to dream *straight*. Mr. John Bigelow in *The Mystery of Sleep*[3] goes even further than this, and says: "It scarcely requires prophetic vision to foresee the time when the art of sleeping will be taught and studied as systematically in our schools of science as the physiology of our nutritive and nervous systems; and then much of the literature and pseudo-science now in vogue, relating to both, will find its way to the wallet wherein 'Time puts alms for Oblivion.'" Mr. Bigelow's present volume is as unlike his "Life of Tilden," his history of "France and the Confederate Navy," his monologue on "Molinos, the Quietist," as can well be imagined. He disclaims any intention to give a solution of all the mysteries of sleep, or even to give a precise and scientific exposition of any of them. His object, he says, is to unsettle, if not to dispel, the popular delusion that sleep is merely a state of rest, of practical inertia of soul and body; and to set forth some of his reasons for believing that no part of the human life is consecrated to nobler or more important uses than is that part usually spent in sleep. He is convinced that man is developed spiritually during his sleeping hours, as dis-

[2] *In Bohemia with du Maurier*. By FELIX MOSCHELES. Illustrated with 63 Original Drawings by GEORGE DU MAURIER. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Mystery of Sleep*. By JOHN BIGELOW. Post 8vo, Half Cloth, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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tinctly and exclusively as he is developed during his waking hours; and that it is as much a part of wisdom to order one's life so as to avoid anything apt to interfere with, or impair, either the quality or the quantity of one's sleep, as it is necessary, in the waking hours, to avoid whatever tends to interfere with the growth, or impair the health, of the body. He contends that sleep interrupts all conscious relations with the phenomenal world; that the changes wrought during sleep are psychical, not physical, etc., etc. He quotes freely from the Bible, and from the great teachers of all times; he explains the causes of that tendency to sleep which is so often experienced in the house of worship; and he closes by showing us how we should order our lives that we may reap the utmost benefit from sleep. In short, he teaches us how to cross our legs, and dream straight!

The subject is certainly a most suggestive one; and it is handled in a very logical and significant way.

Mr. E. F. Benson, the author of two excellent works, "Dodo," and "The Judgment Books," which appeared not very long ago, presents now an equally clever and attractive story called *Limitations*.[4] The time is the present, the scenes are laid in Cambridge, in London, in an English rural parish; and in Athens, Greece. Mr. Benson won a high degree at Cambridge; and, naturally, he is familiar with the undergraduate life at that university; he has had some experience of London life of a high social and clerical order, being the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and he is at home among English vicars and English deans and English men of the upper classes. His tale is written from a purely English point of view; and not, one must conclude, for American readers. His hero is taken to the cyclorama of Niagara, in the British capital, and he prefers it to the real thing, which he has never seen. He contends that the counterfeit presentment is one of the marvels of nature, purified by art; because it is accompanied by no mosquitoes, no beggars, and no American tourists! And across Mr. Benson's pages march two of those peculiar American girls who are so rarely seen outside of British fiction. They are the sisters of the American *chargé d'affaires* at Athens. They call Paris "Parrus," and their father "Popper"; and one of them declares that in her dread of being "lightning-struck," in her own woolly West, she usually takes refuge in the "coal-store"—"coal-store" seemingly being British-American for "cellar."

Mr. Benson, nevertheless, is very entertaining and very readable, on his own ground and among his own people. His compatriots, particularly Lady Chatham, are well drawn; and admirable are some of his descriptions of local scenery, and of local customs. Nothing can be better than the brief account of a little dinner which was "served frothily in paper frills, shells, or on silver skewers; and the candles were shaded in so cunning a manner that it was barely possible to see what the food was"; and happy is a short sketch, in a word or two, of a bit of the County of Surrey, when he says that "at intervals the chalky subsoil comes to the surface like the bleached bones of the world."

"Limitations" has its limitations. But it is filled with epigrammatic, aphoristic, attractive sentences; it teaches one or two wholesome, unobtrusive moral lessons; and, as a story, it holds the attention to the end.

[4] *Limitations.* A Novel. By E. F. Benson. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Two views of The Father of His Country have been commented upon in this Department of the Magazine, during the past two months: Mr. Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington," in December; and Miss Molly Elliot Seawell's "A Virginia Cavalier," in January. The latter is a romance, treating of the boyhood of Washington; the former is a study of Washington, the boy and the man, based upon established historical documents, and upon the most recent researches and discoveries. *The True George Washington*,[5] by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, is in the same line as Mr. Wilson's work, but presented in another form. The author is not writing a biography of his subject, he is simply exhibiting Washington as he believes him to have been. Like Mr. Wilson he has taken off the halo which Washington has worn for a century or more, and while he leaves him in the hearts of his countrymen, he lets his countrymen see him with the naked eye. Like Mr. Wilson, also, he has succeeded in humanizing Washington, and in making him an individual rather than an historical figure. So far as possible, in the present work, Washington has been made to speak for himself, in the hope that his own words will convey a better sense of the personality of the man; and Mr. Ford sums up his case by expressing his own pleasure that the result of his study has only served to make Washington seem the greater to the naked eyes of Mr. Ford himself.

Among the surprises of the book is the appearance of Washington as a successful business man. Although, says Mr. Ford, Mount Vernon rarely produced a net income, and although Washington served the public with practically no profit, he grew steadily in wealth, and when he died his property, exclusive of his wife's fortune, and of the estate on the banks of the Potomac, was valued at five hundred and thirty thousand dollars. "This," adds Mr. Ford, "made him one of the wealthiest Americans of his time, and it is to

[5] *The True George Washington.* By Paul Leicester Ford. Twenty-four full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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be questioned if a fortune was ever more honestly acquired or more thoroughly deserved." He has always been regarded as belonging to the classes. For the first time in his history, perhaps, the masses have discovered his prominent position in what has since been called the enemy's country.

Another surprise which the volume presents relates to Washington's proverbial prodigality in the matter of Truth. After giving the Rev. Mason L. Weems as the authority for the familiar statement that George, at the age of six, could not tell a lie, Mr. Ford adds, "Whether this was so, or whether Mr. Weems was drawing on his imagination for his facts, it seems probable that Washington partially outgrew the disability in his more mature years."! And then he cites a number of lies that were what are called "white," but were lies for all that, which Washington is recorded as telling in his later days; and he closes with the remarkable statement that Washington once said that "the mosquitoes at Skenesborough used to bite through the thickest boot."! It is sad to think that this perversity was inherited from his mother. The lady to whom he always wrote as "Honored Madam," and who would have been called by the contemporary Frenchmen *Madame Mère*, was, in many ways, a great trial, according to Mr. Ford, to her Dutiful and Affectionate Son, as he always signed himself in addressing her; more particularly in her occasional verbal exaggerations, and in her strict economy in everything, especially in the matter of Truth. As Mr. Ford portrays her she would appear to be, even more so than in the pages of Miss Seawell's "Virginia Cavalier," the personification of the mother of Thackeray's Cavaliers of Virginia. Her Dutiful Son was very thoughtful in his affectionate care of her, very generous, very patient. He answered all her calls for money, he never claimed from her any share in his father's estate; his brothers were equally devoted and equally liberal; and, naturally, he heard with no little feeling of distress and indignation, and from the outside world, of her complaints that "she never lived soe poore in all her life"; and that she was seeking a pension from the government. He was greatly mortified to learn that she was borrowing, and accepting gifts, from her neighbors; and that she was, upon all occasions, and in all companies, complaining of her wants and her difficulties, the greater part of which were imaginary, and any one of which, if they had existed, he was ready and anxious to relieve. This is the only exhibition of the True George Washington which we willingly would spare.

The book is well made, and it exhibits care and patient research in every line. It is illustrated with many portraits and fac-simile reproductions. But the "miniature of Eleanor Parke Custis, from the original by Thomas Sully," facing page 34, is curiously like Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Mrs. Haller the amiable wife of Katzebue's cheerful "Stranger."

SOLOMON CROW would seem to have very little in common with George Washington, except an inheritance of original sin bequeathed by his mother. Mrs. Tempest, the colored lady, who bore Solomon Crow, Mrs. Stuart tells us, had never been very honest. She did not mean Master Crow to find it out, but the little fellow was wide awake, and his mother was his pattern. She named him Solomon because, as a baby, he looked phenomenally wise; and she called him Crow because he was so remarkably black. Solomon's twin brother was styled Grundy, because "Solomon an' Grundy b'longs together in de books"; and they were, no doubt, born on a Monday, although Mrs. Stuart does not say so. At any rate, Grundy died on a Tuesday, when he was a day old, and Solomon, all his life, was handicapped by being "twin to an angel"—the expression is his own—and by having to live up to what Grundy might have become if his life had been spared. Solomon, at the age of ten, was led into temptation one day, and, alas! he fell. He had an overwhelming desire to see two fried eggs on his plate at once, looking at him like a pair of round eyes, "an' when dey reco'nizes me," he would say, "den I eats 'em up." He stole the eggs, and they were discovered in his possession. He realized the fact that the deed, and its discovery, were a matter of distress to Grundy, in Heaven; and he knew that it placed Solomon in a very serious position on earth. His sin was forgiven by a generous master and mistress, and Solomon was permitted to retain his position as fig-picker and shoe-brusher in ordinary, after he had amputated his own pockets, and had cut himself off, thereby, from that possible vehicle for the reception of stolen goods. How he succeeded in recovering his fair name and his reputation, and how he was restored to the dignity and responsibility of pockets need not be told here. But Mrs. Stuart leaves him with this congratulatory remark on his thick little African lips: "Bet you my angel-twin ain't ashamed, ef he's a-lookin' down on me to-day!"

Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets gives its name to a volume of collected tales,[6] for Young People and of a Christmas character, all of which are as tenderly humorous, as sweetly pathetic, and as purely original as are anything that has come from the pen of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. The author of "The Golden Wedding" and of "Little Brown Rose" is always sure of a large and enthusiastic audience, whenever she appears in print, either through the medium of prose or of verse. Her pathos never palls, her sentiment is never sham, her dialect never distracts.

Sis' Styode, we shek yo' han'!

[6] *Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets, and Other Tales.* By RUTH MCENERY STUART. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LOVE AND DEATH.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIV MARCH, 1897 No. DLXII



LOVE AND DEATH

Love: Luminous Silence.
Shadowless Tranquillity.
The earth at rest beneath the shining bosom of the dying day slowly resolving into the deeper stillness of the gloaming

The bright chalice of the twilight brims full with passion.
Oh Love! Her innocent bosom rising and falling with what deeper breathing, responsive to the ardent passion that oppresses me.
Oh Love! The perfume of her presence.
Oh Love! Oh poignant extasy!

Death: You have forgotten me. I, too, am here.

Howard Pyle.



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THE AWAKENING OF A NATION.

BY CHARLES F LUMMIS

SECOND PAPER.



IT has pleased that certain class of historians whose emotions swell with distance and the dark to depict the Spaniard as having destroyed some Utopian civilization of the Aztecs and replaced it with his inferior own. To this amiable freak of prejudice and the arm-chair there is but one competent answer—go and see. In science, at least, we are lapsing from that fine honesty of the good old times when it was deemed perfectly fit to play Recording Angel to lands and peoples we had never clapped eye on. Thanks to the non-romantic school, wherein Lewis H. Morgan and his successors have replaced closet guess-work and rhetorical trances with common-sense and documentary research and the field, we know now just what the "empire" of "Montezuma" was. It is instructive to stand here in the heart of what was once the chief pueblo of the Nahuatl confederacy — of tribes banded for immunity in robbing their neighbors —and look and remember.

Civilization is measured by its fruits of hand and head and heart. Just yonder was the reeking *teocalli*, upon whose pyramid five hundred captives in a day had their still contracting hearts flung before Huitzilopochtli, and their carcasses kicked down the staircase to be ceremonially devoured by the multitude—where stands now the largest Christian church in America, and one of the noblest. To the left, on the ground where dwelt the war-chief—head of a government whose principal politics was to massacre, enslave, and rob the neighbor tribes—is today the venerable Mount of Pity, one of the most beneficent charities in any land. In front, among stores rich in every product of modern commerce, is the hall of a city government which has for centuries cared for the needy, restrained the rich, and spent vast sums in municipal improvements for health, security, comfort, and even æsthetic training. To the right is the palace, occupied for centuries by a central government which at its worst was far more merciful, more intelligent, and more progressive than any tribal organization ever knew. Within revolver-shot are the cradles of printing,

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education, art, and organized charity in the New World; for all these things came a century and a half to two centuries and a half earlier in Mexico than in the United States. Here are the first American schools, colleges, museums, hospitals, asylums—even schools and training-schools for Indians; even hospitals for Indians and negroes. On every side, where were the squat adobes of the Indian pueblo, is now an architecture we have nothing to parallel; and only those who have never seen either could dream of comparing the brute bulk of Aztec architecture (wonderful as it was for man in the tribal relation) with the magnificent art which has succeeded it. Here is still, as Humboldt found it, "the city of palaces"; probably still, as he declared it, "the handsomest capital in America." And instead of immolating its outside Indians upon porphyry altars, the new dispensation has (though not without friction and blunders) saved and educated them to be citizens all, and among them important scholars, great engineers, and sometime presidents of a republic. This is little to say of what might be said, but it is enough for a small finger-post toward common-sense.

That a great city has been able at all to persist for three hundred and seventy-six years (on top of several centuries as a pueblo of at least 20,000) in the bottom of a natural sink, undrained and unredeemed of its own past, is the tallest possible tribute to the climate of Mexico. The half such mockery of hygienic laws would be impossible in any city of ours east of Denver. But altitude and aridity are miracle-workers, and Mexico has needed their best. She has had fearful epidemics in the far past, and sufficient insalubrity in the present. At last, however, the sanitary corner is turned in so long a lane. The vast swamp which was the Valley of Mexico (for these shallow lagoons were not seriously "lakes") is drained.

So early as 1607 the agitation for an outlet came to a head. There was by then, of course, no dream anywhere of sanitary sewerage; but relief was demanded from the storm-water floods from the mountain cordon which rims this fertile bowl. Some of these inundations were terribly serious. Under the Viceroy Don Luis Velasco, 2, and on the plans of the eminent engineer Enrique Martinez, the herculean *tajo* of Nochistongo was riven through the northern hills to drain the valley into a branch of the Rio Pánuco. This cut (traversed to-day by the tourist in his Pullman) is a dozen miles long, with an average depth of about one hundred



IN THE HOSPITAL DE JESUS, FOUNDED BY CORTEZ IN 1527.

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and eighty feet, and an average width of about three hundred. It cost great mortality and six millions, and was a rather fair contract to be let in America two hundred and ninety years ago—the very year, indeed, in which the first English colony camped on the fringe of the New World.

This vast work, however, did not cut deep enough to serve the valley. Various minor attempts were made—in 1612 we find Felipe III. laying a tax of a *cuartillo* (three cents) on every pint of wine sold in the capital, the proceeds to go to the drainage—but nothing effective resulted in two centuries and a half.

With the accession of Diaz to the Presidency, twenty years ago, the imminent necessity of an outlet found recognition, and work was again begun—though lack of funds kept it limping for a decade. Since 1886, however, it has had its *Junta Directiva*, and has gone steadily forward. Mexican engineers were divided as to whether it would be better to utilize the tremendous gash of Nochistongo or begin *de nuevo* in an opposite direction; and the latter opinion won.

As I write, the greatest drainage canal in the world is, to all intents and purposes, finished. Mexico will never again be flooded; and in a short time it will have the more intimate daily advantages that an outlet means.

Next to President Diaz this magnificent work is owed to the skill and faith of another significant type of modern Mexico. Luis Espinosa, engineer of the Desagüe, is a Guanajuatan of the humblest birth, largely Indian by blood, and of few early advantages. But when he assumed the work (in 1879) the canal found its master. Through years of discouragement—wherein he sometimes lacked not only money for his army of laborers, but food for his family—the mute brown engineer held his way like the man he is; and the end has crowned his work.



THE NATIONAL PALACE.

The Desagüe is forty-seven kilometres five hundred and eighty metres long. It begins on the east side of the city, six metres wide, and a little over five metres below the level of the Plaza. These dimensions grow steadily, until at the mouth of the great tunnel of Zumpango, which bores the last hill to the ravine of Tequizquiac, it is one hundred and ninety-five feet wide, and nearly seventy-five feet deep. The tunnel is eleven kilometres long, an oval a little over thirteen feet in its greater diameter, and being in particularly treacherous soil, is heavily masonried throughout. Its air-shafts are thirteen hundred feet apart, and the deepest is four hundred feet. The gradient is one in one thousand, which gives a current of seven feet a second. The fall of the rest of the canal is one foot to the mile. The whole work cost eighteen millions, and has been completed without fatalities.

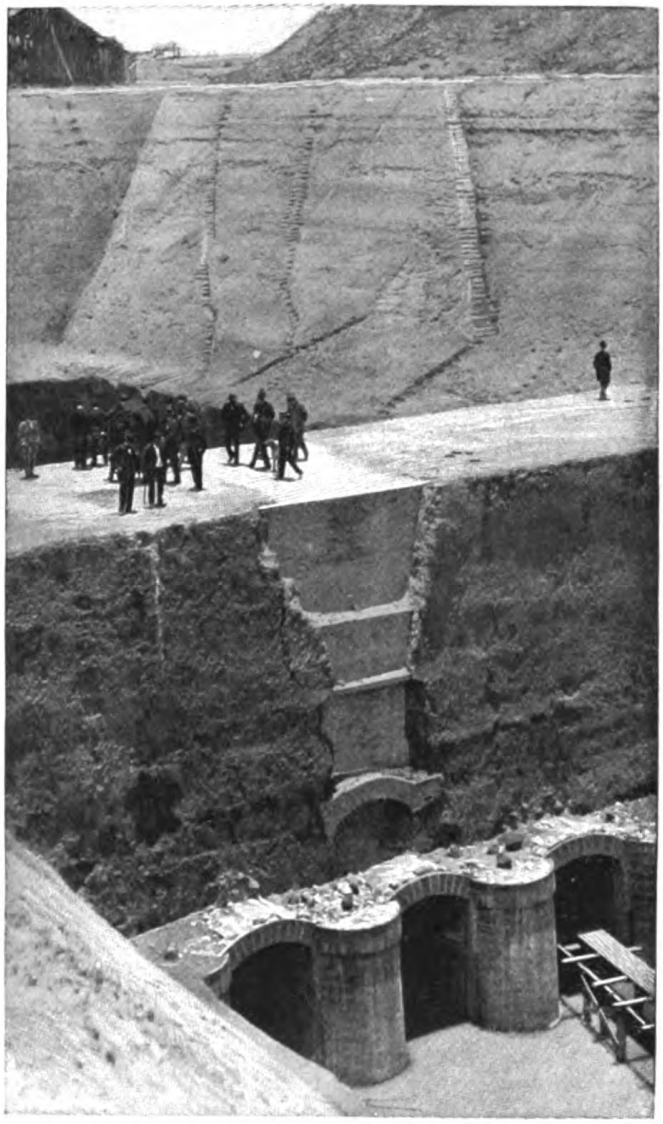
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Like every other *mejora* of his capital and nation, the Desagüe has not only the master's moral support, but his eye. Diaz inspects the work frequently; and, as I have seen, his inspections are nowise perfunctory. He is first at every point—few of the visiting party have half his legs at half his years, and none his comprehensive eye.

This outlet canal done, the next step is modern *saneamiento* for the capital. Mexico is to have at once the most perfect sewerage system on the continent, if not in the world. The plans are drawn by the competent municipal engineer Roberto Gayol, and the money is ready.

In eighteen months, also, the city will own the most complete modern hospital in America—ending as well as she began.

Cortez the conqueror has no monument in the ingratitude of republics—partly because so soon as ninety years we can hardly be expected to forgive the mother-nation from whom we have revolted, and partly because of the present funnily serious disposition to deify the original aborigine* whom Cortez conquered and bettered; no monument, that is, except the hospital he founded—and incidentally Mexico. On the street of Ixtapalapa by whose causeway he first entered town (November 8, 1519) he built in 1527 the Hospital of the Clean Conception of Jesus, endowing it with an hacienda in Cuernavaca. For three hundred and seventy years it has been doing its work of mercy; and to-day its appointments are up to date, with accommodation and lovely environment for seventy-five patients of both sexes. It is still controlled by the descendants of Cortez, and contains the two paintings upon which we depend for our portraits of him. The kneeling figure, in the *sala*, was painted in Spain for him, and sent by himself to this hospital. The standing figure, in the little chapel—though inferior in art and authenticity—is naturally the one most copied.



PRESIDENT DIAZ AND HIS PARTY INSPECTING THE DESAGÜE
MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL OF ZUMPANGO.

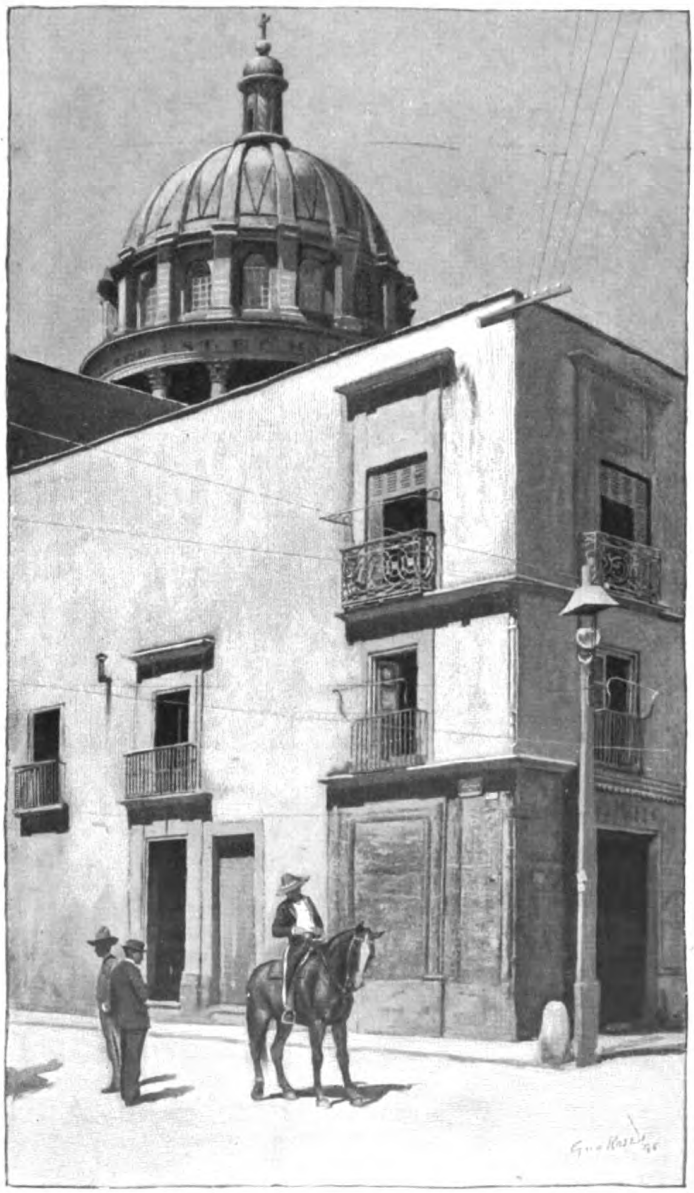
One cannot even list, in such a paper, the philanthropic institutions of the capital, much less describe them. But it is proper to point, in passing, at once their

* Or so much of him as dwelt in the pueblo of Tenochtitlan. Oddly enough, the new theogony includes no heroes from Tlascala, or Chalco, or Orizaba, or Totonaco, or from any of the Mexican tribes which lived by their own industry, and not by enslaving their neighbors. They welcomed the Spaniards who delivered them from the Aztec yoke.

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oldness and their newness—the Spanish of them and their modern-Mexicanism. No other nation has founded so extensively such beneficences in its colonies, and few colonies have built so well upon their inheritance. It is a useful Delsartean attitude for the mind to try to "fahncy" England peppering New England with schools, hospitals, asylums, and churches for Indians. But that is what infamous Spain did, three hundred years ago, up and down a space which measures something over *one hundred and three New Englands*. We may pick flaws in these institutions as administered while we were hanging witches, but the institutions were there—and are there yet.

The Royal Hospital of Mexico (for Indians) was founded in 1553. It covered three and a half acres—good elbow-room for its normal two hundred and twenty patients. In the great epidemic of 1762, by crowding, it cared for eight thousand three hundred and sixty-one, and it is still operative. This is but a beginning in the list. The Beneficéncia Pública alone has charge of ten institutions in the city, on which it expends $25,000 a month—like the Industrial School, the School of Correction (also industrial), the Asylum of the Poor (whose plain exterior hides a truly beautiful home for the nine hundred inmates, mostly children, who are educated and given useful trades in an atmosphere of flowers and music); a hospital for the wounded; a maternity hospital; a school for the blind; an insane asylum for men, another for women—and so on. It feeds three thousand four hundred people, and supervises the public sale of drink and food. When the great new hospital—on the French detached plan, with thirty-five buildings fifty feet apart, at a cost of $800,000—is completed, the present hospitals, all of which are very valuable properties, will be sold.



THE FIRST PRINTING-OFFICE IN THE NEW WORLD (1536).

And here a word may be spoken in season of the beggars who so dent the sensibilities of the average tourist. One reason why mosquitoes seem so numerous is that we cannot get away from them. So with the Mexican beggar. Wherever you go, you see all there is of

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THE BEST-AUTHENTICATED PORTRAIT OF CORTEZ.

Presented by the Conqueror to the Hospital de Jesus.

him; and meeting ten people, of whom two are beggars, you naturally conclude that the same proportion holds good throughout the whole population. But this is a generic blunder. As a matter of fact, long field study in both lines leads to a conviction that there are probably not so many professional beggars per cent. in Mexico as tramps in the United States. But the tramp is never concentric, and only the curious student, the railroad man on a transcontinental line, and the police authority dream how enormous is our army of mendicants. The Mexican *pordiosero*,* too, has a different stock in trade. His capital is to look as poor, diseased, and repulsive as he possibly can —maybe with a vague intuition that the pneumogastric nerve has a large voice in the congress of the emotions. He has not learned the broader platform of insolence, bulldozing, and alternative crime. He clings to the traditions of his craft—for it *is* a profession, and inclined to be a gentle one. He whines, it is true—be-

* "For-God's-sake-er," literally.

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EL SEÑOR DEL SACROMONTE, THE MOST FAMOUS IMAGE IN MEXICO (1527).

cause he is of a people to whom a whine sounds pitiful, and not contemptible—but his appeal is as perfect in its fine rhetoric as in its humility. And when you have bestowed the copper *tlaco*, which is all that he expects, he says (sincerely and without a dream of irony), "God give more to you!" Mexico has as many poor as any other city of 350,000, I know—and more than any in the United States—but it must be borne in mind that the vast majority of them are laborers, and only the petty minority beggars. As for actual suffering, there is far less than in any of our large urban populations. Even the beggar's coppers are plenty to provide him with the indispensables of life in a motherly climate.

From beggars to churches is but a step—at least in physics, since the church door is a favorite stalking-ground for these shrewd reckoners of the emotions. The temples of the capital are by class the most inevitable buildings in it—not only for the old heroism they represent, nor solely for their architectural beauty, great as it is. The Samson of a cathedral is shorn of its locks. The third course of its towers (two hundred and eight feet high, as it is) was forbidden by royal edict to be erected, for fear of the effect of so vast a weight upon the treacherous soil of the ex-swamp. It is a pity, for this is the only outer fault of a magnificent pile; and since it stands on the rock islet of the teocalli, the due proportions of the towers might have been carried out without probable danger of the sinking which has so tilted the beautiful Profesa, Tolsa's classic Loreto, and many of the older other buildings.

The Jesuit, Dominican, and Franciscan schools of church architecture have here their most perfect convention (though not in every case the greatest known delegate); and there is, besides, the striking type peculiar to this city, the style Churrigueresque, named for a native architect of the seventeenth century, whose finest monuments are the Sagrario (elbowing the cathedral) and La Santisima. Their *fachadas*, and the patio of the ex-convent of San Agustin (now the post-office of Querétaro), present the most remarkable stone-carving in North American architecture. That is no small thing to say, when one remembers the thousands of churches in Mexico, of which hardly one lacks some noble characteristic. Content is a happy trait, but I doubt if such content is happy that is past being startled by the comparison of our religious edifices with those of a disprized land and faith.

It is curious to speculate whence came the pentecost of skill and daring which not only made every church a monument, but in so many seems to have delighted in braving the constructional traditions. The flat arches, the flying arches, the arches with space instead of masonry

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to receive their "lateral thrust," the pendent staircases, the omitted pillars, the keyless domes—there are a thousand venturesomenesses, yet not one lapse from security. And to these days some architects in Mexico pluck gravitation by the beard in a fashion that is not familiar to me outside of Latin America.

The *caracoles* or snail-shell stone staircases are always fascinating; and they are in nearly every tower. That in the prison of Hidalgo (in Chihuahua) is the common type; but the cathedral of Mexico has a wonderful caracol *without a core*. The ninety-two *chiluca* steps, instead of concentring to form a pillar, form a central hole, and down that superb spiral one can peer from top to bottom.

But, as I was to say, religion nor architecture nor historic association is the only attraction to these venerable piles. To do much of anything of importance in the modern city one must go to church. The *Reforma* was a movement in whose swift thoroughness public necessity took no heavier hand than private greed. Diverted from the church, the edifices were looted of their plate, their silver altar-rails, and their Murillos—one gentleman, since happily dead, got $60,000 at a pawnshop for the paintings he had collected by this simple process. The buildings themselves were promptly "denounced," and sold for beggarly sums—many of them for beggarly ends. You cannot sample far among the hotels without lodging in an ex-convent. You may have your livery turnout from another. If you visit school or barracks or hospital, it will generally be in another. And if you chance to go to prison, you would, at this writing, be locked inside of church walls. Of course it all results in far more costly and artistic schoolhouses, hospitals, and prisons than are fashionable in lands which have not had the lucky opportunity to get ahead of their Maker.

But her attitude in pœnology to-day is very significant of modern Mexico. Mexican prisons, in my observation, have as a rule richly deserved all their inmates, whether native or imported; and also some of their ill repute as a mode of luxury. Until people can build prisons for prisons, they must use what makeshifts they may; and superb architecture does not reconcile the prisoner to the natural shortcomings of a jail which was built for a church. Belem, the great general lockup, is the old convent of that name, and is not at all adequate for its more than three thousand inmates—though I have seen worse arrangements in some American cities. Santiago de Tlaltelolco, the military prison, is as superannuated. It is one of the oldest churches in Mexico, having been founded by the first viceroy; and its convent was one of the first schools—in which the historian Sahagun was a professor. It was a school for the sons of Indian caciques.

But the day of the makeshift is passing. Just before I left the capital the retiring governor* of the federal district turned over to the federal government the new penitentiary, a model modern institution,

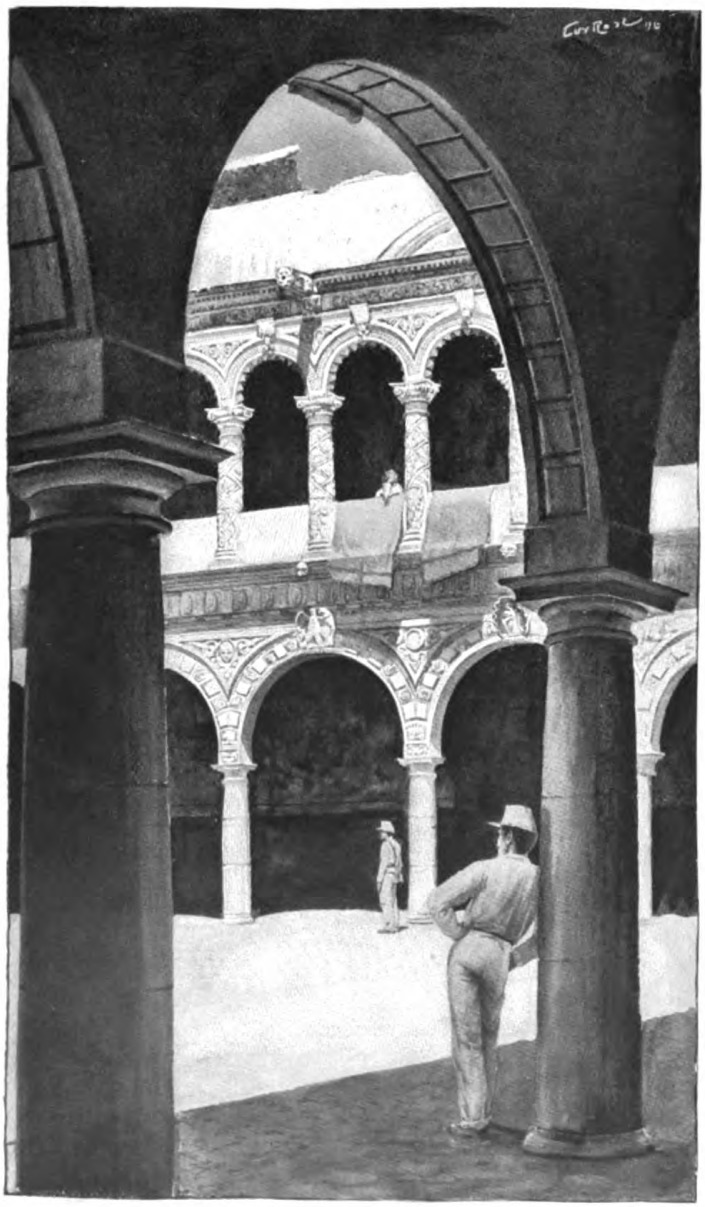
* An honorable type of the administrators of modern Mexico, Don Pedro Rincon Gallardo.



THE GREAT CARACOL STAIRCASE, CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO,
Looking down from top.

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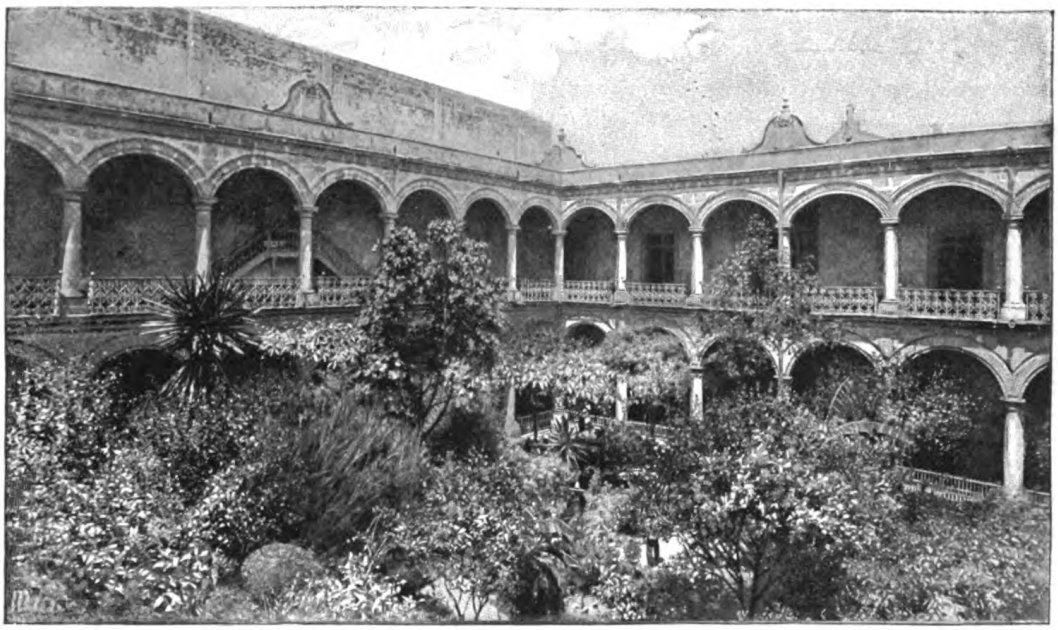
on the Croffton plan, which, I believe, has not yet its equal anywhere among us. It cost over two millions, covers eighteen acres, and is perfect in every detail of sanitation, security, and comfort. Before these lines are published it will be occupied, and the days of Tlaltelolco and Belem will be done. There is similar activity all over the republic in replacing the old *ad interim* convent-jails with institutions up to date. The state penitentiary at Puebla, for instance, is a type of what is being done by cities we would account small, and states that seem to us but sparsely settled. There is no hanging in Mexico, and (outside what concerns the army and the brigands) no capital punishment. Nor are irons allowed under the new dispensation. I have known the holy horror of officers of ours at not being allowed to manacle prisoners they were extraditing. The modern Mexican theory is that irons are an ignominy, and that it is the officer's business to keep his man. It may surprise the average reader to learn that the object of prisons in Mexico is not so much punishment as reform by education. To such, the modern laws of Diaz regulating penitentiaries should be instructive reading. In these laws, of course, the credit system for good behavior cuts as certain a figure as the compulsory education and the learning of trades in the finely appointed shops.



THE BARRACKS OF LA MERCED.

Except the artillery and the engineers, whatever regiment you visit is quartered in an old convent. Of these barracks the most interesting is the Merced, founded in 1601, with a patio which is one of the finest in the city. Many schools are similar debtors to the unthanked past; and in their case, at least, one may be most willing to pardon the usurpation. The capital has, by-the-way, fifty public schools for boys, forty-nine for girls, six mixed, and nine night schools. There is also a large number of private institutions, from the kindergarten up, and of special schools, training-schools, and the like. It is also to be noted, amid the educational progress, that on the 16th of September the metric system became compulsory throughout the republic, and that

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NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
In the building of the first American university.

Mexicans are tolerantly sorry for such nations as still cling to the superstition of a cruder scheme.

The edifice of the first university in America (founded by the Spanish crown in 1551) is to-day occupied by the National Conservatory of Music—an invention of poor Carlota. The National Academy of Art (ancient Academy of San Carlos) stands where Fray Pedro de Gante founded, in 1524, the first school in the New World—a school for Indians. The Normal School for males, with its six hundred pupils and its first-class German equipment, occupies the old convent of Santa Teresa (1678). The Normal School for females has fourteen hundred* pupils, and is in a hundred-thousand-dollar building of 1648. The fine old Jesuit college of San Ildefonso, erected in 1749 at a cost of $400,000, is now filled with the thousand pupils of the National Preparatory School. The National College of Medicine is housed in the old home of the Inquisition (1732)—the *chato*† edifice whose four hanging arches at each corner of the lower corridor are famous. The building was taken for its present purpose in this century, the Holy Office dying in America with the independence, but the medical college was established by royal decree of 1768. It has now several hundreds of pupils. San Lorenzo (1598) is now the manual-training school, where poor boys are gratuitously taught lithography, engraving, printing, carpentry, and many other trades. The similar institution for girls is of course modern, dating only from 1874. The National Library, with its 200,000 volumes, dwells in the splendid sequestered church of San Agustin, given it by Maximilian. The National Museum—just now not in wholly ideal hands—occupies part of the million-dollar building erected in 1731 for the royal mint. And so on through a list that would rival the catalogue of the ships. The School of Mines and Engineering, however, stands in no dead man's shoes. Its magnificent building of *chiluca* (the nearest to granite the valley affords) was built for it by the great Tolsa in 1793, and cost three millions. As late as 1824 Humboldt declared, "No city of the New Continent, not excepting those of the United States, presents scientific establishments so great and solid as those of the capital of Mexico." Except as to the buildings, of course, so much could not be said to-day. We have forged ahead (though only in this generation) by our vast superiority in numbers and wealth. But it is as

* In both these schools the figures include the primary departments. Pupils are educated from A B C up to a teacher's diploma.

† Flat-nosed.

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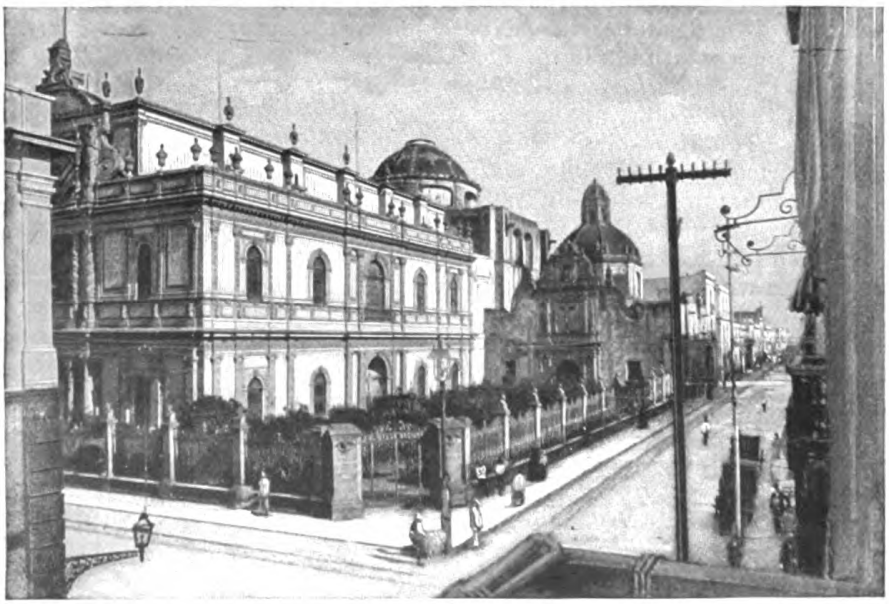
true now as it was in 1824 that the educational institutions of Mexico can be ignored only by the ignorant.

The gravest fault in the present capital is natural enough to its transitional state —the vertigo of sudden progress—but it is an unworthiness I pray educated Mexico may see in time. As with us, the wine of material development begins to mount to the head, and in their splendid reaching out for the new they too much forget the old. No modern structure in the capital compares in dignity and worth of architecture with any one of hundreds of buildings which date from the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, and few will last so long as they will still. Too many wealthy dons are erecting residences copied after—and ugly and uncomfortable as—the American parvenu's. A needless vandalism has already dynamited a hundred arches of the massy old aqueduct of Chapultepec, which would be a treasure to any city, and its older brother of Santa Fe is as wantonly breached. There was even a movement to erase the noble fountain of the Salto de Agua (apparently for no other reason than that it dates from 1779, and is worth all the modern fountains in the city put together), and to use its room for a few yards of pavement. But happily this iniquity was forestalled. I cannot believe a temper so open to sentiment as is the Latin American will much longer countenance these vandalisms; and if that were conceivable, the new commercial sense cannot remain blind to the fact that these superb old landmarks are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to Mexico. All the march of modern progress need not trample a single one of these monuments.

Even the squat, unpretentious National Palace* has suffered seriously within. It is well that public offices be habitable, but they can be made so without philistinism; and Hon. Ignacio Mariscal (sometime minister to Washington, now Vice-President of the republic and Minister of Foreign Relations) deserves gratitude for having conserved the magnificent old ceilings of Spanish cedar which are the charm of the Hall of Ambassadors and of his department, while the inutile "utilitarian" has plastered most of the rest of the *Palacio*.

From the halls which overlook from the south the *patio de honor*, Mexico has been guided, well or ill, these three centuries and a half. Here the viceroys interpreted the royal *cédulas* and made *bandos* of their own—like that which in 1554 forbade all jewellers, because his Excellency saw that luxury grew too fat. Here Iturbide and Maximilian (the only emperors Mexico ever had) held their little circumstance before the tragic end. Here Juarez, the only man under the re-

* Fifty feet high and six hundred square.



THE NATIONAL LIBRARY, ONCE THE CONVENT OF SAN AGUSTIN.

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public (up to within twenty years) able to keep his footing in power for six years, did his pregnant work —at least while he was not dodging the French armies. And here the only Mexican President who has surpassed him has made his incomparably greater conquest for the father-land.

It was well for Mexico that when silver took its Gadarene course Diaz was in the saddle. There is no uncertainty in saying that no other man of her whole history—unless it were that great first viceroy, Antonio de Mendoza — could have lifted her safely across the gulf.

Here was a silver country, not by fanatic experiment, but by geologic predestination. Practically she never produced gold, and the unparalleled coinage of her mints in all these centuries* has been almost exclusively white. She is producing still† seventy-five millions of silver a year.



THE SALTO DE AGUA, MEXICO (1779).

To her, enter sudden bankruptcy, shrivelling her dollar crop by one-half its value. She was already committed to progress, and that meant a foreign debt—payable in gold. Here were the elements of as pretty a collapse as one could ask to see.

But Mexico was already knit, and the compound unit was handled by no uncertain fist. There was a government which knew, first, what it wished; second, how to get it—and when there is a policy adopted in Mexico nowadays it "goes," in the language of politics.

Even Juarez had fallen under temptation. The repudiation fathered by him was a chief cause of intervention and Maximilian. But Diaz had the clearer head. His first step was to secure the credit of his nation. He simply said, "The debt shall be met in gold," and set himself to the pleasant task of finding two dollars for one.

Revenue *can* be raised in Mexico; and at the side of Diaz was unquestionably one of the ablest financiers of modern times—José Ives Limantour, present Minister of Hacienda—and behind them they had the Mexican people. It is only in the formative stage of a nation that a government appeal to patriotism is stronger than selfish luxury or business greed. When it came to paying two prices for imports, Mexico began to get along with

* 1527 to June 1, 1895, $3,585,980,462.

† Fiscal year 1894–5.

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very few imports indeed. She learned in that sharp pinch the great lesson—ignoring of which has been the ruin of Peru, the only other Spanish colony which was ever richer—that it is cheaper to make than to buy. Exchange acted as a rabid protective tariff, and the country which practically knew nothing but mines began suddenly to manufacture.* Three years ago the import duties on cotton cloths brought the government five millions a year; to-day they bring nothing, for there is no longer importation. But the cotton-mills which have sprung up in the republic already paid $1,200,000 in taxes last year, an amount which this year will very greatly increase. Beer yielded in the custom-houses a million a year, and to-day yields not one-thousandth part as much; for Mexico is now dotted with breweries of her own. These startling figures are typical of the new national attitude, and at the same time of the new national unity—a country "making it unanimous" with the brains of one man.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that some of the most potent enablers of Mexico in the struggle with depreciation have been fortuities which neither Diaz nor Limantour invented, though they have known how to profit thereby. The nation has had an unconscious angel—a benefactor by no grace of his. Uncle Sam pays for her products in sound money—that is, at double rates. For it must be remembered that a Mexican dollar *in Mexico* buys as much (of everything but imported goods) now that it is worth 54 cents gold as it did when it was worth practically 100. This fact somewhat explains the epidemic of new industries. The gold-country manufacturer removing to Mexico nearly doubles his capital by the mere act of crossing the border. For his every five-dollar gold piece he gets $9 30. He more than trebles it again on his pay-roll—a matter not more significant to him than it should be to such working-men as would adopt the Mexican finances without the Mexican remedies. And beyond these two glittering premiums the manufacturer is given substantial concessions—for Diaz believes in factories, and means to have them by wholesale. Furthermore, now that the interstate tariffs are removed, the manufacturer will no longer need to crowd to the centres of population, but can go to the cheap water-powers.

To those who produce, the Mexican dollar is "a sweet boon." It is the unit of the country. It is worth outside only half what it used to be—but they do not send it so much outside. At home it is as good as ever, and they get two of it where they once got one, since nominal prices are not much changed. The exporter of coffee pays $35 for the cargo that used to be worth $30; and he sells it not at $40, but at $30. But his $35 is paid by him in Mexican silver, and his $30 is received by him in gold, which means to him something over $54.

The last large factor among those that have saved Mexico in the jaws of cheap money is—cheap labor. The average Mexican workman gets about three bits (thirty-seven and a half cents) a day. On the haciendas it is often less; in the factories and on the railroads it is generally more. No wonder the manufacturer and the grower can stand it!

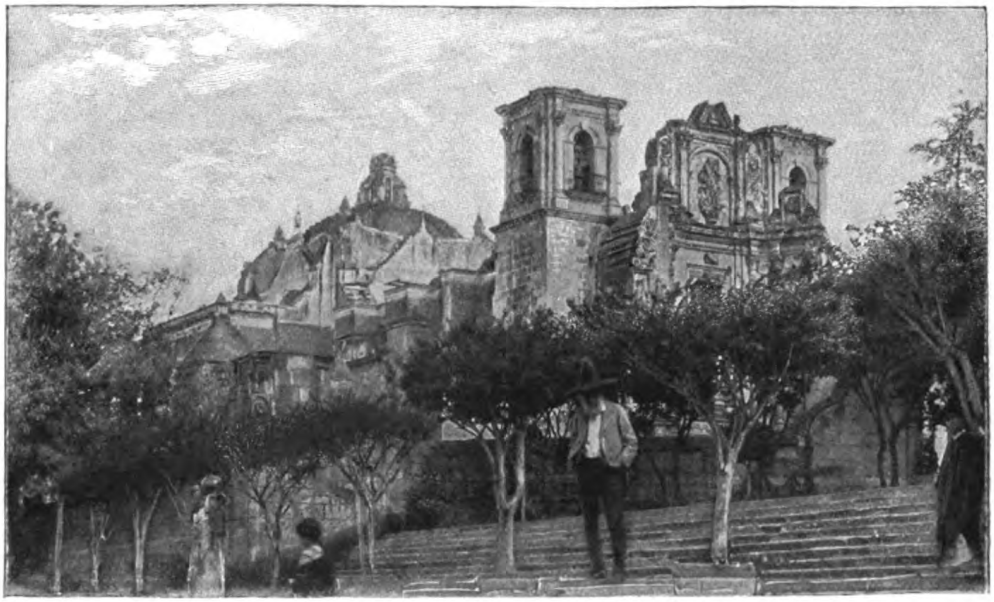
It is fair to add that the current pity for the Mexican laborer is altogether wasted. He has a climate decent to be lived in—wherein, it is estimated, twelve days' work in the year is enough to supply one peon with the necessities of life. He does not eat much meat—nor does any one, except a stupid, in that climate. His small wages are not only as much as he wants, but as much as he wishes. If he gets higher pay, he does less work—for to his unbitten notion the only object of work is to get enough to live on. Of course the final outlook for Mexico is when this multiple of narrow, ragged, ignorant content shall begin to increase his wants; but it is a long way before that bridge needs to be crossed. When he begins to require larger wages for larger horizons, he will begin to get them—and already the first tokens of the change appear; for wages are very slowly improving in Mexico. Meantime the Mexican laborer earns enough to make him the farthest from populism and strikes of any toiler in North America, and is at the same time enriching his employer and his nation. How far he is from suffering has often been shown. In 1894 there was a corn-famine. Hearing the usual curb-stone gossip of destitution, the municipal government of the capital arranged with the contractors of the Desagüe to employ at regular wages every man sent

* On a commercial scale, that is. There have always been fireside manufactures in Mexico.

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out. The city was placarded with notices, and the quarter of San Lazaro buzzed with talk. *Nascitur ridiculus mus.* Three peons came to the *municipalidad* to see about it. And not one was pinched enough to go out to work!

By these tokens Mexico has met her greatest economic crisis, and has prevailed. Under Juarez the revenues of the best year were below fourteen millions; now they are above forty-six millions, and there is a surplus. Mexico also has at last the balance of trade in her favor. Her exports are growing at the rate of ten millions a year, her imports at the rate of four millions. A pretty penny in United States gold comes down annually to square the account; for while Mexico sells us sixty five per cent. of her exports, she gets only fifteen per cent. of her imports from us, preferring to do most of her buying from nations that think it worth while to cultivate her trade. She is not only able to keep reducing her foreign gold debt (about $150,000,000) at two dollars for one, but has spare change to build two-million-dollar prisons and eighteen-million-dollar canals and twenty-million-dollar harbors. The enormous port improvements at Tampico ($7,000,000), Coatzacoalcos ($7,000,000), and Vera Cruz ($20,000,000); the railroad development, in subsidizing which the Diaz administration has already expended $110,000,000—these and their like activities indicate the financial condition of the government. And these are not sops to the Cerberus of selfish constituencies, but the logical paces of a consistent paternalism.



CHURCH OF LA SOLEDAD, OAXACA.

The next four years are to witness great things in perfecting internal communication. To me, one of the most important enterprises in Mexico is the "Cuernavaca" Railroad, now open from the capital to Tres Marias. It was contracted to be finished to the river Mescala by or before last November, and within eight months later should reach Acapulco. Then for the first time Mexico will be crossed by rail—a transcontinental iron way from the adequate artificial harbors of the Gulf coast, through the capital, with its already competent north and south connections, to the Pacific and that superb natural harbor, the second finest on the globe. The west coast of Mexico I count the right arm of the country; but it has always been bound. Now the lashings are about to fall. The vast productiveness of Guerrero and Sinaloa will be developed; and more than that, the

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whole country will have, for the first time in history, its fair outlet to the commerce of the world.

Other railroads are playing their part. The Mexican Central (with a fifth of the total mileage of the republic) and the International bind Mexico to us. Both have multiplied their business by six or seven in a decade, and both have a still larger hope. The Central has at Tampico what will probably be the chief harbor of the Gulf. The International at Durango is only one hundred and sixty miles from the Pacific harbor of Mazatlan, and has engineers seeking an outlet by profitable grades. The Mexican Southern, finished in 1893, has opened one of the largest, richest, and hitherto least accessible portions of the country. The Vera Cruz line —dean of Mexican railroads, opened in 1873—is wakening its way-side territory, and will do much more when its terminal port is completed. There is remarkable activity in the diversified territory pierced by the Interoceanic Railroad, where cotton-mills and pulp-paper mills are springing up, and slow old sugar haciendas are suddenly putting in the most modern machinery, to the tune of $60,000 to $100,000 apiece. An important line, under contract, will pass down the west coast to the Guatemalan frontier, striking Tehuantepec (with its short transisthmian line and its harbor of Salina Cruz) from the northwest, as the Southern Railroad is to strike it from the northeast. Construction is begun on the "Corralitos road" from El Paso into the Sierra Madre, and with ultimate destination on the lower Gulf of California. Down on the coast of Sinaloa is the splendid natural harbor of Topolobampo; and if a railroad does not reach that port reasonably soon, I have authority for saying that it will be through no fault of Diaz. Indeed, among his specific dreams for the general uplift of his nation one of the dearest is to thwart that astounding geography — so well defined by Humboldt—which splits Mexico in twain from top to bottom.

There are many other railroads past the guess-work stage — the administration is sharply discouraging the "paper" lines of penniless promoters—but those above are the most pregnant with meaning for Mexico. As for telegraph lines, the first in the republic (that from the capital to Vera Cruz) was inaugurated in 1852; now there are over twelve thousand kilometres.

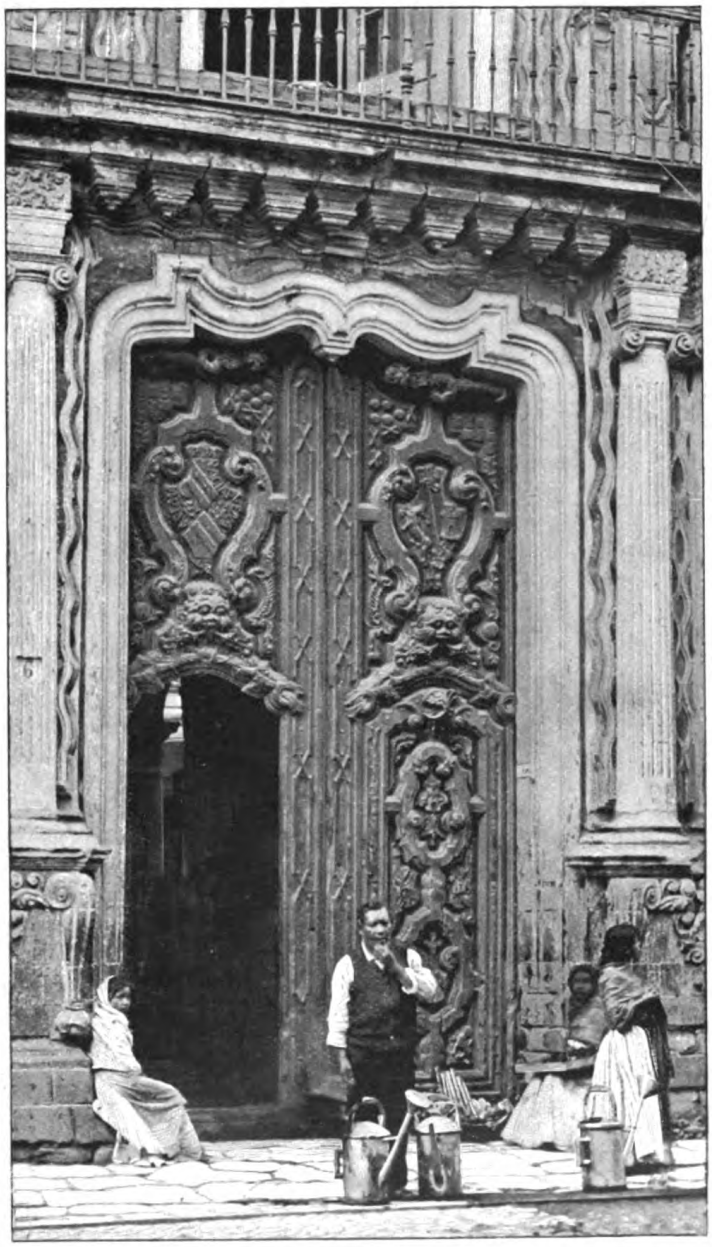
The business thermometer in the capital is at least blood-warm, and is steadily mounting. During my *permanéncia* there the street-car system was sold for eight million dollars to the South African syndicate, which has since made a similar investment in Los Angeles, California. The lines are to be made electric — the only anachronism that lags. The Banco de Lóndres (in the same period) desired to increase its capital from five millions to ten. In a few days the business men of the city subscribed not five millions, but twenty. They who know it best are not timorous as to the future of the capital city.

Building is active, new "colonies" are being plotted, sold, and occupied, and, among the other extensive municipal improvements, some of the oldest and finest streets are being widened — of course at enormous expense. There is an active and effective Superior Council of Public Health, to which is largely due the abstinence of so many citizens from falling into the temptations of mortality in an undrained city. Since June 1, 1872, compulsory vaccination in the city has marked the arms of more people* than the total population. It is a curious fact that vaccination never has to be repeated here. Once "taken," it is good for a lifetime. And "compulsory" in Mexico does not mean "may be"—as these very figures show. There is inevitable examination, and those found unsigned are promptly led away for the health officer's autograph.

The like paternalism is evident in most of the seven departments of the federal government. Naturally the Minister of War and Marine has his hands full with the finely appointed arsenals and other belongings. Nor is there much leeway for fathering the public by the Ministry of Foreign Relations or that of Finance. But there is larger philanthropic scope in the other four. The "Interior" has charge of the organized charities, among other things. "Justice and Public Instruction" manages the schools, libraries, museums, etc. "Communications and Public Works" oversees the mails, telegraphs, railroads, light-houses, and several other branches. The Ministry of Encouragement ("Fomento") is most paternal of all, dealing with colonization, agriculture, mining, statistics, scientific

* Exactly, up to May 22, 1896, 362,763.

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DOOR OF THE PASA DEL CONDE, MEXICO.

institutes and commissions, observatories, and many other matters fit to be forwarded. The mining laws of Mexico are confessedly better than ours. Colonization is no longer a mere dream. The half-score thriving Mormon colonies in Chihuahua and Sonora were the beginning; and now three hundred thousand acres have been purchased in Chiapas by a Japanese syndicate, which will settle thousands of its countrymen on these rich coffee, sugar, rubber, and tobacco lands. A geographic commission under this ministry is doing at last definitive work on the cartography of the republic, while meteorology, patents, and the distribution of seeds and fish are assuming civilized proportions. Under this direc-

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tion, too, the first census of the republic* was taken, October 20, 1895. It yielded a population of 12,570,195.

But what may seem the most millennial function of the Ministério de Fomento is that it encourages even—literature! Lest this announcement cause an invasion of Mexico by our waste-basketed hordes (whose only present refuge is the shrewd but cruel publications whose corner-stone is that all other editors are conspiring against genius), let me hasten to assure them that this paternal government would precisely *not* publish their efforts.

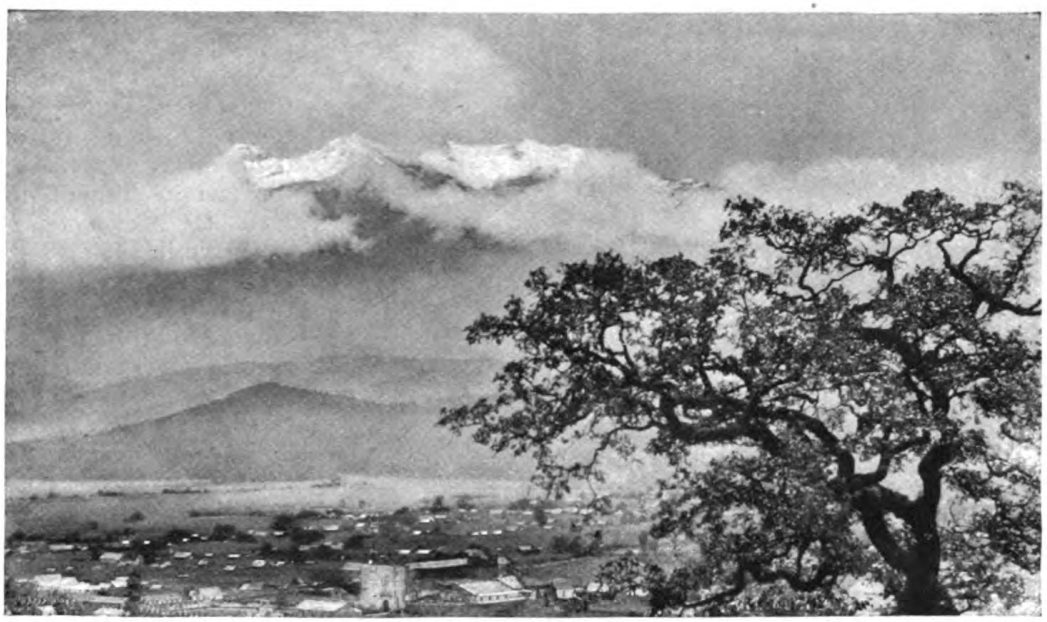
Mexico, of course, has as yet neither great publishing-houses nor a great book-market, and there is no one to undertake a publication as a legitimate investment. Yet Mexico is—as she has been for centuries—far from poor in deep students, broad historians, and able literary men. Here steps in the Ministry of Encouragement, backed by its own splendid publishing-office and by a conservative judgment, and fathers the issue of whatsoever book is deemed worthy. It has done a great deal for modern Mexico. It publishes the great historic contributions of my honored friend Lic. Alfredo Chavero, and those of the lamented Icazbalceta; the valuable monographs of Peñafiel and Garcia-Cubas; even matter so literary as the charming volumes of my *muy leal* young comrade Luis González Obregon—who is doing for the legends of colonial Mexico what has been so excellently done for those of colonial Peru by Ricardo Palma. All these works are suitably issued; and some, like the great codices, at enormous expense, and in a style which could not be surpassed anywhere. Meantime the author pays for—the white paper, at most!

The whole literary impulse in Mexico is an honorable story, and strangely interesting. A romance as chivalrous as the Crusades, and far more startling—the supreme adventure, indeed, in the history of man—the Conquest, curiously enough, seems to have inspired thought rather than exaltation. It has never had its Homer, nor even its Virgil; but its Cæsar, its Pliny, its Strabo, and its Herodotus—they have risen by twins and triplets. There was never such another text for balladry; but the poets seem to have been too busy marching superhuman marches, conquering "empires," and studying the overwhelming problems the New World set upon their slate. A few did break unpredestined into heroic verse—like the "Peregrino Indiano" and dashing Villagran; *arcades ambo* of sorry verse, though precious chronicling. But it is striking all along that these soldiers of fortune—human enough to fight for gold, feudal enough to fight as hard for the Holy Faith, crazy enough even to adventure for pure adventure's sake—were, after all, of the calibre intellectually sobered rather than made drunk by the realities which outdazzled all dreams. Spanish America became, with the Conquest, the most active scene of original study in the world. In 1536 the printing-press began, in the city of Mexico, to embalm the labors of the host of scholars who were attacking the linguistic, geographic, and philosophic mysteries of the New World. Before Shakespeare was born, American literature had its beginnings in hundreds of volumes printed in America in a score of original American languages, besides the mass in Spanish. In the first generation after the Conquest there was already in Mexico a band of Indian authors, like Camargo, Pomar, and Ixtlilxochitl, whom no student of Americana can ignore. Cortez, like Cæsar, wrote his own commentaries; and it is curious to remember that up to 1830 no book was ever so handsomely published in the United States as the Lorenzana edition of the *Letters* of Cortez in Mexico in 1770. In all our own frontiering I know no chronicle which half-way reaches the human interest of the *True History* of Bernal Diaz del Castillo—the ancient *conquistador* who rose up in Guatemala and his old age to write because the closet historian already "told so many lies." If he sometimes grumbles a bit, so a soldier may whose teeth are already fallen; but his story is so square and straight and full of heart, so frank and unpretentious, and withal so *simpatico*, that I never knew the man or woman who began it but devoured it through, and went back to read it again, and came to a way of picking it up when hours were heavy. No wonder he lived past his hundred years!

Of the long and brilliant list of colonial poets, historians, and philosophers, here is no room for detail. Nor of the later lights, like "El Pensador" and Acu-

* The first census of Mexico, 1793, gave four and a half million inhabitants.

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IZTACCIHUATL—THE WOMAN IN WHITE—15,705 FEET HIGH.

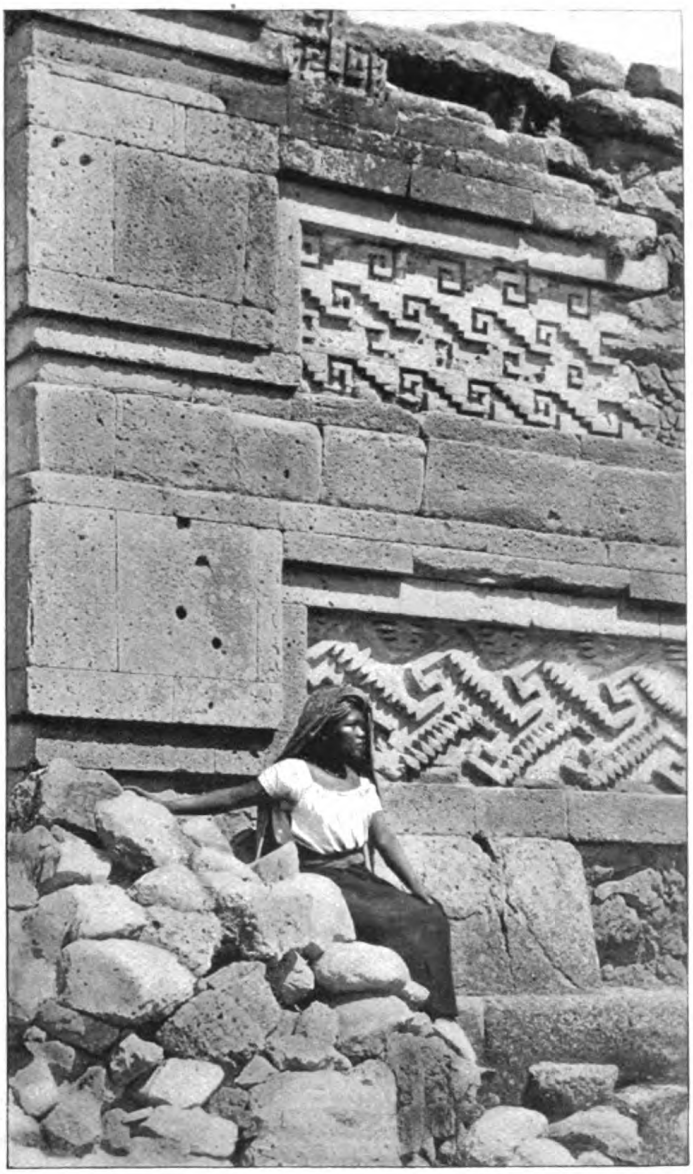
ña. Nor of those who hold the Mexico of to-day up to its best literary traditions —like the few I have named, and Salvador Diaz Miron (foremost of living Mexican poets, though he occupies a cell in San Juan de Ulua), and Juan de Dios Peza, the graceful *improvisador* of the hearth-side, and many more. The standard of critical appreciation is high even with the newspapers—as is the rule in Latin America. The capital has twenty-seven dailies (including two excellent ones in English), and more weeklies of all sorts than one would care to count. A frank, dignified opposition organ is published in the very home of the central government.

If I have given disproportionate space to the city of Mexico, it is simply because it is easier to handle in this narrow elbow-room a fair type of modern Mexico than to go knight's-jumping over the country in pursuit of disjointed illustrations. The capital fails to be typical only in that it is by more than thrice the largest population in the republic, and that by its sheer momentum of numbers (as well as by its accessibility to the central government) it takes a rather more impressive stride of progress. It is typical in that every other city in the country is progressing along precisely the same lines and for precisely the same reasons. The difference is of degree, and not of kind.

Beautiful Puebla and lovely Guadalajara dispute the second place. "Puebla the clean" is probably entitled to it, and, at any rate, is one of the most attractive towns in the New World. Fray Velarde wrote of it, nearly a century and a half ago: "To me it appeared so abundant and so fair that it is not inferior to the best cities of Europe. It is, without competition, the best and most principal city of North America after Mexico." He found there five hospitals and sundry colleges, of which one had over five hundred young Indian scholars. Of the College of the Holy Ghost he says, "I doubt if there be another like it in America." This is to-day the fine State College—the historic building, by-the-way, from which Diaz (taken prisoner by the French) made so dashing an escape in 1865.

Puebla is now one of the foremost manufacturing points of Mexico; but its factories have not begrimed its wonderful skies nor debased its architecture. The stone cornices of Puebla, and the stone brackets, which replace pillars as supports of its balconies, are unique. To the historian this town of eleven sieges, this

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A BIT OF OLD MEXICO—THE RUINS OF MITLA.

prominent point in colonial times,* and chief focus of the War of Intervention, is precious. The ravine-gouged hill of Guadalupe has been the largest battle-ground in Mexican history, and on it Diaz won distinction in three battles against the invader. The splendid state prison, the new alamedas and statues, the improvements in the electric lighting and water-supply, the beginnings of sewerage, and the remodelling of the schools (which a year ago adopted the German system) are typical of Puebla's progress. So is it that the state paid off, on the national birthday (September 16, 1896), the last instalment of its debt. A city *ought* to thrive in such a setting—with the Atoyac to turn its mills, that climate to fill its lungs, and for education of its eyes the two finest snow-peaks in North America beetling upon the western sky.

Still, I care more for the Popocatepetl and the Iztaccihuatl from the other side—even so fair a valley as that of Puebla is not the fittest frame for a mountain view. From the Sacromonte — whose giant cypresses, garlanded with Spanish moss, lead up to the cave-shrine of the most famous statue in Mexico*—is to me the most characteristic view of the Smoke Mountain, whose dome soars far above the summer clouds, and of the Woman in White, stretched snowy upon her lofty bier. Races have come and gone like the clouds, but Popocatepetl, guarding his dead sweetheart,† has not taken nor forgotten one porphyry wrinkle for them all. His look is high and Indian-stern as it was when the first European (Diego de Ordaz, 1519) came prying into the crater for sulphur to make the gunpowder for the Conquest.

Space fences me from longer rambling by these pleasant lanes. I might tell of

* It was the only reasonable city on the highway from the coast to the capital.

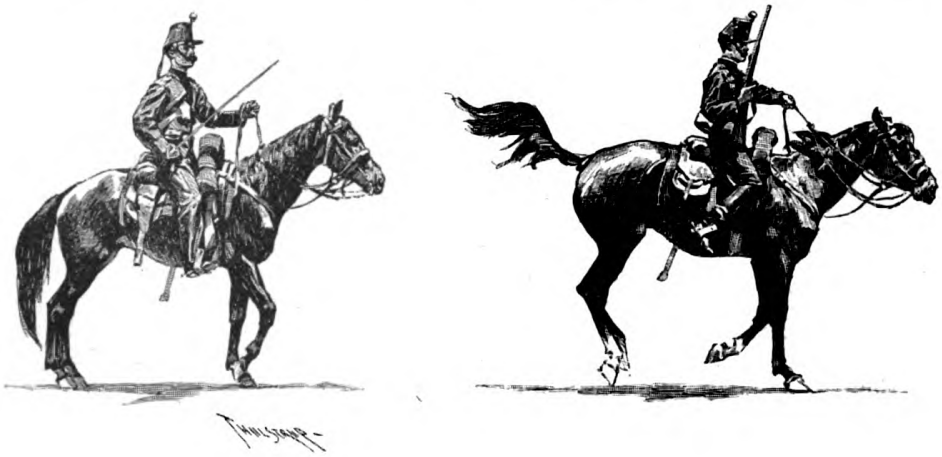
* Our Lord of the Sacromonte, brought from Spain in 1527. Enormous pilgrimages are made to it yearly; but it was never before photographed.

† For so, by the Indian legend, is the Woman in White.

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the new furnishings of Guadalajara, which was "Pearl of the Occident" before it was half so livable and lovable as now; and of Oaxaca, low and massy town of the earthquake lands, with its Oriental ox-carts and its modern normal schools, and its gateway to the most surprising ruins north of Yucatan, the immemorial so-called "mosaic palaces" of Mitla; and of San Luis Potosí, and Toluca, and Pachuca, and Monterey, and their development; and of many more cities, large and small. But enough is said to measure fairly the Mexico of to-day—a phœnix arising not from the ashes of the past, but amid the past's still vital monuments.

At last at peace with herself, Mexico is at peace with all the world—even with the two nations against whom were her only native grudges. She has ceased to hate Spain, thanks to chivalrous General Prim, who even in war kept faith—and the French, who broke it. She even forgives us our consuls, and the tourist whose hat persists in the cathedral. There is not even bitterness in her memories of the miserable war of '48. For she remembers that Seward's Monroe doctrine ended the Intervention by convincing the little Napoleon that empires were not a good investment next door to Uncle Sam. Remembering that, she can forget a good deal.



SEPAR'S VIGILANTE.

BY OWEN WISTER.

WE had fallen half asleep, my pony and I, as we went jogging and jogging through the long sunny afternoon. Our hills of yesterday were a pale blue coast sunk almost away behind us, and ahead our goal lay shining, a little island of houses in this quiet mid-ocean of sage-brush. For two hours it had looked as clear and near as now, rising into sight across the huge dead calm, and sinking while we travelled our undulating, imperceptible miles. The train had come and gone invisibly, except for its slow pillar of smoke I had watched move westward against Wyoming's stainless sky; but I was still far off, though the water-tank and other buildings stood out plain and complete to my eyes, like children's blocks arranged and forgotten on the floor. So I rode along, hypnotized by the sameness of the lazy splendid plain, and almost unaware of the distant rider, till suddenly he was close and hailing me.

"They've caved!" he shouted.

"Who?" I cried, thus awakened.

"Ah, the fool company," said he, quieting his voice as he drew near. "They've shed their haughtiness," he added, confidingly, as if I must know all about it.

"Where did they learn that wisdom?" I asked, not knowing in the least.

"Experience," he called over his shoulder (for already we had met and passed); "nothing like experience for sweating the fat off the brain."

He yelled me a brotherly good-by, and I am sorry never to have known more of him, for I incline to value any stranger so joyous. But now I waked the pony and trotted, briskly surmising as to the com-

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pany and its haughtiness. I had been viewing my destination across the sage-brush for so spun-out a time that (as constantly in Wyoming journeys) the emotion of arrival had evaporated long before the event, and I welcomed employment for my otherwise high-and-dry mind. Probably he meant the railroad company; certainly something large had happened. Even as I dismounted at the platform another hilarious cow-puncher came out of the station, and at once remarking, "They're going to leave us alone," sprang on his horse and galloped to the corrals down the line, where some cattle were being loaded into a train. I went inside for my mail, and here were four more cow-punchers playing with the agent. They had got a letter away from him, and he wore his daily look of anxiety to appreciate the jests of these rollicking people. "Read it!" they said to me; and I did read the private document, and learned that the railroad was going to waive its right to enforce law and order here, and would trust to Separ's good feeling. "Nothing more," the letter ran, "will be done about the initial outrage or the subsequent vandalisms. We shall pass over our wasted outlay in the hope that a policy of friendship will prove our genuine desire to benefit that section."

"'Initial outrage'," quoted one of the agent's large playmates. "Ain't they furgivin'?"

"Well," said I, "you would have some name for it yourself if you sent a deputy sheriff to look after your rights, and he came back tied to the cow-catcher!"

The man smiled luxuriously over this memory. "We didn't hurt him none. Just returned him to his home. Hear about the label Honey Wiggin pinned onto him? 'Send us along one dozen as per sample.' Honey's quaint! Yes," he drawled, judicially, "I'd be mad at that. But if you're making peace with a man because it's convenient, why, your words must be pleasanter than if you really felt pleasant." He took the paper from me, and read, sardonically: "'Subsequent vandalisms.... wasted outlay'. I suppose they run this station from charity to the cattle. Saves the poor things walking so far to the other railroad. 'Policy of friendship .... genuine desire'— oh, mouth-wash!" And shaking his bold, clever head, he daintily flattened the letter upon the head of the agent. "Tubercle," said he (this was their name for the agent, who had told all of us about his lungs), "it ain't your fault we saw their fine letter. They just intended you should give it out how they wouldn't bother us any more, and then we'd act square. The boys 'll sit up late over this joke."

Then they tramped to their horses and rode away. The spokesman had hit the vital point unerringly; for cow-punchers are shrewdly alive to frankness, and it often draws out the best that is in them; but its opposite affects them unfavorably; and needing sleep, I sighed to think of their late sitting up over that joke. I walked to the board box painted "Hotel Brunswick"—"hotel" in small italics and "Brunswick" in enormous capitals, the N and the S wrong side up.

Here sat a girl outside the door, alone. Her face was broad, wholesome, and strong, and her eyes alert and sweet. As I came she met me with a challenging glance of good-will. Those women who journeyed along the line in the wake of pay-day to traffic with the men employed a stare well known; but this straight look seemed like the greeting of some pleasant young cowboy. In surprise I forgot to be civil, and stepped foolishly by her to see about supper and lodging.

At the threshold I perceived all lodging bespoken. On each of the four beds lay a coat or pistol or other article of dress, and I must lodge myself. There were my saddle-blankets—rather wet; or Lin McLean might ride in to-night on his way to Riverside; or perhaps down at the corrals I could find some other acquaintance whose habit of washing I trusted and whose bed I might share. Failing these expedients, several empties stood idle upon a siding, and the box-like darkness of these freight-cars was timely. Nights were short now. Camping out, the dawn by three o'clock would flow like silver through the universe, and sinking through my blankets, remorselessly pervade my buried hair and brain. But with clean straw in the bottom of an empty, I could sleep my fill until five or six. I decided for the empty, and opened the supper-room door, where the table was set for more than enough to include me; but the smell of the butter that awaited us drove me out of the Hotel Brunswick to spend the remaining minutes in the air.

"I was expecting you," said the girl. "Well, if I haven't frightened him!"

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She laughed so delightfully that I recovered and laughed too. "Why," she explained, "I just knew you'd not stay in there. Which side are you going to butter *your* bread this evening?"

"You had smelt it?" said I, still cloudy with surprise. "Yes. Unquestionably. Very rancid." She glanced oddly at me, and, with less fellowship in her tone, said, "I was going to warn you—" when suddenly, down at the corrals, the boys began to shoot at large. "Oh, dear!" she cried, starting up. "There's trouble."

"Not trouble," I assured her. "Too many are firing at once to be in earnest. And you would be safe here."

"Me? A lady without escort? Well, I should reckon so! Leastways, we are respected where I was raised. I was anxious for the gentlemen ovah yondah. Shawhan, K. C. branch of the Louavull an' Nashvull, is my home." The words "Louisville and Nashville" spoke creamily of Blue-grass.

"Unescorted all that way!" I exclaimed.

"Isn't it awful!" said she, tilting her head with a laugh, and showing the pistol she carried. "But we've always been awful in Kentucky. Now I suppose New York would never speak to poor me as it passed by?" And she eyed me with capable, good-humored satire.

"Why New York?" I demanded. "Guess again."

"Well," she debated, "well, cowboy clothes and city language—he's English!" she burst out; and then she turned suddenly red, and whispered to herself, reprovingly, "If I'm not acting rude!"

"Oh!" said I, rather familiarly.

"It was, sir; and please to excuse me. If you had started joking so free with me, I'd have been insulted. When I saw you—the hat and everything—I took you—You see I've always been that used to talking to—to folks around!" Her bright face saddened, memories evidently rose before her, and her eyes grew distant.

I wished to say, "Treat me as 'folks around,'" but this tall country girl had put us on other terms. On discovering I was not "folks around," she had taken refuge in deriding me, but swiftly feeling no solid ground there, she drew a firm clear woman's line between us. Plainly she was a comrade of men, in her buoyant innocence secure, yet by no means in the dark as to them.

"Yes, unescorted two thousand miles," she resumed, "and never as far as twenty from home till last Tuesday. I expect you'll have to be scandalized, for I'd do it right over again to-morrow."

"You've got me all wrong," said I. "I'm not English; I'm not New York. I am good American, and not bounded by my own farm either. No sectional line or Mason and Dixon or Missouri River tattoos me. But you, when you say United States, you mean United Kentucky!"

"Did you ever!" said she, staring at what was Greek to her—as it is to most Americans. "And so if you had a sister back East, and she and you were all there was of you any more, and she hadn't seen you since—not since you first took to staying out nights, and she started to visit you, you'd not tell her 'fie for shame'?"

"I'd travel my money's length to meet her!" said I.

A wave of pain crossed her face. "Nate didn't know," she said then, lightly. "You see, Nate's only a boy, and regular thoughtless about writing."

Ah! So this Nate never wrote, and his sister loved and championed him! Many such stray Nates and Bobs and Bills galloped over Wyoming, lost and forgiven.

"I'm starting for him in the Buffalo stage," continued the girl.

"Then I'll have your company on a weary road," said I; for my journey was now to that part of the cattle country.

"To Buffalo?" she said, quickly. "Then maybe you—maybe— My brother is Nate Buckner." She paused. "Then you're not acquainted with him?"

"I may have seen him," I answered, slowly. "But faces and names out here come and go."

I knew him well enough. He was in jail, convicted of forgery last week, waiting to go to the penitentiary for five years. And even this wild border community that hated law courts and punishments had not been sorry; for he had cheated his friends too often, and the wide charity of the sage-brush does not cover that sin. Beneath his pretty looks and daring skill with horses they had found vanity and a cold false heart; but his sister could not. Here she was, come to find him after lonely years, and to this one soul that loved him in the world how was I to tell the desolation and the disgrace? I was glad to hear her ask me if the stage went soon after supper.

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"Now isn't that a bother?" said she, when I answered that it did not start till morning. She glanced with rueful gayety at the hotel. "Never mind," she continued, briskly; "I'm used to things. I'll just sit up somewhere. Maybe the agent will let me stay in the office. You're sure all that shooting's only jollification?"

"Certain," I said. "But I'll go and see."

"They always will have their fun," said she. "But I hate to have a poor boy get hurt—even him deserving it!"

"They use pistols instead of firecrackers," said I. "But you must never sleep in that office. I'll see what we can do."

"Why, you're real kind!" she exclaimed, heartily. And I departed, wondering what I ought to do.

Perhaps I should have told you before that Separ was a place once—a sort of place; but you will relish now, I am convinced, the pithy fable of its name.

Midway between two sections of this still unfinished line that, rail after rail and mile upon mile, crawled over the earth's face visibly during the constructing hours of each new day, lay a camp; and to this point these unjoined pieces were heading, and here at length they met, like a worm. Camp Separation it had been fitly called; but how should the American railway man afford time to say that? Separation was pretty and apt, but needless; and with the sloughing of two syllables came the brief businesslike result. Separ. Chicago, 1137½ miles. It was labelled on a board, large almost as the hut station. A Y switch, two sidings, the fat water-tank and steam-pump, and a section-house with three trees before it composed the north side; south of the track, no trees, one long siding by the corrals and cattle-chute, a hovel where plug tobacco and canned goods were for sale, a shed where you might get your horse shod, a wire fence that at shipping-times enclosed bales of pressed hay, the hotel, the stage stable, and the little station—some seven shanties all told. Between them were spaces of dust, the immediate plains engulfed them, and through their midst ran the far-vanishing railroad, to which they hung like beads on a great string from horizon to horizon. A great east-and-west string, one end in the rosy sun at morning, and one in the crimson sun at night. Beyond each sky-line lay cities and ports where the world went on out of sight and hearing. This lone steel thread had been stretched across the continent because it was the day of haste and hope, when dollars seemed many and hard times were few; and from the Yellowstone to the Rio Grande similar threads were stretching, and little Separs by dispersed hundreds hung on them, as it were in space eternal. Can you wonder that vigorous young men with pistols should, when they came to such a place, shoot them off to let loose their unbounded joy of living?

And yet it was not this merely that began the custom, but an error of the agent's. The new station was scarce created when one morning Honey Wiggin with the Virginian had galloped innocently in from the round-up to telegraph for some additional cars.

"I'm dead onto you!" squealed the official, dropping flat at the sight of them; and bang went his gun at them. They, most naturally, thought it was a maniac, and ran for their lives among the supports of the water-tank, while he remained anchored with his weapon, crouched behind the railing that fenced him and his apparatus from the laity; and some fifteen strategic minutes passed before all parties had crawled forth to an understanding, and the message was written and paid for and comfortably despatched. The agent was an honest creature, but of tame habits, sent for the sake of his imperfect lungs to this otherwise inappropriate air. He had lived chiefly in mid-West towns, a serious reader of our comic weeklies; hence the apparition of Wiggin and the Virginian had reminded him sickeningly of bandits. He had express money in the safe, he explained to them, and this was a hard old country, wasn't it? and did they like good whiskey?

They drank his whiskey, but it was not well to have mentioned that about the bandits. Both were aware that when shaved and washed of their round-up grime they could look very engaging. The two cow-punchers rode out, not angry, but grieved that a man come here to dwell among them should be so tactless.

"If we don't get him used to us," observed the Virginian, "he and his pop-gun will be guttin' some blameless man."

Forthwith the cattle country proceeded to get the agent used to it. The news went over the sage-brush from Belle Fourche

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to Sweetwater, and playful howling horsemen made it their custom to go rioting with pistols round the ticket-office, educating the agent. His lungs improved, and he came dimly to smile at this game which he did not understand. But the company discerned no humor whatever in having its water-tank perforated, which happened twice; and sheriffs and deputies and other symptoms of authority began to invest Separ. Now what should authority do upon these free plains, this wilderness of do-as-you-please, where mere breathing the air was like inebriation? The large headlong children who swept in from the sage-brush and out again meant nothing that they called harm until they found themselves resisted. Then presently happened that affair of the cow-catcher; and later a too-zealous marshal, come about a mail-car they had side-tracked and held with fiddles, drink, and petticoats, met his death accidentally, at which they were sincerely sorry for about five minutes: they valued their own lives as little, and that lifts them forever from baseness at least. So the company, concluding such things must be endured for a while yet, wrote their letter, and you have seen how wrong the letter went. All it would do would be from now on to fasten upon Separ its code of recklessness; to make shooting the water-tank (for example) part of a gentleman's deportment when he showed himself in town.

It was not now the season of heavy shipping; to-night their work would be early finished, and then they were likely to play after their manner. To arrive in such a place on her way to her brother, the felon in jail, made the girl's journey seem doubly forlorn to me as I wandered down to the corrals.

A small bold voice hailed me. "Hello, you!" it said; and here was Billy Lusk, aged nine, in boots and overalls, importantly useless with a stick, helping the men prod the steers at the chute.

"Thought you were at school," said I.

"Ah, school's quit," returned Billy, and changed the subject. "Say, Lin's hunting you. He's a-going to eat at the hotel. I'm grubbing with the outfit." And Billy resumed his specious activity.

Mr. McLean was in the ticket-office, where the newspaper had transiently reminded him of politics. "Wall Street," he was explaining to the agent, "has been lunched on by them Ross-childs, and they're moving on. Feeding along to Chicago. We want—" Here he noticed me, and dragging his gauntlet off, shook my hand with his lusty grasp.

"Your eldest son just said you were in haste to find me," I remarked.

"Lose you, he meant. The kid gets his words twisted."

"Didn't know you were a father, Mr. McLean," simpered the agent.

Lin fixed his eye on the man. "And you don't know it now," said he. Then he removed his eye. "Let's grub," he added to me. My cow-puncher did not walk to the hotel, but slowly round and about, with a face overcast. "Billy is a good kid," he said at length, and stopping, began to kick small mounds in the dust. Politics floated lightly over him, but here was a matter dwelling with him, heavy and real. "He's dead stuck on being a cow-puncher," he presently said.

"Some day—" I began.

"He don't want to wait that long," Lin said, and smiled affectionately. "And anyhow, what is 'some day'? Some day we punchers will not be here. The living will be scattered, and the dead—well, they'll be all right. Have yu' studied the wire fence? It's spreading to catch us like nets do the salmon in the Columbia River. No more salmon, no more cow-punchers," stated Mr. McLean, sententiously; and his words made me sad, though I know that progress cannot spare land and water for such things. "But Billy," Lin resumed, "has agreed to school again when it starts up in the fall. He takes his medicine because I want him to." Affection crept anew over the cow-puncher's face. "He can learn books with the quickest when he wants, that Bear Creek schoolmarm says. But he'd ought to have a regular mother till—till I can do for him, yu' know. It's onwholesome him seeing and hearing the boys—and me, and me when I forget!—but shucks! how can I fix it? Billy was sure enough dropped and deserted. But when I found him the little calf could run and notice like everything!"

"I should hate your contract, Lin," said I. "Adopting's a touch-and-go business even when a man has a home."

"I'll fill the contract, you bet! I wish the little son of a gun was mine. I'm a heap more natural to him than that pair of drunkards that got him. He likes me: I think he does. I've had to lick him

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now and then, but Lord! his badness is all right — not sneaky. I'll take him hunting next month, and then the foreman's wife at Sunk Creek boards him till school. Only when they move, Judge Henry 'll make his Virginia man foreman — and he's got no woman to look after Billy, yu' see."

"He's asking one hard enough," said I, digressing.

"Oh yes; asking. Talk of adopting—" said Mr. McLean, and his wide-open hazel eyes looked away as he coughed uneasily. Then abruptly looking at me again, he said: "Don't you get off any more truck about eldest son and that, will yu', friend? The boys are joshing me now—not that I care for what might easy enough be so, but there's Billy. Maybe he'd not mind, but maybe he would after a while; and I am kind o' set on—well—he didn't have a good time till he shook that home of his, and I'm going to make this old bitch of a world pay him what she owes him, if I can. Now you'll drop joshing, won't yu'?" His forehead was moist over getting the thing said and laying bare so much of his soul.

"And so the world owes us a good time, Lin?" said I.

He laughed shortly. "She must have been dead broke, then, quite a while, you bet! Oh no. Maybe I used to travel on that basis. But see here" (Lin laid his hand on my shoulder), "if you can't expect a good time for yourself *in* reason, you can sure make the kids happy *out* o' reason, can't yu'?"

I fairly opened my mouth at him.

"Oh yes," he said, laughing in that short way again (and he took his hand off my shoulder); "I've been thinking a wonderful lot since we met last. I guess I know some things yu' haven't got to yet yourself— Why, there's a girl!"

"That there is!" said I. "And certainly the world owes her a better—"

"She's a fine-looker," interrupted Mr. McLean, paying me no further attention. Here the decrepit, straw-hatted proprietor of the Hotel Brunswick stuck his beard out of the door and uttered "Supper!" with a shrill croak, at which the girl rose.

"Gosh!" said Lin, "let's hurry!"

But I hooked my fingers in his belt, and in spite of his plaintive oaths at my losing him the best seat at the table, told him in three words the sister's devoted journey.

"Nate Buckner!" he exclaimed. "Him with a decent sister!"

"It's the other way round," said I. "Her with him for a brother!"

"He goes to the penitentiary this week," said Lin. "He had no more cash to stake his lawyer with, and the lawyer lost interest in him. So his sister could have waited for her convict away back at Joliet, and saved time and money. How did she act when yu' told her?"

"I've not told her."

"Not? Too kind o' not your business? Well, well! You'd ought to know better'n me. Only it don't seem right to let her—no, sir; it's not right, either. But if her brother was dead (and Mrs. Fligg's husband would like dearly to make him dead), you'd not let her come slap up against the news unwarned. You would tell her he was sick, and start her gently."

"Death's different," said I.

"Shucks! And she's to find him caged, and waiting for stripes and a shaved head? How d' yu' know she mightn't hate that worse 'n if he'd been just shot like a man in a husband scrape, instead of jailed like a skunk for thieving? No, sir, she mustn't. Think of how it 'll be. Quick as the stage pulls up front o' the Buffalo post-office, plump she'll be down ahead of the mail-sacks, inquiring after her brother, and all that crowd around staring. Why, we can't let her do that; she can't do that. If you don't feel so interfering, I'm good for this job myself." And Mr. McLean took the lead and marched jingling in to supper.

The seat he had coveted was vacant. On either side the girl were empty chairs, two or three; for with that clean, shy respect of the frontier that divines and evades a good woman, the dusty company had sat itself at a distance, and Mr. McLean's best seat was open to him. Yet he had veered away to the other side of the table, and his usually roving eye attempted no gallantry. He ate sedately, and it was not until after long weeks and many happenings that Miss Buckner told Lin she had known he was looking at her through the whole of this meal. The straw-hatted proprietor came and went, bearing beefsteak hammered flat to make it tender, fried and spitting in its grease. The girl seemed the one happy person among us; for supper was going forward with the invariable alkali etiquette, all faces brooding and feeding amid a dis-

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heartening silence as of guilt or bereavement that springs from I have never been quite sure what—perhaps reversion to the native animal absorbed in his meat, perhaps a little from every guest's uneasiness lest he drink his coffee wrong or stumble in the accepted uses of the fork. Indeed, a diffident uncleansed youth nearest Miss Buckner presently wiped his mouth upon the cloth; and Mr. McLean, knowing better than that, eyed him for this conduct in the presence of a lady. The lively strength of the butter must, I think, have reached all in the room; at any rate, the table-cloth lad, troubled by Mr. McLean's eye, now relieved the general silence by observing, chattily,

"Say, friends, that butter ain't in no trance."

"If it's too rich for you," croaked the enraged proprietor, "use axle-dope."

The company continued gravely feeding, while I struggled to preserve the decorum of sadness, and Miss Buckner's face was also unsteady. But sternness mantled in the countenance of Mr. McLean, until the harmless boy, embarrassed to pieces, offered the untasted smelling-dish to Lin, to me, helped himself, and finally thrust the plate at the girl, saying, in his Texas idiom,

"Have butter."

He spoke in the shell voice of adolescence, and on "butter" cracked an octave up into the treble. Miss Buckner was speechless, and could only shake her head at the plate.

Mr. McLean, however, thought she was offended. "She wouldn't choose for none," he said to the youth with appalling calm. "Thank yu' most to death."

"I guess," fluted poor Texas, in a dove falsetto, "it would go slicker rubbed outside than swallered."

At this Miss Buckner broke from the table and fled out of the house.

"You don't seem to know anything," observed Mr. McLean. "What toy-shop did you escape from?"

"Wind him up! Wind him up!" said the proprietor, sticking his head in from the kitchen.

"Ah, what's the matter with this outfit?" screamed the boy, furiously. "Can't yu' leave a man eat? Can't yu' leave him be? You make me sick!" And he flounced out with his young boots.

All the while the company fed on unmoved. Presently one remarked,

"Who's hiring him?"

"The C. Y. outfit," said another.

"Half-circle L," a third corrected.

"I seen one like him onced," said the first, taking his hat from beneath his chair. "Up in the Black Hills he was. Eighteen seventy-nine. Gosh!" And he wandered out upon his business. One by one the others also silently dispersed.

Upon going out, Lin and I found the boy pacing up and down, eagerly in talk with Miss Buckner. She had made friends with him, and he was now smoothed down and deeply absorbed, being led by her to tell her about himself. But on Lin's approach his face clouded, and he made off for the corrals, displaying a sullen back, while I was presenting Mr. McLean to the lady.

Overtaken by his cow-puncher shyness, Lin was greeting her with ungainly ceremony, when she began at once, "You'll excuse me, but I just had to have my laugh."

"That's all right, m'm," said he; "don't mention it."

"For that boy, you know—"

"I'll fix him, m'm. He'll not insult yu' no more. I'll speak to him."

"Now please don't! Why—why—you were every bit as bad!" Miss Buckner pealed out, joyously. "It was the two of you. Oh dear!"

Mr. McLean looked crestfallen. "I had no—I didn't go to—"

"Why, there was no harm! To see him mean so well and you mean so well, and—I know I ought to behave better!"

"No, yu' oughtn't!" said Lin, with sudden ardor; and then, in a voice of deprecation, "You'll think us plumb ignuray-muses."

"You know enough to be kind to folks," said she.

"We'd like to."

"It's the only thing makes the world go round!" she declared, with an emotion that I had heard in her tone once or twice already. But she caught herself up, and said gayly to me, "And where's that house you were going to build for a lone girl to sleep in?"

"I'm afraid the foundations aren't laid yet," said I.

"Now you gentlemen needn't bother about me."

"We'll have to, m'm. You ain't used to Separ."

"Oh, I am no—tenderfoot, don't you

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call them?" She whipped out her pistol, and held it at the cow-puncher, laughing.

This would have given no pleasure to me; but over Lin's features went a glow of delight, and he stood gazing at the pointed weapon and the girl behind it. "My!" he said at length, almost in a whisper, "she's got the drop on me!"

"I reckon I'd be afraid to shoot that one of yours," said Miss Buckner. "But this hits a target real good and straight at fifteen yards." And she handed it to him for inspection.

He received it, hugely grinning, and turned it over and over. "My!" he murmured again. "Why, shucks!" He looked at Miss Buckner with stark rapture, caressing the polished revolver at the same time with a fond, unconscious thumb. "You hold it just as steady as I could," he said with pride, and added, insinuatingly, "I could learn yu' the professional drop in a morning. This here is a little dandy gun."

"You'd not trade, though," said she, "for all your flattery."

"Will yu' trade?" pounced Lin. "Won't yu'?"

"Now, Mr. McLean, I am afraid you're thoughtless. How could a girl like me ever hold that awful 45 Colt steady?"

"She knows the brands, too!" cried Lin, in ecstasy. "See here," he remarked to me with a manner that smacked of command, "we're losing time right now. You go and tell the agent to hustle and fix his room up for a lady, and I'll bring her along."

I found the agent willing, of course, to sleep on the floor of the office. The toy station was also his home. The front compartment held the ticket and telegraph and mail and express chattels, and the railing, and room for the public to stand; through a door you then passed to the sitting, dining, and sleeping box; and through another to a cooking-stove in a pigeon-hole. Here flourished the agent and his lungs, and here the company's strict orders bade him sleep in charge; so I helped him put his room to rights. But we need not have hurried ourselves. Mr. McLean was so long in bringing the lady that I went out and found him walking and talking with her, while fifty yards away skulked poor Texas, alone. This boy's name was, like himself, of the somewhat unexpected order, being Manassas Donohoe.

As I came toward the new friends they did not appear to be joking, and on seeing me Miss Buckner said to Lin, "Did he know?"

Lin hesitated.

"You did know!" she exclaimed, but lost her resentment at once, and continued very quietly, and with a friendly tone, "I reckon you don't like to have to tell folks bad news."

It was I that now hesitated.

"Not to a strange girl, anyway!" said she. "Well, now I have good news to tell you. You would not have given me any shock if you had said you knew about poor Nate, for that's the reason— Of course those things can't be secrets! Why, he's only twenty, sir! How should he know about this world? He hadn't learned the first little thing when he left home five years ago. And I am twenty-three—old enough to be Nate's grandmother, he's that young and thoughtless. He couldn't ever realize bad companions when they came around. See that!" She showed me a paper, taking it out like a precious thing, as indeed it was; for it was a pardon signed by Governor Barker. "And the Governor has let me carry it to Nate myself. He won't know a thing about it till I tell him. The Governor was real kind, and we will never forget him. I reckon Nate must have a mustache by now?" said she to Lin.

"Yes," Lin answered, gruffly, looking away from her, "he has got a mustache all right."

"He'll be glad to see you," said I, for something to say.

"Of course he will! How many hours did you say we will be?" she asked Lin, turning from me again; for Mr. McLean had not been losing time. It was plain that between these two had arisen a freemasonry from which I was already shut out. Her woman's heart had answered his right impulse to tell her about her brother, and I had been found wanting!

So now she listened over again to the hours of stage jolting that "we" had before us, and that lay between her and Nate. "We" would be four—herself, Lin, myself, and the boy Billy. Was Billy the one at supper? Oh no; just Billy Lusk, of Laramie. "He's a kid I'm taking up the country," Lin explained. "Ain't you most tuckered out?"

"Oh, me!" she confessed, with a laugh and a sigh.

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There again! She had put aside my solicitude lightly, but was willing Lin should know her fatigue. Yet, fatigue and all, she would not sleep in the agent's room. At sight of it and the close quarters she drew back into the outer office, so prompted by that inner unsuspected strictness she had shown me before.

"Come out!" she cried, laughing. "Indeed, I thank you. But I can't have you sleep on this hard floor out here. No politeness, now! Thank you ever so much. I'm used to roughing it pretty near as well as if I was—a cowboy!" And she glanced at Lin. "They're calling forty-seven," she added to the agent.

"That's me," he said, coming out to the telegraph instrument. "So you're one of us?"

"I didn't know forty-seven meant Separ," said I. "How in the world do you know that?"

"I didn't. I heard forty-seven, forty-seven, forty-seven, start and go right along, so I guessed they wanted him, and he couldn't hear them from his room."

"Can yu' do astronomy and Spanish too?" inquired the proud and smiling McLean.

"Why, it's nothing! I've been day operator back home. Why is a deputy coming through on a special engine?"

"Please don't say it out loud!" quavered the agent, as the machine clicked its news.

"Yu' needn't be scared of a girl," said Lin. "Another sheriff! So they've not quit bothering us yet."

However, this meddling was not the company's, but the county's; a sheriff sent to arrest, on a charge of murder, a man named Trampas, said to be at the Sand Hill Ranch. That was near Rawhide, two stations beyond, and the engine might not stop at Separ, even to water. So here was no molesting of Separ's liberties.

"All the same," Lin said, for pistols now and then still sounded at the corrals, "the boys 'll not understand that till it's explained, and they may act wayward first. I'd feel easier if you slept here," he urged to the girl. But she would not. "Well, then, we must rustle some other private place for you. How's the section-house?"

"Rank," said the agent, "since those Italians used it. The pump engineer has been scouring, but he's scared to bunk there yet himself."

"Too bad you couldn't try my plan of a freight-car!" said I.

"An empty?" she cried. "Is there a clean one?"

"You've sure never done that?" Lin burst out.

"So you're scandalized," said she, punishing him instantly. "I reckon it does take a decent girl to shock you." And while she stood laughing at him with robust irony, poor Lin began to stammer that he meant no offence. "Why, to be sure you didn't!" said she. "But I do enjoy you real thoroughly."

"Well, m'm," protested the wincing cow-puncher, driven back to addressing her as "ma'am," "we ain't used—"

"Don't tangle yourself up worse, Mr. McLean. No more am I 'used.' I have never slept in an empty in my life. And why is that? Just because I've never had to. And there's the difference between you boys and us. You do lots of things you don't like, and tell us. And we put up with lots of things we don't like, but we never let you find out. I know you meant no offence," she continued, heartily, softening towards her crushed protector, "because you're a gentleman. And lands! I'm not complaining about an empty. That will be rich—if I can have the door shut."

Upon this she went out to view the cars, Mr. McLean hovering behind her with a devoted, uneasy countenance, and frequently muttering "Shucks!" while the agent and I followed with a lamp, for the dark was come. With our help she mounted into the first car, and then into the next, taking the lamp. And while she scanned the floor and corners, and slid the door back and forth, Lin whispered in my ear: "Her name's Jessamine. She told me. Don't yu' like that name?" So I answered him yes, very much, thinking that some larger flower—but still a flower—might have been more apt.

"Nobody seems to have slept in these," said she, stepping down; and on learning that even the tramp avoided Separ when he could, she exclaimed what lodging could be handier than this? "Only it would be so cute if you had a Louavull an' Nashvull car," said she. "'Twould seem like my old Kentucky home!" And laughing rather sweetly at her joke, she held the lamp up to read the car's lettering. "'D. and R. G.' Oh, that's a way-off stranger! I reckon they're all strange." She went

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along the train with her lamp. "Yes, 'B. and M.' and 'S. C. and P.' Oh, this is rich! Nate will laugh when he hears. I'll choose 'C. B. and Q.' That's a little nearer my country. What time does the stage start? Porter, please wake C. B. and Q. at six, sharp," said she to Lin.

To arrange some sort of bed for her was the next thing, and we made a good shake-down—clean straw, and blankets, and a pillow, and the agent would have brought sheets; but though she would not have these, she did not resist—what do you suppose?—a looking-glass for next morning! And we got a bucket of water and her valise. It was all one to her, she said, in what car Lin and I put up; and let it be next door, by all means, if it pleased him to think he could watch over her safety better so; and she shut herself in, bidding us good-night. We began spreading straw and blankets for ourselves, when a whistle sounded far and long, and its tone rose in pitch as it came.

"I'll get him to run right to the corrals," said the agent, "so the sheriff can tell the boys he's not after them."

"That 'll convince 'em he is," said Lin. "Stop him here, or let him go through."

But we were not to steer the course that events took now. The rails of the main line beside us brightened in wavering parallels as the head-light grew down upon us, and in this same moment the shoutings at the corrals chorussed in a wild hilarious threat. The burden of the coming engine heavily throbbed in the air and along the steel, and met and mixed with the hard light beating of hoofs. The sounds approached together like a sort of charge, and I stepped between the freight-cars, where I heard Lin ordering the girl inside to lie down flat, and could see the agent running about in the dust, flapping his arms to signal with as much coherence as a chicken with its head off. I had very short space for wonder or alarm. The edge of one of my freight-cars glowed suddenly with the imminent head-light, and galloping shots invaded the place. The horsemen flew by, overreaching, and leaning back and lugging against their impetus. They passed in a tangled swirl, and their dust coiled up thick from the dark ground and luminously unfolded across the glare of the sharp-halted locomotive. Then they wheeled, and clustered around it where it stood by our cars, its air-brake pumping deep breaths, and the internal steam humming through its bowels; and I came out in time to see Billy Lusk climb its front with callow enterprising shouts. That was child's play; and the universal yell now raised by the horsemen was their child's play too; but the whole thing could so precipitately reel into the fatal that my thoughts stopped, and I could only look when I saw that they had somehow recognized the man on the engine for a sheriff, and that two had sprung from their horses and were making boisterously towards the cab, while Lin McLean, neither boisterous nor joking, was going to the cab from my side, with his pistol drawn, to keep the peace. The engineer sat with a neutral hand on the lever, the fireman had run along the top of the coal in the tender and descended and crouched somewhere, and the sheriff, cool, and with a good-natured eye upon all parties, was just beginning to explain his errand, when some rider from the crowd cut him short with an invitation to get down and have a drink. At the word of ribald endearment by which he named the sheriff, a passing fierceness hardened the officer's face, and the new yell they gave was less playful. Waiting no more explanations, they swarmed against the locomotive, and McLean pulled himself up on the step. The loud talking fell at a stroke to let business go on, and in this silence came the noise of a sliding door. At that I looked, and they all looked, and stood harmless, like children surprised. For there on the threshold of the freight-car, with the interior darkness behind her, and touched by the head-light's diverging rays, stood Jessamine Buckner.

"Will you gentlemen do me a favor?" said she. "Strangers, maybe, have no right to ask favors, but I reckon you'll let that pass this time. For I'm real sleepy!" She smiled as she brought this out. "I've been four days and nights on the cars, and to-morrow I've got to stage to Buffalo. You see I'll not be here to spoil your fun to-morrow night, and I want boys to be boys just as much as ever they can. Won't you put it off till to-morrow night?"

In their amazement they found no spokesman; but I saw Lin busy among them, and that some word was passing through their groups. After the brief interval of stand-still they began silently to get on their horses, while the looming

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engine glowed and pumped its breath, and the sheriff and engineer remained as they were.

"Good-night, lady," said a voice among the moving horsemen, but the others kept their abashed native silence; and thus they slowly filed away to the corrals. The figures, in their loose shirts and leathern chaps, passed from the dimness for a moment through the cone of light in front of the locomotive, so that the metal about them made here and there a faint vanishing glint; and here and there in the departing column a bold, half-laughing face turned for a look at the girl in the doorway, and then was gone again into the dimness.

The sheriff in the cab took off his hat to Miss Buckner, remarking that she should belong to the force; and as the bell rang and the engine moved, off popped young Billy Lusk from his cow-catcher. With an exclamation of horror she sprang down, and Mr. McLean appeared, and with all a parent's fright and rage, held the boy by the arm grotesquely as the sheriff steamed by.

"I ain't a-going to chase it," said young Billy, struggling.

"I've a mind to cowhide you," said Lin.

But Miss Buckner interposed. "Oh, well," said she, "next time; if he does it next time. It's so late to-night! You'll not frighten us that way again if he lets you off?" she asked Billy.

"No," said Billy, looking at her with interest. "Father'd have cowhided me anyway, I guess," he added, meditatively.

"Do you call him father?"

"Ah, father's at Laramie," said Billy, with disgust. "He'd not stop for your asking. Lin don't bother me much."

"You quit talking and step up there!" ordered his guardian. "Well, m'm, I guess yu' can sleep good now in there."

"If it was only an L. and N., I'd not have a thing against it! Good-night, Mr. McLean; good-night, young Mr.—"

"I'm Billy Lusk. I can ride Chalk-eye's pinto that bucked Honey Wiggin."

"I am sure you can ride finely, Mr. Lusk. Maybe you and I can take a ride together. Pleasant dreams!"

She nodded and smiled to him, and slid her door to; and Billy considered it, remarking: "I like her. What makes her live in a car?"

But he was drowsing while I told him; and I lifted him up to Lin, who took him in his own blankets, where he fell immediately asleep. One distant whistle showed how far the late engine had gone from us. We left our car open, and I lay enjoying the cool air. Thus was I drifting off, when I grew aware of a figure in the door. It was Lin, standing in his stockings and not much else, with his pistol. He listened, and then leaped down, light as a cat. I heard some repressed talking, and lay in expectancy; but back he came, noiseless in his stockings, and as he slid into bed I asked what the matter was. He had found the Texas boy, Manassas Donohoe, by the girl's car, with no worse intention than keeping a watch on it. "So I gave him to understand," said Lin, "that I had no objection to him amusing himself playing picket-line, but that I guessed I was enough guard, and he would find sleep healthier for his system." After this I went to sleep wholly; but waking once in the night, thought I heard some one outside, and learned in the morning from Lin that the boy had not gone until the time came for him to join his outfit at the corrals. And I was surprised that Lin, the usually good-hearted, should find nothing but mirth in the idea of this unknown, unthanked young sentinel. "Sleeping's a heap better for them kind till they get their growth," was his single observation.

But when Separ had dwindled to toys behind us in the journeying stage I told Miss Jessamine, and although she laughed too, it was with a note that young Texas would have liked to hear; and she hoped she might see him upon her return, to thank him.

"Any Jack can walk around all night," said Mr. McLean, disparagingly.

"Well, then, and I know a Jack who didn't," observed the young lady.

This speech caused her admirer to be full of explanations; so that when she saw how readily she could perplex him, and yet how capable and untiring he was about her comfort, helping her out or tucking her in at the stations where we had a meal or changed horses, she enjoyed the hours very much, in spite of their growing awkwardness.

Never, except once long after (when sorrow manfully borne had still further refined his clay), have I heard Lin's voice or seen his look so winning. No doubt many a male bird cares nothing what

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neighbor bird overhears his spring song from the top of the open tree, but I extremely doubt if his lady-love, even if she be a frank bouncing robin, does not prefer to listen from some thicket, and not upon the public lawn. Jessamine grew silent and almost peevish; and from discourse upon man and woman she hopped, she skipped, she flew. When Lin looked at his watch and counted the diminished hours between her and Buffalo, she smiled to herself; but from mention of her brother she shrank, glancing swiftly at me and my well-assumed slumber. And it was with indignation and self-pity that I climbed out in the hot sun at last beside the driver and small Billy.

"I know this road," piped Billy, on the box. "I camped here with father when mother was off that time. You can take a left-hand trail by those cottonwoods and strike the mountains."

So I inquired what game he had then shot.

"Ah, just a sage-hen. Lin's a-going to let me shoot a bear, you know. What made Lin marry mother when father was around?"

The driver gave me a look over Billy's head, and I gave him one; and I instructed Billy that people supposed his father was dead. I withheld that his mother gave herself out as Miss Peck in the days when Lin met her on Bear Creek.

The formidable nine-year-old pondered. "The geography says they used to have a lot of wives at Salt Lake City. Is there a place where a woman can have a lot of husbands?'

"It don't especially depend on the place," remarked the driver to me.

"Because," Billy went on, "Bert Taylor told me in recess that mother'd had a lot, and I told him he lied, and the other boys they laughed, and I blacked Bert's eye on him, and I'd have blacked the others too, only Miss Wood came out. I wouldn't tell her what Bert said, and Bert wouldn't, and Sophy Armstrong told her. Bert's father found out, and he come round, and I thought he was a-going to lick me about the eye, and he licked Bert! Say, am I Lin's, honest?"

"No, Billy, you're not," I said.

"Wish I was. They couldn't get me back to Laramie then; but, oh, bother! I'd not go for 'em! I'd like to see 'em try! Lin wouldn't leave me go. You ain't married, are you? No more is Lin now, I guess. A good many are, but I wouldn't want to. I don't think anything of 'em. I've seen mother take 'pothecary stuff on the sly. She's whaled me worse than Lin ever does. I guess he wouldn't want to be mother's husband again; and if he does," said Billy, his voice suddenly vindictive, "I'll quit him and skip."

"No danger, Bill," said I.

"How would the nice lady inside please you?" inquired the driver.

"Ah, pshaw! she ain't after Lin!" sang out Billy, loud and scornful. "She's after her brother. She's all right, though," he added, approvingly.

At this all talk stopped short inside, reviving in a casual, scanty manner; while unconscious Billy Lusk, tired of the one subject, now spoke cheerfully of birds' eggs.

Who knows the child-soul, young in days, yet old as Adam and the hills? That school-yard slur about his mother was as dim to his understanding as to the offender's, yet mysterious nature had bid him go to instant war! How foreseeing in Lin to choke the unfounded jest about his relation to Billy Lusk, in hopes to save the boy's ever awakening to the facts of his mother's life! "Though," said the driver, an easy-going cynic, "folks with lots of fathers will find heaps of brothers in this country!" But presently he let Billy hold the reins, and at the next station carefully lifted him down and up. "I've knowed that woman too," he whispered to me. "Sidney, Nebraska. Lusk was off half the time. We laughed when she fooled Lin into marryin' her. Come to think," he mused, as twilight deepened around our clanking stage, and small Billy slept sound between us, "there's scarcely a thing in life you get a laugh out of that don't make soberness for somebody."

Soberness had now visited the pair behind us; even Lin's lively talk had quieted, and his tones were low and few. But though Miss Jessamine at our next change of horses "hoped" I would come inside, I knew she did not hope very earnestly, and outside I remained until Buffalo.

Journeying done, her face revealed the strain beneath her brave brightness, and the haunting care she could no longer keep from her eyes. The imminence of the jail and the meeting had made her

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cheeks white and her countenance seem actually smaller; and when, reminding me that we should meet again soon, she gave me her hand, it was ice-cold. I think she was afraid Lin might offer to go with her. But his heart understood the lonely sacredness of her next half-hour, and the cow-puncher, standing aside for her to pass, lifted his hat wistfully and spoke never a word. For a moment he looked after her with sombre emotion; but the court-house and prison stood near and in sight, and as plain as if he had said so, I saw him suddenly feel she should not be stared at going up those steps; it must be all alone, the pain and the joy of that reprieve! He turned away with me, and after a few silent steps said, "Wasted! all wasted!"

"Let us hope—" I began.

"You're not a fool," he broke in, roughly. "You don't hope anything."

"He'll start life elsewhere," said I.

"Elsewhere! Yes, keep starting till all the elsewheres know him like Powder River knows him. But she! I have had to sit and hear her tell and tell about him; all about back in Kentucky playin' around the farm, and how she raised him after the old folks died. Then he got bigger and made her sell their farm, and she told how it was right he should turn it into money and get his half. I did not dare say a word, for she'd have just bit my head off, and—and that would sure hurt me now!" Lin brought up with a comical chuckle. "And she went to work, and he cleared out, and no more seen or heard of him. That's for five years, and she'd given up tracing him, when one morning she reads in the paper about how her long-lost brother is convicted for forgery. That's the way she knows he's not dead, and she takes her savings off her railroad salary and starts for him. She was that hasty she thought it was Buffalo, New York, till she got in the cars and read the paper over again. But she had to go as far as Cincinnati, either way. She has paid every cent of the money he stole." We had come to the bridge, and Lin jerked a stone into the quick little river. "Her face is as beautiful as her actions," he added.

"Well," said I, "and would you make such a villain your brother-in-law?"

He whirled round and took both my shoulders. "Come walking!" he urged. "I must talk some." So we followed the stream out of town toward the mountains. "I came awful near asking her in the stage," said he.

"Goodness, Lin! give yourself time!"

"Time can't increase my feelings."

"Hers, man, hers! How many hours have you known her?"

"Hours and hours! You're talking foolishness! What have they got to do with it? And she will listen to me. I can tell she will. I *know* I can be so she'll listen, and it will go all right, for I'll ask so hard. And everything 'll come out straight. Yu' see, I've not been spending to speak of since Billy's on my hands, and now I'll fix up my cabin and finish my fencing and my ditch—and she's going to like Box-Elder Creek better than Shawhan. She's the first I've ever loved."

"Then I'd like to ask—" I cried out.

"Ask away!" he exclaimed, inattentively, in his enthusiasm.

"When you—" but I stopped, perceiving it impossible. It was, of course, not the many transient passions on which he had squandered his substance, but the one where faith also had seemed to unite. Had he not married once, innocent of the woman's being already a wife? But I stopped, for to trench here was not for me or any one. And my pause strangely flashed on him something of that I had in my mind.

"No," he said, his eyes steady and serious upon me, "don't you ask about the things you're meaning." Then his face grew radiant and rather stern. "Do you suppose I don't know she's too good for me? And that some bygones can't ever be bygones? But if you," he said, "never come to look away up to a woman from away down, and mean to win her just the same as if you did deserve her, why, you'll make a turruble mess of the whole business!"

When we walked in silence for a long while, he lighted again with the blossoming dawn of his sentiment. I thought of the coarse yet taking vagabond of twenty I had once chanced upon, and hunted and camped with since through the years. Decidedly he was not that boy to-day! Yes, Jessamine Buckner would have been much too good for him before that humiliation of his marriage and this care of young Billy with which he had loaded himself. "Lin," said I, "I will drink your health and luck."

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"I'm healthy enough," said he; and we came back to the main street and into the main saloon.

"How d'ye, boys?" said some one, and there was Nate Buckner. "It's on me to-day," he continued, shoving whiskey along the bar; and I saw he was a little drunk. "I'm setting 'em up," he continued. "Why? Why, because"—he looked around for appreciation—"because it's not every son of a gun in Wyoming gets pardoned by Governor Barker. I'm important, I want you to understand," he pursued to the cold bystanders. "They'll have a picture of me in the Cheyenne paper. The bronco-buster of Powder River! They can't do without me! If any son of a gun here thinks he knows how to break a colt," he shouted, looking around with the irrelevant fierceness of drink—and then his challenge ebbed vacantly in laughter as the subject blurred in his mind. "You're not drinking, Lin," said he.

"No," said McLean, "I'm not."

"Sworn off again? Well, water never did agree with me."

"Yu' never gave water the chance," retorted the cow-puncher, and we left the place without my having drunk his health.

It was a grim beginning, this brag attempt to laugh his reputation down, with the jail door scarce closed behind him. "Folks are not going to like that," said Lin, as we walked across the bridge again to the hotel. Yet the sister, left alone here after an hour at most of her brother's company, would pretend it was a matter of course. Nate was not in, she told us at once. He had business to attend to and friends to see; he must get back to Riverside and down in that country where colts were waiting for him. He was the only one the E K outfit would allow to handle their young stock. Did we know that? And she was going to stay with a Mrs. Pierce down there for a while, near where Nate would be working. All this she told us; but when he did not return to dine with her on this first day, I think she found it hard to sustain her wilful cheeriness. Lin offered to take her driving to see the military post and dress parade at retreat, and Cloud's Peak, and Buffalo's various sights; but she made excuses and retired to her room. Nate, however, was at tea, shaven clean, with good clothes, and well conducted. His tone and manner to Jessamine were confidential and caressing, and offended Mr. McLean so that I observed to him that it was scarcely reasonable to be jealous.

"Oh, no jealousy!" said he. "But he comes in and kisses her, and he kisses her good-night, and us strangers looking on! It's such oncontrollable affection, yu' see, after never writing for five years. I expect she must have some of her savings left."

It is true that the sister gave the brother money more than once; and as our ways lay together, I had chances to see them both, and to wonder if her joy at being with him once again was going to last. On the road to Riverside I certainly heard Jessamine beg him to return home with her; and he ridiculed such a notion. What proper life for a live man was that dead place back East? he asked her. I thought he might have expressed some regret that they must dwell so far apart, or some intention to visit her now and then; but he said nothing of the sort, though he spoke volubly of himself and his prospects. I suppose this spectacle of brother and sister had rubbed Lin the wrong way too much, for he held himself and Billy aloof, joining me on the road but once, and then merely to give me the news that people here wanted no more of Nate Buckner; he would be run out of the country, and respect for the sister was all that meanwhile saved him. But Buckner, like so many spared criminals, seemed brazenly unaware he was disgraced, and went hailing loudly any riders or drivers we met, while beside him his sister sat close and straight, her stanch affection and support for the world to see. For all she let appear, she might have been bringing him back from some gallant heroism achieved; and as I rode along, the travesty seemed more and more pitiful, the outcome darker and darker.

At all times is Riverside beautiful, but most beautiful when the sun draws down through the opening of the hills. From each one a stream comes flowing clearly out into the plain, and fields spread green along the margins. It was beneath the long slanted radiance of evening that we saw Blue Creek and felt its coolness rise among the shifting veils of light. The red bluff eastward, the tall natural fortress, lost its stern masonry of shapes, and loomed a soft towering enchantment of violet and amber and saffron in the

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changing rays. The cattle stood quiet about the levels, and horses were moving among the restless colts. These the brother bade his sister look at, for with them was his glory; and I heard him boasting of his skill—truthful boasting, to be sure. Had he been honest in his dealings, the good-will that man's courage and dashing appearance begets in men would have brought him more employment than he could have undertaken. He told Jessamine his way of breaking a horse that few would dare, and she listened eagerly. "Do you remember when I used to hold the pony for you to get on?" she said. "You always would scare me, Nate!" And he replied, fluently, Yes, yes; did she see that horse there, near the fence? He was a four-year-old, an outlaw, and she would find no one had tried getting on his back since he had been absent. This was the first question he asked on reaching the cabin, where various neighbors were waiting the mail-rider; and finding he was right, he turned in pride to Jessamine.

"They don't know how to handle that horse," said he. "I told you so. Give me a rope."

Did she notice the cold greeting Nate received? I think not. Not only was their welcome to her the kinder, but any one is glad to witness bold riding, and this chance made a stir which the sister may have taken for cordiality. But Lin gave me a look; for it was the same here as it had been in the Buffalo saloon.

"The trick is easy enough," said Nate, arriving with his outlaw, and liking an audience. "You don't want a bridle, but a rope hackamore like this—Spanish style. Then let them run as hard as they want, and on a sudden reach down your arm and catch the hackamore short, close up by the mouth, and jerk them round quick and heavy at full speed. They quit their fooling after one or two doses. Now watch your outlaw!"

He went into the saddle so swift and secure that the animal, amazed, trembled stock-still, then sprang headlong. It stopped, vicious and knowing, and plunged in a rage, but could do nothing with the man, and bolted again, and away in a straight blind line over the meadow, when the rider leaned forward to his trick. The horse veered in a jagged swerve, rolled over and over with its twisted impetus, and up on its feet and on without a stop, the man still seated and upright in the saddle. How we cheered to see it! But the figure now tilted strangely, and something awful and nameless came over us and chilled our noise to silence. The horse, dazed and tamed by the fall, brought its burden toward us, a wobbling thing, falling by small shakes backward, until the head sank on the horse's rump.

"Come away," said Lin McLean to Jessamine; and at his voice she obeyed and went, leaning on his arm.

Jessamine sat by her brother until he died, twelve hours afterward, having spoken and known nothing. The whole weight of the horse had crushed him internally. He must have become almost instantly unconscious, being held in the saddle by his spurs, which had caught in the hair cinch; it may be that our loud cheer was the last thing of this world that he knew. The injuries to his body made impossible any taking him home, which his sister at first wished to do. "Why, I came here to bring him home," she said, with a smile and tone like cheerfulness in wax. Her calm, the unearthly ease with which she spoke to any comer (and she was surrounded with rough kindness), embarrassed the listeners; she saw her calamity clear as they did, but was sleep-walking in it. It was Lin gave her what she needed—the repose of his strong silent presence. He spoke no sympathy and no advice, nor even did he argue with her about the burial; he perceived somehow that she did not really hear what was said to her, and that these first grief-less sensible words came from some mechanism of the nerves; so he kept himself near her, and let her tell her story as she would. Once I heard him say to her, with the same authority of that first "come away": "Now you've had enough of the talking. Come for a walk." Enough of the talking—as if it were a treatment! How did he think of that? Jessamine, at any rate, again obeyed him, and I saw the two going quietly about in the meadows and along the curving brook; and that night she slept well. On one only point did the cow-puncher consult me.

"They figured to put Nate on top of that bald mound," said he. "But she has talked about the flowers and shade where the old folks lie, and where she wants him

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to be alongside of them. I've not let her look at him to-day, for—well, she might get the way he looks now on her memory. But I'd like to show you my idea before going further."

Lin had indeed chosen a beautiful place, and so I told him at the first sight of it.

"That's all I wanted to know," said he. "I'll fix the rest."

I believe he never once told Jessamine the body could not travel so far as Kentucky; I think he let her live and talk and grieve from hour to hour, and then led her that afternoon to the nook of sunlight and sheltering trees, and won her consent to it thus. For there was Nate laid, and there she went to sit, alone; Lin did not go with her on those walks.

But now something new was on the fellow's mind. He was plainly occupied with it whatever else he was doing, and he had some active cattle-work. On my asking him if Jessamine Buckner had decided when to return East, he inquired of me, angrily, what was there in Kentucky she could not have in Wyoming? Consequently, though I surmised what he must be debating, I felt myself invited to keep out of his confidence, and I did so. My advice to him would have been ill-received, and—as was soon to be made plain—would have done his delicacy injustice. Next, one morning he and Billy were gone. My first thought was that he had rejoined Jessamine at Mrs. Pierce's, where she was, and left me away over here on Bear Creek, where we had come for part of a week.

But stuck in my hat-band I found a pencilled farewell.

Now Mr. McLean constructed perhaps three letters in the year, painful, serious events, like an interview with some important person with whom your speech must decorously flow. No matter to whom he was writing, it froze all nature stiff in each word he achieved; and his bald business diction and wild archaic penmanship made documents that I value among my choicest correspondence, this one especially:

Wensday four a. m.

DEAR SIR this is to Inform you that i have gone to Separ on important bisness where i expect to meet you on your arrival at same point. You will confer a favor and oblidge undersigned by Informing Miss J. Buckner of date (if soon) you fix for returning per stage to Separ as Miss J. Buckner may prefer company for the trip being long and poor accommodations. Yours &c. L. MCLEAN.

This seemed to point but one way; and (uncharitable though it sound) that this girl, so close upon bereavement, should be able to give herself to a lover was distasteful to me.

But, most extraordinary, Lin had gone away without a word to her, and she was left as plainly in the dark as myself. After her first frank surprise at learning of his departure, his name did not come again from her lips, at any rate to me. Good Mrs. Pierce dropped a word one day as to her opinion of men who deceive women into expecting something from them.

"Let us talk straight," said I. "Do you mean that Miss Buckner says that, or that you say it?"

"Why, the poor thing says nothing!" exclaimed the lady. "It's like a man to think she would. And I'll not say anything either, for you're all just the same, except when you're worse; and that Lin McLean is going to know what I think of him next time we meet."

He did; on that occasion the kind old dame told him he was the best boy in the country, and stood on her toes and kissed him. But meanwhile we did not know why he had gone, and Jessamine (though he was never subtle or cruel enough to plan such a thing) missed him, and thus in her loneliness had the chance to learn how much he had been to her.

Though pressed to stay indefinitely beneath Mrs. Pierce's hospitable roof, the girl, after lingering awhile, and going often to that nook in the hill by Riverside, took her departure. She was restless, yet clung to the neighborhood; it was with a wrench that she fixed her going when I told her of my own journey back to the railroad. In Buffalo she walked to the court-house, and stood a moment as if bidding this site of one life-memory farewell, and from the stage she watched and watched the receding town and mountains. "It's awful to be leaving him!" she said. "Excuse me for acting so in front of you." With the poignant emptiness overcoming her in new guise, she blamed herself for not waiting in Illinois until he had been sent to Joliet; for then, so near home, he must have gone with her.

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How could I tell her that Nate's death was the best end that could have come to him? But I said: "You know you don't think it was your fault. You know you would do the same again." She listened to me, but her eyes had no interest in them. "He never knew pain," I pursued, "and he died doing the thing he liked best in the world. He was happy and enjoying himself, and you gave him that. It's bad only for you. Some would talk religion, but I can't."

"Yes," she answered, "I can think of him so glad to be free. Thank you for saying that about religion. Do you think it's wicked not to want it—to hate it sometimes? I hope it's not. Thank you, truly."

In short, our journey brought us to terms more familiar than we had reached hitherto. But when at last Separ came, where was I? There stood Mr. McLean waiting, and at the suddenness of him she had no time to remember herself, but stepped out of the stage with such a smile that the ardent cow-puncher flushed and beamed.

"So I went away without telling you good-by!" he began, not wisely. "Mrs. Pierce has been circulating war talk about me, you bet!"

The maiden in Jessamine spoke instantly. "Indeed? There was no special obligation for you to call on me, or her to notice if you didn't."

"Oh!" said Lin, crestfallen. "Yu' sure don't mean that?"

She looked at him, and was compelled to melt. "No, neighbor, I don't mean it."

"Neighbor!" he exclaimed; and again, "Neighbor," much pleased. "Now it would sound kind o' pleasant if you'd call me that for a steady thing."

"It would sound kind of odd, Mr. McLean, thank you."

"Blamed if I understand her," cried Lin. "Blamed if I do. But you're going to understand me sure quick!" He rushed inside the station, spoke sharply to the agent, and returned in the same tremor of elation that had pushed him to forwardness with his girl, and with which he seemed near bursting. "I've been here three days to meet you. There's a letter, and I expect I know what's in it. Tubercle has got it here." He took it from the less hasty agent and thrust it in Jessamine's hand. "You needn't to fear. Please open it; it's good news this time, you bet!" He watched it in her hand as the boy of eight watches the string of a Christmas parcel he wishes his father would cut instead of so carefully untie. "Open it," he urged again. "Keeping me waiting this way!"

"What in the world does all this mean?" cried Jessamine, stopping short at the first sentence.

"Read," said Lin.

"You've done this!" she exclaimed.

"Read, read!"

So she read, with big eyes. It was an official letter of the railroad, written by the division superintendent at Edgeford. It hoped Miss Buckner might feel like taking the position of agent at Separ. If she was willing to consider this, would she stop over at Edgeford, on her way east, and talk with the superintendent? In case the duties were more than she had been accustomed to on the Louisville and Nashville, she could continue east with the loss of only a day. The superintendent believed the salary could be arranged satisfactorily. Enclosed please to find an order for a free ride to Edgeford.

Jessamine turned her wondering eyes on Lin. "You did do this," she repeated, but this time with extraordinary quietness.

"Yes," said he. "And I am plumb proud of it."

She gave a rich laugh of pleasure and amusement; a long laugh, and stopped. "Did anybody ever!" she said.

"We can call each other neighbors now, yu' see," said the cow-puncher.

"Oh no! oh no!" Jessamine declared. "Though how am I ever to thank you?"

"By not argufying," Lin answered.

"Oh, no, no! I can do no such thing. Don't you see I can't? I believe you are crazy."

"I've been waiting to hear yu' say that," said the complacent McLean. "I'm not argufying. We'll eat supper now. The east-bound is due in an hour, and I expect you'll be wanting to go on it."

"And I expect I'll go, too," said the girl.

"I'll be plumb proud to have yu'," the cow-puncher assented.

"I'm going to get my ticket to Chicago right now," said Jessamine, again laughing, sunny and defiant.

"You bet you are!" said the incorrigi-

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ble McLean. He let her go into the station serenely. "You can't get used to new ideas in a minute," he remarked to me. "I've figured on all that, of course. But that's why," he broke out, impetuously, "I quit you on Bear Creek so sudden. 'When she goes back away home,' I'd been saying to myself every day, 'what 'll you do then, Lin McLean?' Well, I knew I'd go to Kentucky too. Just knew I'd have to, yu' see, and it was inconvenient, turruble inconvenient — Billy here, and my ranch, and the beef round-up comin' —but how could I let her go and forget me? Take up, maybe, with some Bluegrass son of a gun back there? And I hated the fix I was in till that morning, getting up, I was joshin' the Virginia man that's after Miss Wood. I'd been sayin' no educated lady would think of a man who talked with an African accent. 'It's repo'ted you have a Southern rival yourself,' says he, joshin' back. So I said I guessed the rival would find life uneasy. 'He does,' says he. 'Any man with his voice broke in two halves, and one down in his stomach and one up among the angels, is goin' to feel uneasy. But Texas talks a heap about his lady vigilante in the freight-car.' 'Vigilante!' I said; and I must have jumped, for they all asked where the lightning had struck. And in fifteen minutes after writing you I'd hit the trail for Separ. Oh, I figured things out on that ride!" (Mr. McLean here clapped me on the back.) "Got to Separ. Got the sheriff's address—the sheriff that saw her that night they held up the locomotive. Got him to meet me at Edgeford and make a big talk to the superintendent. Made a big talk myself. I said, 'Put that girl in charge of Separ, and the boys 'll quit shooting your water-tank. But Tubercle can't influence 'em.' 'Tubercle?' says the superintendent. 'What's that?' And when I told him it was the agent, he flapped his two hands down on the chair arms each side of him and went to rockin' up and down. I said the agent was just a temptation to the boys to be gay right along, and they'd keep a-shooting. 'You can choose between Tubercle and your tank,' I said; 'but you've got to move one of 'em from Separ if yu' want peace.' The sheriff backed me up good, too. He said a man couldn't do much with Separ the way it was now; but a decent woman would be respected there, and the only question was if she could conduct the business. So I spoke up about Shawhan, and when the whole idea began to soak into that superintendent his eyeballs jingled and he looked as wise as a work-ox. 'I'll see her,' says he. And he's going to see her."

"Well," said I, "you deserve success after thinking of a thing like that! You're wholly wasted punching cattle. But she's going to Chicago. By eleven o'clock she will have passed by your superintendent."

"Why, so she will!" said Lin, affecting surprise.

He baffled me, and he baffled Jessamine. Indeed, his eagerness with her parcels, his assistance in checking her trunk, his cheerful examination of check and ticket to be sure they read over the same route, plainly failed to gratify her. Her firmness about going was sincere, but she had looked for more dissuasion; and this sprightly abettal of her departure seemed to leave something vacant in the ceremonies. She fell singularly taciturn during supper at the Hotel Brunswick, and presently observed,

"I hope I shall see Mr. Donohoe."

"Texas?" said Lin. "I expect they'll have tucked him in bed by now up at the ranch. The little fellow is growing yet."

"He can walk round a freight-car all night," said Miss Buckner, stoutly. "I've always wanted to thank him for looking after me."

Mr. McLean smiled elaborately at his plate.

"Well, if he's not actually thinking he'll tease me!" cried out Jessamine. "Though he claims not to be foolish like Mr. Donohoe. Why, Mr. McLean, you surely must have been young once! See if you can't remember!"

"Shucks!" began Lin.

But her laughter routed him. "Maybe you didn't notice you were young," she said. "But don't you reckon perhaps the men around did? Why, maybe even the girls kind o' did!"

"She's hard to beat, ain't she?" inquired Mr. Lin admiringly of me.

In my opinion she was. She had her wish, too, about Texas; for we found him waiting on the railroad platform, dressed in his best, to say good-by. The friendly things she told him left him shuffling and repeating that it was a mistake to go, a big mistake; but when she said the butter

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was not good enough, his laugh cracked joyously up into the treble. The train's arrival brought quick sadness to her face, but she made herself bright again with a special farewell for each acquaintance.

"Don't you ride any more cow-catchers," she warned Billy Lusk, "or I'll have to come back and look after you."

"You said you and me were going for a ride, and we ain't," shouted the long-memoried nine-year-old.

"You will," murmured Mr. McLean, oracularly.

As the train's pace quickened he did not step off, and Miss Buckner cried, "Jump!"

"Too late," said he, placidly. Then he called to me, "I'm hard to beat too!" So the train took them both away, as I might have guessed was his intention all along.

"Is that marriage again?" said Billy, anxiously. "He wouldn't tell me nothing."

"He's just seeing Miss Buckner as far as Edgeford," said the agent. "Be back to-morrow."

"Then I don't see why he wouldn't take me along," Billy complained. And Separ laughed.

But the lover was not back to-morrow. He was capable of anything, gossip remarked, and took up new themes. The sun rose and set, the two trains made their daily slight event and gathering; the water-tank, glaring bulkily in the sun, beaconed unmolested; and the agent's natural sleep was unbroken by pistols, for the cowboys did not happen to be in town. Separ lay a clot of torpor that I was glad to leave behind me for a while. But news is a strange permeating substance, and it began to be sifted through the air that Tubercle was going to God's country. That is how they phrased it in cow-camp, meaning not the next world, but the eastern States.

"It's certainly a shame him leaving after we've got him so good and used to us," said the Virginian.

"We can't tell him good-by," said Honey Wiggin. "Separ'll be slow."

"We can give his successor a right hearty welcome," the Virginian suggested.

"That's you!" said Honey. "Schemin' mischief away ahead. You're the leadin' devil in this country, and just because yu' wear a faithful-looking face you're tryin' to fool a poor schoolmarm."

"Yes," drawled the Southerner, "that's what I'm aiming to do."

So now they were curious about the successor, planning their hearty welcome for that official, and were encouraged in this by Mr. McLean. He reappeared in the neighborhood with a manner and conversation highly casual.

"Bring your new wife?" they inquired.

No; she preferred Kentucky, Lin said.

"Bring the old one?"

No; she preferred Laramie.

"Kentucky's a right smart way to chase after a girl," said the Virginian.

"Sure!" said Mr. McLean. "I quit at Edgeford."

He met their few remarks so smoothly that they got no joy from him; and being asked had he seen the new agent, he answered yes, that Tubercle had gone Wednesday, and his successor did not seem to be much of a man.

But to me Lin had nothing to say until noon camp was scattering from its lunch to work, when he passed close, and whispered, "You'll see her to-morrow if you go in with the outfit." Then, looking round to make sure we were alone in the sage-brush, he drew from his pocket, cherishingly, a little shining pistol. "Hers," said he, simply.

I looked at him.

"We've exchanged," he said.

He turned the token in his hand, caressing it as on that first night when Jessamine had taken his heart captive.

"My idea," he added, unable to lift his eyes from the treasure. "See this, too."

I looked, and there was the word "Neighbor" engraved on it.

"Her idea," said he.

"A good one!" I murmured.

"It's on both, yu' know. We had it put on the day she settled to accept the superintendent's proposition." Here Lin fired his small exchanged weapon at a cottonwood, striking low. "She can beat that with mine!" he exclaimed, proud and tender. "She took four days deciding at Edgeford, and I learned her to hit the ace of clubs." He showed me the cards they had practised upon during those four days of indecision; he had them in a book as if they were pressed flowers. "They won't get crumpled that way," said he; and he further showed me

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a tintype. "She's got the other at Separ," he finished.

I shook his hand with all my might. Yes, he was worthy of her! Yes, he deserved this smooth course his love was running! And I shook his hand again. To tonic her grief Jessamine had longed for some activity, some work, and he had shown her Wyoming might hold this for her as well as Kentucky. "But how in the world," I asked him, "did you persuade her to stop over at Edgeford at all?"

"Yu' mustn't forget," said the lover (and he blushed), "that I had her four hours alone on the train."

But his face that evening round the fire, when they talked of their next day's welcome to the new agent, became comedy of the highest; and he was so desperately canny in the moments he chose for silence or for comment! He had not been sure of their ignorance until he arrived, and it was a joke with him too deep for laughter. He had a special eye upon the Virginian, his mate in such a tale of mischiefs, and now he led him on. He suggested to the Southerner that caution might be wise; this change at Separ was perhaps some new trick of the company's.

"We mostly take their tricks," observed the Virginian.

"Yes," said Lin, nodding sagely at the fire, "that's so, too."

Yet not he, not any one, could have foreseen the mortifying harmlessness of the outcome. They swept down upon Separ like all the hordes of legend—more egregiously, perhaps, because they were playacting, and no serious horde would go on so. Our final hundred yards of speed and copious howling brought all dwellers in Separ out to gaze and disappear like rabbits—all save the new agent in the station. Nobody ran out or in there, and the horde whirled up to the tiny defenceless building and leaped to earth—except Lin and me; we sat watching. The innocent door stood open wide to any cool breeze or invasion, and Honey Wiggin tramped in foremost, hat lowering over eyes and pistol prominent. He stopped rooted, staring, and his mouth came open slowly; his hand went feeling up for his hat, and came down with it by degrees as by degrees his grin spread. Then in a milky voice he said: "Why, excuse me, ma'am! Good-morning."

There answered a clear, long, rippling, ample laugh. It came out of the open door into the heat; it made the sun-baked air merry; it seemed to welcome and mock; it genially hovered about us in the dusty quiet of Separ; for there was no other sound anywhere at all in the place, and the great plain stretched away silent all round it. The bulging water-tank shone overhead in bland ironic safety.

The horde stood blank; then it shifted its legs, looked sideways at itself, and in a hesitating clump reached the door, shambled in, and removed its foolish hat.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Jessamine Buckner, seated behind her railing; and various voices endeavored to reply conventionally.

"If you have any letters, ma'am," said the Virginian, more inventive, "I'll take them. Letters for Judge Henry's." He knew the judge's office was seventy miles from here.

"Any for the C Y?" muttered another, likewise knowing better.

It was a happy, if simple, thought, and most of them inquired for the mail. Jessamine sought carefully, making them repeat their names, which some did guiltily: they foresaw how soon the lady would find out no letters ever came for these names!

There was no letter for any one present.

"I'm sorry, truly," said Jessamine behind the railing. "For you seemed real anxious to get news. Better luck next time! And if I make mistakes, please everybody set me straight, for of course I don't understand things yet."

"Yes, m'm."

"Good-day, m'm."

"Thank yu', m'm."

They got themselves out of the station and into their saddles.

"No, she don't understand things yet," soliloquized the Virginian. "Oh dear, no." He turned his slow dark eyes upon us. "You Lin McLean," said he in his gentle voice, "you have cert'nly fooled me plumb through this mawnin'."

Then the horde rode out of town, chastened and orderly till it was quite small across the sage-brush, when reaction seized it. It sped suddenly and vanished in dust with far, hilarious cries; and here were Lin and I, and here towered the water-tank, shining and shining.

Thus did Separ's vigilante take possession, and vindicate Lin's knowledge of his kind. It was not three days until the

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Virginian, that lynx observer, fixed his grave eyes upon McLean: "'Neighbor' is as cute a name for a six-shooter as ever I heard," said he. "But she'll never have need of your gun in Separ—only to shoot up peaceful playin'-cyards while she hearkens to your courtin'."

That was his way of congratulation to a brother lover. "Plumb strange," he said to me one morning after an hour of riding in silence, "how a man will win two women while another man gets aged waitin' for one."

"Your hair seems black as ever," said I.

"My hopes ain't so glossy any more," he answered. "Lin has done better this second trip."

"Mrs. Lusk don't count," said I.

"I reckon she counted mighty plentiful when he thought he'd got her clamped to him by lawful marriage. But Lin's lucky." And the Virginian fell silent again.

Lucky Lin bestirred him over his work, his plans, his ranch on Box-Elder that was one day to be a home for his lady. He came and went, seeing his idea triumph, and his girl respected. Not only was she a girl, but a good shot too. And as if she and her small neat home were a sort of possession, the cow-punchers would boast of her to strangers. They would have dealt heavily now with the wretch who should trifle with the water-tank. When camp came within visiting distance, you would see one or another shaving and parting his hair. They wrote unnecessary letters, and brought them to mail as excuses for an afternoon call. Honey Wiggin, more original, would look in the door with his grin, and hold up an ace of clubs. "I thought maybe yu' could spare a minute for a shootin'-match," he would insinuate; and Separ now heard no more objectionable shooting than this. Texas brought her presents of game—antelope, sage-chickens—but shyness intervening, he left them outside the door, and entering dressed in all the "Sunday" that he had, would sit dumbly in the lady's presence. I remember his emerging from one of these placid interviews straight into the hands of his tormentors.

"If she don't notice your clothes, Texas," said the Virginian, "just mention them to her."

"Now yer've done offended her," shrilled Manassas Donohoe. "She heard that."

"She'll hear you singin' sooprano," said Honey Wiggin. "It's good this country has reformed, or they'd have you warblin' in some dance-hall and corrupt your morals."

"You sca'cely can corrupt the morals of a soprano man," observed the Virginian. "Go and play with Billy till you can talk bass."

But it was the boldest adults that Billy chose for playmates. Texas he found immature. Moreover, when next he came, he desired play with no one. Summer was done. September's full moon was several nights ago; he had gone on his hunt with Lin, and now spelling-books were at hand. But more than this clouded his mind: he had been brought to say good-by to Jessamine Buckner, who had scarcely seen him, and to give her a wolverene-skin, a hunting trophy. "She can have it," he told me. "I like her." Then he stole a look at his guardian. "If they get married and send me back to mother," said he, "I'll run away sure." So school and this old dread haunted the child, while for the man, Lin the lucky, who suspected nothing of it, time was ever bringing love nearer to his hearth. His Jessamine had visited Box-Elder, and even said she wanted chickens there; since when Mr. McLean might occasionally have been seen at his cabin, worrying over barn-yard fowls, feeding and cursing them with equal care. Spring would see him married, he told me.

"This time right!" he exclaimed. "And I want her to know Billy some more before he goes to Bear Creek."

"Ah, Bear Creek!" said Billy, acidly. "Why can't I stay home?"

"Home sounds kind o' slick," said Lin to me. "Don't it, now? 'Home' is closer than 'neighbor,' you bet! Billy, put the horses in the corral, and ask Miss Buckner if we can come and see her after supper. If you're good, maybe she'll take yu' for a ride to-morrow. And, kid, ask her about Laramie."

Again suspicion quivered over Billy's face, and he dragged his horses angrily to the corral.

Lin nudged me, laughing. "I can rile him every time about Laramie," said he, affectionately. "I wouldn't have believed the kid set so much store by me. Nor I didn't need to ask Jessamine to love him for my sake. What do yu' suppose? Before I'd got far as thinking of

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Billy at all—right after Edgeford, when my head was just a whirl of joy—Jessamine says to me one day, 'Read that.' It was Governor Barker writin' to her about her brother and her sorrow." Lin paused. "And about me. I can't never tell you—but he said a heap I didn't deserve. And he told her about me picking up Billy in Denver streets that time, and doing for him because his own home was not a good one. Governor Barker wrote Jessamine all that; and she said, 'Why did you never tell me?' And I said it wasn't anything to tell. And she just said to me, 'It shall be as if he was your son and I was his mother.' And that's the first regular kiss she ever gave me I didn't have to take myself. God bless her! God bless her!"

As we ate our supper, young Billy burst out of brooding silence: "I didn't ask her about Laramie. So there!"

"Well, well, kid," said the cow-puncher, patting his head, "yu' needn't to, I guess."

But Billy's eye remained sullen and jealous. He paid slight attention to the picture-book of soldiers and war that Jessamine gave him when we went over to the station. She had her own books, some flowers in pots, a rocking-chair, and a cozy lamp that shone on her bright face and dark dress. We drew stools from the office desks, and Billy perched silently on one.

"Scanty room for company!" Jessamine said. "But we must make out this way—till we have another way." She smiled on Lin, and Billy's face darkened. "Do you know," she pursued to me, "with all those chickens Mr. McLean tells me about, never a one has he thought to bring here."

"Livin' or dead do you want 'em?" inquired Lin.

"Oh, I'll not bother you. Mr. Donohoe says he will—"

"Texas? Chickens? Him? Then he'll have to steal 'em!" And we all laughed together.

"You won't make me go back to Laramie, will you?" spoke Billy, suddenly, from his stool.

"I'd like to see anybody try to make you!" exclaimed Jessamine. "Who says any such thing?"

"Lin did," said Billy.

Jessamine looked at her lover reproachfully. "What a way to tease him!" she said. "And you so kind. Why, you've hurt his feelings!"

"I never thought," said Lin the boisterous. "I wouldn't have."

"Come sit here, Billy," said Jessamine. "Whenever he teases, you tell me, and we'll make him behave."

"Honest?" persisted Billy.

"Shake hands on it!" said Jessamine.

"'Cause I'll go to school. But I won't go back to Laramie for no one. And you're a-going to be Lin's wife, honest?"

"Honest! Honest!" And Jessamine, laughing, grew red beside her lamp.

"Then I guess mother can't never come back to Lin, either," stated Billy, relieved.

Jessamine let fall the child's hand.

"'Cause she liked him onced, and he liked her."

Jessamine gazed at Lin.

"It's simple," said the cow-puncher. "It's all right."

But Jessamine sat by her lamp, very pale.

"It's all right," repeated Lin in the silence, shifting his foot and looking down. "Once I made a fool of myself. Worse than usual."

"Billy?" whispered Jessamine. "Then you— But his name is Lusk!"

"Course it is," said Billy. "Father and mother are living in Laramie."

"It's all straight," said the cow-puncher. "I never saw her till three years ago. I haven't anything to hide, only—only—only it don't come easy to tell."

I rose. "Miss Buckner," said I, "he will tell you. But he will not tell you he paid dearly for what was no fault of his. It has been no secret. It is only something his friends and his enemies have forgotten."

But all the while I was speaking this, Jessamine's eyes were fixed on Lin, and her face remained white.

I left the girl and the man and the little boy together, and crossed to the hotel. But its air was foul, and I got my roll of camp-blankets to sleep in the clean night, if sleeping-time should come; meanwhile I walked about in the silence. To have taken a wife once in good faith, ignorant she was another's, left no stain, raised no barrier. I could have told Jessamine the old story myself—or almost; but what had it to do with her at all? Why need she know? Reasoning thus, yet with something left uncleared by reason that I could not state, I watched the

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moon edge into sight, heavy and rich-hued, a melon-slice of glow, seemingly near, like a great lantern tilted over the plain. The smell of the sage-brush flavored the air; the hush of Wyoming folded distant and near things; and all Separ but those three inside the lighted window was in bed. Dark windows were everywhere else, and looming above rose the water-tank, a dull mass in the night, and forever somehow to me a Sphinx emblem, the vision I instantly see when I think of Separ. Soon I heard a door creaking. It was Billy, coming alone, and on seeing me he walked up and spoke in a half-awed voice.

"She's a-crying," said he.

I withheld from questions, and as he kept along by my side he said: "I'm sorry. Do you think she's mad with Lin for what he's told her? She just sat, and when she started crying he made me go away."

"I don't believe she's mad," I told Billy; and I sat down on my blanket, he beside me, talking while the moon grew small as it rose over the plain, and the light steadily shone in Jessamine's window. Soon young Billy fell asleep, and I looked at him, thinking how in a way it was he who had brought this trouble on the man who had saved him and loved him. But that man had no such untender thoughts. Once more the door opened, and it was he who came this time, alone also. She did not follow him and stand to watch him from the threshold, though he forgot to close the door, and coming over to me, stood looking down.

"What?" I said at length.

I don't know that he heard me. He stooped over Billy and shook him gently. "Wake, son," said he. "You and I must get to our camp now."

"Now?" said Billy. "Can't we wait till morning?"

"No, son. We can't wait here any more. Go and get the horses and put the saddles on." As Billy obeyed, Lin looked at the lighted window. "She is in there," he said. "She's in there. So near." He looked, and turned to the hotel, from which he brought his chaps and spurs and put them on. "I understand her words," he continued. "Her words, the meaning of them. But not what she means, I guess. It will take studyin' over. Why, she don't blame me!" he suddenly said, speaking to me instead of to himself.

"Lin," I answered, "she has only just heard this, you see. Wait awhile."

"That's not the trouble. She knows what kind of man I have been, and she forgives that just the way she did her brother. And she knows how I didn't intentionally conceal anything. Billy hasn't been around, and she never realized about his mother and me. We've talked awful open, but that was not pleasant to speak of, and the whole country knew it so long—and I never thought! She don't blame me. She says she understands; but she says I have a wife livin'."

"That is nonsense," I declared.

"Yu' mustn't say that," said he. "She don't claim she's a wife, either. She just shakes her head when I ask her why she feels so. It must be different to you and me from the way it seems to her. I don't see her view; maybe I never can see it; but she's made me feel she has it, and that she's honest, and loves me true—" His voice broke for a moment. "She said she'd wait."

"You can't have a marriage broken that was never tied," I said. "But perhaps Governor Barker or Judge Henry—"

"No," said the cow-puncher. "Law couldn't fool her. She's thinking of something back of law. She said she'd wait—always. And when I took it in that this was all over and done, and when I thought of my ranch and the chickens—well, I couldn't think of things at all, and I came and waked Billy to clear out and quit."

"What did you tell her?" I asked.

"Tell her? Nothin', I guess. I don't remember getting out of the room. Why, here's actually her pistol, and she's got mine!"

"Man, man," said I, "go back and tell her to keep it, and that you'll wait too—always!"

"Would yu'?"

"Look!" I pointed to Jessamine standing in the door.

I saw his face as he turned to her, and I walked toward Billy and the horses. Presently I heard steps on the wooden station, and from its black brief shadow the two came walking, Lin and his sweetheart, into the moonlight. They were not speaking, but merely walked together in the clear radiance, hand in hand, like two children. I saw them go to the horses, and Jessamine stood while Billy and Lin mounted. Then quickly the cow-puncher

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sprang down again and folded her in his arms.

"Lin, dear Lin! dear neighbor!" she sobbed.

I do not think he spoke. In a moment the horses started and were gone, flying, rushing away into the great plain, until sight and sound of them were lost, and only the sage-brush was there, bathed in the high bright moon. The last thing I remember as I lay in my blankets was Jessamine's window still lighted, and the water-tank, clear-lined and black, standing over Separ.

ASTRONOMICAL PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

THE first day of our century was fittingly signalized by the discovery of a new world. On the evening of January 1, 1801, an Italian astronomer, Piazzi, observed an apparent star of about the eighth magnitude, which later was seen to have moved, and was thus shown to be vastly nearer the earth than any true star. He at first supposed, as Herschel had done when he first saw Uranus, that the unfamiliar body was a comet; but later observation proved it a tiny planet between Mars and Jupiter. It was christened Ceres.

Though unpremeditated, this discovery was not unexpected, for astronomers had long surmised the existence of a planet in the wide gap between Mars and Jupiter. Indeed, they were even preparing to make concerted search for it, despite the protests of philosophers who argued that the planets could not possibly exceed the magic number seven, when Piazzi forestalled their efforts. But a surprise came with the sequel; for the very next year Dr. Olbers, the wonderful physician-astronomer of Bremen, while following up the course of Ceres, happened on another tiny moving star, similarly located, which soon revealed itself as planetary.

Olbers suggested that Ceres and Pallas, as he called his captive, might be fragments of a planet shattered by explosion, or by the impact of a comet. Other similar fragments, he predicted, would be found when searched for. William Herschel sanctioned this theory, and suggested the name asteroids. The explosion theory was supported by the discovery of other asteroids, by Harding at Lilienthal in 1804, and by Olbers in 1807.

There the case rested till 1845, when Hencke found another asteroid, after long searching, and opened a new epoch of discovery. From then on the finding of asteroids became a commonplace. Latterly, with the aid of photography, the list has been extended to above four hundred, and as yet there seems no dearth in the supply. The combined bulk of these minor planets is believed to be but a fraction of that of the earth.

Olbers's explosion theory, long accepted by astronomers, has been proved open to fatal objections. The minor planets are now believed to represent a ring of cosmical matter cast off from the solar nebula like the rings that went to form the major planets, but prevented from becoming aggregated into a single body by the perturbing mass of Jupiter.

The discovery of the first asteroid thus confirmed a conjecture; the other important discovery of our century, Neptune, was made through scientific prophecy. No one suspected the existence of a trans-Uranian planet till Uranus itself, by hair-breadth departures from its predicted orbit, gave out the secret. No one saw the disturbing planet till the pencil of the mathematician, with almost occult divination, had pointed out its place in the heavens. The general predication of a trans-Uranian planet was made by Bessel, the great Königsberg astronomer, in 1840; the analysis that revealed its exact location was undertaken half a decade later, by two independent workers—John Couch Adams, just graduated senior wrangler at Cambridge, England, and U. J. J. Leverrier, the leading French mathematician of his generation.

Adams's calculation was first begun and first completed. But it had one radical defect—it was the work of a young and untried man. So it found lodgement in a pigeon-hole of the desk of England's Astronomer Royal, and an opportunity was lost which English astronomers have never ceased to mourn. Had the search been made, an actual planet would have been seen shining there, close to the spot

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM BESSEL.

where the pencil of the mathematician had placed its hypothetical counterpart. But the search was not made, and while the prophecy of Adams gathered dust in that regrettable pigeon-hole, Leverrier's calculation was coming on, his tentative results meeting full encouragement from Arago and other French savants. At last the laborious calculations proved satisfactory, and, confident of the result, Leverrier sent to the Berlin observatory, requesting that search be made for the disturber of Uranus in a particular spot of the heavens. Dr. Galle received the request September 23, 1846. That very night he turned his telescope to the indicated region, and there, within a single degree of the suggested spot, he saw a seeming star, invisible to the unaided eye, which proved to be the long-sought planet, henceforth to be known as Neptune. To the average mind, which finds something altogether mystifying about abstract mathematics, this was a feat savoring of the miraculous.

Stimulated by this success, Leverrier calculated an orbit for an interior planet from perturbations of Mercury, but though prematurely christened Vulcan, this hypothetical nurseling of the sun still haunts

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the realm of the undiscovered, along with certain equally hypothetical trans-Neptunian planets whose existence has been suggested by "residual perturbations" of Uranus, and by the movements of comets. No other veritable additions to the sun's planetary family have been made in our century, beyond the finding of seven small moons, which chiefly attest the advance in telescopic powers. Of these, the tiny attendants of our Martian neighbor, discovered by Professor Hall with the great Washington refractor, are of greatest interest, because of their small size and extremely rapid flight. One of them is poised only 6000 miles from Mars, and whirls about him almost four times as fast as he revolves, seeming thus, as viewed by the Martian, to rise in the west and set in the east, and making the month only one-fourth as long as the day.

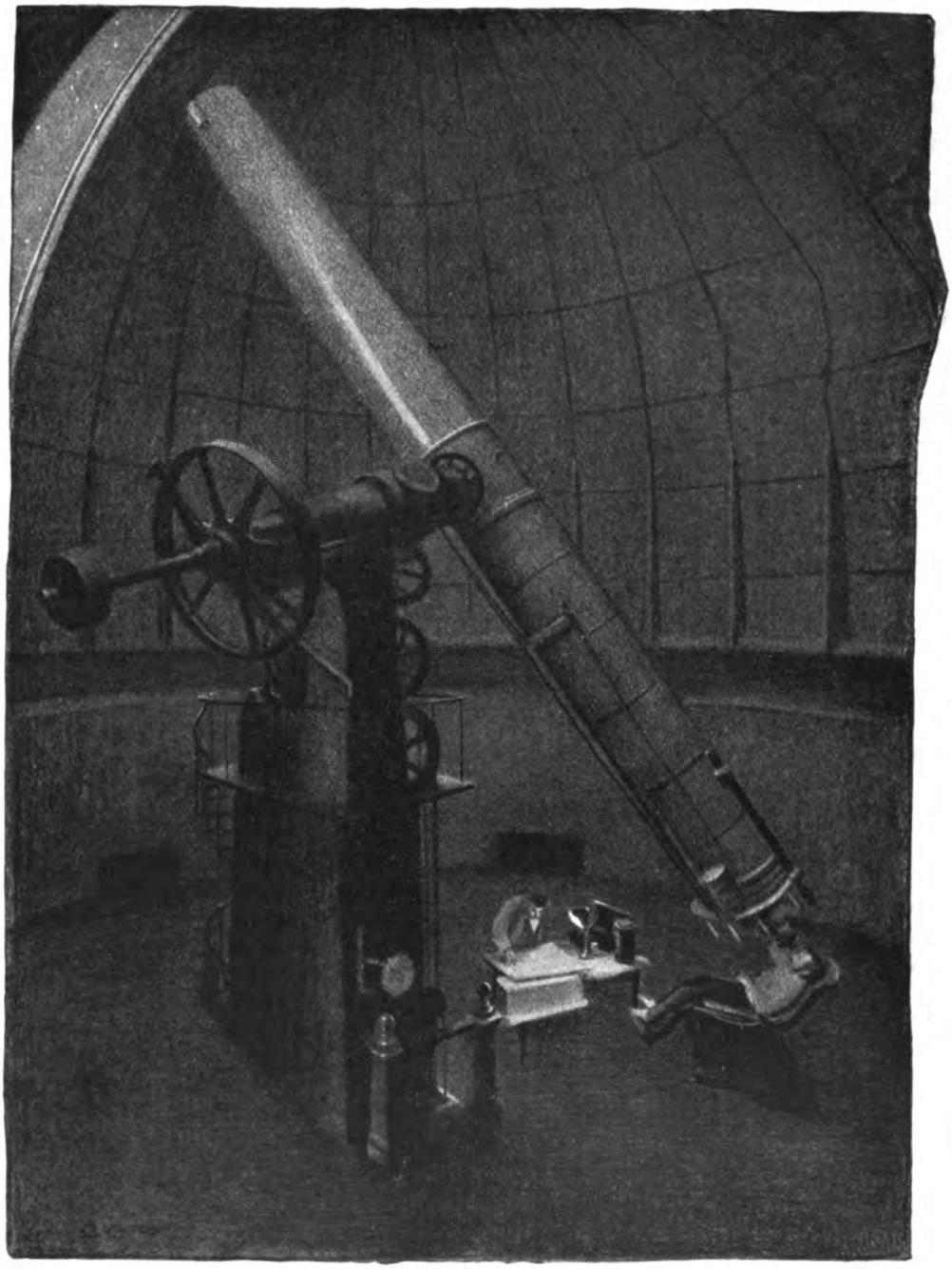
The discovery of the inner or crape ring of Saturn, made simultaneously in 1850 by William C. Bond, at the Harvard observatory, in America, and the Rev. W. R. Dawes in England, was another interesting optical achievement; but our most important advances in knowledge of Saturn's unique system are due to the mathematician. Laplace, like his predecessors, supposed these rings to be solid, and explained their stability as due to certain irregularities of contour which Herschel had pointed out. But about 1851 Professor Peirce of Harvard showed the untenability of this conclusion, proving that were the rings such as Laplace thought them, they must fall of their own weight. Then Professor J. Clerk Maxwell of Cambridge took the matter in hand, and his analysis reduced the puzzling rings to a cloud of meteoric particles—a "shower of brickbats"—each fragment of which circulates exactly as if it were an independent planet, though of course perturbed and jostled more or less by its fellows. Mutual perturbations, and the disturbing pulls of Saturn's orthodox satellites, as investigated by Maxwell, explain nearly all the phenomena of the rings in a manner highly satisfactory.

But perhaps the most interesting accomplishments of mathematical astronomy—from a mundane stand-point, at any rate—are those that refer to the earth's own satellite. That seemingly staid body was long ago discovered to have a propensity to gain a little on the earth, appearing at eclipses an infinitesimal moment ahead of time. Astronomers were sorely puzzled by this act of insubordination; but at last Laplace and Lagrange explained it as due to an oscillatory change in the earth's orbit, thus fully exonerating the moon, and seeming to demonstrate the absolute stability and permanence of our planetary system, which the moon's misbehavior had appeared to threaten.

This highly satisfactory conclusion was an orthodox belief of celestial mechanics until 1853, when Professor Adams of Neptunian fame, with whom complex analyses were a pastime, reviewed Laplace's calculation, and discovered an error, which, when corrected, left about half the moon's acceleration unaccounted for. This was a momentous discrepancy, which at first no one could explain. But presently Professor Helmholtz, the great German physicist, suggested that a key might be found in tidal friction, which, acting as a perpetual brake on the earth's rotation, and affecting not merely the waters but the entire substance of our planet, must in the long sweep of time have changed its rate of rotation. Thus the seeming acceleration of the moon might be accounted for as actual retardation of the earth's rotation—a lengthening of the day instead of a shortening of the month.

Again the earth was shown to be at fault, but this time the moon could not be exonerated, while the estimated stability of our system, instead of being reestablished, was quite upset. For the tidal retardation is not an oscillatory change which will presently correct itself, like the orbital wobble, but a perpetual change, acting always in one direction. Unless fully counteracted by some opposing reaction, therefore (as it seems not to be), the effect must be cumulative, the ultimate consequences disastrous. The exact character of these consequences was first estimated by Professor G. H. Darwin, in 1879. He showed that tidal friction in retarding the earth must also push the moon out from the parent planet on a spiral orbit. Plainly, then, the moon must formerly have been nearer the earth than at present. At some very remote period it must have actually touched the earth; must, in other words, have been thrown off from the then plastic mass of the earth, as a polyp buds out from its parent polyp. At that time the earth

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was spinning about in a day of from two to four hours.

Now the day has been lengthened to twenty-four hours, and the moon has been thrust out to a distance of a quarter-million miles; but the end is not yet. The same progress of events must continue, till, at some remote period in the future, the day has come to equal the month, lunar tidal action has ceased, and one face of the earth looks out always at the moon, with that same fixed stare which even now the moon has been brought to assume toward her parent orb. Should we choose to take even greater liberties with the future, it may be made to appear (though some astronomers dissent from this prediction) that, as solar tidal action still continues,

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the day must finally exceed the month, and lengthen out little by little toward coincidence with the year; and that the moon meantime must pause in its outward flight, and come swinging back on a descending spiral, until finally, after the lapse of untold æons, it ploughs and ricochets along the surface of the earth, and plunges to catastrophic destruction.

But even though imagination pause far short of this direful culmination, it still is clear that modern calculations, based on inexorable tidal friction, suffice to revolutionize the views formerly current as to the stability of the planetary system. The eighteenth-century mathematician looked upon this system as a vast celestial machine which had been in existence about six thousand years, and which was destined to run on forever. The analyst of to-day computes both the past and the future of this system in millions instead of thousands of years, yet feels well assured that the solar system offers no contradiction to those laws of growth and decay which seem everywhere to represent the immutable order of nature.

II.

Until the mathematician ferreted out the secret, it surely never could have been suspected by any one that the earth's serene attendant,

> "That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
> Whom mortals call the moon,"

could be plotting injury to her parent orb. But there is another inhabitant of the skies whose purposes have not been similarly free from popular suspicion. Needless to say I refer to the black sheep of the sidereal family, that "celestial vagabond" the comet.

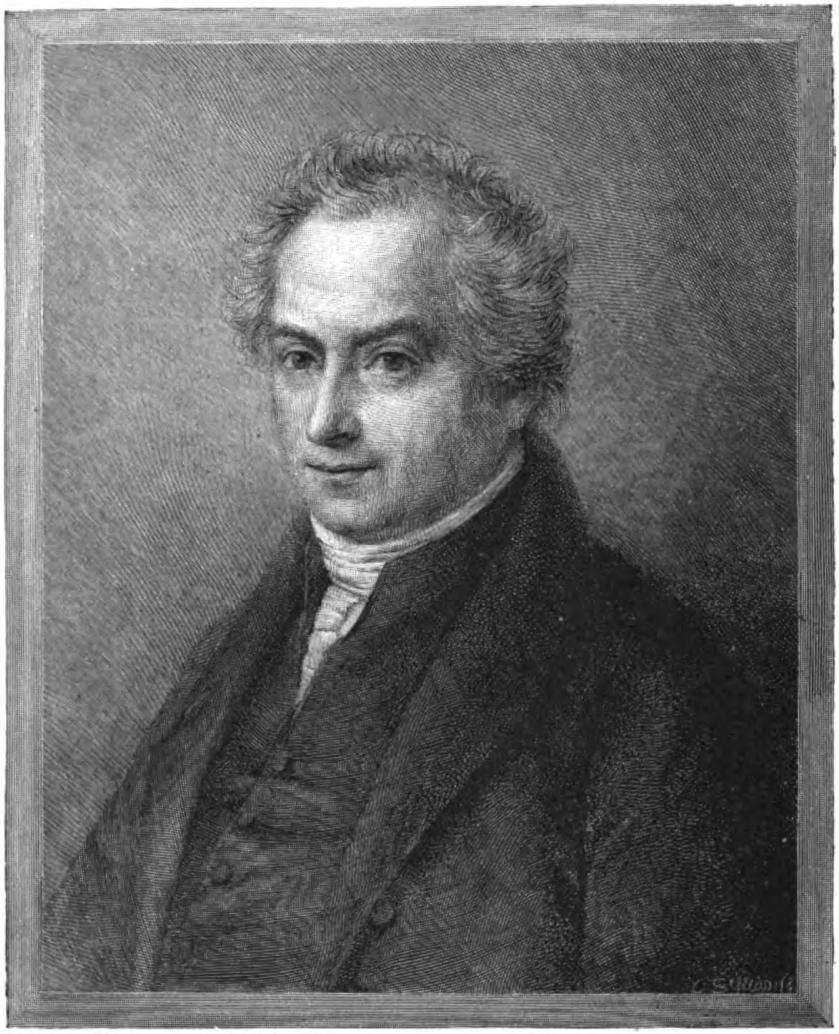
Time out of mind these wanderers have been supposed to presage war, famine, pestilence, perhaps the destruction of the world. And little wonder. Here is a body which comes flashing out of boundless space into our system, shooting out a pyrotechnic tail some hundreds of millions of miles in length; whirling perhaps through the very atmosphere of the sun at a speed of three or four hundred miles a second; then darting off on a hyperbolic orbit that forbids it ever to return, or an elliptical one that cannot be closed for hundreds or thousands of years; the tail meantime pointing always away from the sun, and fading to nothingness as the weird voyager recedes into the spacial void whence it came. Not many times need the advent of such an apparition coincide with the outbreak of a pestilence, or the death of a Cæsar, to stamp the race of comets as an ominous clan in the minds of all superstitious generations.

It is true a hard blow was struck at the prestige of these alleged supernatural agents when Newton proved that the great comet of 1680 obeyed Kepler's laws in its flight about the sun; and an even harder one when the same visitant came back in 1758, obedient to Halley's prediction, after its three-quarters of a century of voyaging out in the abyss of space. Proved thus to bow to natural law, the celestial messenger could no longer fully sustain its rôle. But long-standing notoriety cannot be lived down in a day, and the comet, though proved a "natural" object, was still regarded as a very menacing one for another hundred years or so. It remained for our own century to completely unmask the pretender, and show how egregiously our forebears had been deceived.

The unmasking began early in the century, when Dr. Olbers, then the highest authority on the subject, expressed the opinion that the spectacular tail, which had all along been the comet's chief stock in trade as an earth-threatener, is in reality composed of the most filmy of vapors, repelled from the cometary body by the sun, presumably through electrical action, with a velocity comparable to that of light. This luminous suggestion was held more or less in abeyance for half a century. Then it was elaborated by Zöllner, and particularly by Bredichin, of the Moscow observatory, into what has since been regarded as the most plausible of cometary theories. It is held that comets and the sun are similarly electrified, and hence mutually repulsive. Gravitation vastly outmatches this repulsion in the body of the comet, but yields to it in the case of gases, because electrical force varies with the surface, while gravitation varies only with the mass. From study of atomic weights, and estimates of the velocity of thrust of cometary tails, Bredichin concluded that the chief components of the various kinds of tails are hydrogen, hydrocarbons, and the vapor of iron; and spectroscopic analysis goes far toward sustaining these assumptions.

But, theories aside, the unsubstantial-

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HEINRICH WILHELM MATTHIAS OLBERS.

ness of the comet's tail has been put to a conclusive test. Twice during our century the earth has actually plunged directly through one of these threatening appendages, in 1819, and again in 1861, once being immersed to a depth of some 300,000 miles in its substance. Yet nothing dreadful happened to us. There was a peculiar glow in the atmosphere, so the more imaginative observers thought, and that was all. After such fiascoes, the cometary train could never again pose as a world-destroyer.

But the full measure of the comet's humiliation is not yet told. The pyrotechnic tail, composed as it is of portions of the comet's actual substance, is tribute paid the sun, and can never be recovered. Should the obeisance to the sun be many times repeated, the train-forming material will be exhausted, and the comet's chiefest glory will have departed. Such a fate has actually befallen a multitude of comets, which Jupiter and the other outlying planets have dragged into our system, and helped the sun to hold captive here. Many of these tailless comets were known to the eighteenth-century astronomers, but no one at that time suspected the true meaning of their condition. It was not even known how closely some of them are enchained, until the German astronomer Encke, in 1822, showed that one which he had rediscovered, and which has since borne his name, was moving in an orbit so contracted that it must complete its circuit in about three and a half years. Shortly

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afterwards another comet, revolving in a period of about six years, was discovered by Biela, and given his name. Only two more of these short-period comets were discovered during our first half-century, but latterly they have been shown to be a numerous family. Nearly twenty are known which the giant Jupiter holds so close that the utmost reach of their elliptical tether does not let them go beyond the orbit of Saturn. These aforetime wanderers have adapted themselves wonderfully to planetary customs, for all of them revolve in the same direction with the planets, and in planes not wide of the ecliptic.

Checked in their proud hyperbolic sweep, made captive in a planetary net, deprived of their trains, these quondam free lances of the heavens are now mere shadows of their former selves. Considered as to mere bulk, they are very substantial shadows, their extent being measured in hundreds of thousands of miles; but their actual mass is so slight that they are quite at the mercy of the gravitation pulls of their captors. And worse is in store for them. So persistently do sun and planets tug at them that they are doomed presently to be torn into shreds.

Such a fate has already overtaken one of them, under the very eyes of the astronomers, within the relatively short period during which these ill-fated comets have been observed. In 1832 Biela's comet passed quite near the earth, as astronomers measure distance, and in doing so created a panic on our planet. It did no greater harm than that, of course, and passed on its way as usual. The very next time it came within telescopic hail it was seen to have broken into two fragments. Six years later these fragments were separated by many millions of miles; and in 1852, when the comet was due again, astronomers looked for it in vain. It had been completely shattered.

What had become of the fragments? At that time no one positively knew. But the question was to be answered presently. It chanced that just at this period astronomers were paying much attention to a class of bodies which they had hitherto somewhat neglected, the familiar shooting-stars or meteors. The studies of Professor Newton of Yale and Professor Adams of Cambridge with particular reference to the great meteor-shower of November, 1866, which Professor Newton had predicted, and shown to be recurrent at intervals of thirty-three years, showed that meteors are not mere sporadic swarms of matter flying at random, but exist in isolated swarms, and sweep about the sun in regular elliptical orbits.

Presently it was shown by the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli that one of these meteor swarms moves in the orbit of a previously observed comet, and other coincidences of the kind were soon forthcoming. The conviction grew that meteor swarms are really the débris of comets; and this conviction became a practical certainty when, in November, 1872, the earth crossed the orbit of the ill-starred Biela, and a shower of meteors came whizzing into our atmosphere in lieu of the lost comet.

And so at last the full secret was out. The awe-inspiring comet, instead of being the planetary body it had all along been regarded, is really nothing more nor less than a great aggregation of meteoric particles, which have become clustered together out in space somewhere, and which by jostling one another or through electrical action become luminous. So widely are the individual particles separated that the cometary body as a whole has been estimated to be thousands of times less dense than the earth's atmosphere at sea-level. Hence the ease with which the comet may be dismembered and its particles strung out into streaming swarms.

So thickly is the space we traverse strewn with this cometary dust that the earth sweeps up, according to Professor Newcomb's estimate, a million tons of it each day. Each individual particle, perhaps no larger than a millet seed, becomes a shooting-star or meteor as it burns to vapor in the earth's upper atmosphere. And if one tiny planet sweeps up such masses of this cosmic matter, the amount of it in the entire stretch of our system must be beyond all estimate. What a story it tells of the myriads of cometary victims that have fallen prey to the sun since first he stretched his planetary net across the heavens!

III.

When Biela's comet gave the inhabitants of the earth such a fright in 1832 it really did not come within fifty millions of miles of us. Even the great comet through whose filmy tail the earth passed

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in 1861 was itself fourteen millions of miles away. The ordinary mind, schooled to measure space by the tiny stretches of a pygmy planet, cannot grasp the import of such distances; yet these are mere units of measure compared with the vast stretches of sidereal space. Were the comet which hurtles past us at a speed of, say, a hundred miles a second to continue its mad flight unchecked straight out into the void of space, it must fly on its frigid way eight thousand years before it could reach the very nearest of our neighbor stars; and even then it would have penetrated but a mere arm's-length into the vistas where lie the dozen or so of sidereal residents that are next beyond. Even to the trained mind such distances are only vaguely imaginable. Yet the astronomer of our century has reached out across this unthinkable void and brought back many a secret which our predecessors thought forever beyond human grasp.

A tentative assault upon this stronghold of the stars was being made by Herschel at the beginning of the century. In 1802 that greatest of observing astronomers announced to the Royal Society his discovery that certain double stars had changed their relative positions toward one another since he first carefully charted them twenty years before. Hitherto it had been supposed that double stars were mere optical effects. Now it became clear that some of them, at any rate, are true "binary systems," linked together presumably by gravitation, and revolving about one another. Halley had shown, three-quarters of a century before, that the stars have an actual or "proper" motion in space; Herschel himself had proved that the sun shares this motion with the other stars. Here was another shift of place, hitherto quite unsuspected, to be reckoned with by the astronomer in fathoming sidereal secrets.

When John Herschel, the only son and the worthy successor of the great astronomer, began star-gazing in earnest, after graduating senior wrangler at Cambridge, and making two or three tentative professional starts in other directions to which his versatile genius impelled him, his first extended work was the observation of his father's double stars. His studies, in which at first he had the collaboration of Mr. James South, brought to light scores of hitherto unrecognized pairs, and gave fresh data for the calculation of the orbits of those longer known. So also did the independent researches of F. G. W. Struve, the enthusiastic observer of the famous Russian observatory at the university of Dorpat, and subsequently at Pulkowa. Utilizing data gathered by these observers, M. Savary of Paris showed in 1827 that the observed elliptical orbits of the double stars are explicable by the ordinary laws of gravitation, thus confirming the assumption that Newton's laws apply to these sidereal bodies. Henceforth there could be no reason to doubt that the same force which holds terrestrial objects on our globe pulls at each and every particle of matter throughout the visible universe.

The pioneer explorers of the double stars early found that the systems into which the stars are linked are by no means confined to single pairs. Often three or four stars are found thus closely connected into gravitation systems; indeed, there are all gradations between binary systems and great clusters containing hundreds or even thousands of members. It is known, for example, that the familiar cluster of the Pleiades is not merely an optical grouping, as was formerly supposed, but an actual federation of associated stars, some 2500 in number, only a few of which are visible to the unaided eye. And the more carefully the motions of the stars are studied, the more evident it becomes that widely separated stars are linked together into infinitely complex systems, as yet but little understood. At the same time all instrumental advances tend to resolve more and more seemingly single stars into close pairs and minor clusters. The two Herschels between them discovered some thousands of these close multiple systems; Struve and others increased the list to above ten thousand; and Mr. S. W. Burnham, of late years the most enthusiastic and successful of double-star pursuers, added a thousand new discoveries while he was still an amateur in astronomy, and by profession the stenographer of a Chicago court. Clearly the actual number of multiple stars is beyond all present estimate.

The elder Herschel's early studies of double stars were undertaken in the hope that these objects might aid him in ascertaining the actual distance of a star, through measurement of its annual parallax; that is to say, of the angle

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which the diameter of the earth's orbit would subtend as seen from the star. The expectation was not fulfilled. The apparent shift of position of a star as viewed from opposite sides of the earth's orbit, from which the parallax might be estimated, is so extremely minute that it proved utterly inappreciable, even to the almost preternaturally acute vision of Herschel, with the aid of any instrumental means then at command. So the problem of star distance allured and eluded him to the end, and he died in 1822 without seeing it even in prospect of solution. His estimate of the minimum distance of the nearest star, based though it was on the fallacious test of apparent brilliancy, was a singularly sagacious one, but it was at best a scientific guess, not a scientific measurement.

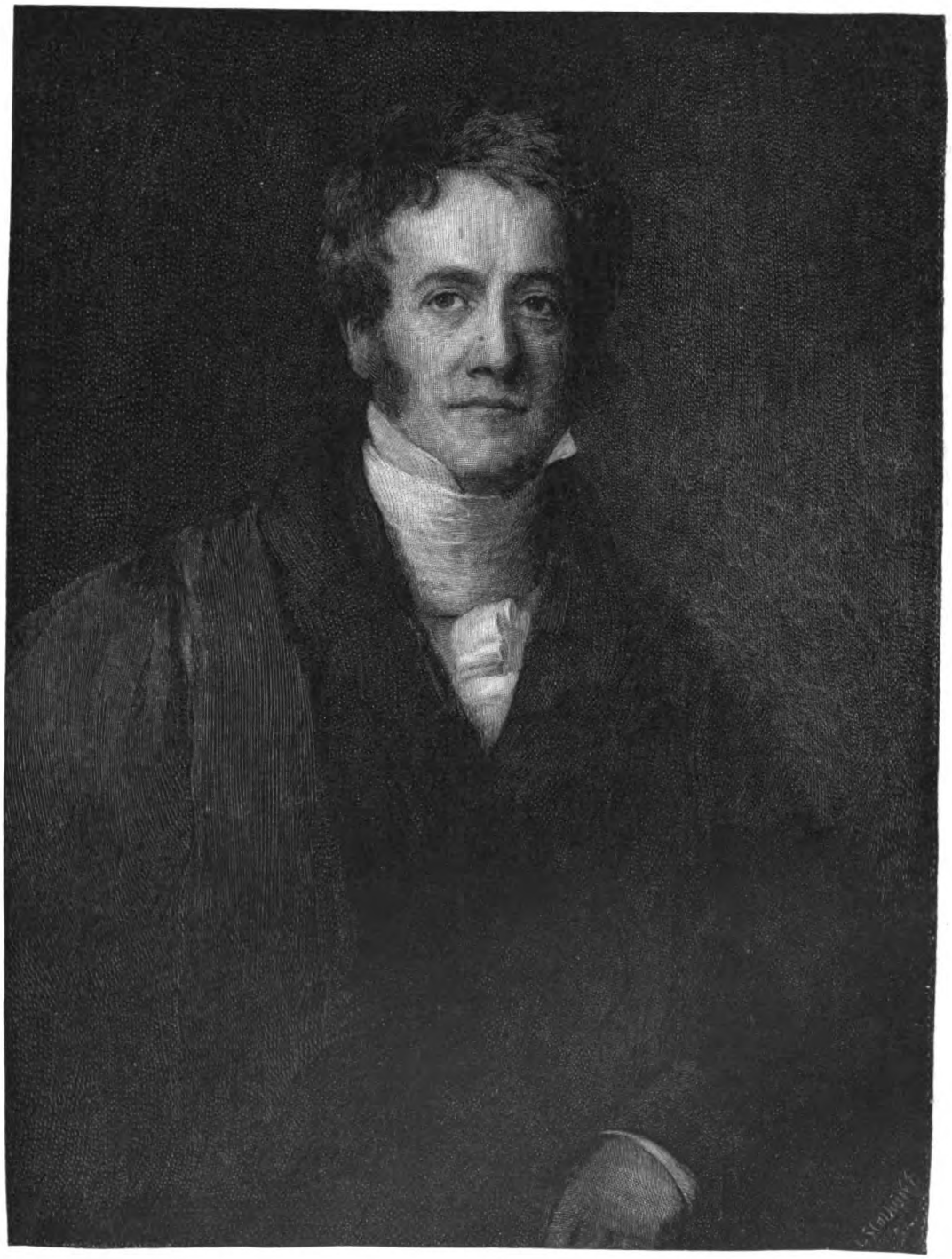
Just about this time, however, a great optician came to the aid of the astronomers. Joseph Fraunhofer perfected the refracting telescope, as Herschel had perfected the reflector, and invented a wonderfully accurate "heliometer," or sun-measurer. With the aid of these instruments the old and almost infinitely difficult problem of star distance was solved. In 1838 Bessel announced from the Königsberg observatory that he had succeeded, after months of effort, in detecting and measuring the parallax of a star. Similar claims had been made often enough before, always to prove fallacious when put to further test; but this time the announcement carried the authority of one of the greatest astronomers of the age, and scepticism was silenced.

Nor did Bessel's achievement long await corroboration. Indeed, as so often happens in fields of discovery, two other workers had almost simultaneously solved the same problem—Struve at Pulkowa, where the great Russian observatory, which so long held the palm over all others, had now been established; and Thomas Henderson, then working at the Cape of Good Hope, but afterward the Astronomer Royal of Scotland. Henderson's observations had actual precedence in point of time, but Bessel's measurements were so much more numerous and authoritative that he has been uniformly considered as deserving the chief credit of the discovery, which priority of publication secured him.

By an odd chance, the star on which Henderson's observations were made, and consequently the first star the parallax of which was ever measured, is our nearest neighbor in sidereal space, being, indeed, some ten billions of miles nearer than the one next beyond. Yet even this nearest star is more than 200,000 times as remote from us as the sun. The sun's light flashes to the earth in eight minutes, and to Neptune in about half an hour, but it requires three and a half years to signal Alpha Centauri. And as for the great majority of the stars, had they been blotted out of existence before the Christian era, we of to-day should still receive their light and seem to see them just as we do. When we look up to the sky, we study ancient history; we do not see the stars as they *are*, but as they *were* years, centuries, even millennia ago.

The information derived from the parallax of a star by no means halts with the disclosure of the distance of that body. Distance known, the proper motion of the star, hitherto only to be reckoned as so many seconds of arc, may readily be translated into actual speed of progress; relative brightness becomes absolute lustre, as compared with the sun; and in the case of the double stars the absolute mass of the components may be computed from the laws of gravitation. It is found that stars differ enormously among themselves in all these regards. As to speed, some, like our sun, barely creep through space—compassing ten or twenty miles a second, it is true, yet even at that rate only passing through the equivalent of their own diameter in a day. At the other extreme, among measured stars, is one that moves 200 miles a second; yet even this "flying star," as seen from the earth, seems to change its place by only about three and a half lunar diameters in a thousand years. In brightness, some stars yield to the sun, while others surpass him as the arc-light surpasses a candle. Arcturus, the brightest measured star, shines like two hundred suns; and even this giant orb is dim beside those other stars which are so distant that their parallax cannot be measured, yet which greet our eyes at first magnitude. As to actual bulk, of which apparent lustre furnishes no adequate test, some stars are smaller than the sun, while others exceed him hundreds or perhaps thousands of times. Yet one and all, so distant are they, remain mere diskless points of light before the utmost powers of the modern telescope.

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SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

From the painting by H. W. Pickersgill, R. A., in St. John's College, Cambridge.

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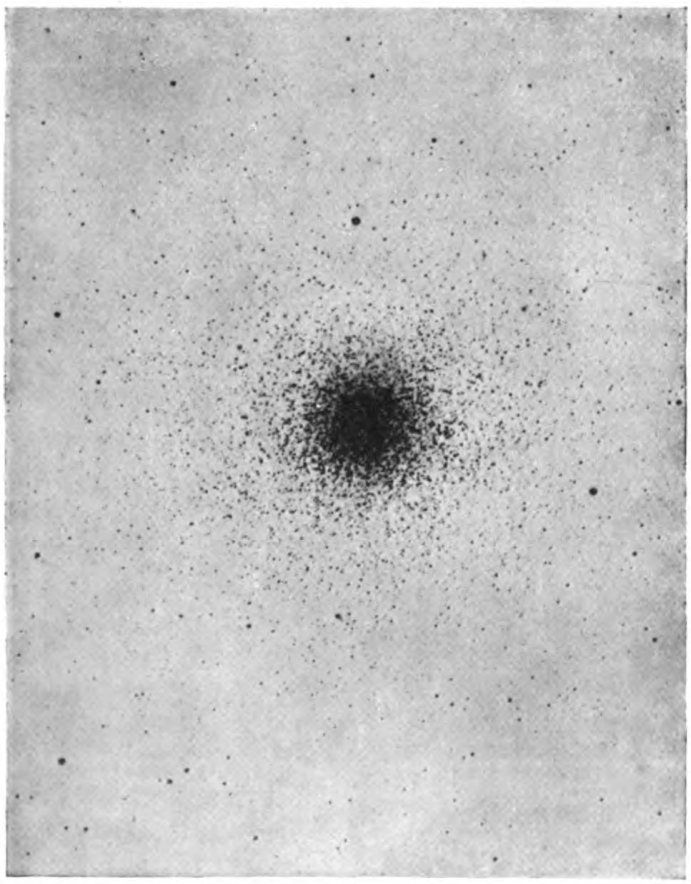
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All this seems wonderful enough, but even greater things were in store. In 1859 the spectroscope came upon the scene, perfected by Kirchhoff and Bunsen, along lines pointed out by Fraunhofer almost half a century before. That marvelous instrument, by revealing the telltale lines sprinkled across a prismatic spectrum, discloses the chemical nature and physical condition of any substance whose light is submitted to it, telling its story equally well, provided the light be strong enough, whether the luminous substance be near or far—in the same room or at the confines of space. Clearly such an instrument must prove a veritable magic wand in the hands of the astronomer.

Very soon eager astronomers all over the world were putting the spectroscope to the test. Kirchhoff himself led the way, and Donati and Father Secchi in Italy, Huggins and Miller in England, and Rutherfurd in America, were the chief of his immediate followers. The results exceeded the dreams of the most visionary. At the very outset, in 1860, it was shown that such common terrestrial substances as sodium, iron, calcium, magnesium, nickel, barium, copper, and zinc exist in the form of glowing vapors in the sun, and very soon the stars gave up a corresponding secret. Since then the work of solar and sidereal analysis has gone on steadily in the hands of a multitude of workers (prominent among whom, in this country, are Professor Young of Princeton, Professor Langley of Washington, and Professor Pickering of Harvard), and more than half the known terrestrial elements have been definitely located in the sun, while fresh discoveries are in prospect.

It is true the sun also contains some seeming elements that are unknown on the earth, but this is no matter for surprise. The modern chemist makes no claim for his elements except that they have thus far resisted all human efforts to dissociate them; it would be nothing strange if some of them, when subjected to the crucible of the sun, which is seen to vaporize iron, nickel, silicon, should fail to withstand the test. But again, chemistry has by no means exhausted the resources of the earth's supply of raw material, and the substance which sends its message from a star may exist undiscovered in the dust we tread or in the air we breathe. Only last year two new terrestrial elements were discovered; but one of these had for years been known to the astronomer as a solar and suspected as a stellar element, and named helium because of its abundance in the sun. The spectroscope had reached out millions of miles into space and brought back this new element, and it took the chemist a score of years to discover that he had all along had samples of the same substance unrecognized in his sublunary laboratory. There is hardly a more pictur-

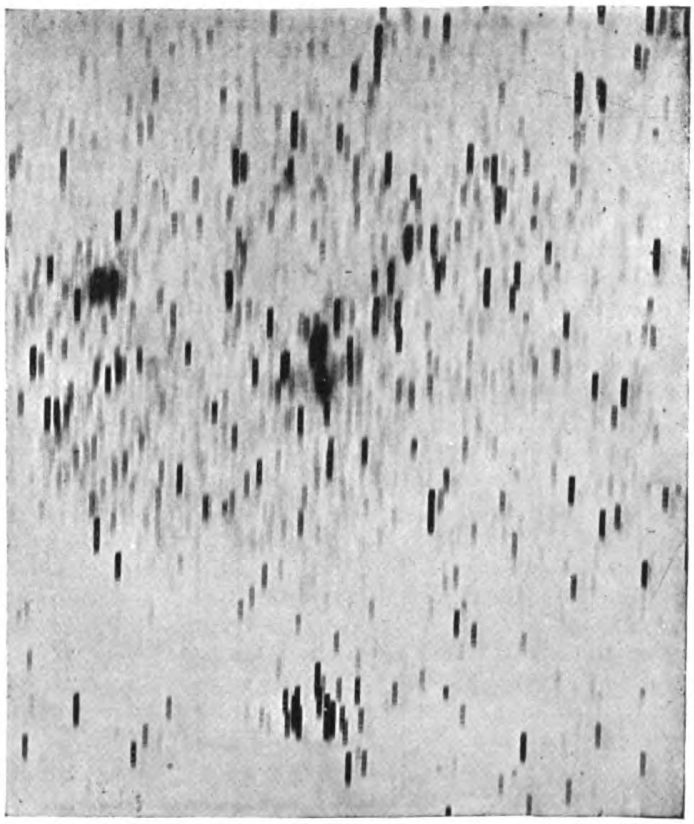


A TYPICAL STAR CLUSTER—CENTAURI

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esque fact than that in the entire history of science.

But the identity in substance of earth and sun and stars was not more clearly shown than the diversity of their existing physical conditions. It was seen that sun and stars, far from being the cool, earthlike, habitable bodies that Herschel thought them (surrounded by glowing clouds, and protected from undue heat by other clouds), are in truth seething caldrons of fiery liquid, or gas made viscid by condensation, with lurid envelopes of belching flames. It was soon made clear, also, particularly by the studies of Rutherfurd and of Secchi, that stars differ among themselves in exact constitution or condition. There are white or Sirian stars, whose spectrum revels in the lines of hydrogen; yellow or solar stars (our sun being the type), showing various metallic vapors; and sundry red stars, with banded spectra indicative of carbon compounds; besides, the purely gaseous stars of more recent discovery, which Professor Pickering has specially studied. Zöllner's famous interpretation of these diversities, as indicative of varying stages of cooling, has been called in question as to the exact sequence it postulates, but the general proposition that stars exist under widely varying conditions of temperature is hardly in dispute.



SPECTRA OF STARS IN CARINA.

The assumption that different star types mark varying stages of cooling has the further support of modern physics, which has been unable to demonstrate any way in which the sun's radiated energy may be restored, or otherwise made perpetual, since meteoric impact has been shown to be—under existing conditions at any rate—inadequate. In accordance with the theory of Helmholtz, the chief supply of solar energy is held to be contraction of the solar mass itself, and plainly this must have its limits. Therefore, unless some means as yet unrecognized is restoring the lost energy to the stellar bodies, each of them must gradually lose its lustre, and come to a condition of solidification, seeming sterility, and frigid darkness. In the case of our own particular star, according to the estimate of Lord Kelvin, such a culmination appears likely to occur within a period of five or six million years.

But by far the strongest support of such a forecast as this is furnished by those stellar bodies which even now appear to have cooled to the final stage of star development and ceased to shine. Of this class examples in miniature are furnished by the earth and the smaller of its companion planets. But there are larger bodies of the same type out in stellar space—veritable "dark stars"—invisible, of course, yet nowadays clearly recognized.

The opening up of this "astronomy of the invisible" is another of the great achievements of our century, and again it is Bessel to whom the honor of discov-

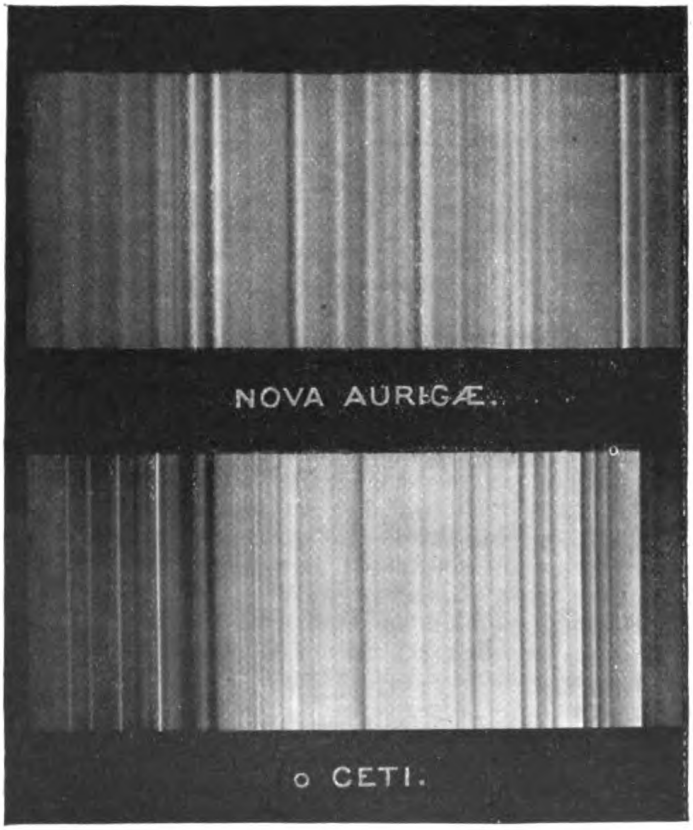
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ery is due. While testing his stars for parallax, that astute observer was led to infer, from certain unexplained aberrations of motion, that various stars, Sirius himself among the number, are accompanied by invisible companions, and in 1840 he definitely predicated the existence of such "dark stars." The correctness of the inference was shown twenty years later, when Alvan Clark, Jun., the American optician, while testing a new lens, discovered the companion of Sirius, which proved thus to be faintly luminous. Since then the existence of other and quite invisible star companions has been proved incontestably, not merely by renewed telescopic observations, but by the curious testimony of the ubiquitous spectroscope.

One of the most surprising accomplishments of that instrument is the power to record the flight of a luminous object directly in the line of vision. If the luminous body approaches swiftly, its Fraunhofer lines are shifted from their normal position toward the violet end of the spectrum; if it recedes, the lines shift in the opposite direction. The actual motion of stars whose distance is unknown may be measured in this way. But in certain cases the light lines are seen to oscillate on the spectrum at regular intervals. Obviously the star sending such light is alternately approaching and receding, and the inference that it is revolving about a companion is unavoidable. From this extraordinary test the orbital distance, relative mass, and actual speed of revolution of the absolutely invisible body may be determined. Thus the spectroscope, which deals only with light, makes paradoxical excursions into the realm of the invisible. What secrets may the stars hope to conceal when questioned by an instrument of such necromantic power?

IV.

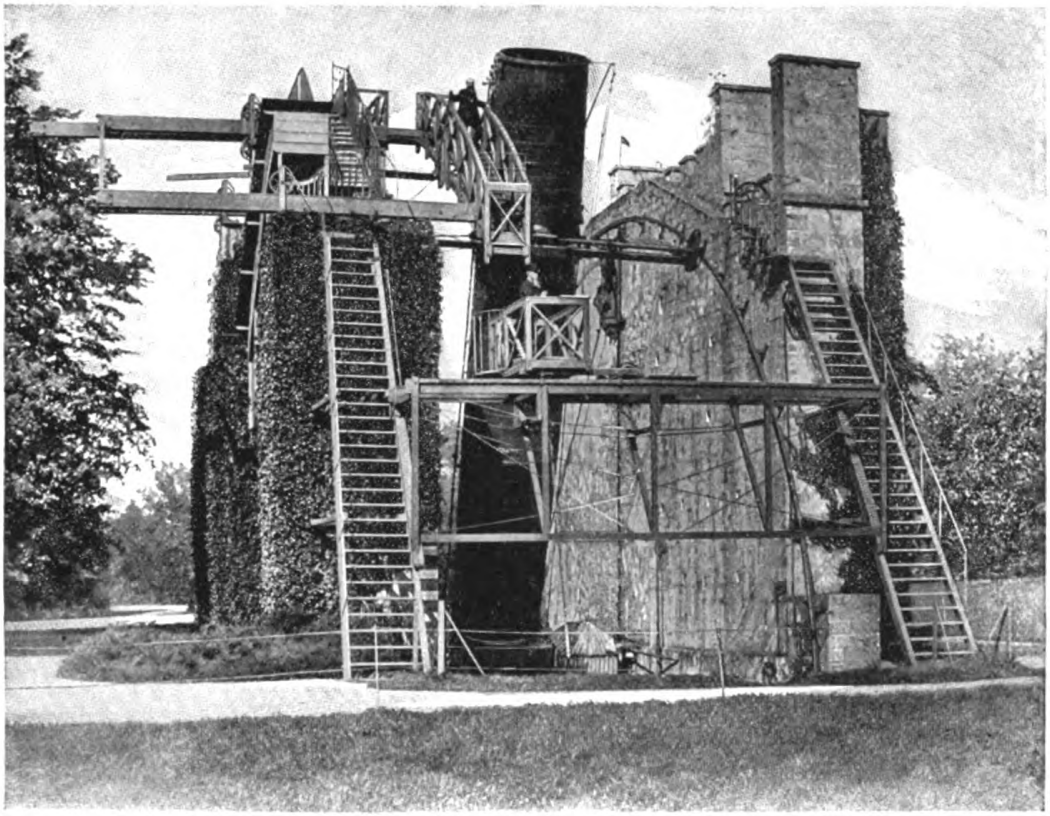
But the spectroscope is not alone in this audacious assault upon the strongholds of nature. It has a worthy companion and assistant in the photographic film, whose efficient aid has been invoked by the astronomer even more recently. Pioneer work in celestial photography was, indeed, done by Arago in France and by the elder Draper in America in 1839, but the results then achieved were only tentative, and it was not till forty years later that the method assumed really important proportions. In 1880 Dr. Henry Draper, at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, made the first successful photograph of a nebula. Soon after, Dr. David Gill, at the Cape observatory, made fine photographs of a comet, and the flecks of starlight on his plates first suggested the possibilities of this method in charting the heavens.



STAR SPECTRA.

Since then star-charting with the film has come to virtually supersede the old method. A concerted effort is being made by astronomers in various parts of the world to make a complete chart of the heavens, and before the close of our century this work will be accomplished, some fifty

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LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.
From a photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin.

or sixty millions of visible stars being placed on record with a degree of accuracy hitherto unapproachable. Moreover, other millions of stars are brought to light by the negative which are too distant or dim to be visible with any telescopic powers yet attained—a fact which wholly discredits all previous inferences as to the limits of our sidereal system. Hence, notwithstanding the wonderful instrumental advances of our century, knowledge of the exact form and extent of our universe seems more unattainable than it seemed a century ago.

Yet the new instruments, while leaving so much untold, have revealed some vastly important secrets of cosmic structure. In particular, they have set at rest the long-standing doubts as to the real structure and position of the mysterious nebulæ—those hazy masses, only two or three of them visible to the unaided eye, which the telescope reveals in almost limitless abundance, scattered everywhere among the stars, but grouped in particular about the poles of the stellar stream or disc which we call the Milky Way.

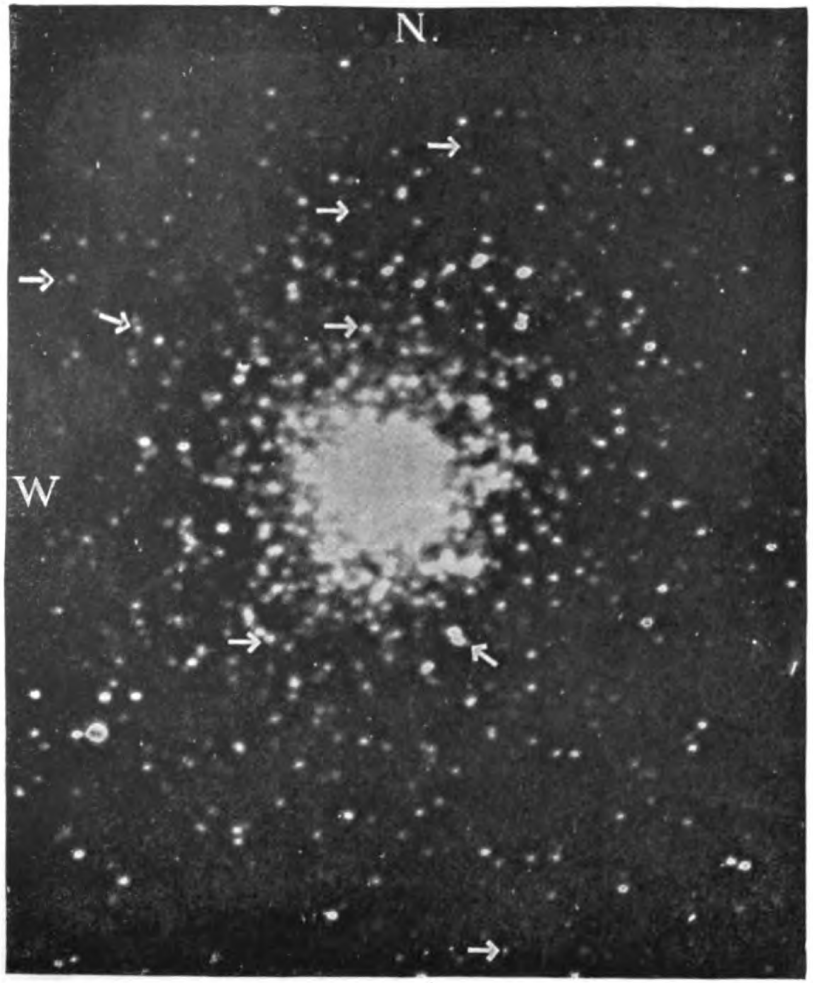
Herschel's later view, which held that some at least of the nebulæ are composed of a "shining fluid," in process of condensation to form stars, was generally accepted for almost half a century. But in 1844, when Lord Rosse's great six-foot reflector—the largest telescope ever yet constructed—was turned on the nebulæ, it made this hypothesis seem very doubtful. Just as Galileo's first lens had resolved the Milky Way into stars, just as Herschel had resolved nebulæ that resisted all instruments but his own, so Lord Rosse's even greater reflector resolved others that would not yield to Herschel's largest mirror. It seemed a fair inference that with sufficient power, perhaps some day to be attained, all nebulæ would yield, hence that all are in reality what Herschel had at first thought them—vastly distant "island universes," composed of aggregations of stars, comparable to our own galactic system.

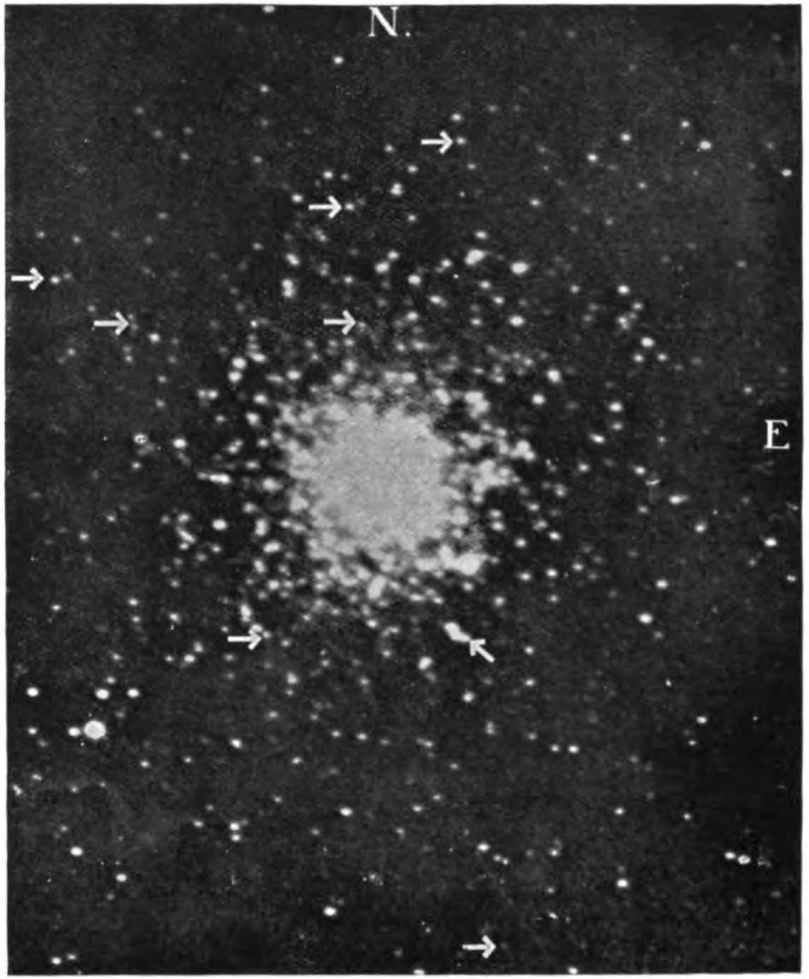
But the inference was wrong; for when the spectroscope was first applied to a nebula in 1864, by Dr. Huggins, it clearly showed the spectrum not of discrete stars,

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NO. 1 —SIDEREAL TIME, 15 HOURS, 50 MINUTES.

NO. 2.—SIDEREAL TIME, 17 HOURS, 50 MINUTES.

From photographs made at the Harvard College observatory, Arequipa, Peru, August 9, 1895, of Messier 5, Libra, showing variations of brightness in certain stars indicated by the arrows.

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but of a great mass of glowing gases, hydrogen among others. More extended studies showed, it is true, that some nebulæ give the continuous spectrum of solids or liquids, but the different types intermingle and grade into one another. Also, the closest affinity is shown between nebulæ and stars. Some nebulæ are found to contain stars, singly or in groups, in their actual midst; certain condensed "planetary" nebulæ are scarcely to be distinguished from stars of the gaseous type; and recently the photographic film has shown the presence of nebulous matter about stars that to telescopic vision differ in no respect from the generality of their fellows in the galaxy. The familiar stars of the Pleiades cluster, for example, appear on the negative immersed in a hazy blur of light. All in all, the accumulated impressions of the photographic film reveal a prodigality of nebulous matter in the stellar system not hitherto even conjectured.

And so, of course, all question of "island universes" vanishes, and the nebulæ are relegated to their true position as component parts of the one stellar system—the one universe—that is open to present human inspection. And these vast clouds of world-stuff have been found by Professor Keeler, of the Lick Observatory, to be floating through space at the starlike speed of from ten to thirty-eight miles per second.

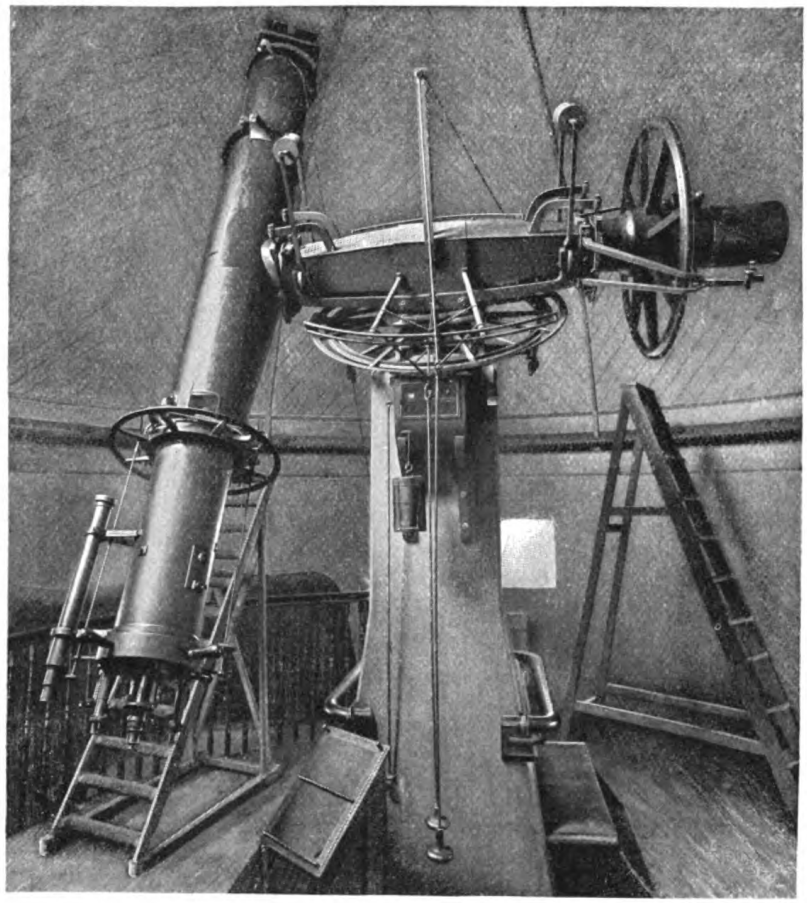
The linking of nebulæ with stars, so clearly evidenced by all these modern observations, is, after all, only the scientific corroboration of what the elder Herschel's later theories affirmed. But the nebulæ have other affinities not until recently suspected; for the spectra of some of them are practically identical with the spectra of certain comets. The conclusion seems warranted that comets are in point of fact minor nebulæ that are drawn into our system; or, putting it otherwise, that the telescopic nebulæ are simply gigantic distant comets.

Following up the surprising clews thus suggested, Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, of London, has in recent years elaborated what is perhaps the most comprehensive cosmogonic guess that has ever been attempted. His theory, known as the "meteoric hypothesis," probably bears the same relation to the speculative thought of our time that the nebular hypothesis of Laplace bore to that of the eighteenth century. Outlined in a few words, it is an attempt to explain all the major phenomena of the universe as due, directly or indirectly, to the gravitational impact of such meteoric particles, or specks of cosmic dust, as comets are composed of. Nebulæ are vast cometary clouds, with particles more or less widely separated, giving off gases through meteoric collisions, internal or external, and perhaps glowing also with electrical or phosphorescent light. Gravity eventually brings the nebular particles into closer aggregations, and increased collisions finally vaporize the entire mass, forming planetary nebulæ and gaseous stars. Continued condensation may make the stellar mass hotter and more luminous for a time, but eventually leads to its liquefaction, and ultimate consolidation — the aforetime nebula becoming in the end a dark or planetary star.

The exact correlation which Mr. Lockyer attempts to point out between successive stages of meteoric condensation and the various types of observed stellar bodies does not meet with unanimous acceptance. Mr. Lanyard, for example, suggests that the visible nebulæ may not be nascent stars, but emanations from stars, and that the true pre-stellar nebulæ are invisible until condensed to stellar proportions. But such details aside, the broad general hypothesis that all the bodies of the universe are, so to speak, of a single species—that nebulæ (including comets), stars of all types, and planets, are but varying stages in the life history of a single race or type of cosmic organisms — is accepted by the dominant thought of our time as having the highest warrant of scientific probability.

All this, clearly, is but an amplification of that nebular hypothesis which, long before the spectroscope gave us warrant to accurately judge our sidereal neighbors, had boldly imagined the development of stars out of nebulæ and of planets out of stars. But Mr. Lockyer's hypothesis does not stop with this. Having traced the developmental process from the nebula to the dark star, it sees no cause to abandon this dark star to its fate by assuming, as the original speculation assumed, that this is a culminating and final stage of cosmic existence. For the dark star, though its molecular activities have come to relative stability and impotence, still retains the enormous po-

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THE OXFORD HELIOMETER.

tentialities of molar motion; and clearly, where motion is, stasis is not. Sooner or later, in its ceaseless flight through space, the dark star must collide with some other stellar body, as Dr. Croll imagines of the dark bodies which his "pre-nebular theory" postulates. Such collision may be long delayed; the dark star may be drawn in cometlike circuit about thousands of other stellar masses, and be hurtled on thousands of diverse parabolic or elliptical orbits, before it chances to collide —but that matters not: "billions are the units in the arithmetic of eternity," and sooner or later, we can hardly doubt, a collision must occur. Then without question the mutual impact must shatter both colliding bodies into vapor, or vapor combined with meteoric fragments; in short, into a veritable nebula, the matrix of future worlds. Thus the dark star, which is the last term of one series of cosmic changes, becomes the first term of another.

In this extended view, nebulæ and luminous stars are but the infantile and adolescent stages of the life history of the cosmic individual; the dark star, its adult stage, or time of true virility. Or we may think of the shrunken dark star as the germ-cell, the pollen-grain, of the cosmic organism. Reduced in size, as becomes a germ-cell, to a mere fraction of the nebular body from which it sprang, it yet retains within its seemingly non-vital body all the potentialities of the original organism, and requires only to blend with a fellow-cell to bring a new generation into being. Thus may the cosmic race, whose aggregate census makes up the stellar universe, be perpetuated—individual solar systems, such as ours, being born, and growing old, and dying to live again in their descendants, while the universe as a whole maintains its unified integrity throughout all these internal mutations—passing on, it may be, by infinitesimal stages, to a culmination hopelessly beyond human comprehension.

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PERDITA.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

I.—ALFALFA RANCH.

ALFALFA RANCH, low, wide, with spreading verandas all overgrown by roses and woodbine, and commanding on all sides a wide view of the rolling alfalfa-fields, was a most bewitching place for a young couple to spend the first few months of their married life. So Jack and I were naturally much delighted when Aunt Agnes asked us to consider it our own for as long as we chose. The ranch, in spite of its distance from the nearest town, surrounded as it was by the prairies, and without a neighbor within a three-mile radius, was yet luxuriously fitted with all the modern conveniences. Aunt Agnes was a rich young widow, and had built the place after her husband's death, intending to live there with her child, to whom she transferred all the wealth of devotion she had lavished on her husband. The child, however, had died when only three years old, and Aunt Agnes, as soon as she recovered sufficient strength, had left Alfalfa Ranch, intending never to visit the place again. All this had happened nearly ten years ago, and the widow, relinquishing all the advantages her youth and beauty, quite as much as her wealth, could give her, had devoted herself to work amidst the poor of New York.

At my wedding, which she heartily approved, and where to a greater extent than ever before she cast off the almost morbid quietness which had grown habitual with her, she seemed particularly anxious that Jack and I should accept the loan of Alfalfa Ranch, apparently having an odd idea that the power of our happiness would somehow lift the cloud of sorrow which, in her mind, brooded over the place. I had not been strong, and Jack was overjoyed at such an opportunity of taking me into the country. High as our expectations were, the beauty of the place far exceeded them all. What color! What glorious sunsets! And the long rides we took, seeming to be utterly tireless in that fresh sweet air!

One afternoon I sat on the veranda at the western wing of the house. The veranda here was broader than elsewhere, and it was reached only by a flight of steps leading up from the lawn on one side, and by a door opposite these steps that opened into Jack's study. The rest of this veranda was enclosed by a high railing, and by wire nettings so thickly overgrown with vines that the place was always very shady. I sat near the steps, where I could watch the sweep of the great shadows thrown by the clouds that were sailing before the west wind. Jack was inside, writing, and now and then he would say something to me through the open window. As I sat, lost in delight at the beauty of the view and the sweetness of the flower-scented air, I marvelled that Aunt Agnes could ever have left so charming a spot. "She must still love it," I thought, getting up to move my chair to where I might see still further over the prairies, "and some time she will come back—" At this moment I happened to glance to the further end of the veranda, and there I saw, to my amazement, a little child seated on the floor, playing with the shifting shadows of the tangled creepers. It was a little girl in a daintily embroidered white dress, with golden curls around her baby head. As I still gazed, she suddenly turned, with a roguish toss of the yellow hair, and fixed her serious blue eyes on me.

"Baby!" I cried. "Where did you come from? Where's your mamma, darling?" And I took a step towards her.

"What's that, Silvia?" called Jack from within. I turned my head and saw him sitting at his desk.

"Come quick, Jack; there's the loveliest baby—" I turned back to the child, looked, blinked, and at this moment Jack stepped out beside me.

"Baby?" he inquired. "What on earth are you talking about, Silvia dearest?"

"Why, but—" I exclaimed. "There *was* one! How did she get away? She was sitting right there when I called."

"A *baby!*" repeated my husband. "My dear, babies don't appear and disappear like East-Indian magicians. You have been napping, and are trying to conceal the shameful fact."

"Jack," I said, decisively, "don't you suppose I know a baby when I see one? She was sitting right there, playing with

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the shadows, and I— It's certainly very queer!"

Jack grinned. "Go and put on your habit," he replied; "the horses will be here in ten minutes. And remember that when you have accounted for her disappearance, her presence still remains to be explained. Or perhaps you think Wah Sing produced her from his sleeve?"

I laughed. Wah Sing was our Chinese cook, and more apt, I thought, to put something up his sleeve than to take anything out.

"I suppose I *was* dreaming," I said, "though I could almost as well believe I had only dreamed our marriage."

"Or rather," observed Jack, "that our marriage had only dreamed us."

II.—SHADOWS.

ABOUT a week later I received a letter from Aunt Agnes. Among other things, chiefly relating to New York's slums, she said:

"I am in need of rest, and if you and Jack could put up with me for a few days, I believe I should like to get back to the old place. As you know, I have always dreaded a return there, but lately I seem somehow to have lost that dread. I feel that the time has come for me to be there again, and I am sure you will not mind me."

Most assuredly we would not mind her. We sat in the moonlight that night on the veranda, Jack swinging my hammock slowly, and talked of Aunt Agnes. The moon silvered the waving alfalfa, and sifted through the twisted vines that fenced us in, throwing intricate and ever-changing patterns on the smooth flooring. There was a hum of insects in the air, and the soft wind ever and anon blew a fleecy cloud over the moon, dimming for a moment her serene splendor.

"Who knows?" said Jack, lighting another cigar. "This may be a turning-point in Aunt Agnes's life, and she may once more be something like the sunny, happy girl your mother describes. She is beautiful, and she is yet young. It may mean the beginning of a new life for her."

"Yes," I answered. "It isn't right that her life should always be shadowed by that early sorrow. She is so lovely, and could be so happy. Now that she has taken the first step, there is no reason why she shouldn't go on."

"We'll do what we can to help her," responded my husband. "Let me fix your cushions, darling; they have slipped." He rose to do so, and suddenly stood still, facing the further end of the veranda. His expression was so peculiar that I turned, following the direction of his eyes, even before his smothered exclamation of "Silvia, look there!" reached me.

Standing in the fluttering moonlight and shadows was the same little girl I had seen already. She still wore white, and her tangled curls floated shining around her head. She seemed to be smiling, and slightly shook her head at us.

"What does it mean, Jack?" I whispered, slipping out of the hammock.

"How did she get there? Come!" said he, and we walked hastily towards the little thing, who again shook her head. Just at this moment another cloud obscured the moon for a few seconds, and though in the uncertain twilight I fancied I still saw her, yet when the cloud passed she was not to be found.

III.—PERDITA.

AUNT AGNES certainly did look as though she needed rest. She seemed very frail, and the color had entirely left her face. But her curling hair was as golden as ever, and her figure as girlish and graceful. She kissed me tenderly, and kept my hand in hers as she wandered over the house and took long looks across the prairie.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she asked, softly. "Just the place to be happy in! I've always had a strange fancy that I should be happy here again some day, and now I feel as though that day had almost come. You are happy, aren't you, dear?"

I looked at Jack, and felt the tears coming to my eyes. "Yes, I am happy. I did not know one could be so happy," I answered, after a moment.

Aunt Agnes smiled her sweet smile and kissed me again. "God bless you and your Jack! You almost make me feel young again."

"As though you could possibly feel anything else," I retorted, laughing. "You little humbug, to pretend you are old!" and slipping my arm round her waist, for we had always been dear friends, I walked off to chat with her in her room.

We took a ride that afternoon, for Aunt Agnes wanted another gallop over

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that glorious prairie. The exercise and the perfect afternoon brought back the color to her cheeks.

"I think I shall be much better to-morrow," she observed, as we trotted home. "What a country this is, and what horses!" slipping her hand down her mount's glossy neck. "I did right to come back here. I do not believe I will go away again." And she smiled on Jack and me, who laughed, and said she would find it a difficult thing to attempt.

We all three came out on the veranda to see the sunset. It was always a glorious sight, but this evening it was more than usually magnificent. Immense rays of pale blue and pink spread over the sky, and the clouds, which stretched in horizontal masses, glowed rose and golden. The whole sky was luminous and tender, and seemed to tremble with light.

We sat silent, looking at the sky and at the shadowy grass that seemed to meet it. Slowly the color deepened and faded.

"There can never be a lovelier evening," said Aunt Agnes, with a sigh.

"Don't say that," replied Jack. "It is only the beginning of even more perfect ones."

Aunt Agnes rose with a slight shiver. "It grows chilly when the sun goes," she murmured, and turned lingeringly to enter the house. Suddenly she gave a startled exclamation. Jack and I jumped up and looked at her. She stood with both hands pressed to her heart, looking—

"The child again," said Jack, in a low voice, laying his hand on my arm.

He was right. There in the gathering shadow stood the little girl in the white dress. Her hands were stretched towards us, and her lips parted in a smile. A belated gleam of sunlight seemed to linger in her hair.

"Perdita!" cried Aunt Agnes, in a voice that shook with a kind of terrible joy. Then, with a stifled sob, she ran forward and sank before the baby, throwing her arms about her. The little girl leaned back her golden head and looked at Aunt Agnes with her great, serious eyes. Then she flung both baby arms round her neck, and lifted her sweet mouth—

Jack and I turned away, looking at each other with tears in our eyes. A slight sound made us turn back. Aunt Agnes had fallen forward to the floor, and the child was nowhere to be seen.

We rushed up, and Jack raised my aunt in his arms and carried her into the house. But she was quite dead. The little child we never saw again.

THE UNRETURNING.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EARTH, knowing not eld, in thy youth all divine,
Though the ages unceasing are evermore thine,
Once more be birth-thrilled, until forth from thy womb
Throng the myriad forms of the world's waking bloom.

For the sweet o' the year, great Earth-mother, is here,
And lo! on the uplands the flowers appear,
And blithe is the wing, and the song it is glad,
And our yearning hearts only are heavy and sad.

Earth, mother undying, thy tender arms keep
So safe in thy bosom the dear things asleep,
So strong is thy pulse-beat to bid them again
Know battle and conquest, and hunger and pain,

The insistence of growth, the fair crown of the leaf,
The fruit in its ripeness, the rich bending sheaf—
Earth, this thou canst do, yet our dearer loves go,
And return not again from their beds hollowed low.

Our hearts are nigh breaking with bliss and with dole;
In the midst of the rapture, how lonely the soul!
Comes the bird to the green bough, the bud to the tree,
But not from the darkness my darlings to me.

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MR. HENRY G. MARQUAND.

BY E. A. ALEXANDER.

ALTHOUGH art in the United States started out in the beginning with such men as Gilbert Stuart, Copley, Trumbull, and others almost as well known to lead it, men well worthy to be ranked with the best painters of their time in the Old World, and although it appears from the number of their productions that they were liberally patronized by our educated classes, no efforts seem to have been made to cultivate or foster the æsthetic taste of our people during the early years of our existence as a nation.

An English gentleman visiting New York in 1796 writes the following account of the only New York museum: "After breakfast I walked to the museum, the only kind of exhibition yet to be seen in America. It was older and more extensive than the one at Philadelphia. It consisted principally of shells and fossils and arms and dresses of the Indian tribes. There was also a machine said to exhibit perpetual motion.... I was sorry," adds the writer, after minutely describing this machine, "I had no Eastern curiosity for this collection."*

The fact that this collection of curiosities was the only public exhibition then existing in New York is easily explained when we remember the period of storm and stress through which the young republic passed during the years that immediately followed the close of the Revolutionary war, a period when the attention of all our most intelligent citizens was fully occupied in the arduous task of permanently building up the nation.

Immense labor was involved in the accomplishment of this task, and this sufficiently accounts for the public neglect of the fine arts; but it is much harder to account for the subsequent lapse of taste in a people who began so well, or how, having before them as models the simplicity and elegance of our so-called Colonial architecture, and the refinement and dignity that lent interest to even the inferior painters of the early school, they could give us in their place for architecture the hideous mansarded and cupolaed constructions that in some places still disfigure our landscape and streets, where monotonously ugly façades of brownstone are only broken by that modern monstrosity the high stoop; and for art were satisfied with the vapid productions of the intermediate school, or sugary copies of famous pictures—copies that offered scarcely a hint of the great originals.

Even in New York no general awakening to the importance of having something better than a museum of shells and curiosities seems to have taken place for thirty or forty years after the Englishman's visit, when an unsuccessful attempt was made to form a gallery of fine arts in the Rotunda near the City Hall. Later the National Academy was founded, but this institution did not include a permanent collection of works of art, and was established principally to give instruction; and with these exceptions the cause of art languished, finding encouragement only in the patronage of a few cultivated persons whose eyes were slowly opening to the importance of educating a taste for the beautiful as well as the practical in our rapidly developing people.

Up to this time the few valuable paintings and art objects that were owned in this country belonged either to individuals or clubs, and were nearly if not wholly inaccessible to the general public.

The first really important step in the city's æsthetic education was taken when, in November, 1869, a group of influential men met together and appointed a committee of fifty, which was afterwards increased to one hundred and sixteen, and from the work of this body the association known as the Metropolitan Museum of Art was organized.

These gentlemen purposed to establish an institution which would eventually combine the functions of the British National Gallery and the art departments of the British and South Kensington museums—a representative museum of fine art applied to industry. The idea of such an institution seems to have originated with the Hon. John Jay, and it was owing to his personal influence with members of the Union League Club that the movement towards organization was started. The institution was legally incorporated in April, 1870, and in April, 1871, the Legis-

* This letter was quoted by Mr. Marquand in one of his inaugural speeches at the Metropolitan Museum.

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HENRY G. MARQUAND.

From the painting by John W. Alexander.

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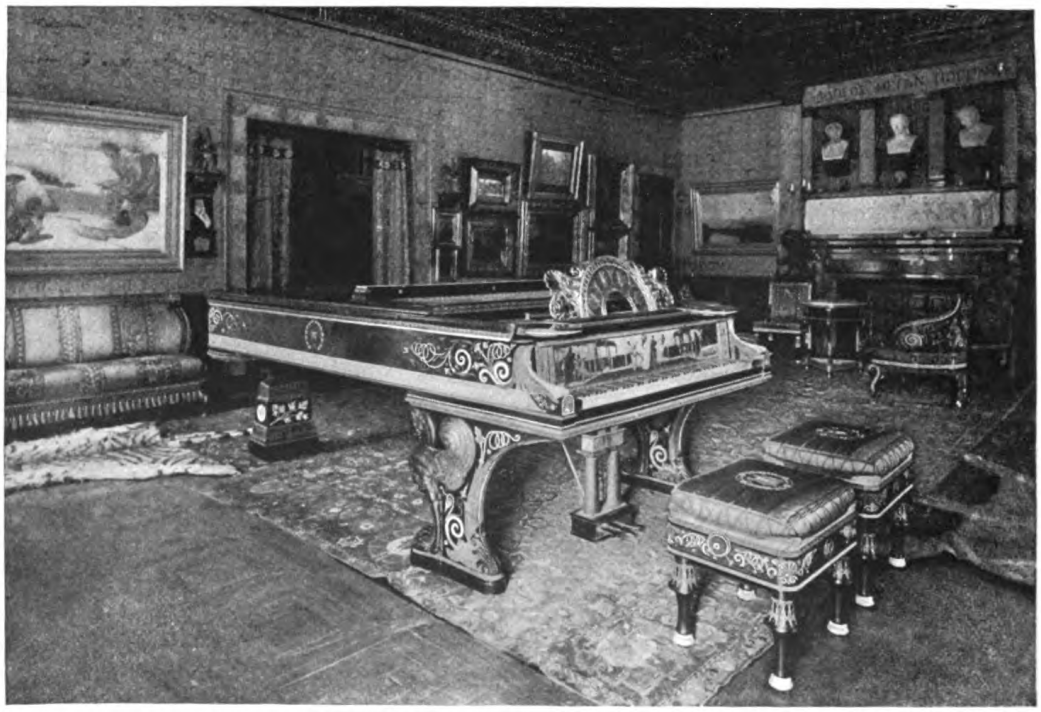
lature appropriated the sum of five hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a building for the new museum in Central Park. In May, 1871, a house on Fifth Avenue was leased to hold the first collections, and these were afterwards removed to the old Douglas mansion in West Fourteenth Street, where they remained until the building in the Park was completed.

The history of the museum shows a continued struggle against a lack of public interest, for the trustees did not have the pecuniary assistance they had a right to expect in a city like New York, and their early annual reports continually harp upon the fact that in Boston and Philadelphia similar institutions were liberally supplied with funds by their citizens, and were thus enabled to secure many valuable objects which the Metropolitan Museum was forced to forego for lack of the money to buy them.

Civilized European governments, recognizing the importance of the fine arts as an educational factor, look after their interests and spend millions of dollars for this purpose; in America, on the contrary, we have to depend almost entirely upon the liberality of individuals for the furtherance of this important work, and in New York especially the bustle and hurry of commercial pursuits almost exclusively absorb our best and most intelligent element, and all that does not directly bear upon business is apt to be neglected. The pioneers of this fine-arts movement, when they first commenced their work, found it almost impossible to impress the wealthy people with the importance of the undertaking. Little by little, however, this interest has been aroused, and although the results are not everything that might have been expected in a community representing such a vast aggregation of wealth, they are not actually discreditable.

It is certainly encouraging to find that the most liberal patron of the fine arts in New York, and we might even say in the whole country, is a gentleman who has won distinction as a financier, thus setting us a noble example of enlightened citizenship, and proving that a love of art and an active interest in all that beautifies and refines existence are not incompatible with the pursuit of a successful business career.

It was not until 1871 that Mr. Henry Marquand became a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, but ever since his election he has been an untiring worker for the institution, and its most liberal bene-



MUSIC-ROOM, MARQUAND HOUSE.

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DINING-ROOM, MARQUAND HOUSE.

factor, sparing neither time nor money in pursuit of its advancement.

Mr. Marquand's active interest in art matters dates back to a visit paid to Rome in the year 1843. He there made the acquaintance of the American sculptor Brown, and through his influence and that of other artist friends began to frequent studios; and here it is appropriate to remark that the kindly sympathy and foresight that have distinguished Mr. Marquand's public gifts, and that led him to unselfishly relinquish his best possessions to benefit the cause of art in this country, undoubtedly had its origin in this early association with these painters and sculptors in Rome. His intimacy with these men and the knowledge he acquired of their hopes, aims, and aspirations account for the intelligent help he has offered to their successors; for a total outsider, whose interest in art matters is a comparatively trivial incident in a busy life, and not its most important feature, can rarely realize the blighted condition of the artist who has not the means of studying the work of the masters. A student so cut off occupies the position of a child who has been taught to read and thirst for knowledge but is deprived of all but the most elementary books. A realization of what this deprivation really means seems to have impressed itself upon the sensitive young American thrown all at once into an atmosphere of appreciative culture and enthusiasm; for Rome at the time of Mr. Marquand's visit was the Mecca towards which every art student who could afford the journey eagerly pressed, and memoirs and letters of this period bear abundant testimony to the benefit and delight the treasures of the Eternal City conferred upon students whose mother-country afforded them not even the humblest substitute.

The impressions made upon Mr. Marquand never dulled or faded, and although shortly after his return to America he became actively engaged in business, he did not allow the sympathy his journey

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had aroused to subside, and devoted his leisure hours to the promotion of a taste for art in his countrymen, adopting this as his recreation and pleasure, and continuing to make friends among the painters and sculptors in his own city.

For many years Mr. Marquand has been carefully collecting paintings and other beautiful objects, and although he has presented a large portion of these to the public, his house still contains many interesting and valuable specimens of ceramics, painting, and sculpture. This house, which was one of the earliest efforts to break the unvaried monotony of our streets, was designed by the late Richard M. Hunt, and is a delightful piece of architecture, its interior bearing ample evidence of the refined taste of its owner. Since retiring from active business Mr. Marquand has devoted more and more time to his favorite pursuits. His collections, which have been made personally and with great care, are not confined to any one branch, but include pictures, porcelain, tapestries, enamels—in fact, everything that is artistic or illustrative of the progress of the arts. Neither has he neglected the cause of music, having acted as one of the directors of the musical festivals held some years ago in New York under the leadership of Theodore Thomas. He has also given money and influence to the development of the higher class of operatic works and the establishment of a suitable place for their performance, and stimulated by his liberal patronage a taste for orchestral music of the first order. His own house has on many occasions been thrown open for classical renderings, when the musicians outnumbered the listeners.

It is not surprising that one whose fine nature inspired him to study and foster the beautiful should be found equally sympathetic with all forms of education. It is many years since he began a series of benefactions to Princeton University. His first contribution enabled the institution to build a gymnasium. Later on he was the principal contributor to the Art Museum, and the beautiful Chapel—the work of Hunt—was his gift also. His son, Professor Allen Marquand, occupies the chair of Art and Archæology in that institution, and by his devotion, learning, and liberality reflects honor upon the father whose artistic bent seems to be reproduced in him.

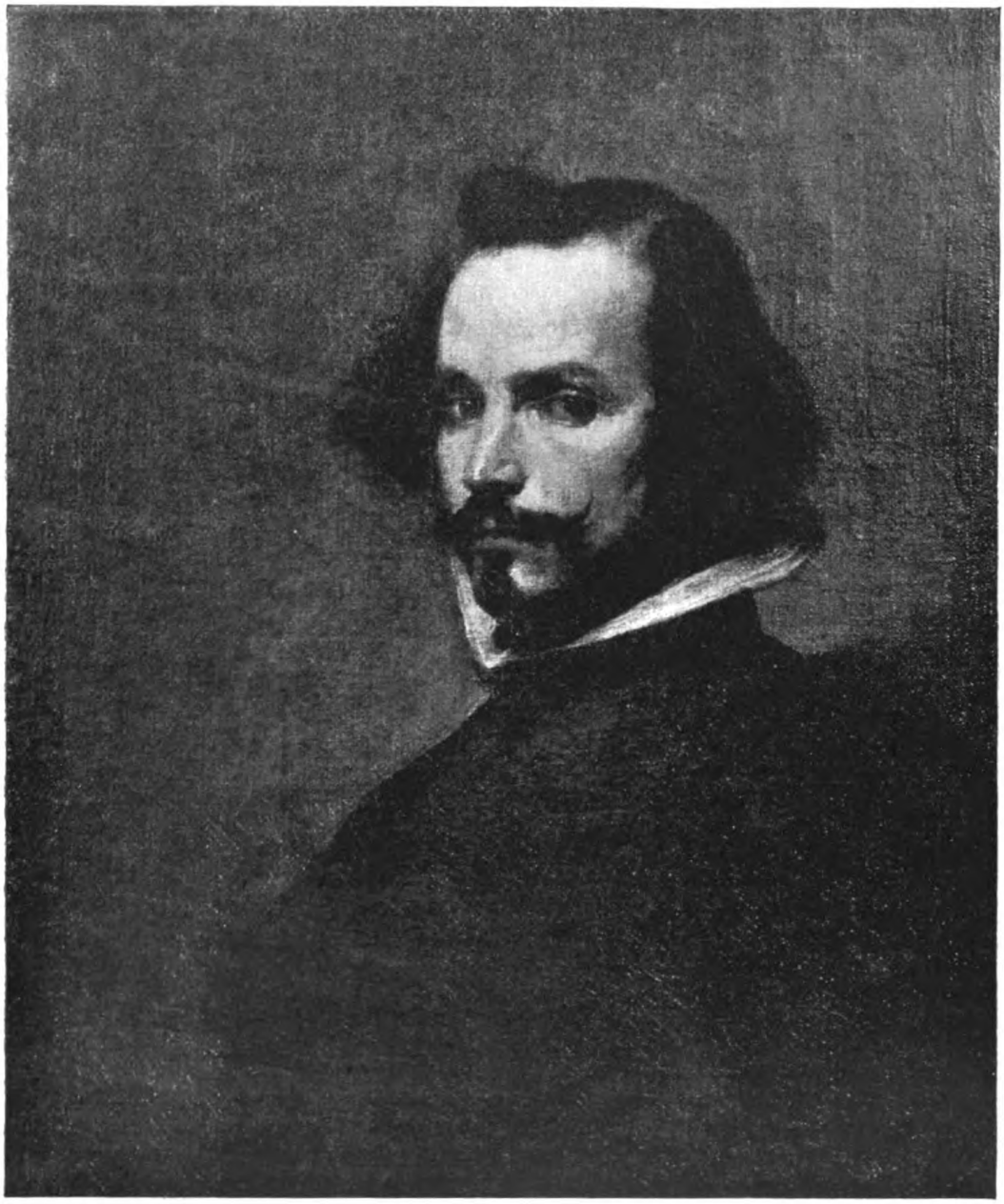
All of Mr. Marquand's benefactions have been made in the most unostentatious manner possible, and although his gifts to the Metropolitan Museum have been continual, the mode of their presentation has been so modest and unassuming that their importance has never had proper and widespread recognition. He began his public gifts in 1880, with the wonderful collection of Venetian glass and ancient American pottery; this was shortly followed by the two collections of Charvet glass and the presentation in 1882 of the superb altar-piece by Luca della Robbia; after this a collection of Russian metallic reproductions and a fund for the Art School of thirty thousand dollars; and finally, in January, 1889, he crowned all his former gifts by the presentation of his collection of old masters and paintings of the early English school.

These pictures were first exhibited in New York when, in 1888, Mr. Marquand lent them to the museum. A few months later, in January, 1889, he presented them outright, with no conditions attached to the gift excepting a modestly expressed wish that, in so far as it was possible, they should be kept together. How deeply this munificent gift was appreciated by the trustees of the museum is amply testified in the elaborate resolutions of acknowledgment and thanks that were drawn up and sent to Mr. Marquand when the pictures were officially accepted, which, after enumerating his different gifts, concludes with this tribute to his public-spirited generosity: "These several donations rank high among the most liberal and beneficent contributions made by any American in his lifetime from private resources for a public use."

In forming his collection Mr. Marquand has had not only the guidance of his own cultivated taste, but the help and advice of a number of eminent painters whom he counts among his personal friends, and the result of all this care and intelligent selection is to be seen in the admirable group of pictures that hangs at present in Eastern Gallery No. 2 of the museum. This group, with some additions that have been made since the original gift, now comprises about fifty-two paintings, in almost every instance thoroughly characteristic examples of the painters whose names they bear.

It was many years ago that the particular usefulness of making such a collec-

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PORTRAIT OF A MAN BY VELASQUEZ.

Marquand Gallery, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

tion occurred to Mr. Marquand. During the period when little or no general interest was taken in art matters the painters of New York had undertaken to do something for themselves, and formed a society which they called the "Artists' Fund," each member binding himself to donate annually a picture worth at least one hundred dollars. These paintings were to be exhibited, and finally sold at auction, and the money so collected appropriated to a mutual benefit fund. The artists interested in this project were eager to have their work sell for a good price, for the man whose painting did not bring the required one hundred dollars was forced to make up the deficit out of his own pocket. Several of the originators of this society were personal friends of Mr. Marquand, and knowing his interest

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in all art matters, they quite naturally turned to him for help in their new enterprise, and although he was not a rich man when they first began their exhibitions, he was often induced to attend their sales and bid upon the pictures, and several times found himself the possessor of work he did not admire because he happened to prove the only bidder. It was during these sales that Mr. Marquand became convinced that a really good picture rarely failed to find a ready purchaser, and he determined to devote his attention to a comparatively neglected field, and thus began his collection of old pictures. He felt sure that a group of paintings of the highest order would be unique and invaluable, for although the museum at the outset had secured a creditable collection of old masters, which were looked upon at the time of their purchase as a great acquisition, they comprised few examples of the first order, and could hardly be compared in importance with even the least interesting paintings that were subsequently brought together by Mr. Marquand. The value to the public of such a collection could not be estimated; but there were great difficulties lying in the way of any collector of representative works. In the first place, really fine examples by the best men are rarely offered for sale, and when they are, every effort is always made by foreign museums to secure them for their galleries, and the European governments throw every obstacle in the way of their exportation. There was an additional drawback in the stupid prejudice that imposed an almost prohibitive entrance tax upon works of art brought into the United States; and on several of the paintings that Mr. Marquand has since given to the public he was forced to pay thousands of dollars in duties. It was largely through his exertions that this odious tax was first modified and finally removed.

In giving his pictures to the museum Mr. Marquand had primarily in view the benefit they would confer upon students of art, and there is no doubt that this mission has been more than accomplished. Painters and students have found in these a mine of inexhaustible wealth, and they have aided and encouraged many persons who are not able to afford the luxury of study abroad; but its educational value is not restricted—or rather ought not to be restricted—to this one class; the pictures should command a far more general enthusiasm and appreciation.

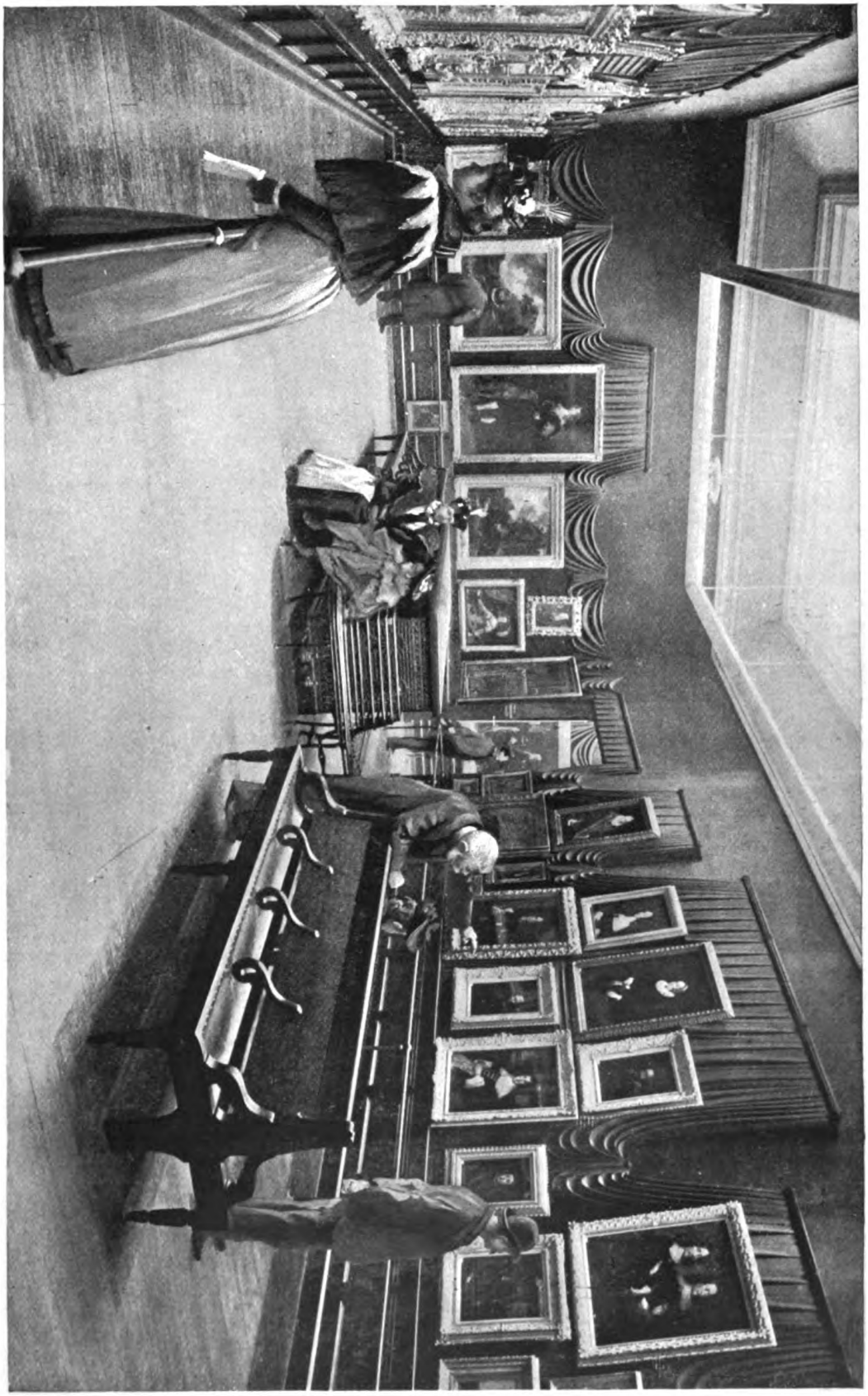
The interest we feel in visiting foreign galleries comes largely from the fact that we have been drilled to admire their most celebrated masterpieces, and all that we have read in praise of these famous works has its influence also. We are usually quite familiar with the varied reproductions of their beauties, and almost always meet the originals as old and valued friends. It is no wonder that we constantly mistake association for appreciation; if this were not so, much more attention would be devoted to the small but wholly satisfactory little gallery that lies open at our doors, where every painting is interesting, and several cannot be surpassed by anything to be found in the more advertised European collections.

Where, for instance, could we find a more satisfying example of Vandyck's English manner than in the fine portrait of James, Duke of Lennox and Richmond, that occupies the place of honor in the Marquand Gallery? The original of this noble portrait was a near relation of Charles the First, and is said to have been present at his execution, when he offered himself to the executioner as a substitute for the King—a gallant offer, no doubt, although perhaps a very safe one. In this painting we have "il pittore cavaliersco" in his most distinguished mood, for although the picture lacks a trifle of the force and virility that characterize Vandyck's earlier productions, the weakness in the painting of the head is more than atoned for by an additional elegance and distinction which seem to have been developed in the Flemish painter by the English type, a quality that is less strongly emphasized in his portraits of the stolid yonkers of his father-land.

The late Lord Leighton, speaking of this picture in a letter to Mr. Marquand, says: "I know your Vandyck well; it is superb; there could not be a finer specimen of the master. Of course my heart bleeds that it should leave this country; you will understand that; and so much granted, there is no one in whose hands I would rather know it beyond our shores than yours. I heartily wish you joy of it."

There is another Vandyck in this gallery, the portrait of a woman, and it has some qualities that the larger picture does not possess, the head in particular

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THE MARQUAND GALLERY OF OLD MASTERS, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

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being a beautiful example of delicate and refined portraiture, although, taking the canvas as a whole, it is less satisfactory than the James Stuart.

On the opposite wall hangs the wonder of the collection, for not even in the famous Dutch galleries could a finer Hals be found than this portrait of his wife. A recent critic has charged Hals with "playing to the gallery." This picture either triumphantly vindicates the painter from this accusation, or else the galleries of Hals's time were filled with a far more intelligent company than we are accustomed to associate with the heights mentioned, for a more sober, restrained, and direct style of painting could hardly be imagined. The painting of the hands in itself is a masterpiece, and the judgment and reserve displayed in the treatment of a bit of evening sky, seen over intervening spires and roofs, that is placed next to the gray column selected as a background for the broadly painted head, could hardly be rivalled by Velasquez himself. Mr. Horseley, in requesting the loan of this picture for an exhibition of old masters at Burlington House, describes it as "the matchless portrait of Frau Hals by her potent husband." Hals convinces us by his spontaneity that he loved his painting; there is something so hearty and joyous about his work, and he always goes straight to the point, seeming to have no trouble or hesitation in doing so. What the aristocrat Velasquez did for the royal family and hidalgos of Spain, Hals, in a more homely manner, has done for the good people of Holland, painting them with a conviction and power that we find in no other of the Northern painters, however brilliant, for to us the strength and greatness of Vandyck, Rembrandt, and others equally distinguished lie in quite a different direction. Perhaps the museum may eventually come into possession of two small heads by Hals that are now in the private collection of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, for these, together with the portrait of Frau Hals, would form a group of this master's work difficult to rival in any country.

A small Susanna by Rubens quite adequately expresses the spirit of this painter at his very best. Bathed in the rich glow of color in which he delighted, it is far more convincing than the life-size portrait of a man by the same hand, which seems to have been cleaned or restored in a somewhat bungling manner. One hand in this portrait—the left one—still retains the tone of the original painting, but the face and right hand show a strange pinkish whiteness absolutely out of harmony with the rest of the picture, and although the face still shows traces of the master's brush, one cannot help deploring the ravages it has suffered. It is to be hoped that the other pictures in this collection will be kept from such injury. The taste that covers old paintings with varnish until they shine like new coaches, and the vandalism that permits their clumsy restoration, can only be deplored. A mania for doing just this thing seems lately to have seized upon the guardians of several celebrated collections. In the Old Pinacothek in Munich a number of the finest Vandycks have been refurbished in this manner until scarcely a trace of their power and beauty remains, and an old saint by Dürer has been given a new red cloak that would dazzle the eyes of the most untamed savage. Surely it is better to possess the merest remnant of the original work than a valueless patched-up restoration. The hand that undertakes these restorations is always that of a bungler, for no really great painter would assume such a task, and only a painter of the first order would be capable of carrying out the master's intention. The paintings can by care be preserved from dampness and other causes of premature decay, varnish can be administered sparingly when it is really needed, but out of respect for the genius that produced these masterpieces let us keep them from further profanation.

The little Van der Meer of the collection is unique in its beauty. Mr. Marquand chanced upon it quite unexpectedly. He was taken one day by a friend in Paris to see a Vandyck, and this picture was shown him as an after-thought. There are few examples of this painter's work in existence, and Mr. Marquand has secured one of the very best, and by so doing has added another gem to his pictures. On the little canvas the very last word in genre painting has been said. It is so modern in feeling and treatment that one wonders how any later painter can be foolhardy enough to attempt over again the problems that Van der Meer has managed to solve so satisfactorily. Here are to be found finish that never

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FRANZ HALS'S WIFE BY FRANZ HALS.
Marquand Gallery, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

degenerates into mere finical detail, and cool, forcible color that is never sacrificed to this finish; while, as a study of tone, the little picture is harmony itself.

The Rembrandts speak for themselves, although the master is hardly at his best in any one of the four examples.

The Leonardo da Vinci, on the other hand, is a rare and exquisite painting by a man whose authentic works can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. During his long life—Leonardo was seventy-five when he died in France—this surprising man was by turns scientist, engineer, sculptor, author, and painter. Da Vinci's astounding virtuosity, the range of his accomplishments, and the brilliant part he played in the brilliant society of his era—for he was friend and boon companion of nobles, princes, and kings, and is even said to have finally expired in the arms of his last patron, Fran-

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PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN BY VELASQUEZ.
Marquand Gallery, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

cis the First—may possibly have something to do with the very exalted position that is given him as a painter, for part of his reputation at least is founded upon pictures now generally attributed to Luini, who was probably his pupil or follower. However, the authenticity of this picture seems undoubted. Mr. Marquand bought it in England, and it certainly is an important feature in a collection that can never hope to secure a thoroughly representative group of work by the early Italian masters. This picture, and the wonderful altar-piece in enamelled pottery by Della Robbia, that was also presented to the museum by Mr. Marquand, are the only adequate specimens of their most interesting epoch, but the museum is rich in having even these, and it seems a remarkable thing that the National Gallery should have allowed the Da Vinci to leave England, for it possesses no such important work by the master.

Although we can never properly appreciate Velasquez out of Spain, the "Selbst portrait" is a fine specimen of his incomparable art, and there is much to be admired in the portraits of the Infant and Queen Marianna, although they are not altogether satisfying, and it would not be surprising to learn that they, like the small Infanta of the Louvre, are probably the work of his son-in-law, Del Mazo, with finishing touches added by Velasquez himself.

To mention every picture in this collection would occupy too much space, but attention must be drawn to the English pictures, which to the general public are possibly more attractive than the older paintings, as they form a connecting-link between the old masters and contemporary art. The landscape-painters are represented by Constable, Gainsborough, and Old Chrome, and there are fine examples by each of these men. There is also a Turner that has all the sanity that is lacking in his later work. The Sir Joshua Reynolds is interesting in its simplicity and grace, but hardly important enough

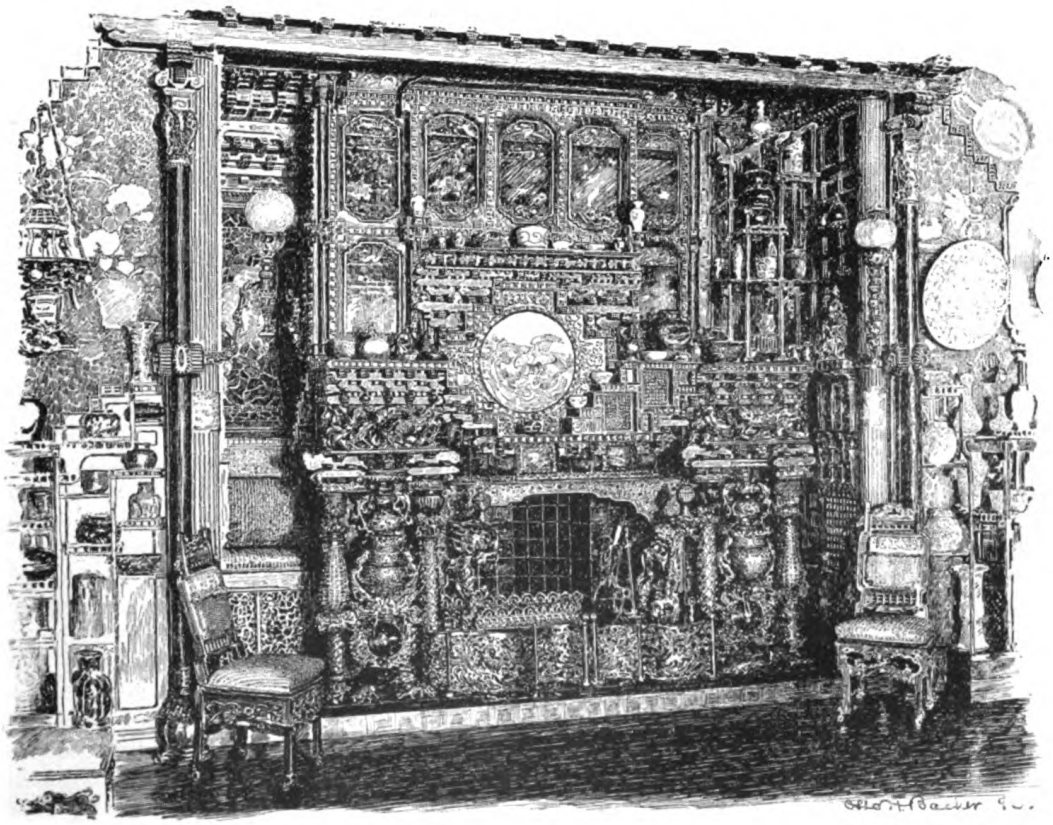
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to be the only example of the English master. Gainsborough's "girl with a cat" is also not representative of the painter at his best, and the Bonington is merely a fleeting sketch of the sea. On the other hand, the Hogarth is delightful and full of unexpected interest, for it does not recall in the least the pictures that made his reputation. It is the simple portrait of a little girl in white seated at a table playing with some cards, and is full of the naïve freshness of childhood.

It is perhaps unnecessary to repeat that the value of this remarkable collection has been greatly enhanced by the fact that it is the public expression of its donor's individual taste. It is quite easy for our rich men to give liberally—generosity seems the distinguishing trait of wealthy Americans — but it is rare indeed to find joined to this liberality the ability to cultivate the necessary appreciation for the object thus encouraged. All over our country the work that Mr. Marquand has so happily inaugurated is going forward — indeed, New York lags far behind most of our Western cities in respect to permanent endowment funds for the enlarging of our collections—but in no other city has the individuality of one man so impressed itself upon the work. In the greater number of cases money has been given and the selection of art objects left to a committee of experts, and perhaps this is the safest way for us to encourage our art museums, for few of our rich citizens are able to devote time enough to the study of art, or are even fitted by nature for the task.

"A gift," says the proverb, "is as a precious stone to him that hath it," and this particular precious stone is to have a rich setting, for money has been appropriated by the municipality for the erection of a new building that will eventually entirely surround the present structure of the museum with a beautiful façade from designs by the late Mr. Hunt.

Let us hope, therefore, that the pride such an ornament to our city is sure to arouse will incite our wealthy citizens to follow Mr. Marquand's good beginning, and carry out more elaborately the work that he has so intelligently commenced.



ORIENTAL FIREPLACE IN THE MARQUAND HOUSE.

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LA GOMMEUSE.

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.

THREE of the four lodgers at No. 51 were watching the sun set through the high, naked poplars across the Arno, and they regarded it with a sympathetic interest almost worthy of the cause.

The last cab of the afternoon parade was slowly crawling like a drunken beetle down the road towards the gates of the Cascine. The clacking of the driver's whip had long passed out of hearing, and there remained no sound to disturb them —nothing but the three seated there on the gray stone bench watching the red disc disappear behind the green banks across the river. In the centre sat the Countess, a great bunch of violets at her waist, her hands half hidden with pearls and emeralds, and soiled balayeuse showing at the edge of her skirt. On the right was the Baron, with his eyes fixed across the tiny stream watching the red sky fading into the first gray tints of the coming night.

The American sat on the left. His face was clear-cut and deeply furrowed—furrowed by the plough of excess and unrest. When instincts sentimental and good had come into his life, he had treated them as a gardener treats sprouting weeds. He had struck them down and tossed away the roots. The fact that the weeds still grew perhaps accounted for the fact that his face was not yet altogether bad.

They had left No. 51 separately this particular afternoon, and had met, as they generally did meet every evening now, on this quiet bench, where the Florentines or the tourists seldom came.

No. 51 was pretty much like every other house on the block of which it formed the centre. They were all heavy, gloomy

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places of modern building, which took on much of the air of the old palaces. Their fronts were of gray stone and gray plaster and gray shutters, which seemed forever shut against the sun of summer and winter alike. Inside, the walls were covered with cheap wall-paper, or the cheaper stencil of modern Italian art. The furniture was as unpicturesque as the ill-painted amorous Cupids above it, and the rooms were always furnished. The tenants of this particular neighborhood did not come with their own pet chairs and table-linen. They took their rooms by the month. Sometimes they left in a day, sometimes after many years, but their affairs and their futures seemed to depend largely on the next day's mail. The letter-carriers, however, were not very much occupied hereabouts. The lodgers conducted their transactions through the poste restante.

Almost every town and every city of both continents has numbered among its people men, and occasionally women, who have left their homes under what is tactfully referred to as a cloud. American young men from the States and Englishmen usually seek a new life in the West or Australia, or assist their peculiar talents to a broader outlet in the republics of South America, where they enter into large financial contracts with a dubious dynasty, or form a little government of their own. But it is not so with the men or the women of the East. When the cloud has formed over them in their own little town, their desire to visit far-distant lands, if such desire they ever had, vanishes as does their hope of a new life in this material world. They take what goods they may, and these bad people of the East follow the cloud that has obscured their fair name with the same persistency that once upon a time the good people of the East followed the star that finally rested over Bethlehem. But this cloud never rests; it moves on with an unerring relentlessness. Its course has been unreasonably shaped, but it varies never. There are some towns on which its shadow has happily seldom fallen, and there are others which are rarely free from its pall. The adventurers and adventuresses of the East are those who live in its shadow, and although it may change from gray to black, it is always there, a speck in the deep blue dome of the Riviera, or a mere zephyr hurrying across the clear sky that lights the Paris boulevards and the Bois de Boulogne on a warm May morning. So trivial is it sometimes that it finds its owner well settled as a member of clubs, or playing the rôle of grande dame in the salons of the great world, sometimes at court. But the little speck or the zephyr grows in size and darkness, until they who live in its shadow must once more take up their chattels and follow its course on and on in its chosen circuit.

The four clouds of the four lodgers at 51 were just now hovering over Florence, a condition which brought no particular benefit either to the permanent residents of that town or the lodgers themselves. The weather was bad, the times were worse, and every morning the papers told of the clear days and the brilliant opening of the winter season in Paris, and of how the advance-guard were already comfortably settled at Nice and Monte Carlo. And yet the four lodgers still hung dismally on in the city of flowers. For what reason, they did not explain to each other. It is doubtful if they could have done so even to themselves.

There had been silence for some minutes when the fourth lodger announced her arrival by the sharp clanging of a bicycle bell. She came to a sudden halt in front of them, jumped from her machine, folded her arms over the handle-bar, and burying her chin in her breast, gazed tentatively at the three friends in front of her. She was dressed in a very short skirt, a pair of leggings, and a tight tailor-made waist. The most striking things about her were her very small, trim figure, and a face that would have been more in keeping on the walls of the Botticelli room in the Belle Arti than on a young woman generally known as "La Gommeuse." She was Parisienne from the tips of her varnished boots to the divided crown of her brown Alpine hat, and she had an amount of esprit entirely out of keeping with her extremely diminutive body. Unlike her three companions, she rejoiced in being a conspicuous individual in the life of Florence of that day. She drove in the Cascine, and was a distinguished habituée of the opera and the café chantant, and would have given up her dinner for a week rather than have missed a day at the races at any track within a day's journey from Flor-

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ence. As a matter of fact, the place did not satisfy her, but she always did her best to get what she could out of it. "Je suis Parisienne" was her motto and invariable conclusion to all discussions, and her popularity was therefore not very great in Italy.

"You *are* a jolly-looking crew," she said to the trio on the bench. "You sit here and look at the sunset like lovers who haven't got enough to pay for a marriage license."

"You are not so interesting," said the Baron, "when you tell unpleasant truths as when you draw to a greater extent on your youthful imagination. Take a cigarette, and tell us what you did last night. By your make-up, I should imagine you were doing a café chantant."

"No," said La Gommeuse; "comic opera at the Arena. Sale place, that Arena, but very amusing last night."

"What was amusing?" asked the American. "You or the opera?"

"I was," said La Gommeuse; "very amusing. Do you know that brute Catelli?"

"No," said the American, "but I suppose from the fact that you call him the brute Catelli that he said 'bellina' as you passed him, and that you promptly hit him."

"I did," said La Gommeuse, "with my parasol, three times."

"Really," broke in the Baron, "for a high-bred Parisienne—"

"Je suis une dame très nerveuse." La Gommeuse was becoming excited.

"Nervous is good," said the American.

"Don't that Italian suppose that I knew I was good-looking before I ever came to this old place?"

"There's a letter," said the Countess, as she tossed a thick envelope to the French girl. "Read it—it may keep you quiet."

La Gommeuse glanced at the address, and then looked up to see if they had noticed the red blood that tingled through her cheeks. No one had ever seen her blush, and they did not notice it on this occasion, even had the blushes ever existed. La Gommeuse stuck the letter in her pocket and relit her cigarette.

"You don't seem very keen about your correspondent," said the American.

La Gommeuse shrugged her shoulders. "It's the same old story," she answered.

"Judging by the bulk of the envelope," said the Baron, "the story must be a long one."

"Long or short," said La Gommeuse, "draw a line under it and add it up—the total says, 'Come back.'"

"Where?"

"To Paris—to me."

"I have a nodding acquaintance with Paris," said the American. "Who is 'me'?"

"My husband," said La Gommeuse.

The three friends sitting on the bench looked up suddenly, and then turned their gaze on the gravel sidewalk. For a moment there was a constrained silence. The American was the first to break it.

"Why aren't you always funny?" he said; "that's my idea of real humor."

La Gommeuse straightened her little body and clasped her hands about her knees. "Is it?" she answered. "Perhaps you think I haven't got a husband. He's a lot better than you will ever be."

"Don't talk about the future," said the American; "the past has reached my limit as a weight-carrier."

La Gommeuse glanced defiantly at the trio facing her.

"You three," she said, "have been pretty good friends of mine, but I never told you my story because you never told me yours. I know you've got one, but it wasn't my place to ask for it. I'll tell you mine gratis. I am married, and I married well. He owns a shop on the Rue du Bac, near the Bon Marché. Pas grande chose, but he is rich. I had my carriage, two men on the box — everything."

The Countess nodded her head at the girl as a sign to discontinue, but the latter was excited and ran on.

"There were two marriages that day at the Madeleine, and I saw the other woman afterwards at the Cascade. She sat near me. I saw her lace, and I saw the men who were with her. She outclassed me, and when she passed me she looked me all over as a duchess looks at the monkeys in the Jardin d'Acclimation. I hated her, and I hated the man who had married me—everything!"

"Notwithstanding," said the American, "I'll bet she had two homely sisters in pink. I don't know why, but good-looking Paris brides always have two homely sisters in pink, and yet I suppose the sisters must marry sometimes."

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"YOU ARE A JOLLY LOOKING CREW."

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"I TOLD HIM HE HAD RUINED MY CHANCE."

"No, they weren't," said La Gommeuse; "they were in blue, and I hated them too. I knew they all had something I had not, and I cried and made a fool of myself. Not before them, but afterwards. I was sorry for what I had done. I was sorry for what my mother had done for me. I was a shopkeeper's wife, and I wanted to be a great woman, with a husband who sat on the terrace of the Epatants. I told him so. I told him he had ruined my chance in life. I forgot that he had raised me from nothing. I didn't know the world then; I didn't see things as they were, and so I left him — and came here. I hated the world—I mean other women—then; but, good God! how I hate it now!"

"And yet he says 'come back,'" said the Baron.

"Yes, he says 'come back,' and I wish to God that I could."

"It's not far," remarked the Countess.

La Gommeuse closed her teeth sharply and turned away to the setting sun. "But I can't, I can't," she whispered.

"You can't?"

"No," said the girl, "I can't. When I left him, I not only took all that he had given me, but I went to the safe—do you understand? the safe—and I took everything there was in it—twenty thousand francs. I went down into the shop with a candle and robbed my own husband, and put the money with the rings he had given me in a bag, and stole out of the house in the night. For one day I lived in the same town with him, and then I knew what sort of a woman I was. But it was too late, so I took the money and came here, where I heard there was sunshine, and what have I found?"

The girl threw herself on the grass and sobbed as if her heart were going to break. For a few moments there was silence, and then suddenly she jumped to her feet, brushed her sleeve across her eyes, and the next moment was riding like mad down the gravel path.

"And the most remarkable thing about that story is," said the Baron, "that I believe it."

"Yes?" said the American. "Exhibit B, I mean that fat letter with the Paris post-mark, certainly was in her favor."

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"Rather, but why exhibit B?"

The American hesitated. "Oh, I don't know, except I always call important documentary evidence exhibit B's. There was once an exhibit B that had a great effect on my future. In fact, the future of a large country, because it was the direct cause of my leaving it, and I don't suppose I'll ever go back."

"That *is* rather rough on the country," said the Countess; "and it was a large country too."

"Well, yes, it was a pretty large country, but it might have been a good deal larger and still too small for me and that particular exhibit B," said the American.

"I wonder," mused the Baron, "if she'll ever turn her back on her friends and—"

"Friends?" asked the American.

The Baron rested his white pointed beard on the head of his cane, and continued, unmoved:

"Companions would perhaps be the better word. Turn her back on her companions, and look at the sun setting and green banks and water that moves?"

"And wear flowers at her waist," said the American.

The Countess involuntarily put her hand to the bunch of violets, as a man suddenly feels for the safety of his watch in a crowd.

"Perhaps," she said, "if she live long enough."

The Baron raised his eyes to the heavens in a silent protest. Two sparrows fluttered up and swung merrily on the branches of a little naked bush in front of them. For a few moments there was silence as they chirped on the swinging branch so conscious of themselves and so heedless of the rest of the living world about them.

"I have made," said the Baron, "twenty thousand francs many times in twenty minutes."

"And I," answered the American, "have lost as much many times in as many seconds."

"One-third," continued the Baron, "of that twenty thousand is a considerable fraction under seven thousand."

"Three of those considerable fractions would make one thousand francs," said the American. "Travelling is very expensive, and bank presidents and detective bureaus have always given me credit for doing things well."

The two men, having spoken, directed their attention to the sparrows, who had fluttered down from the branch and were pecking for their supper at the base of the bush. The Countess was examining, with much interest, a large diamond on the second finger of her right hand. The American, still apparently looking at the hungry sparrows, continued the conversation:

"Yes, it is a very pretty stone, but still I think the *tout ensemble* would be the gainer by its absence. The pearls and emeralds are so effective in themselves."

"If," said the Baron, "we who are supposed to live by our wits, but as a matter of fact by our remittances, had not suffered so much of late by this decline in American securities—" Here he looked at the American.

"That," said the latter, "is a question of investment. I made my money quickly, very quickly, even for America, and the least thing they say about me is that I am living on my capital. I divided it when I was thirty into twenty equal shares, so my income is assured me for that time at least. Seven thousand francs would deprive me of my annual effort at Monte Carlo, or I might let the Grand Prix go by this year."

"Or you might," suggested the Baron, "deprive yourself of a few months at the end of the twenty years: a few months would not matter so very much, after all."

"No," said the American, "especially if they happen to fall due in the winter. I hate cold weather."

The Countess had taken off her ring now, and was moving it between the middle fingers of her hands so that the last rays of the daylight fell full upon its many faces and clean-cut edges.

"My next remittance will not come for at least a week," said the Baron; "I should have to borrow from one of you."

The Countess and the American glanced at each other. The Baron had long been considered the banker of No. 51. He had always shown much pride in his solvency, and it seemed strange that it was he who was to be the borrower. The sun had disappeared now behind the hill, the little birds had flown to a better pasture, and the three were quite alone. The first chill breeze of the coming night blew down from the high, white-capped mountains,

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and the evening mist rose slowly from the sluggish stream at their feet. The Countess pulled her fur cloak about her shoulders, and the three lodgers walked slowly back through the deserted park to their enforced home.

The weather had turned cold and stormy, and the next day found the stone streets a checker-board of puddles and the Arno a rushing mass of mud and débris from the mountains. It was raining hard as the four lodgers left No. 51 and drove in a closed, ill-smelling cab to the station, just in time to catch the night train for Paris. It was out of season, and the rain and cold had driven the men who usually lounge about the platform under the shelter of the old station.

And so the four lodgers stood alone, huddled together in a little group in front of an empty compartment. The American said something about meeting in the spring, and regards to his friends at the Jockey Club. The Baron raised his hat as if to add decorum to his decorous words of farewell, which he delivered in the best of French. The Baron always spoke the best of French immediately after dinner and on occasions when the finer emotions were to be expressed. La Gommeuse, in a great fur coat and a cloth hat but half covering her mass of curls, stood in the centre of the group, reaching hardly to the shoulder of the Countess. In the dim light of the flickering gas-jet they could see that she was smiling; it was a little forced perhaps, but the trio that she was so soon to leave could hardly inspire mirth as they stood there with the wind whistling down the deserted platform. But in this moment of farewell she still found the words ready which had so often smoothed out their troubles and many nights taken the place of a friend's hand as they lay on a bed of sickness.

"Not later than Grand Prix day," she ran on; "and if I am in the pelouse, you must come and speak to me and tell me if Blanc and Rothschild have their money on. And then some morning just we four will go to Villebon, where your great friends will not be likely to see you breakfasting up in the trees with your friend of the haute bourgeoisie."

The last bell rang; the conductor came forward to close the door. The Countess took the girl in her arms and kissed her twice on the mass of curls over the clear broad forehead. "Au revoir," was all she said, and pressed the bunch of violets into her hand. The girl jumped into the empty carriage, the door was slammed after her, and the outline of a small face pressed against the glass was the last they saw of La Gommeuse.

When the train had passed beyond the station lights, the girl threw herself on the broad cushions and lay for some moments looking up at the dim lamp in the roof of the compartment. "Thank God, it is over," she said aloud, and raised the violets to her lips. But they were old and stale, and they reminded her of things that were gone. She jumped to the floor, and letting the window fall, threw the flowers far out into the night. For a moment she leaned against the frame, the wind blowing back her curls and baring her forehead to the cold drops of the driving rain. Through the darkness she could see the faint black outlines of the Duomo, and, rising at its side, the Campanile, which is the sign of Florence. With drawn lips she gazed into the darkness until the lines of the great cathedral faded into the night, and then, still holding by the window-sill, she sank sobbing to her knees and rested her head upon her hands. "I am going back," she said—"I am going back." And so she was going back—back to Paris, with its sunshine and its green Bois, back to the boulevards and the theatres and the cafés and the myriads of lights, back to her home, and back to the man she loved.

The three figures on the platform watched the train until it turned the curve and the rear lights had disappeared into the darkness. Then they passed out, through the hot station, past the long line of dripping cabs, and through the narrow streets to the Arno. The circle of lamps stretching from the Old Bridge to the Cascine hung, in the rain-swept night, like a great necklace of cheap, unpolished topaz. The Countess walked in the middle, holding an arm of each of her companions. Their heavy coats were buttoned tight over their chins and mouths, and their hats were pulled far over their faces. Even had they been able, it is doubtful if they would have spoken. By a silent understanding they had refused the offers of the many drivers at the station, and had gone far out of their way in returning by the Arno. For some reason best known to themselves, each wished to

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delay as long as possible the return to their common home. And so they wandered on through the mist and rain, meeting no one until they found the porter at 51 waiting to put out the lights.

"Good-night," called the American, and ran up the stone steps, two at a bound. The Baron and the Countess followed him slowly. The man was in advance, and as he passed the door of the apartment where La Gommeuse had lived, he slightly raised his hat, a last token of respect to the girl who had so lately passed out of their lives. The Countess stopped, and leaned against the balustrade whilst she caught her breath.

"One might think by your bow, Baron," she said, "that you were passing a funeral."

"No," he answered; "on the contrary, this time it is the dead who salutes the living."

PREPAREDNESS FOR NAVAL WAR.

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

THE problem of preparation for war in modern times is both extensive and complicated. As in the construction of the individual ship, where the attempt to reconcile conflicting requirements has resulted, according to a common expression, in a compromise, the most dubious of all military solutions — giving something to all, and all to none,—so preparation for war involves many conditions, often contradictory one to another, at times almost irreconcilable. To satisfy all of these passes the ingenuity of the national Treasury, powerless to give the whole of what is demanded by the representatives of the different elements, which, in duly ordered proportion, constitute a complete scheme of national military policy, whether for offence or defence. Unable to satisfy all, and too often equally unable to say, frankly, "This one is chief; to it you others must yield, except so far as you contribute to its greatest efficiency," either the pendulum of the government's will swings from one extreme to the other, or, in the attempt to be fair all round, all alike receive less than they ask, and for their theoretical completeness require. In other words, the contents of the national purse are distributed, instead of being concentrated upon a leading conception, adopted after due deliberation, and maintained with conviction.

The creation of material for war, under modern conditions, requires a length of time which does not permit the postponement of it to the hour of impending hostilities. To put into the water a first-class battle-ship, fully armored, within a year after the laying of her keel, as has latterly been done in England, is justly considered an extraordinary exhibition of the nation's resources for naval shipbuilding; and there yet remained to be done the placing of her battery, and many other matters of principal detail essential to her readiness for sea. This time certainly would not be less for ourselves, doing our utmost.

War is simply a political movement, though violent and exceptional in its character. However sudden the occasion from which it arises, it results from antecedent conditions, the general tendency of which should be manifest long before to the statesmen of a nation, and to at least the reflective portion of the people. In such anticipation, such forethought, as in the affairs of common life, lies the best hope of the best solution—peace by ordinary diplomatic action; peace by timely agreement, while men's heads are cool, and the crisis of fever has not been reached by the inflammatory utterances of an unscrupulous press, to which agitated public apprehension means increase of circulation. But while the maintenance of peace by sagacious prevision is the laurel of the statesman, which, in failing to achieve except by force, he takes from his own brow and gives to the warrior, it is none the less a necessary part of his official competence to recognize that in public disputes, as in private, there is not uncommonly on both sides an element of right, real or really believed, which prevents either party from yielding, and that it is better for men to fight than, for the sake of peace, to refuse to support their convictions of justice. How deplorable the war between the North and South! but more deplorable by far had it been that either had flinched from the maintenance of what it believed to be

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fundamental right. On questions of merely material interest men may yield; on matters of principle they may be honestly in the wrong; but a conviction of right, even though mistaken, if yielded without contention, entails a deterioration of character, except in the presence of force demonstrably irresistible — and sometimes even then. Death before dishonor is a phrase that at times has been infamously abused, but it none the less contains a vital truth.

To provide a force adequate to maintain the nation's cause, and to ensure its readiness for immediate action in case of necessity, are the responsibility of the government of a state, in its legislative and executive functions. Such a force is a necessary outcome of the political conditions which affect, or, as can be foreseen, may probably affect, the international relations of the country. Its existence at all and its size are, or should be, the reflection of the national consciousness that in this, that, or the other direction lie clear national interests—for which each generation is responsible to futurity—or national duties, equally clear from the mere fact that the matter lies at the door, like Lazarus at the rich man's gate. The question of when, or how, action shall be taken which may result in hostilities, is indeed a momentous one, having regard to the dire evils of war; but it is the question of a moment, of the last moment to which can be postponed a final determination of such tremendous consequence. To this determination preparation for war has only this relation: that it should be adequate to the utmost demand that can then be made upon it, and, if possible, so imposing that it will prevent war ensuing, upon the firm presentation of demands which the nation believes to be just. Such a conception, so stated, implies no more than defence — defence of the nation's rights or of the nation's duties, although such defence may take the shape of aggressive action, the only safe course in war.

Logically, therefore, a nation which proposes to provide itself with a naval or military organization adequate to its needs, must begin by considering, not what is the largest army or navy in the world, with the view of rivalling it, but what there is in the political status of the world, including not only the material interests but the temper of nations, which involves a reasonable, even though remote, prospect of difficulties which may prove insoluble except by war. The matter, primarily, is political in character. It is not until this political determination has been reached that the data for even stating the military problem are in hand; for here, as always, the military arm waits upon and is subservient to the political interests and civil power of the nation.

It is not the most probable of dangers, but the most formidable, that must be selected as measuring the degree of military precaution to be embodied in the military preparations thenceforth to be maintained. The lesser is contained in the greater; if equal to the most that can be reasonably apprehended, the country can view with quiet eye the existence of more imminent, but less dangerous, complications. Nor should it be denied that in estimating danger there should be a certain sobriety of imagination, equally removed from undue confidence and from exaggerated fears. Napoleon's caution to his marshals not to make a picture to themselves—not to give too loose rein to fancy as to what the enemy might do, regardless of the limitations to which military movements are subject—applies to antecedent calculations, like those which we are now considering, as really as to the operations of the campaign. When British writers, realizing the absolute dependence of their own country upon the sea, insist that the British navy must exceed the two most formidable of its possible opponents, they advance an argument which is at least worthy of serious debate; but when the two is raised to three, they assume conditions which are barely possible, but lie too far without the limits of probability to affect practical action.

In like manner, the United States, in estimating her need of military preparation, of whatever kind, is justified in considering, not merely the utmost force which might be brought against her by a possible enemy, under the political circumstances most favorable to the latter, but the limitations imposed upon an opponent's action by well-known conditions of a permanent nature. Our only rivals in potential military strength are the great powers of Europe. These, however, while they have interests in the western hemisphere — to which a certain solidarity is imparted by their instinctive and avowed opposition

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to a policy to which the United States, by an inward compulsion apparently irresistible, becomes more and more committed,—have elsewhere yet wider and more onerous demands upon their attention. Since 1884 Great Britain, France, and Germany have each acquired colonial possessions, varying in extent from one million to two and a half million square miles—chiefly in Africa. This means, as is generally understood, not merely the acquisition of so much new territory, but the perpetuation of national rivalries and suspicions, maintaining in full vigor, in this age, the traditions of past animosities. It means uncertainties about boundaries—that most fruitful source of disputes when running through unexplored wildernesses—jealousy of influence over native occupants of the soil, fear of encroachment, unperceived till too late, and so a constant, if silent, strife to ensure national preponderance in these newly opened regions. The colonial expansion of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is being resumed under our eyes, bringing with it the same train of ambitions and feelings that were then exhibited, though these are qualified by the more orderly methods of modern days and by a well-defined mutual apprehension—the result of a universal preparedness for war, the distinctive feature of our own time which most guarantees peace.

All this reacts evidently upon Europe, the common mother-country of these various foreign enterprises, in whose seas and lands must be fought out any struggle springing from these remote causes, and upon whose inhabitants chiefly must fall both the expense and the bloodshed thence arising. To these distant burdens of disquietude—in the assuming of which, though to an extent self-imposed, the present writer recognizes the prevision of civilization, instinctive rather than conscious, against the perils of the future—is to be added the proximate and unavoidable anxiety dependent upon the conditions of Turkey and its provinces, the logical outcome of centuries of Turkish misrule. Deplorable as have been, and to some extent still are, political conditions on the American continents, the New World, in the matter of political distribution of territory and fixity of tenure, is permanence itself, as compared with the stormy prospect confronting the Old in its questions which will not down.

In these controversies, which range themselves under the broad heads of colonial expansion and the Eastern question, all the larger powers of Europe, the powers that maintain considerable armies or navies, or both, are directly and deeply interested—except Spain. The latter manifests no solicitude concerning the settlement of affairs in the east of Europe, nor is she engaged in increasing her still considerable colonial dominion. This preoccupation of the great powers, being not factitious, but necessary,—a thing that cannot be dismissed by an effort of the national will, because its existence depends upon the nature of things,—is a legitimate element in the military calculations of the United States. It cannot enter into her diplomatic considerations, for it is her pride not to seek, from the embarrassments of other states, advantages or concessions which she cannot base upon the substantial justice of her demands. But, while this is true, the United States has had in the past abundant experience of disputes, in which, though she believed herself right, even to the point of having a just *casus belli*, the other party has not seemed to share the same conviction. These difficulties, chiefly, though not solely, territorial in character, have been the natural bequest of the colonial condition through which this hemisphere passed on its way to its present political status. Her own view of right, even when conceded in the end, has not at first approved itself to the other party to the dispute. Fortunately these differences have been mainly with Great Britain, the great and beneficent colonizer, a state between which and ourselves a sympathy, deeper than both parties have always been ready to admit, has continued to exist, because founded upon common fundamental ideas of law and justice. Of this the happy termination of the Venezuelan question is the most recent but not the only instance.

It is sometimes said that Great Britain is the most unpopular state in Europe. If this be so—and many of her own people seem to accept the fact of her political isolation, though with more or less of regret,—is there nothing significant to us in that our attitude towards her in the Venezuelan matter has not commanded the sympathy of Europe, but rather the reverse? Our claim to enter, as of right, into a dispute not origi-

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nally our own, and concerning us only as one of the American group of nations, has been rejected in no doubtful tones by organs of public opinion which have no fondness for Great Britain. Whether any foreign government has taken the same attitude is not known — probably there has been no official protest against the apparent admission of a principle which binds nobody but the parties to it. Do we ourselves realize that, happy as the issue of our intervention has been, it may entail upon us greater responsibilities, more serious action, than we have before assumed? that it amounts in fact —if one may use a military metaphor— to occupying an advanced position, the logical result very likely of other steps in the past, but which nevertheless implies necessarily such organization of strength as will enable us to hold it?

Without making a picture to ourselves, without conjuring up extravagant contingencies, it is not difficult to detect the existence of conditions, in which are latent elements of future disputes, identical in principle with those through which we have heretofore passed. Can we expect that, if unprovided with adequate military preparation, we shall receive from other states, not imbued with our traditional habits of political thought, and therefore less patient of our point of view, the recognition of its essential reasonableness which has been conceded by the government of Great Britain? The latter has found capacity for sympathy with our attitude—not only by long and close contact and interlacing of interests between the two peoples, nor yet only in a fundamental similarity of character and institutions. Besides these, useful as they are to mutual understanding, that government has an extensive and varied experience, extending over centuries, of the vital importance of distant regions to its own interests, to the interests of its people and its commerce, or to its political prestige. It can understand and allow for a determination not to acquiesce in the beginning or continuance of a state of things, the tendency of which is to induce future embarrassments,—to complicate or endanger essential welfare. A nation situated as Great Britain is in India and Egypt can scarcely fail to appreciate our own sensitiveness regarding the Central American isthmus, and the Pacific, on which we have such extensive territory; nor is it a long step from concern about the Mediterranean, and anxious watchfulness over the progressive occupation of its southern shores, to an understanding of our reluctance to see the ambitions and conflicts of another hemisphere approach, even remotely and indirectly, the comparatively peaceful neighborhoods surrounding the Caribbean Sea, bearing a threat of disturbance to the political distribution of power or of territorial occupation now existing. Whatever our interests may demand in the future may be a matter of doubt, but it is hard to see how there can be any doubt in the mind of a British statesman that it is our clear interest now, when all is quiet, to see removed possibilities of trouble which might break out at a less propitious season.

Such facility for reaching an understanding, due to experience of difficulties, is strongly supported by a hearty desire for peace, traditional with a commercial people who have not to reproach themselves with any lack of resolution or tenacity in assuming and bearing the burden of war when forced upon them. "Militarism" is not a preponderant spirit in either Great Britain or the United States; their commercial tendencies and their isolation concur to exempt them from its predominance. Pugnacious, and even warlike, when aroused, the idea of war in the abstract is abhorrent to them, because it interferes with their leading occupations, and its demands are alien to their habits of thought. To say that either lacks sensitiveness to the point of honor would be to wrong them; but the point must be made clear to them, and it will not be found in the refusal of reasonable demands, because they involve the abandonment of positions hastily or ignorantly assumed, nor in the mere attitude of adhering to a position lest there may be an appearance of receding under compulsion. Napoleon I. phrased the extreme position of militarism in the words, "If the British ministry should intimate that there was anything the First Consul had not done, *because he was prevented from doing it*, that instant he would do it."

Now the United States, speaking by various organs, has said, in language scarcely to be misunderstood, that she is resolved to resort to force, if necessary, to prevent the territorial or political exten-

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sion of European power beyond its present geographical limits in the American continents. In the question of a disputed boundary she has held that this resolve—dependent upon what she conceives her reasonable policy—required her to insist that the matter should be submitted to arbitration. If Great Britain should see in this political stand the expression of a reasonable national policy, she is able, by the training and habit of her leaders, to accept it as such, without greatly troubling over the effect upon men's opinions that may be produced by the additional announcement that the policy is worth fighting for, and will be fought for if necessary. It would be a matter of course for her to fight for her just interests, if need be, and why should not another state say the same? The point—of honor, if you like—is not whether a nation will fight, but whether its claim is just. Such an attitude, however, is not the spirit of "militarism," nor accordant with it; and in nations saturated with the military spirit, the intimation that a policy will be supported by force raises that sort of point of honor behind which the reasonableness of the policy is lost to sight. It can no longer be viewed dispassionately; it is prejudged by the threat, however mildly that be expressed. And this is but a logical development of their institutions. The soldier, or the state much of whose policy depends upon organized force, cannot but resent the implication that he or it is unable or unwilling to meet force with force. The life of soldiers and of armies is their spirit, and that spirit receives a serious wound when it seems—even superficially—to recoil before a threat; while with the weakening of the military body falls an element of political strength which has no analogue in Great Britain or the United States, the chief military power of which must ever lie in navies, never an aggressive factor such as armies have been.

Now the United States has made an announcement that she will support by force a policy which may bring her into collision with states of military antecedents, indisposed by their interests to acquiesce in our position, and still less willing to accept it under appearance of threat. What preparation is necessary in case such a one is as determined to fight against our demands as we to fight for them?

Preparation for war, rightly understood, falls under two heads—preparation and preparedness. The one is a question mainly of material, and is constant in its action. The second involves an idea of completeness. When, at a particular moment, preparations are completed, one is prepared—not otherwise. There may have been made a great deal of very necessary preparation for war without being prepared. Every constituent of preparation may be behindhand, or some elements may be perfectly ready, while others are not. In neither case can a state be said to be prepared.

In the matter of preparation for war, one clear idea should first be absorbed by every one who, recognizing that war is still a possibility, desires to see his country ready. This idea is that—however defensive in origin or in political character a war may be—the assumption of a simple defensive in war is ruin. War, once declared, must be waged offensively, aggressively. The enemy must not be fended off, but smitten down. You may then spare him every exaction, relinquish every gain; but till down he must be struck incessantly and remorselessly.

Preparation, like most other things, is a question both of kind and of degree, of quality and of quantity. As regards degree, the general lines upon which it is determined have been broadly indicated in the preceding part of this article. The measure of degree is the estimated force which the strongest *probable* enemy can bring against you, allowance being made for clear drawbacks upon his total force, imposed by his own embarrassments and responsibilities in other parts of the world. The calculation is partly military, partly political, the latter, however, being the dominant factor in the premises.

In kind, preparation is twofold—defensive and offensive. The former exists chiefly for the sake of the latter, in order that offence, the determining factor in war, may put forth its full power, unhampered by concern for the protection of the national interests, or for its own resources. In naval war, coast defence is the defensive factor, the navy the offensive. Coast defence, when adequate, assures the naval commander-in-chief that his base of operations—the dock-yards and coal depots—is secure. It also relieves him and his government, by the protection afforded to the chief commercial centres, from the necessity of considering them, and so leaves the offensive arm perfectly free.

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Coast defence implies coast attack. To what attacks are coasts liable? Two, principally,—blockade and bombardment. The latter, being the more difficult, includes the former, as the greater does the lesser. A fleet that can bombard can still more easily blockade. Against bombardment the necessary precaution is gun-fire, of such power and range that a fleet cannot lie within bombarding distance. This condition is obtained, where surroundings permit, by advancing the line of guns so far from the city involved that bombarding distance can only be reached by coming under their fire. But it has been demonstrated, and is accepted, that, owing to their rapidity of movement—like a flock of birds on the wing,—a fleet of ships can, without disabling loss, pass by guns before which they could not lie. Hence arises the necessity of arresting or delaying their progress by blocking channels, which in modern practice is done by lines of torpedoes. The mere moral effect of the latter is a deterrent to a dash past,—by which, if successful, a fleet reaches the rear of the defences, and appears immediately before the city, which then lies at its mercy.

Coast defence, then, implies gun-power and torpedo lines placed as described. Be it said in passing that only places of decisive importance, commercially or militarily, need such defences. Modern fleets cannot afford to waste ammunition in bombarding unimportant towns—at least when so far from their own base as they would be on our coast. It is not so much a question of money as of frittering their fighting strength. It would not pay.

Even coast defence, however, although essentially passive, should have an element of offensive force, local in character, distinct from the offensive navy, of which nevertheless it forms a part. To take the offensive against a floating force it must itself be afloat—naval. This offensive element of coast defence is to be found in the torpedo-boat, in its various developments. It must be kept distinct in idea from the sea-going fleet, although it is, of course, possible that the two may act in concert. The war may very well take such a turn that the sea-going navy will find its best preparation for initiating an offensive movement to be by concentrating in a principal seaport. Failing such a contingency, however, and in and for coast defence in its narrower sense, there should be a local flotilla of small torpedo-vessels, which by their activity should make life a burden to an outside enemy. A distinguished British admiral, now dead, has said that he believed half the captains of a blockading fleet would break down—"go crazy" were the words repeated to me—under the strain of modern conditions. The expression, of course, was intended simply to convey a sense of the immensity of suspense to be endured. In such a flotilla, owing to the smallness of its components, and the simplicity of their organization and functions, is to be found the best sphere for naval volunteers; the duties could be learned with comparative ease, and the whole system is susceptible of rapid development. Be it remembered, however, that it is essentially defensive, only incidentally offensive, in character.

Such are the main elements of coast defence—guns, lines of torpedoes, torpedo-boats. Of these none can be extemporized, with the possible exception of the last, and that would be only a makeshift. To go into details would exceed the limits of an article,—require a brief treatise. Suffice it to say, without the first two, coast cities are open to bombardment; without the last, they can be freely blockaded, unless relieved by the sea-going navy. Bombardment and blockade are recognized modes of warfare, subject only to reasonable notification—a concession rather to humanity and equity than to strict law. Bombardment and blockade directed against great national centres, in the close and complicated net-work of national and commercial interests as they exist in modern times, strike not only the point affected, but every corner of the land.

The offensive in naval war, as has been said, is the function of the sea-going navy—the battle-ships, and the cruisers of various sizes and purposes, including sea-going torpedo-vessels capable of accompanying a fleet, without impeding its movements by their loss of speed or unseaworthiness. Seaworthiness, and reasonable speed under all weather conditions, are qualities necessary to every constituent of a fleet; but, over and above these, the backbone and real power of any navy are the vessels which, by due proportion of defensive and offensive powers, are capable of taking and giving hard knocks. All others are but subservient to these, and exist only for them.

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What is that strength to be? Ships answering to this description are the *kind* which make naval strength; what is to be its *degree*? What their number? The answer — a broad formula — is that it must be great enough to take the sea, and to fight, with reasonable chances of success, the largest force likely to be brought against it, as shown by calculations which have been previously indicated. Being, as we claim, and as our past history justifies us in claiming, a nation indisposed to aggression, unwilling to *extend* our possessions or our interests by war, the measure of strength we set ourselves depends, necessarily, not upon our projects of aggrandizement, but upon the disposition of others to thwart what we consider our reasonable policy, which they may not so consider. When they resist, what force can they bring against us? That force must be naval; we have no exposed point upon which land operations, decisive in character, can be directed. This is the kind of force. What may its size be? There is the measure of our needed strength. The calculation may be intricate, the conclusion only approximate and probable, but it is the nearest reply we can reach. So many ships of such and such sizes, so many guns, so much ammunition — in short, so much naval material.

In the material provisions that have been summarized under the two chief heads of defence and offence—in coast defence under its three principal requirements, guns, lines of stationary torpedoes, and torpedo-boats, and in a navy able to keep the sea in the presence of a probable enemy—consist what may be most accurately called preparations for war. In so far as the United States is short in them, she is at the mercy of an enemy whose naval strength is greater than that of her own available navy. If her navy cannot keep the enemy off the coast, blockade at least is possible. If, in addition, there are no harbor torpedo-boats, blockade is easy. If, further, guns and torpedo lines are deficient, bombardment comes within the range of possibility, and may reach even the point of entire feasibility. There will be no time for preparation after war begins.

It is not in the preparation of material that states generally fall most short of being ready for war at brief notice; for such preparation is chiefly a question of money and of manufacture — not so much of preservation after creation. If money enough is forth-coming, a moderate degree of foresight can ensure that the amount of material deemed necessary shall be on hand at a given future moment; and a similar condition can be maintained steadily. Losses by deterioration or expenditure, or demand for further increase if such appear desirable, can all be forecast with reasonable calculations, and requirements thence arising can be made good. This is comparatively easy, because mere material, once wrought into shape for war, does not deteriorate from its utility to the nation because not used immediately. It can be stored and cared for at a relatively small expense, and with proper oversight will remain just as good and just as ready for use as at its first production. There are certain deductions, a certain percentage of impairment to be allowed for, but the general statement holds.

A very different question is confronted in the problem how to be ready at equally short notice to use this material—to provide in sufficient numbers, upon a sudden call, the living agents, without whom the material is worthless. Such men in our day must be especially trained; and not only so, but while training once acquired will not be wholly forgot—stays by a man for a certain time—it nevertheless tends constantly to drop off from him. Like all habits, it requires continued practice. Moreover, it takes quite a long time to form, in a new recruit, not merely familiarity with the use of a particular weapon, but also the habit and working of the military organization of which he is an individual member. It is not enough that he learn just that one part of the whole machinery which falls to him to handle; he must be acquainted with the mutual relations of the other parts to his own and to the whole, at least in great measure. Such knowledge is essential even to the full and intelligent discharge of his own duty, not to speak of the fact that in battle every man should be ready to supply the place of another of his own class and grade who has been disabled. Unless this be so, the ship will be very far short of her best efficiency.

Now to possess such proficiency in the handling of naval material for war, and in playing an intelligent part in the general functioning of a ship in action, much

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time is required. Time is required to obtain it, further time is needed in order to retain it; and such time, be it more or less, is time lost for other purposes,—lost both to the individual and to the community. When you have your thoroughly efficient man-of-war's man, you cannot store him as you do your guns and ammunition, or lay him up as you may your ships, without his deteriorating at a rate to which material presents no parallel. On the other hand, if he be retained, voluntarily or otherwise, in the naval service, there ensues the economical loss—the loss of productive power—which constitutes the great argument against large standing armies and enforced military service, advanced by those to whom the productive energies of a country outweigh all other considerations.

It is this difficulty which is most felt by those responsible for the military readiness of European states, and which therefore has engaged their most anxious attention. The providing of material of war is an onerous money question; but it is simple, and has some compensation for the expense in the resulting employment of labor for its production. It is quite another matter to have ready the number of men needed—to train them, and to keep them so trained as to be immediately available.

The solution is sought in a tax upon time—upon the time of the nation, economically lost to production, and upon the time of the individual, lost out of his life. Like other taxes, the tendency on all sides is to reduce this as far as possible—to compromise between ideal proficiency for probable contingencies, and the actual demands of the existing and usual conditions of peace. Although inevitable, the compromise is unsatisfactory, and yields but partial results in either direction. The economist still deplores and resists the loss of producers—the military authorities insist that the country is short of its necessary force. To obviate the difficulty as far as possible, to meet both of the opposing demands, resort is had to the system of reserves, into which men pass after a period of service in the active force—which is reduced to, and often below, the shortest compatible with instruction in their duties, and with the maintenance of the active forces at a fixed minimum. This instruction acquired, the recipient passes into the reserve, leaves the life of the soldier or seaman for that of the citizen, devoting a comparatively brief time in every year to brushing up the knowledge formerly acquired. Such a system, under some form, is found in services both voluntary and compulsory.

It is scarcely necessary to say that such a method would never be considered satisfactory in any of the occupations of ordinary life. A man who learns his profession or trade, but never practises it, will not long be considered fit for employment. No kind of practical preparation, in the way of systematic instruction, equals the practical knowledge imbibed in the common course of life. This is just as true of the military professions—the naval especially—as it is of civil callings, perhaps even more so, because the former are a more unnatural, and therefore, when attained, a more highly specialized, form of human activity. For the very reason that war is in the main an evil, an unnatural state, but yet at times unavoidable, the demands upon warriors, when average men, are exceptionally exacting.

Preparedness for naval war therefore consists not so much in the building of ships and guns as it does in the possession of trained men, in adequate numbers, fit to go on board at once and use the material, the provision of which is merely one of the essential preparations for war. The word "fit" includes fairly all that detail of organization commonly called mobilization, by which the movements of the individual men are combined and directed. But mobilization, although the subjects of it are men, is itself a piece of mental machinery. Once devised, it may be susceptible of improvement, but it will not become inefficient because filed away in a pigeon-hole, any more than guns and projectiles become worthless by being stored in their parks or magazines. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. Provide your fit men,—fit by their familiarity not only with special instruments, but with a manner of life,—and your mobilization is reduced to a slip of paper telling each one where he is to go. He will get there.

That a navy, especially a large navy, can be kept in peace fully manned—manned up to the requirements of war—must be dismissed as impracticable. If

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greatly superior to a probable enemy, it will be unnecessary; if more nearly equal, then the aim can only be to be superior in the number of men immediately available and fit according to the standard of fitness here generalized. The place of a reserve in any system of preparation for war must be admitted, because inevitable. The question of the proportion and character of the reserve, relatively to the active force of peace, is the crux of the matter. This is essentially the question between long-service and short-service systems. With long service the reserves will be fewer, and for the first few years of retirement much more efficient, for they have acquired, not knowledge only, but a habit of life. With short service, more men are shoved through the mill of the training-school. Consequently they pass more rapidly into the reserve, are less efficient when they get there, and lose more rapidly, because they have acquired less thoroughly; on the other hand, they will be decidedly more numerous, on paper at least, than the entire trained force of a long-service system. The pessimists on either side will expound the dangers—the one, of short numbers; the others, of inadequate training.

Long service must be logically the desire, and the result, of voluntary systems of recruiting the strength of a military force. Where enrolment is a matter of individual choice, there is a better chance of entrance resulting in the adoption of the life as a calling to be followed up; and this disposition can be encouraged by the offering of suitable inducements. Where service is compulsory, that fact alone tends to make it abhorrent, and voluntary persistence, after time has been served, rare. But, on the other hand, as the necessity for numbers in war is as real as the necessity of fitness, a body where long service and small reserves obtain should in peace be more numerous than one where the reserves are larger. To long service and small reserves a large standing force is the natural corollary. It may be added that it is more consonant to the necessities of warfare, and more consistent with the idea of the word "reserve," as elsewhere used in war. The reserve in battle is that portion of the force which is withheld from engagement, awaiting the unforeseen developments of the fight; but no general would think of carrying on a pitched battle with the smaller part of his force, keeping the larger part in reserve. Rapid concentration of effort, anticipating that of the enemy, is the ideal of tactics and of strategy—of the battle-field and of the campaign. It is that likewise of the science of mobilization, in its modern development. The reserve is but the margin of safety, to compensate for defects in conception or execution, to which all enterprises are liable; and it may be added that it is as applicable to the material force—the ships, guns, etc.—as it is to the men.

The United States, like Great Britain, depends wholly upon voluntary enlistments; and both nations, with unconscious logic, have laid great stress upon continuous service, and comparatively little upon reserves. When seamen have served the period which entitles them to the rewards of continuous service, without further enlistment, they are, though still in the prime of life, approaching the period when fitness, in the private seaman or soldier, depends upon ingrained habit—perfect practical familiarity with the life which has been their one calling—rather than upon that elastic vigor which is the privilege of youth. Should they elect to continue in the service, there still remain some years in which they are an invaluable leaven, by character and tradition. If they depart, they are for a few years a reserve for war—if they choose to come forward; but it is manifest that such a reserve can be but small, when compared with a system which in three or five years passes men through the active force into the reserve. The latter, however, is, man for man, far less valuable. Of course, a reserve which has not even three years' service is less valuable still.

The United States is to all intents an insular power, like Great Britain. We have but two land frontiers, Canada and Mexico. The latter is hopelessly inferior to us in all the elements of military strength. As regards Canada, Great Britain maintains a standing army; but, like our own, its numbers indicate clearly that aggression will never be her policy, except in those distant regions whither the great armies of the world cannot act against her, unless they first wrench from her the control of the sea. No modern state has long maintained a supremacy by land and by sea—one or the other has been held from time to time by this or that country, but not both.

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Great Britain has wisely chosen naval power; and, independent of her reluctance to break with the United States for other reasons, she would certainly regret to devote to the invasion of a nation of seventy millions the small disposable force which she maintains in excess of the constant requirements of her colonial interests. We are, it may be repeated, an insular power, dependent therefore upon a navy.

Durable naval power, besides, depends ultimately upon extensive commercial relations; consequently, and especially in an insular state, it is rarely aggressive, in the military sense. Its instincts are naturally for peace, because it has so much at stake outside its shores. Historically, this has been the case with the conspicuous example of sea power, Great Britain, since she became such; and it increasingly tends to be so. It is also our own case, and to a yet greater degree, because, with an immense compact territory, there has not been the disposition to external effort which has carried the British flag all over the globe, seeking to earn by foreign commerce and distant settlement that abundance of resource which to us has been the free gift of nature—or of Providence. By her very success, however, Great Britain, in the vast increase and dispersion of her external interests, has given hostages to fortune, which for mere defence impose upon her a great navy. Our career has been different, our conditions now are not identical, yet our geographical position and political convictions have created for us also external interests and external responsibilities, which are likewise our hostages to fortune. It is not necessary to roam afar in search of adventures; popular feeling and the deliberate judgment of statesmen have asserted alike that, from conditions we neither made nor control, interests beyond the sea exist, have sprung up of themselves, which demand protection. "Beyond the sea"—that means a navy. Of invasion, in any real sense of the word, we run no risk, and if we did, it must be by sea; and there, at sea, must primarily be met, and ought to be met decisively, any attempt at invasion of our interests, either in distant lands, or at home by blockade or by bombardment. Yet the force of men in the navy is smaller, by more than half, than that in the army.

The necessary complement of those admirable measures which have now for over a decade been employed in the creation of naval material is the preparation of an adequate force of trained men to use this material when completed. Take an entirely fresh man: a battle-ship can be built and put in commission before he becomes a trained man-of-war's man, and a torpedo-boat can be built and ready for service before, to use the old sea-phrase, "the hay seed is out of his hair." Further, in a voluntary service, you cannot keep your trained men as you can your completed ship or gun. The inevitable inference is that the standing force must be large, because you can neither create it hastily, nor maintain it by compulsion. Having fixed the amount of material—the numbers and character of the fleet,—from this follows easily the number of men necessary to man it. This aggregate force can then be distributed, upon some accepted idea, between the standing navy and the reserve. Without fixing a proportion between the two, the present writer is convinced that the reserve should be but a small percentage of the whole; and that in a small navy, as ours, relatively, will long be, this is doubly imperative; for the smaller the navy, the greater the need for constant efficiency to act promptly, and the smaller the expense of maintenance. In fact, where quantity — number — is small, quality should be all the more high. The quality of the whole is a question of *personnel* even more than of material; and the quality of the *personnel* can only be maintained by high individual fitness in the force, undiluted by dependence upon a large, only partly efficient, reserve element.

> "One foot on sea and one on shore, to one thing constant never,"

will not man the fleet. It can be but an imperfect palliative, and can be absorbed effectually by the main body only in small proportions. It is in torpedo-boats for coast defence, and in commerce-destroying for deep-sea warfare, that the true sphere for naval reserves will be found; for the duties in both cases are comparatively simple, and the organization can be the same.

Every danger of a military character to which the United States can be exposed can be met best outside her own territory —at sea. Preparedness for naval war—preparedness against naval attack and for naval offence — is preparedness for anything that is likely to occur.

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"HÉLAS! MON JEUNE AMI!...."

THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART VI.

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."

. . . . .

"Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd."

—"AS YOU LIKE IT."

FOR many months Barty and his aunt lived their usual life in the rue des Ursulines Blanches.

He always looked back on those dreary months as on a long nightmare. Spring, summer, autumn, and another Christmas!

His eye got worse and worse, and so interfered with the sight of the other that he had no peace till it was darkened

* Begun in October number, 1896.

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BARTY GIVES HIMSELF AWAY.

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wholly. He tried another doctor—Monsieur Goyers, professor at the liberal university of Ghent — who consulted with Dr. Noiret about him one day in Brussels, and afterwards told him that Noiret of Louvain, whom he described as a miserable Jesuit, was blinding him, and that he, this Goyers of Ghent, would cure him in six weeks.

"Mettez-vous au régime des viandes saignantes!" had said Noiret; and Barty had put himself on a diet of underdone beef and mutton.

"Mettez-vous au lait!" said Goyers—so he metted himself at the milk, as he called it—and put himself in Goyers's hands; and in six weeks got so much worse that he went back to Noiret and the regimen of the bleeding meats, which he loathed.

Then, in his long and wretched *désœuvrement*, his melancholia, he drifted into an indiscreet flirtation with a beautiful lady—he (as had happened before) being more the pursued than the pursuer. And so ardent was the pursuit that one fine morning the beautiful lady found herself gravely compromised—and there was a bother and a row.

> "Amour, amour, quand tu nous tiens,
> On peut bien dire 'Adieu Prudence!'"

All this gave Lady Caroline great distress, and ended most unhappily—in a duel with the lady's husband, who was a Colonel of Artillery, and meant business!

They fought with swords in a little wood near Laeken. Barty, who could have run his fat antagonist through a dozen times during the five minutes they fought, allowed himself to be badly wounded in the side, just above the hip, and spent a month in bed. He had hoped to manage for himself a slighter wound, and catch his adversary's point on his elbow.

Afterwards, Lady Caroline, who had so disapproved of the flirtation, did not, strange to say, so disapprove of this bloody encounter, and thoroughly approved of the way Barty had let himself be pinked! and nursed him devotedly; no mother could have nursed him better—no sister—no wife! not even the wife of that Belgian Colonel of Artillery!

"Il s'est conduit en homme de cœur!" said the good Abbé.

"Il s'est conduit en bon gentilhomme!" said the aristocratic Father Louis, of the princely house of Aremberg.

On the other hand, young de Clèves the dragoon, and Monsieur Jean the Viscount, who had served as Barty's seconds (I was in America), were very angry with him for giving himself away in this "idiotically quixotic manner."

Besides which, Colonel Lecornu was a notorious bully, it seems; and a fool into the bargain; and belonged to a branch of the service they detested.

The only other thing worth mentioning is that Barty and Father Louis became great friends—almost inseparable during such hours as the Dominican could spare from the duties of his professorate.

It speaks volumes for all that was good in each of them that this should have been so, since they were wide apart as the poles in questions of immense moment: questions on which I will not enlarge, strongly as I feel about them myself—for this is not a novel, but a biography, and therefore no fit place for the airing of one's own opinion on matters so grave and important.

When they parted they constantly wrote to each other—an intimate correspondence that was only ended by the father's death.

Barty also made one or two other friends in Malines, and was often in Antwerp and Brussels, but seldom for more than a few hours, as he did not like to leave his aunt alone.

One day came, in April, on which she had to leave him.

A message arrived that her father, the old Marquis (Barty's grandfather), was at the point of death. He was ninety-six. He had expressed a wish to see her once more, although he had long been childish.

So Barty saw her off, with her maid, by the *Baron Osy*. She promised to be back as soon as all was over. Even this short parting was a pain—they had grown so indispensable to each other.

Tescheles was away from Antwerp, and the disconsolate Barty went back to Malines and dined by himself; and little Frau waited on him with extra care.

It turned out that her mother had cooked for him a special dish of consolation—sausage-meat stewed inside a red cabbage with apples and cloves till it all gets mixed up. It is a dish not to be

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SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

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beaten when you are young and Flemish and hungry and happy and well (even then you mustn't take more than one helping). When you are not all this it is good to wash it down with half a bottle of the best Burgundy—and this Barty did (from Vougeot-Conti and Co.).

Then he went out and wandered about in the dark and lost himself in a dreamy dædalus of little streets and bridges and canals and ditches. A huge comet (Encke's, I believe) was flaring all over the sky.

He suddenly came across the lighted window of a small estaminet, and went in.

It was a little beer-shop of the humblest kind—and just started. At a little deal table, brand-new, a middle-aged burgher of prosperous appearance was sitting next to the barmaid, who had deserted her post at the bar—and to whom he seemed somewhat attentive; for their chairs were close together, and their arms round each other's waists, and they drank out of the same glass.

There was no one else in the room, and Barty was about to make himself scarce, but they pressed him to come in; so he sat at another little new deal table on a little new straw-bottomed chair, and she brought him a glass of beer. She was a very handsome girl, with a tall graceful figure and Spanish eyes. He lit a cigar, and she went back to her beau quite simply—and they all three fell into conversation about an operetta by Victor Massé, which had been performed in Malines the previous night, called *Les Noces de Jeannette*.

The barmaid and her monsieur were trying to remember the beautiful air Jeannette sings as she mends her angry husband's breeches:

"Cours, mon aiguille, dans la laine!
Ne te casse pas dans ma main;
Avec de bons baisers demain
Jean nous paira de notre peine!"

So Barty sang it to them; and so beautifully that they were all but melted to tears—especially the monsieur, who was evidently very sentimental and very much in love. Besides, there was that ineffable charm of the pure French intonation, so caressing to the Belgian ear, so dear to the Belgian soul, so unattainable by Flemish lips. It was one of Barty's most successful ditties—and if I were a middle-aged burgher of Mechelen, I shouldn't much like to have a young French Barty singing "Cours mon aiguille" to the girl of my heart.

Then, at their desire, he went on singing things till it was time to leave, and he found he had spent quite a happy evening; nothing gave him greater pleasure than singing to people who liked it—and he went singing on his way home, dreamily staring at the rare gas-lamps and the huge comet, and thinking of his old grandfather who lay dying or dead: "Cours, mon aiguille, it is good to live—it is good to die!"

Suddenly he discovered that when he looked at one lamp, another lamp close to it on the right was completely eclipsed—and he soon found that a portion of his right eye, not far from the centre, was totally sightless.

The shock was so great that he had to lean against a buttress of St. Rombault for support.

When he got home he tested the sight of his eye with a two-franc piece on the green table-cloth, and found there was no mistake—a portion of his remaining eye was stone-blind.

He spent a miserable night, and went next day to Louvain, to see the oculist.

M. Noiret heard his story, arranged the dark room and the lamp, dilated the right pupil with atropine, and made a minute examination with the ophthalmoscope.

Then he became very thoughtful, and led the way to his library and begged Barty to sit down; and began to talk to him very seriously indeed, like a father—patting the while a small Italian greyhound that lay and shivered and whined in a little round cot by the fire.

M. Noiret began by inquiring into his circumstances, which were not flourishing, as we know—and Barty made no secret of them; then he asked him if he were fond of music, and was pleased to hear that he was, since it is such an immense resource; then he asked him if he belonged to the Roman Catholic faith, and again was pleased.

"For"—said he—"you will need all your courage and all your religion to hear and bear what it is my misfortune to have to tell you. I hope you will have more fortitude than another young patient of mine (also an artist) to whom I was obliged to make a similar communication. He blew out his brains on my door-step!"

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"I promise you I will not do that. I suppose I am going blind?"

"Hélas! mon jeune ami! I grieve to say that the fatal disease, congestion and detachment of the retina, which has so obstinately and irrevocably destroyed your left eye, has begun its terrible work on the right. We will fight for every inch of the way. But I fear I must not give you any hope, after the careful examination I have just made. It is my duty to be frank with you."

Then he said much about the will of God, and where true comfort was to be found, at the foot of the Cross; in fact, he said all he ought to have said according to his lights, as he fondled his little greyhound—and finally took Barty to the door, which he opened for him, most politely bowing with his black velvet skull-cap; and pocketed his full fee (ten francs) with his usual grace of careless indifference, and gently shut the door on him. There was nothing else to do.

Barty stood there for some time, quite dazed; partly because his pupil was so dilated he could hardly see—partly (he thinks) because he in some way became unconscious; although when he woke from this little seeming trance, which may have lasted for more than a minute, he found himself still standing upright on his legs. What woke him was the *sudden consciousness of the north*, which he hadn't felt for many years; and this gave him extraordinary confidence in himself, and such a wholesome sense of power and courage that he quickly recovered his wits; and when the glad surprise of this had worn itself away he was able to think and realize the terrible thing that had happened. He was almost pleased that his aunt Caroline was away. He felt he could not have faced her with such news—it was a thing easier to write and prepare her for than to tell by word of mouth.

He walked about Louvain for several hours, to tire himself. Then he went to Brussels and dined, and again walked about the lamp-lit streets and up and down the station, and finally went back to Malines by a late train—very nervous—expecting that the retina of his right eye would suddenly go pop—yet hugging himself all the while in his renewed old comfortable feeling of companionship with the north pole, that made him feel like a boy again; that inexplicable sensation so intimately associated with all the best reminiscences of his innocent and happy childhood.

He had been talking to himself like a father all day, though not in the same strain as M. Noiret; and had almost arrived at framing the programme of a possible existence—singing at cafés with his guitar—singing anywhere: he felt sure of a living for himself, and for the little boy who would have to lead him about—if the worst came to the worst.

If but the feeling of self-orientation which was so necessary to him could only be depended upon, he felt that in time he would have pluck enough to bear anything. Indeed, total eclipse was less appalling, in its finality, than that miserable sword of Damocles which had been hanging over him for months—robbing him of his manhood—poisoning all the springs of life.

Why not make life-long endurance of evil a study, a hobby, and a pride; and be patient as bronze or marble, and ever wear an invincible smile at grief, even when in darkness and alone? Why not, indeed!

And he set himself then and there to smile invincibly, meaning to keep on smiling for fifty years at least—the blind live long.

So he chatted to himself, saying *sursum cor! sursum corda!* all the way home; and walking down the Grand Brul, he had a little adventure which absolutely gave him a hearty guffaw and sent him almost laughing to bed.

There was a noisy squabble between some soldiers and civilians on the opposite side of the way, and a group of men in blouses were looking on. Barty stood leaning against a lamp-post, and looked on too.

Suddenly a small soldier rushed at the blouses, brandishing his short straight sword (or *coupe-choux*, as it is called in civilian slang), and saying:

"Ça ne vous regarde pas, savez-vous! allez-vous en bien vite, ou je vous. . . ."

The blouses fled like sheep.

Then as he caught sight of Barty he rushed at him.

"Ça ne vous regarde pas, savez-vous! . . . ."

(It doesn't concern you.)

"Non—c'est moi qui regarde, savez-vous!" said Barty.

"Qu'est-ce que vous regardez?"

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"Je regarde la lune et les étoiles. Je regarde la comète!"

"Voulez-vous bien vous en aller bien vite!"

"Une autre fois!" says Barty.

"Allez-vous-en, je vous dis!"

"Après-demain!"

"Vous . . . ne . . . voulez . . . pas . . . vous . . . en . . . aller?" says the soldier, on tiptoe, his chest against Barty's stomach, his nose almost up to Barty's chin, glaring up like a fiend, and poising his *coupe-choux* for a death-stroke.

"*Non*, sacré petit pousse-cailloux du diable!" roars Barty.

"Et bien, restez où vous êtes!" and the little man plunged back into the fray on the opposite side—and no blood was shed after all.

Barty dreamt of this adventure, and woke up laughing at it in the small hours of that night. Then, suddenly, in the dark, he remembered the horror of what had happened. It overwhelmed him. He realized, as in a sudden illuminating flash, what life meant for him henceforward—life that might last for so many years.

Vitality is at its lowest ebb at that time of night; though the brain is quick to perceive, and so clear that its logic seems inexorable.

It was hell. It was not to be borne a moment longer. It must be put an end to at once. He tried to feel the north, but could not. He would kill himself then and there, while his aunt was away; so that the horror of the sight of him, after, should at least be spared her.

He jumped out of bed and struck a light. Thank Heaven, he wasn't blind yet, though he saw all the bogies, as he called them, that had made his life a burden to him for the last two years—the retina floating loose about his left eye, tumbling and deforming every lighted thing it reflected—and also the new dark spot in his right.

He partially dressed, and stole up stairs to old Torfs's photographic studio. He knew where he could find a bottle full of cyanide of potassium, used for removing finger-stains left by silver nitrate; there was enough of it to poison a whole regiment. That was better than taking a header off the roof. He seized a handful of the stuff, and came down and put it into a tumbler by his bedside and poured some water over it.

Then he got his writing-case and a pen and ink, and jumped into bed; and there he wrote four letters: one to Lady Caroline, one to Father Louis, one to Lord Archibald, and one to me in Blaze.

The cyanide was slow in melting. He crushed it angrily in the glass with his penholder—and the scent of bitter-almonds filled the room. Just then the sense of the north came back to him in full; but it only strengthened his resolve and made him all the calmer.

He lay staring at the tumbler, watching little bubbles, revelling in what remained of his exquisite faculty of minute sight—with a feeling of great peace; and thought prayerfully; lost himself in a kind of formless prayer without words—lost himself completely. It was as if the wished-for dissolution were coming of its own accord: nirvana—an ecstasy of conscious annihilation—the blessed end, the end of all! as though he were passing

> ". . . . du sommeil au songe—
> Du songe à la mort."

It was not so. . . .

He was aroused by a knock at the door, which was locked. It was broad daylight.

"Il est dix heures, savez-vous?" said little Frau outside—"voulez-vous votre café dans votre chambre?"

"Oh Christ!" said Barty—and jumped out of bed. "It's all got to be done now!"

But something very strange had happened.

The tumbler was still there, but the cyanide had disappeared; so had the four letters he had written. His pen and ink were on the table, and on his open writing-case lay a letter in Blaze—in his own handwriting. The north was strong in him. He called out to Finche Torfs to leave his coffee in the drawing-room, and read his Blaze letter—and this is what he read:

"My Dear Barty,—Don't be in the least alarmed on reading this hasty scrawl, after waking from the sleep you meant to sleep forever. There is no sleep without a live body to sleep in—no such thing as everlasting sleep. Self-destruction seems a very simple thing—more often a duty than not; but it's not to be done! It is quite impossible not to be, when once you have been.

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"If I were to let you destroy your body, as you were so bent on doing, the strongest interest I have on earth would cease to exist.

"I love you, Barty, with a love passing the love of woman; and have done so from the day you were born. I loved your father and mother before you—and theirs: ça date de loin, mon pauvre ami! and especially I love your splendid body and all that belongs to it—brain, stomach, heart, and the rest; even your poor remaining eye, which is worth all the eyes of Argus!

"So I have used your own pen and ink and paper, your own right hand and brain, your own cipher, and the words that are yours, to write you this—in English. I like English better than French.

"Listen. Monsieur Noiret is a fool; and you are a poor self-deluded hypochondriac.

"I am convinced your right eye is safe for many years to come—probably for the rest of your life.

"You have quite deceived yourself in fancying that the symptom you perceived in your right eye threatens the disease which has destroyed your left—for the sight of that, alas! is irretrievably gone; so don't trouble about it any more. It will always be charming to *look at*, but it will never *see* again. Some day I will tell you how you came to lose the use of it. I think I know.

"M. Noiret is new to the ophthalmoscope. The old humbug never saw your right retina at all—nor your left one either, for that matter. He only pretended, and judged entirely by what you told him; and you didn't tell him very clearly. He's a Belgian, you know, and a priest, and doesn't think very quick.

"*I* saw your retina, although but with *his* eye. There is no sign of congestion or coming detachment whatever. That blind portion you discovered is in *every* eye. It is called the '*punctum cæcum*.' It is where the optic nerve enters the retina and spreads out. It is only with one eye shut that an ordinary person can find it, for each eye supplements this defect of the other. To-morrow morning try the experiment on little Finche Torfs; on any one you meet. You will find it in everybody.

"So don't trouble about either eye any more. I'm not infallible, of course; it's only *your* brain I'm using now. But your brain is infinitely better than that of poor M. Noiret, who doesn't know what his eye really perceives, and takes it for something else! Your brain is the best brain I know, although you are not aware of this, and have never even used it, except for trash and nonsense. But you *shall*—some day. *I'll* take care of that, and the world shall wonder.

"Trust me. Live on, and I will never desert you again, unless you again force me to by your conduct. I have come back to you in the hour of your need.

"I have managed to make you, in your sleep, throw away your poison where it will injure nobody but the rats, and no one will be a bit the wiser. I have made you burn your touching letters of farewell—you will find the ashes inside the stove. Yours is a good heart!

"Now take a cold bath and have a good breakfast, and go to Antwerp or Brussels and see people and amuse yourself.

"Never see M. Noiret again. But when your aunt comes back you must both clear out of this depressing priestly hole; it doesn't suit either of you, body or mind. Go to Düsseldorf, in Prussia. Close by, at a village called Riffrath, lives an old doctor, Dr. Hasenclever, who understands a deal about the human heart, and something about the human body; and even a little about the human eye—for he is a famous oculist. He can't cure, but he'll give you things that at least will do you no harm. He won't rid you of the eye that remains! You will meet some pleasant English people, whom I particularly wish you to meet, and make friends, and have a holiday from trouble, and begin the world anew.

"As to who *I* am, you shall know in time. My power to help you is very limited, but my devotion to you (for very good reasons) has no limits at all.

"Take it that my name is Martia. When you have finished reading this letter, look at yourself in your looking-glass and say (loud enough for your own ears to hear you),

"'I trust you, Martia!'

"Then I will leave you for a while, and come back at night, as in the old days. Whenever the north is in you, there am I; seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling with your five splendid wits by day—sleeping your lovely sleep at night; but only able to think with

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your brain, it seems, and then only when you are fast asleep. I only found it out just now, and saved your earthly life, mon beau somnambule! It was a great surprise to me!

"Don't mention this to any living soul till I give you leave. You will only hear from me on great occasions.

MARTIA.

"P. S. — Always leave something to write with by your bedside at night, in case the great occasion should arise. On ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver!"

Bewildered, beside himself, Barty ran to his looking-glass, and stared himself out of countenance, and almost shouted,

"I trust you, Martia!"

And ceased suddenly to feel the north.

Then he dressed and went to breakfast. Little Frau thought he had gone mad, for he put a five-franc piece upon the carpet, and made her stand a few feet off from it and cover her left eye with her hand.

"Now follow the point of my stick with your right eye," says he, "and tell me if the five-franc piece disappears."

And he slowly drew with the point of his stick an imaginary line from the five-franc piece to the left of her, at right angles to where she stood. When the point of the stick was about two feet from the coin, she said,

"Tiens, tiens, I no longer see the piece."

When the point of the stick had got a foot farther on, she said, "Now I can see the piece again quite plain."

Then he tried the same experiment on her left eye, rightwards, with the same result. Then he experimented with equal success on her father and mother, and found that every eye at No. 36 rue des Ursulines Blanches had exactly the same blind spot as his own.

Then off he went to Antwerp to see his friends, with a light heart—the first light heart he had known for many months; but when he got there he was so preoccupied with what had happened that he did not care to see anybody.

He walked about the ramparts and along the Scheldt, and read and re-read that extraordinary letter.

Who and what could Martia be?

The reminiscence of some antenatal incarnation of his own soul? the soul of some ancestor or ancestress — of his mother, perhaps? or, perhaps, some occult portion of himself—of his own brain in unconscious cerebration during sleep?

As a child and a small boy, and even as a very young man, he had often dreamt at night of a strange dim land by the sea, a land unlike any land he had ever beheld with the waking eye, where beautiful aquatic people, mermen and mermaids and charming little mer-children (of which he was one) lived an amphibious life by day, diving and sporting in the waves.

Splendid caverns, decorated with precious stones, and hung with soft moss, and shining with a strange light; heavenly music, sweet affectionate caresses — and then total darkness; and yet one knew who and what and where everything and everybody was by some keener sense than that of sight.

It all seemed strange and delightful, but so vague and shadowy it was impossible to remember anything clearly; but ever pervading all things was that feeling of the north which had always been such a comfort to him.

Was this extraordinary letter the result of some such forgotten dream he may have had during the previous night, and which may have prompted him to write it in his sleep? some internal knowledge of the anatomy of his own eye which was denied to him when awake?

Anyhow, it was evidently true about that blind spot in the retina (the *punctum cæcum*), and that he had been frightening himself out of his wits for nothing, and that his right eye was really sound; and, all through this wondrous yet simple revelation, it was time this old hysterical mock-disease should die.

Once more life was full of hopes and possibilities, and with such inarticulate and mysterious promptings as he often felt within his soul, and such a hidden gift to guide them, what might he not one day develop into?

Then he went and found Tescheles, and they dined together with a famous pianist, Louis Brassin, and afterwards there was music, and Barty felt the north, and his bliss was transcendent as he went back to Malines by the last train—talking to Martia (as he expressed it to himself) in a confidential whisper which he made audible to his own ear (that she, if it was a she, might hear too); almost praying, in a fervor of hope and gratitude; and begging for further guidance; and he

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went warmly to sleep, hugging close within himself, somewhere about the region of the diaphragm, an ineffable imaginary something which he felt to be more precious than any possession that had ever yet been his — more precious even than the apple of his remaining eye; and when he awoke next morning he felt he had been most blissfully dreaming all night long, but could not remember anything of his dreams, and on a piece of paper he had left by his bedside was written, in pencil, in his own Blaze:

"You must depend upon yourself, Barty, not on me. Follow your own instincts when you feel you can do so without self-reproach, and all will be well with you.—M."

His instincts led him to spend the day in Brussels, and he followed them; he still wanted to walk about and muse and ponder, and Brussels is a very nice, gay, and civilized city for such a purpose—a little Paris, with charming streets and shops and a charming arcade, and very good places to eat and drink in, and hear pretty music.

He did all this, and spent a happy day.

He came to the conclusion that the only way to keenly appreciate and thoroughly enjoy the priceless gift of sight in one eye was to lose that of the other; in the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed is king; and he fully revelled in the royalty that was now his, he hoped, for evermore; but wished for himself as limited a kingdom and as few subjects as possible.

Then back to Malines by the last train —and the sensation of the north, and a good night; but no message in the morning—no message from Martia for many mornings to come.

He received, however, a long letter from Lady Caroline.

The old Marquis had died without pain, and with nearly all his family round him; but perfectly childish, as he had been for two or three years. He was to be buried on the following Monday.

Barty wrote a long letter in reply, telling his aunt how much better he had suddenly become in health and spirits; how he had thought of things, and quite reconciled himself at last to the loss of his left eye, and meant to keep the other and make the best of it he could; how he had heard of a certain Doctor Hasenclever, a famous oculist near Düsseldorf, and would like to consult him; how Düsseldorf was such a healthy town, charming and gay, full of painters and soldiers, the best and nicest people in the world—and also very cheap. Mightn't they try it?

He was very anxious indeed to go back to his painting, and Düsseldorf was as good a school as any, etc., etc., etc. He wrote pages—of the kind he knew she would like, for it was of the kind he liked writing to her; they understood each other thoroughly, he and Lady Caroline, and well he knew that she could only be quite happy in doing whatever he had most at heart.

How he longed to tell her everything! but that must not be. I can imagine all the deep discomfort to poor Barty of having to be discreet for the first time in his life, of having to keep a secret—and from his beloved Aunt Caroline of all people in the world!

That was a happy week he spent—mostly in Antwerp among the painters. He got no more letters from Martia, not for many days to come; but he felt the north every night as he sank into healthy sleep, and woke in the morning full of hope and confidence in himself—at last *sans peur et sans reproche.*

One day in Brussels he met M. Noiret, who naturally put on a very grave face; they shook hands, and Barty inquired affectionately after the little Italian greyhound, and asked what was the French for "*punctum cæcum.*"

Said Noiret: "Ça s'appelle *le point caché*—c'est une portion de la rétine avec laquelle on ne peut pas voir. . . ."

Barty laughed, and shook hands again, and left the Professor staring.

Then he was a great deal with Father Louis. They went to Ghent together, and other places of interest, and to concerts in Brussels.

The good Dominican was very sorrowful at the prospect of soon losing his friend. Poor Barty! The trial it was to him not to reveal his secret to this singularly kind and sympathetic comrade; not even under the seal of confession! So he did not confess at all; although he would have confessed anything to Father Louis, even if Father Louis had not been a priest. There are the high Catholics, who understand the souls of others, and all the difficulties of the conscience, and do not proselytize in a hurry; and the low

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Catholics, the converts of the day before yesterday, who will not let a body be!

Father Louis was a very high Catholic indeed.

The Lady Caroline Grey, 12A Seamore Place, London, to M. Josselin, 36 rue des Ursulines Blanches, Malines:

"MY DEAR LITTLE BARTY,—Your nice long letter made me very happy—happy beyond description; it makes me almost jealous to think that you should have suddenly got so much better in your health and spirits while I was away: you won't want me any more! That doesn't prevent my longing to get back to you. You must put up with your poor old aunty for a little while yet.

"And now for *my* news—I couldn't write before. Poor papa was buried on Monday, and we all came back here next day. He has left you £200: c'est toujours ça! Everything seems in a great mess. Your uncle Runswick* is going to be very poor indeed; he is going to let Castle Rohan, and live here all the year round. Poor fellow, he looks as old as his father did ten years ago, and he's only sixty-three! If Algy could only make a good marriage! At forty that's easier said than done.

"Archibald and his wife are at a place called Monte Carlo, where there are gaming-tables: she gambles fearfully, it seems: and they lead a cat and dog life. She is *plus que coquette*, and extravagant to a degree; and he is quite shrunk and prematurely old, and almost shabby, and drinks more brandy than he ought.

"Daphne is charming, and is to come out next spring; she will have £3000 a year, lucky child; all out of chocolate. What nonsense we've all talked about trade! we shall all have to take to it in time. The Lonlay-Savignac people were wise in their generation.

"And what do you think? Young Digby-Dobbs wants to marry her, out of the school-room! He'll be Lord Frognal, you know; and very soon, for his father is drinking himself to death.

"He's in your old regiment, and a great favorite; not yet twenty—he only left Eton last Christmas twelvemonth. She says she won't have him at any price, because he stammers.

"She declares you haven't written to her for three months, and that you owe her an illustrated letter in French, with priests and nuns, and dogs harnessed to a cart.

"And now for news that will delight you: She is to come abroad with me for a twelvemonth, and wishes to go with you and me to Düsseldorf first! *Isn't* that a happy coincidence? We would all spend the summer there, and then Italy for the winter; you too, if you can (so you must be economical with that £200).

"I have already heard wonders about Dr. Hasenclever, even before your letter came; he cured General Baines, who was given up by everybody here, Lady Palmerston told me: she was here yesterday, by-the-bye, and the Duchess of Bermondsey, and both inquired most kindly after you.

"The Duchess looked as handsome as ever, and as proud as a peacock; for last year she presented her niece, Julia Royce, 'the divine Julia,' the greatest beauty ever seen, I am told, with many thousands a year, if you please—Lady Jane Royce's daughter, an only child, and her father's dead. She's six feet high, so you would go mad about her. She's already refused sixty offers, good ones; among them little Lord Orrisroot, the hunchback, who'll have £1000 a day (including Sundays) when he comes into the title—and that can't be very far off, for the wicked old Duke of Deptford has got creeping paralysis, like his father and grandfather before him, and is now quite mad, and thinks himself a postman, and rattats all day long on the furniture. Lady Jane is furious with her for not accepting; and when Julia told her, she slapped her face before the maid!

"There's another gigantic beauty that people have gone mad about—a Polish pianist, who's just married young Harcourt, who's a grandson of that old scamp the Duke of Towers.

"Talking of beauties, whom do you think I met yesterday in the Park? Whom but your stalwart friend Mr. Maurice (*he* wasn't the beauty), with his sister, your old Paris playfellow, and the lovely Miss Gibson. He introduced them both, and I was delighted with them, and we walked together by the Serpentine; and after five minutes I came to the conclusion that Miss Gibson is as beautiful as it is possible for a dark beauty to be, and as nice as she looks. She isn't dark really,

* The new Marquis of Whitby.

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only her eyes and hair; her complexion is like cream: she's a freak of nature. Lucky young Maurice if she is to be his fate—and both well off, I suppose.

"Upon my word, if you were King Cophetua and she the beggar-maid, I would give you both my blessing. But how is it you never fell in love with the fair *Ida?* You never told me how handsome she is. She too complained of you as a correspondent, and declares that she gets one letter in return for three she writes you.

"I have bought you some pretty new songs, among others one by Charles Kingsley, which is lovely; about three fishermen and their wives: it reminds one of our dear Whitby! I can play the accompaniment in perfection, and all by heart!

"Give my kindest remembrances to Father Louis and the dear Abbé Lefebvre, and say kind things from me to the Torfses. Martha sends her love to little Frau, and so do I.

"We hope to be in Antwerp in a fortnight, and shall put up at the Grand Laboureur. I shall go to Malines, of course, to say good-by to people.

"Tell the Torfses to get my things ready for moving. There will be five of us: I and Martha, and Daphne and two servants of her own; for Daphne's got to take old Mrs. Richards, who won't be parted from her.

"Good-by for the present. My dear boy, I thank God on my knees night and morning for having given you back to me in my old age.

Your ever affectionate aunt,

CAROLINE.

"P. S.—You remember pretty little Kitty Hardwicke you used to flirt with, who married young St. Clair, who's now Lord Kidderminster? She's just had three at a birth; she had twins only last year; the Queen's delighted. Pray be careful about never getting wet feet—"

One stormy evening in May, Mrs. Gibson drove Ida and Leah and me and Mr. Babbage, a middle-aged but very dapper War Office clerk (who was a friend of the Gibson family) to Chelsea, that we might explore Cheyne Walk and its classic neighborhood. I rode on the box by the coachman.

We alighted by the steamboat pier and explored, I walking with Leah.

We came to a very narrow street, quite straight, the narrowest street that could call itself a street at all, and rather long; we were the only people in it. It has since disappeared, with all that particular part of Chelsea.

Suddenly we saw a runaway horse without a rider coming along it at full gallop, straight at us, with a most demoralizing sharp clatter of its iron hoofs on the stone pavement.

"Your backs to the wall!" cried Mr. Babbage, and we flattened ourselves to let the maddened brute go by, bridle and stirrups flying—poor Mrs. Gibson almost faint with terror.

Leah, instead of flattening herself against the wall, put her arms round her mother, making of her own body a shield for her, and looked round at the horse as it came tearing up the street, striking sparks from the flag-stones.

Nobody was hurt, for a wonder; but Mrs. Gibson was quite overcome. Mr. Babbage was very angry with Leah, whose back the horse actually grazed, as he all but caught his hoofs in her crinoline, and hit her with a stirrup on the shoulder.

I could only think of Leah's face as she looked round at the approaching horse, with her protecting arms round her mother. It was such a sudden revelation to me of what she really was, and its expression was so hauntingly impressive that I could think of nothing else. Its mild calm courage, its utter carelessness of self, its immense tenderness—all blazed out in such beautiful lines, in such beautiful white and black, that I lost all self-control; and when we walked back to the pier, following the rest of the party, I asked her to be my wife.

She turned very pale again, and the flesh of her chin quivered as she told me that was *quite impossible—and could never be.*

I asked her if there was anybody else, and she said there was nobody, but that she did not wish ever to marry; that, beyond her parents and Ida, she loved and respected me more than anybody else in the whole world, but that she could never marry me. She was much agitated, and said the sweetest, kindest things, but put all hope out of the question at once.

It was the greatest blow I have ever had in my life.

Three days after, I went to America;

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and before I came back I had started in New York the American branch of the house of Vougeot-Conti, and laid the real foundation of the largest fortune that has ever yet been made by selling wine, and of the long political career about which I will say nothing in these pages.

On my voyage out I wrote a long Blaze letter to Barty, and poured out all my grief, and my resignation to the decree which I felt to be irrevocable. I reminded him of that playful toss-up in Southampton Row, and told him that, having surrendered all claims myself, the best thing that could happen to me was that she should some day marry *him* (which I certainly did not think at all likely).

So henceforward, reader, you will not be troubled by your obedient servant with the loves of a prosperous merchant of wines. Had those loves been more successful, and the wines less so, you would never have heard of either.

Whether or not I should have been a happier man in the long-run I really can't say—mine has been, on the whole, a very happy life, as men's lives go; but I am bound to admit, in all due modesty, that the universe would probably have been the poorer by some very splendid people, and perhaps by some very splendid things it could ill have spared; and one great and beautifully borne sorrow the less would have been ushered into this world of many sorrows.

It was a bright May morning (a year after this) when Barty and his aunt Caroline and his cousin Daphne and their servants left Antwerp for Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

At Malines they had to change trains, and spent half an hour at the station waiting for the express from Brussels and bidding farewell to their Mechlin friends, who had come there to wish them God-speed: the Abbé Lefebvre, Father Louis, and others; and the Torfses, père et mère; and little Frau, who wept freely as Lady Caroline kissed her and gave her a pretty little diamond brooch. Barty gave her a gold cross and a hearty shake of the hand, and she seemed quite heart-broken.

Then up came the long, full train, and their luggage was swallowed, and they got in, and the two guards blew their horns, and they left Malines behind them—with a mixed feeling of elation and regret.

They had not been very happy there, but many people had been very kind; and the place, with all its dreariness, had a strange, still charm, and was full of historic beauty and romantic associations.

Passing Louvain, Barty shook his fist at the Catholic University and its scientific priestly professors, who condemned one so lightly to a living death. He hated the aspect of the place, the very smell of it.

At Verviers they left the Belgian train; they had reached the limits of King Leopold's dominions. There was half an hour for lunch in the big refreshment-room, over which his Majesty and the Queen of the Belgians presided from the wall—nearly seven feet high each of them, and in their regal robes.

Just as the Rohans ordered their repast another English party came to their table and ordered theirs—a distinguished old gentleman of naval bearing and aspect; a still young middle-aged lady, very handsome, with blue spectacles; and an immensely tall, fair girl, very fully developed, and so astonishingly beautiful that it almost took one's breath away merely to catch sight of her; and people were distracted from ordering their mid-day meal merely to stare at this magnificent goddess, who was evidently born to be a mother of heroes.

These British travellers had a valet, a courier, and two maids, and were evidently people of consequence.

Suddenly the lady with the blue spectacles (who had seated herself close to the Rohan party) got up and came round the table to Barty's aunt and said,

"You don't remember me, Lady Caroline; Lady Jane Royce!"

And an old acquaintance was renewed in this informal manner—possibly some old feud patched up.

Then everybody was introduced to everybody else, and they all lunched together, a scramble!

It turned out that Lady Jane Royce was in some alarm about her eyes, and was going to consult the famous Dr. Hasenclever, and had brought her daughter with her, just as the London season had begun.

Her daughter was the "divine Julia" who had refused so many splendid offers—among them the little hunchback Lord who was to have a thousand a day, "including Sundays": a most unreasonable

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young woman, and a thorn in her mother's flesh.

The elderly gentleman, Admiral Royce, was Lady Jane's uncle-in-law, whose eyes were also giving him a little anxiety. He was a charming old stoic, by no means pompous or formal, or a martinet, and declared he remembered hearing of Barty as the naughtiest boy in the Guards; and took an immediate fancy to him in consequence.

They had come from Brussels in the same train that had brought the Rohans from Malines, and they all journeyed together from Verviers to Düsseldorf in the same first-class carriage, as became English swells of the first water—for in those days no one ever thought of going first class in Germany except the British aristocracy and a few native royalties.

The divine Julia turned out as fascinating as she was fair, being possessed of those high spirits that result from youth and health and fancy-freedom, and no cares to speak of. She was evidently also a very clever and accomplished young lady, absolutely without affectation of any kind, and amiable and frolicsome to the highest degree—a kind of younger Barty Josselin in petticoats; oddly enough, so like him in the face she might have been his sister.

Indeed it was a lively party that journeyed to Düsseldorf that afternoon in that gorgeously gilded compartment, though three out of the six were in deep mourning, the only person not quite happy being Lady Jane, who, in addition to her trouble about her eyes (which was really nothing to speak of), began to fidget herself miserably about Barty Josselin; for that wretched young detrimental was evidently beginning to ingratiate himself with the divine Julia as no young man had ever been known to do before, keeping her in fits of laughter, and also laughing at everything she said herself.

Alas for Lady Jane! it was to escape the attentions of a far less dangerous detrimental, and a far less ineligible one, that she had brought her daughter with her all the way to Riffrath—"from Charybdis to Scylla," as we used to say at Brossard's, putting the cart before the horse, *more Latino!*

I ought also to mention that a young Captain Graham-Reece was a patient of Dr. Hasenclever's just then—and Captain Graham-Reece was heir to the octogenarian Earl of Ironsides, who was one of the four wealthiest peers in the United Kingdom, and had no direct descendants.

When they reached Düsseldorf they all went to the Breidenbacher Hotel, where rooms had been retained for them—all but Barty, who, as became his humbler means, chose the cheaper hotel Domhardt, which overlooks the market-place adorned by the statue of the Elector that Heine has made so famous.

He took a long evening walk through the vernal Hof Gardens and by the Rhine, and thought of the beauty and splendor of the divine Julia; and sighed, and remembered that he was Mr. Nobody of Nowhere, pictor ignotus, with only one eye he could see with, and possessed of a fortune which invested in the 3 per cents would bring him in just £6 a year—and made up his mind he would stick to his painting and keep as much away from her divinity as possible.

"O Martia, Martia!" he said aloud, as he suddenly felt the north at the right of him, "I hope that you are some loving female soul, and that you know my weakness, namely, that one woman in every ten thousand has a face that drives me mad; and that I can see just as well with one eye as with two, in spite of my punctum cæcum! and that when that face is all but on a level with mine, good Lord! then am I lost indeed! I am but a poor penniless devil, without a name; O keep me from that ten-thousandth face, and cover my retreat!"

Next morning Lady Jane and Julia and the Admiral left for Riffrath—and Barty and his aunt and cousin went in search of lodgings; sweet it was, and bright and sunny, as they strolled down the broad Allée Strasse; a regiment of Uhlans came along on horseback, splendid fellows, the band playing the "Lorelei."

In the fulness of their hearts Daphne and Barty squeezed each other's hand to express the joy and elation they felt at the pleasantness of everything. She was his little sister once more, from whom he had so long been parted, and they loved each other very dearly.

"Que me voilà donc bien contente, mon petit Barty—et toi? la jolie ville, hein?"

"C'est le ciel, tout bonnement—et tu vas m'apprendre l'Allemand, n'est-ce-pas, m'amour?"

"Oui, et nous lirons *Heine* ensemble;

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tiens, à propos! regarde le nom de la rue qui fait le coin! *Bolker Strasse!* c'est là qu'il est né, le pauvre Heine! Ôte ton chapeau!"

(Barty nearly always spoke French with Daphne, as he did with my sister and me, and said "thee and thou.")

They found a furnished house that suited them in the Schadow Strasse, opposite Geissler's, where for two hours every Thursday and Sunday afternoon you might sit for sixpence in a pretty garden and drink coffee, beer, or Maitrank, and listen to lovely music, and dance in the evening under cover to strains of Strauss, Lanner, and Gungl, and other heavenly waltz-makers! With all their faults, they know how to make the best of their lives, these good Vaterlanders, and how to dance, and especially how to make music—and also how to fight! So we won't quarrel with them, after all.

Barty found for himself a cheap bedroom, high up in an immense house tenanted by many painters—some of them English and some American. He never forgot the delight with which he awoke next morning and opened his window and saw the silver Rhine among the trees, and the fir-clad hills of Grafenberg, and heard the gay painter fellows singing as they dressed; and he called out to the good-humored slavy in the garden below—

"Johanna, mein Frühstück, bitte!"

A phrase he had carefully rehearsed with Daphne the evening before.

And, to his delight and surprise, Johanna understood the mysterious jargon quite easily, and brought him what he wanted with the most good-humored grin he had ever seen on a female face.

Coffee and a roll and a pat of butter.

First of all, he went to see Dr. Hasenclever at Riffrath, which was about half an hour by train, and then half an hour's walk—an immensely prosperous village, which owed its prosperity to the famous doctor, who attracted patients from all parts of the globe, even from America. The train that took Barty thither was full of them; for some chose to live in Düsseldorf.

The great man saw his patients on the ground-floor of the König's Hotel, the principal hotel in Riffrath, the hall of which was always crowded with these afflicted ones—patiently waiting each his turn, or hers; and there Barty took his place at four in the afternoon; he had sent in his name at 10 A.M., and been told that he would be seen after four o'clock. Then he walked about the village, which was charming, with its gabled white houses, ornamented like the cottages in the Richter albums by black beams—and full of English, many of them with green shades or blue spectacles or a black patch over one eye; some of them being led, or picking their way by means of a stick, alas!

Barty met the three Royces, walking with an old gentleman of aristocratic appearance, and a very nice-looking young one (who was Captain Graham-Reece). The Admiral gave him a friendly nod—Lady Jane a nod that almost amounted to a cut direct. But the divine Julia gave him a look and a smile that were warm enough to make up for much maternal frigidity.

Later on, in a tobacconist's shop, he again met the Admiral, who introduced him to the aristocratic old gentleman, Mr. Beresford Duff, secretary to the Admiralty, who evidently knew all about him, and inquired quite affectionately after Lady Caroline, and invited him to come and drink tea at five o'clock: a new form of hospitality of his own invention—it has caught on!

Barty lunched at the König's Hotel table d'hôte, which was crowded, principally with English people, none of whom he had ever met or heard of. But from these he heard a good deal of the Royces and Captain Graham-Reece and Mr. Beresford Duff, and other smart people who lived in furnished houses or expensive apartments away from the rest of the world, and were objects of general interest and curiosity among the smaller British fry.

Riffrath was a microcosm of English society, from the lower middle class upwards, with all its respectabilities and incompatibilities and disabilities—its narrownesses and meannesses and snobbishnesses, its gossipings and backbitings and toadyings and snubbings—delicate little social things of England that foreigners don't understand!

The sensation of the hour was the advent of Julia, the divine Julia! Gossip was already rife about her and Captain Reece. They had taken a long walk in the woods together the day before—with Lady Jane and the Admiral far behind, out of ear-shot, almost out of sight!

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In the afternoon, between four and five, Barty had his interview with the doctor —a splendid, white-haired old man, of benign and intelligent aspect, almost mesmeric, with his assistant sitting by him.

He used no newfangled ophthalmoscope, but asked many questions in fairly good French, and felt with his fingers, and had many German asides with the assistant. He told Barty that he had lost the sight of his left eye forever; but that with care he would keep that of the right one for the rest of his life—barring accidents, of course. That he must never eat cheese nor drink beer. That he (the doctor) would like to see him once a week or fortnight or so for a few months yet—and gave him a prescription for an eye-lotion and dismissed him happy.

Half a loaf is so much better than no bread, if you can only count upon it!

Barty went straight to Mr. Beresford Duff's, and there found a very agreeable party, including the divine Julia, who was singing little songs very prettily and accompanying herself on a guitar.

"'You ask me why I look so pale?'" sang Julia, just as Barty entered: and red as a rose was she.

Lady Jane didn't seem at all overjoyed to see Barty, but Julia did, and did not disguise the seeming.

There were eight or ten people there, and they all appeared to know about him, and all that concerned or belonged to him. It was the old London world over again, in little! the same tittle-tattle about well-known people, and nothing else—as if nothing else existed; a genial, easy-going, good-natured world, that he had so often found charming for a time, but in which he was never quite happy and had no proper place of his own, all through that fatal bar-sinister—la barre de bâtardise; a world that was his and yet not his, and in whose midst his position was a false one, but where every one took him for granted at once as one of *them*, so long as he never trespassed beyond that sufferance; that there must be no love-making to lovely young heiresses by the bastard of Antoinette Josselin was taken for granted also!

Before Barty had been there half an hour two or three people had evidently lost their hearts to him in friendship; among them, to Lady Jane's great discomfiture, the handsome and amiable Graham-Reece, the cynosure of all female eyes in Riffrath; and when Barty (after very little pressing by Miss Royce) twanged her guitar and sang little songs —French and English, funny and sentimental—he became, as he had so often become in other scenes, the Rigoletto of the company; and Riffrath was a kingdom in which he might be court jester in ordinary if he chose, whenever he elected to honor it with his gracious and facetious musical presence.

So much for his début in that strange little overgrown busy village! What must it be like now?

Dr. Hasenclever has been gathered to his fathers long ago, and nobody that I know of has taken his place. All those new hotels and lodging-houses and smart shops—what can they have been turned into? Barracks? prisons? military hospitals and sanatoriums? How dull!

Lady Caroline and Daphne and Barty between them added considerably to the gayety of Düsseldorf that summer—especially when Royces and Reeces and Duffs and such like people came there from Riffrath to lunch, or tea, or dinner, or for walks or drives or rides to Grafenberg or Neanderthal, or steamboatings to Neuss.

There were one or two other English families in Düsseldorf, living there for economy's sake, but yet of the world—of the kind that got to be friends with the Rohans; half-pay old soldiers and sailors and their families, who introduced agreeable and handsome Uhlans and hussars—from their Serene Highnesses the Princes Fritz and Hans von Eselbraten-Himmelsblutwürst-Silberschinken, each passing rich on £200 a year, down to poor Lieutenants von this or von that, with nothing but their pay and their thirty-two quarterings.

Also a few counts and barons, and princes not serene, but with fine German fortunes looming for them in the future, though none amounting to £1000 a day, like little Lord Orrisroot's!

Soon there was hardly a military heart left whole in the town; Julia had eaten them all up, except one or two that had been unconsciously nibbled by little Daphne.

Barty did not join in these aristocratic revels; he had become a pupil of Herr Duffenthaler, and worked hard in his master's studio with two brothers of the

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"YOU ASK ME WHY I LOOK SO PALE?"

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brush—one English, the other American; delightful men who remained his friends for life.

Indeed, he lived among the painters, who all got to love "der schöne Barty Josselin" like a brother.

Now and then, of an evening, being much pressed by his aunt, he would show himself at a small party in Schadow Strasse, and sing and be funny, and attentive to the ladies, and render himself discreetly useful and agreeable all round—and make that party go off. Lady Caroline would have been far happier had he lived with them altogether. But she felt herself responsible for her innocent and wealthy little niece.

It was an article of faith with Lady Caroline that no normal and properly constituted young woman could see much of Barty without falling over head and ears in love with him—and this would never do for Daphne. Besides, they were first cousins. So she acquiesced in the independence of his life apart from them. She was not responsible for the divine Julia, who might fall in love with him just as she pleased, and welcome! That was Lady Jane's lookout, and Captain Graham-Reece's.

But Barty always dined with his aunt and cousin on Thursdays and Sundays, after listening to the music in Geissler's Garden, opposite, and drinking coffee with them there, and also with Prince Fritz and Prince Hans, who always joined the party and smoked their cheap cigars; and sometimes the divine Julia would make one of the party too, with her mother and uncle and Captain Reece; and the good painter fellows would envy from afar their beloved but too fortunate comrade; and the hussars and Uhlans, von this and von that, would find seats and tables as near the princely company as possible.

And every time a general officer entered the garden, up stood every officer of inferior rank till the great man had comfortably seated himself somewhere in the azure sunshine of Julia's forget-me-not warm glance.

And before the summer had fulfilled itself, and the roses at Geissler's were overblown, it became evident to Lady Caroline, if to none other, that Julia had eyes for no one else in the world but Barty Josselin. I had it from Lady Caroline herself.

But Barty Josselin had eyes only (such eyes as they were) for his work at Herr Duffenthaler's, and lived laborious days, except on Thursday and Sunday afternoons, and shunned delights, except to dine at the Runsberg Speiserei with his two fellow-pupils, and Henley and Armstrong and Bancroft and du Maurier and others, all painters, mostly British and Yankee; and an uncommonly lively and agreeable repast that was! And afterwards, long walks by moon or star light, or music at each other's rooms, and that engrossing technical shop talk that never palls on those who talk it. No Guardsman's talk of turf or sport or the ballet had ever been so good as this, in Barty's estimation; no agreeable society gossip at Mr. Beresford Duff's Riffrath tea parties!

Once in every fortnight or so Barty would report himself to Dr. Hasenclever, and spend the day in Riffrath and lunch with the good old Beresford Duff, who was very fond of him, and who lamented over his loss of caste in devoting himself professionally to art.

"God bless me—my dear Barty, you don't mean to say you're going to paint for *hire!*"

"Indeed I am, if any one will hire me. How else am I to live?"

"Well, *you* know best, my dear boy; but I should have thought the Rohans might have got you something better than *that*. It's true, Buckner does it, and Swinton, and Francis Grant! But *still*, you know . . . . there *are* other ways of getting on for a fellow like you. Look at Prince Gelbioso, who ran away with the Duchess of Flitwick! He didn't sing a bit better than you do, and as for looks, you beat him hollow, my dear boy; yet all London went mad about Prince Gelbioso, and so did she; and off she bolted with him, bag and baggage, leaving husband and children and friends and all! and she'd got ten thousand a year of her own; and when the Duke divorced her they were married, and lived happily ever after—in Italy; and some of the best people called upon 'em, by George . . . . just to spite the Duke!"

Barty felt it would seem priggish or even insincere if he were to disclaim any wish to emulate Prince Gelbioso, so he merely said he thought painting easier

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"MY DEAR BARTY, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE GOING TO PAINT FOR HIRE!"

on the whole, and not so risky; and the good Beresford Duff talked of other things—of the divine Julia, and what a good thing it would be if she and Graham-Reece could make a match of it.

"Two of the finest fortunes in England, by George! they *ought* to come together, if only just for the fun of the thing! Not that she is a bit in love with him—I'll eat my hat if she is! What a pity *you* ain't goin' to be Lord Ironsides, Barty!"

Barty frankly confessed *he* shouldn't much object, for one.

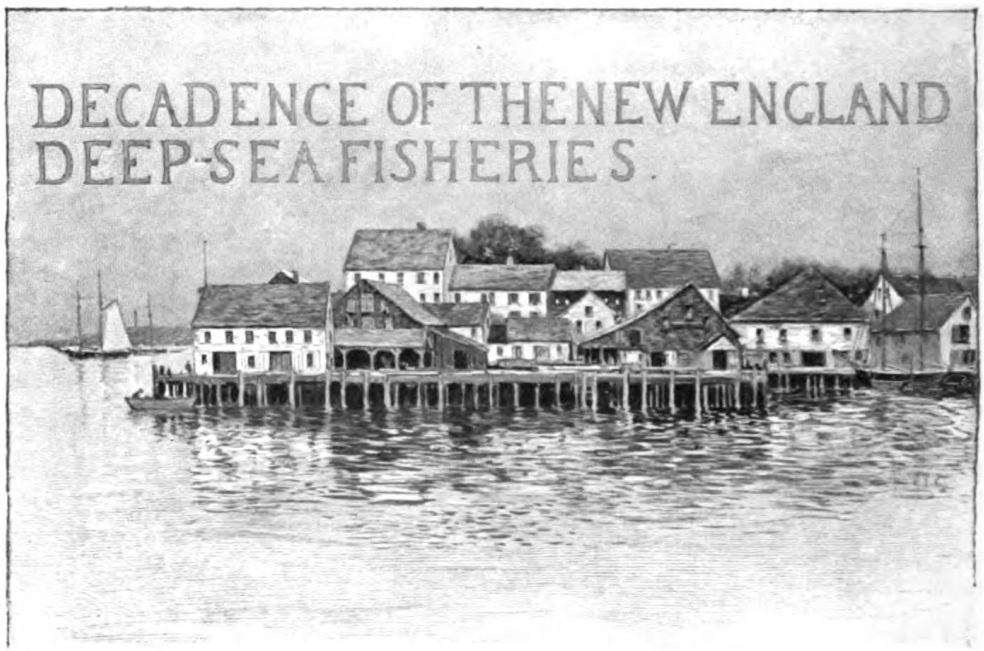
"But, 'ni l'or ni la grandeur ne nous rendent heureux,' as we used to be taught at school."

"Ah, that's all gammon; wait till you're *my* age, my young friend, and as poor as *I* am" said Beresford Duff. And so the two friends talked on, Mentor and Telemachus—and we needn't listen any further.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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DECADENCE OF THE NEW ENGLAND DEEP-SEA FISHERIES.



BY JOSEPH WILLIAM COLLINS.

TO one familiar with the New England coast for the past forty years or so, nothing is more painfully apparent than the change that has occurred in its deep-sea fisheries. Four or five decades ago nearly every cove or harbor on mainland or isle from Connecticut to eastern Maine was a site for curing fish, or for "fitting out" vessels for the mackerel fishery, or for voyages to the ocean banks in pursuit of cod or halibut.

Harbor rivalled harbor in fleets of sturdy, trim-built, and gayly painted fishing-vessels, and the wealth and consequence of many coast towns were dependent on their piscatorial navies. While modern "sharp-shooters," with their low hulls, long raking masts, and gilded filigree-work, rather ostentatiously elbowed the older types out of the way on Long Island Sound and in the larger Massachusetts ports, many a veteran sea-toiler was still content to sail his round-bowed "jigger" or pinky, and even the "Chebacco-boat" was occasionally in evidence in some of the out-of-the-way coves "down East." Indeed, though these coves could not compete with the larger ports, many of them claimed distinction for what had been accomplished in their restricted limits. Through thrift and adventurous enterprise not a few of them had attained marked success. In unsuspected nooks, lying cozily quiet under a declining summer sun, that threw shadows of wooded heights and rocky points upon the placid water, one came upon little piers, storehouses, and flake-yards, redolent of the odors that characterize the industry to which they were devoted, and it scarcely required further evidence to convey the information that here fares of fish were received, and cured by careful and experienced hands. If the vessels were not there, one instinctively knew that they were away at sea collecting finny treasures, and erelong the eyes of watching women—mothers, wives, sweethearts, and daughters — would be gladdened by returning sails, that swept gracefully into the home port and came to rest at the pier, while the hardy fishers disappeared through many devious paths — winding among bowlders and beneath balsam-scented firs and pines—toward their cottage homes in the near vicinity.

The tragedies of the sea, that occasionally brought mourning and distress to those whose loved ones had gone forth to exact tribute from old ocean's living wealth, were the dark shades of the picture. Nevertheless, these threw into

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stronger light the general happiness, as well as the value of an industry that utilized nearly every vantage-point, maintained a hardy coast population, built and navigated fleets of ocean-going vessels, boldly dared storm and calm, and contributed largely to the food-supply of the nation.

From early spring until the flying snowflakes of latest autumn surely indicated the departure of migratory species of fishes, the white wings of swift smacks were seen on every fishing-ground from Montauk to distant Labrador — on the dread George's, the great bank of Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, usually called "The Bay," and off the shores of New England from Grand Manan to Cape Cod. Fleets followed the migrations of the mackerel with unwearied ardor; not infrequently the vessels gathered in immense numbers, covering the sea for miles, as they lay close together, drifting slowly to leeward while engaged in fishing. It was something to be long remembered to see a fleet varying from three hundred to eight hundred sail of schooners thus assembled, the majority of them nearly motionless, but a considerable number always on the move, driving along under full speed, seeking more favorable positions.

But it was vastly more exciting to see them when a rising storm compelled all to seek shelter in harbor. Think of a regatta in an on-coming gale, with hundreds of vessels racing for a given point! What rivalry! What seamanship was displayed! How sails were reefed and set in haste! How lee rails were buried, and lines of creamy foam streamed astern! And then came the critical moment, when scudding schooners crowded so closely in the narrow entrance to the haven that the most skilful management could not always avert collision. Broken spars, torn canvas, and crushed bulwarks were not infrequent mishaps on such occasions. Words can scarcely convey an adequate idea of such an experience. It was often like a battle, so great was the excitement in some sections of the fleet; but even the participants thought little of their hair-breadth escapes from danger when once they were safely anchored in port, for greater peril to those outside the harbor's friendly shelter was presaged in the fierce blasts of the rising tempest.

It is impossible to picture the awfulness of the situation when such a fleet is caught in a sudden gale at night on a long lee shore where harbors are inaccessible—when the rush of the storm-demon intensifies the blackness, filling the air with mist and driving sea-spume; when death stares each fisher in the face, and nothing can be done except to courageously meet the conditions and make a desperate attempt to work to windward, away from the dangerous breakers and foaming reefs that stretch along the lee beam for miles and miles—a nearly hopeless task, as too often has been proved. Neither pen nor tongue can tell the horrors of such an experience, when the long struggle for life is perhaps successfully maintained for many weary, sleepless hours, and then, even while hope is in the ascendant, the rending of canvas, the snapping of a bolt, or the breaking of an overstrained spar makes further effort unavailing, and the



DOWN-EAST FISHING-SCHOONER, OR PINKY.

fishermen are cast helpless on the merciless coast, with all the dread uncertainties which it involves.

Unfortunately truth is stranger and more horrible than fiction. To fully appreciate this, one has but to recall the dreadful disaster that attended the "Yankee Gale" of 1851, when the northern shores of Prince Edward Island were

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strewn with broken wrecks and drowned or maimed fishermen.

Nevertheless, while such dread tragedies came occasionally, almost with paralyzing power, and though peril and loss of life have ever attended the prosecution of the winter fishery, for many years no other industry had so great an attraction for the young men of the New England coast as the fisheries.

Catching mackerel was the poetry of fishing. Ordinarily there was only danger enough to give zest to its prosecution, while the rivalry between vessels, and even between different individuals of a crew, had all the elements of sport, not to speak of the daily contests between competitors in speed among the clippers, with all the attendant manœuvres for advantage which prove so enchantingly attractive to the yachtsman.

Each cove had its clipper that could outstrip others, at least in the opinion of its local champions, and each of the larger ports usually had several claimants to the honor of being the swiftest of the fleet. The fame of the more noted of these spread from end to end of the coast. The names of swift fishing-schooners became household words among the seafarers, and at many a fireside and grocery, from Eastport to New London, discussions of their respective merits divided attention with tales of big catches of fish.

Evidently there was a pride in the vessels and a reliance upon the industry, and though the returns sometimes failed to meet expectation—for the sea-harvest is an uncertain one at best—reasonable prosperity prevailed, and there were happy and contented homes along the shores of the Northeastern States, where in many cases fishermen spent their winters with their families, and some even deferred going to sea in spring until after "the planting was in." Then these farmer-fishermen devoted the remainder of the season to the sea, leaving the "gardening at home" to be attended to by the "women folks," or by boys too young to pull an oar or haul a line, unless perchance the sea-toiler had the opportunity between trips to hoe the potato-patch.

If Dame Fortune was chary of her smiles during the summer months, if a "Jonah" in the crew (always an unknown but suspected pariah) threw the shadow of his dread presence over the vessel, and "luck" deserted her in consequence, then the fisherman sought employment elsewhere in winter. Perhaps he shipped on a coaster or West-Indiaman, or went to Gloucester to brave the dangers of winter trips to the George's Bank for cod; or possibly he formed one of the crew of a schooner that, having followed the mackerel during its season, was now engaged in transporting oysters from the Chesapeake Bay region to ports north of Cape Cod. Many avenues were open for employment, and actual want seldom confronted the thrifty and energetic fisher, even though he might meet with temporary ill fortune.

Such was the condition of the New England deep-sea fisheries at the middle of the present century, and immediately thereafter, when they had reached their highest degree of development, as the result of more than two centuries of effort, during which they had been subject to many perils and vicissitudes.

Naturally it might have been expected that they would continue to increase with the general growth of the country. But the opposite is true, and instead of progress, signs of decadence are too evident. With the exception of a few of the larger ports, where the industry of deep-sea fishing has gradually become centralized, industrial paralysis is nearly everywhere apparent, for it has fallen like a blight upon the small fishing-towns along the coast.

In coves from which formerly sailed brave fleets of schooners on their cruises to the distant banks or mackerel-grounds, little or nothing now remains to tell of their one-time consequence. Tumble-down store-houses that may still shelter a few lobster-pots; decaying piers, alongside of which perhaps one sees the superannuated hulk of a fish-freighter leaning against this last support, while incoming and outgoing tides run riotously through its gaping seams; or an old-time clipper, once the proud queen of the fleet, lazily reclining on the mud at the head of the cove, her bare leaning masts silhouetted against the sky — are some of the object-lessons that tell of departed glories and ruined industries. They are like the crumbling ruins of antiquity, which, in some measure, tell the history of the decadence of industries that prospered in other years.

It is true that occasionally one still meets with a remnant of former activity. Fishy odors sometimes float on the mid-

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A QUIET COVE WHERE OYSTER-MEN ARE FOUND.

summer air, as schooners discharge their fares of cod in quiet nooks, where the wharves of other years still suffice, and the renovated flake-yard is filled with wide-spreading, salt-encrusted fish, which now lie drying in the sun. And we know that erelong these products from distant banks will appear in many a far-away grocery as "boneless cod."

More commonly no one remains except lobster-men and perhaps a few pound-net fishermen, though sheltered behind some point and quite hidden from view one may come upon a "pogy-factory," where fish, supplied by steamers, are converted into oil and fertilizer, the wealth of the sea thus being drawn upon to enrich the soil.

But the rule is that these fishing-hamlets have been invaded by "rusticators," who seek rest and recreation in summer along the coast, where their pretty cottages and pretentious hotels confront the less imposing homes of the fishermen, and constantly encroach upon territory once devoted to other purposes.

Fishermen often find profitable employment in catering to the wants of these summer visitants. And it is among the interesting phases of the change which has come to see bronzed skippers, who have dared every peril, now engaged in boat-building, or in "running" a cat-boat for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers. He whose word was once law on the quarter-deck, who has rounded Cape Horn, and hunted whales in the icy North or among the palm-covered isles of the tropics, is now obsequiously solicitous for patronage. And the same is true of the rugged cod-fisher or other brine-hardened sons of the ocean, who in earlier days sought fortune in many seas, and led a life of self-reliance and independence.

What has wrought this change? Why has the deep-sea fishery industry fallen into such decay all along the New England coast, until it is no longer vigorously pursued except at a few ports? Why have erstwhile clippers been allowed to decay, or disappear sometimes, while yet sea-

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AN OLD-TIME CLIPPER.

worthy, being left to lie deserted beside wharves? Why have their places been unfilled by other craft? And why is it that this industry, which is such a great nursery of American seamen—a training-school of inestimable importance to a nation that aspires to commercial or naval greatness—has been left to such a fate?

These and many other similar questions may appropriately be asked. And it will be found far easier to make inquiries than to give correct and satisfactory answers. Most writers find in a temporary scarcity of certain species of fish the sole cause of all changes, and much that is misleading concerning fish and fishing has been published. But it is evident to the well-informed that the trouble lies deeper, and that there must be other reasons for a decline that is permanent, and which has been most noticeable in recent years, despite the most determined efforts to combat it. It is the purpose of the writer to invite attention to some of these causes of decadence, for he believes there are many. But in order to present the subject more clearly, brief reference will be made to certain historical facts bearing on the development of the deep-sea fisheries.

Fishing was the earliest industry of New England. Years before the advent of the Pilgrims, ships came to its shores, and temporary settlements were effected in its sheltered coves and harbors, for no other purpose than to engage in the fisheries. The fame of its marine resources had reached Europe, and glowing accounts were spread abroad of the wealth to be gained from the waters that washed its coasts. The exiled Pilgrims, then residing in Holland, saw in this industry commercial possibilities that might make emigration to the New World a prosperous undertaking. History indicates that when the delegation from Leyden appeared before King James to solicit a charter, this thought was uppermost in the minds of the Pilgrim leaders. For when the King asked, "What profit may arise?" they laconically replied, "Fishing." In a few years after they settled in Massachusetts they despatched ships to England loaded with fish. Thus it is evident that the Pilgrim was disposed to improve the opportunities open to him.

Certain it is that of all sections of the colonies which subsequently became the United States, New England was early noted for its prominence in sea fishery. Not only did it supply a large percentage of the fish food eaten in America, but cargoes of fish, chiefly dried cod, were sent to southern Europe. Its fleets grew apace. Before the Revolutionary war Massachusetts had more than five hundred fishing-vessels, and Marblehead alone had one hundred and fifty sea-going schooners engaged in fishing. As early as 1701 Gloucester had a fleet of seventy vessels employed in the cod-fishery on the Grand Bank. In winter some of the largest schooners carried the products of their summer's fishing to Bilbao, Spain, and returned laden with European goods, that found a ready sale in the colonies. Thus a spirit of enterprise and adventure was stimulated, and many fishermen became expert traders, as well as skilful navigators.

In the mean time the schooner rig had been invented at Gloucester, Massachusetts, by a builder of fishing-vessels. History records that "Captain Robinson built

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and rigged a *ketch*, as they were then called, masted and rigged it in a peculiar manner; when launched the peculiar motion she made as she glided into the water from the stocks caused one of the bystanders to exclaim, 'Oh, how she scoons!' Robinson instantly dashed a bottle of rum against her bow and exclaimed, 'A scooner let her be!' And thus the schooner originated." This event happened in 1713, and three years later mention is made of the employment of a "scooner" in the fisheries off Cape Sable, Nova Scotia.

The invention of the schooner was an important event to the New England fisheries, for its rig has been found, after nearly two centuries of trial, well adapted to fishing-vessels employed in the western Atlantic. It has been materially improved, however, since its adoption, and the lofty, yachtlike fishing-clipper of to-day bears little resemblance to its ancient prototype, even though the rig remains the same in principle.

The American sea fisheries suffered much in the four decades from 1775 to 1815, during which time occurred the war of the Revolution, the embargo act, and the second war with Great Britain. This was a period noted for wars and rumors of wars. The larger fishing-vessels, which had formerly sailed to distant banks, were forced to lie idle, and the brave men who had composed their crews were chiefly employed in the army or navy while the struggles were in progress for the establishment of liberty and the maintenance of the principle of "free trade and sailors' rights" on the sea. Impoverished by the long contest for independence, the fishermen were generally unable, after the peace of 1783, to provide themselves with large vessels; therefore they built smaller craft, on which they cruised to comparatively near-by grounds along the New England coast.

The impoverished condition of the fishermen at that time may be judged from the following reference to them in a speech made by Fisher Ames, a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts:

> "When gentlemen contemplate the fishery, they admit its importance, and the necessity we are under of encouraging and protecting it. . . . In short, unless some extraordinary measures are taken to support our fisheries, I do not see what is to prevent their inevitable ruin. If, instead of protection, we extend to them oppression, I shudder for the consequences. It is supposed that the fishermen must be poor if they are not able to bear the tax proposed. I contend they are very poor: they are in a sinking state; they carry on the business in despair. But gentlemen will ask us, 'Why, then, do they not quit the profession?' I answer, in the words that are often used in the eastern country respecting the inhabitants of Cape Cod—they are too poor to live there, and are too poor to remove."

Immediately after the Revolutionary war the adoption of the "Chebacco boat" became quite general, especially along the north shore of Massachusetts. These diminutive craft, at first ranging from about five to ten tons, derived their specific name from Chebacco, now a part of the town of Essex, Massachusetts, where they originated. Cat-rigged, with two masts, they were "handy" boats, and became so popular that they could be met with on almost all of the inshore grounds. In later years, when some were as large as from fifteen to twenty tons, they grew more venturesome, and not infrequently their cruises were extended to the offshore banks.

Indeed, tradition tells of some going as far as the West Indies during the embargo period, carrying out cargoes of fish, and returning with rum, sugar, or molasses. The difficulty of intercourse at that time often made these ventures profitable, and apparently less risk was taken in these diminutive vessels than would have attended similar enterprises in larger craft.

Although the peace of 1783 continued to Americans the right to fish in waters bordering the British North American provinces, the conditions that environed our fishermen for many years thereafter were such as to render them unable, in a large measure, to take advantage of this right.

Soon after the peace of 1815, and the general pacification of Europe, as a result of the close of the Napoleonic wars, the New England fisheries began to improve. After 1820 they advanced rapidly in prosperity. The bounty given by the government to vessels engaged in the cod-fishery had a most encouraging and beneficial effect; the remarkable and growing popularity of the mackerel as an article of food led to the establishment and rapid development of the fishery for this species; and last, but not least, there was little competition from the British

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North American provinces until after 1850. Prior to 1830, the British colonial policy, which prevented the colonists from trading with foreign countries, completely prevented exportation of provincial fish to the United States. And even later, trade in fish grew slowly, partly owing to the undeveloped condition of provincial fisheries, and partly to our tariff laws, which were quite sufficient to preserve to Americans control of the home market, and to protect them from foreign competition.

It is true that the transportation facilities were crude and undeveloped. Nevertheless, small freighters carried the cured products of the deep-sea fisheries from every nook and corner of the coast to Boston and New York, whence they were sent to the remotest sections of the country. Dried cod, pickled mackerel, and herring, smoked or salted in brine, were admirably adapted to the transportation facilities of the period and the conditions of trade; for they could be carried without deterioration by the slow process of travel then in vogue, while the dealer rarely found them otherwise than "in order" when they were called for. The luxury of having fresh fish whenever wanted was then practically unknown. The most important requirement was to have products that would "keep." And so the well-preserved food treasures of the Atlantic found a ready sale and increasing appreciation. The fleets of fishing-craft along the New England coast not only augmented in numbers, but also in the size of the vessels, while material improvement was noticeable in the form and rig.

As early as 1820 the pinky began to supersede the Chebacco boat. This was similar in form to the latter, being a sharp-sterned craft, but it was larger, and carried a bowsprit and jib, thus having a full schooner rig. It was most generally in use north of Cape Cod until about 1840. In the mean time, square-stern schooners, usually with low quarter-decks (thus distinguished from the old-fashioned high quarter-deck craft of the Marblehead type), were built, and for some years after the last-mentioned date they were generally preferred to all others. Prosperity led to continued improvement, and about the middle of the century a material change was made in the introduction of clipper schooners.

Nevertheless, it is true that the fisheries were confronted with certain difficulties that seriously handicapped their development; but possibly the dark shadows of adversity, which were sometimes rather heavy, will throw into stronger light the general success, and suggest the underlying causes of it.

A source of discouragement was found in the scarcity of the mackerel for nearly a score of years after the marvellous abundance of 1831. But during the recurring seasons it was pursued as eagerly as usual, with ever-varying success, until Nature, in her own good time, again cheered the fishermen with increased abundance, while the product of their labor, skill, and daring found a ready demand and remunerative market. It will probably not be denied that the decade from 1850 to 1860 was the period of greatest development of the New England sea fisheries, though it must be conceded that the unusual demand and high prices of the war period — 1861 to 1865 — gave a material impetus to the industry. This was a temporary boom that probably would not have occurred under peaceful and normal conditions.

Various things have contributed to check the advance that was patent to every one up to the period named. But while these differ as to time, location, and character, they can, with few exceptions, all be summed up under the single generalization of competition. This competition has, in some measure, been due to governmental action, but it has always been so keen as to prove an unsurmountable obstacle to the prosperous continuance of the New England fishery industries on the basis of former years. It may be accounted somewhat remarkable that there should have been a combination of circumstances, such as will be mentioned, which were detrimental to the New England fisheries; for perhaps it rarely happens that industrial progress is hampered by so many untoward conditions due to changes occurring about the same time.

Probably the most important event, in its influence upon New England fisheries, was the conclusion with Great Britain of the "Reciprocity Treaty" of 1854, by the terms of which Canadian-caught fish came into our markets free, in direct and untrammelled competition with the products of our own fisheries. Canadian vessels sailing under the British flag had the

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same rights in our markets, and on the fishing-grounds off our shores, which were frequented by New England schooners, as the vessels carrying the flag of the United States. In return, Americans were permitted to fish within the three-mile limit along the shores of Canada, to purchase bait or other supplies in its harbors, and to transship cargoes.

This treaty was the result of the development of the American mackerel-fishery, and the troubles consequent upon the harsh enforcement by the British of their interpretation of the fishery clauses of the treaty of 1818.

The presence in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and elsewhere off the Canadian coasts of large fleets of American fishing-vessels led to captures for alleged or actual trespass on the part of the latter. Even when this did not occur, the constant pursuit of the Americans by the British or Canadian cruisers, and the not infrequent imposition of indignities upon our fishermen, caused a general feeling of irritation, which it was expected the treaty would allay.

It is not necessary to enter upon a discussion here of the right or wrong of the conditions prevailing prior to the treaty of 1854. It may suffice to say that it was generally believed this settlement would prove mutually beneficial, and probably few, if any, foresaw the baneful effects it would have. Indeed, it is but just to say these were not immediately apparent, for certain reasons, some of which have been specified. Nevertheless, the treaty did not prove satisfactory to Americans, and was discontinued in 1866, in compliance with announcement made by the United States. After a few years, however, during which time our fishermen suffered much abuse and hardship in Canadian ports and waters, the Treaty of Washington was negotiated—in 1872. This was essentially like its predecessor, so far as the fisheries were concerned, and, like the former, was limited to ten years' duration, with a proviso that after the expiration of that time either party to the contract could ask for its annulment. However, it would not cease to be effective until two years after notification was given. Thus the fishery clauses of this treaty were in force until 1885, when they were abrogated by request of the United States.

But the free access to our markets by the Canadian fishermen for upwards of twenty-four years, during the period between 1854 and 1885, together with other conditions, gave a great impetus to the fisheries across the border.

Not only had the Canadians the freedom of our markets, but in recent years they have enjoyed the benefit of a bounty which comes from the $5,500,000 paid by the United States as a result of the "Halifax award." And thus the government of this country, which in 1866 deprived our own deep-sea fishermen of the bounty they had previously enjoyed, and which was then more than ever necessary to the successful continuance of their business, actually furnished the money, through this award, to subsidize the Canadian competitors of American citizens.

But our fishermen uncomplainingly bore the loss when their bounty was taken from them. Many of them had braved death on sea and land in the struggle for the perpetuity of the government, and they were loyally willing to assist in meeting its obligations, even when it was evident that the withholding of the little subsidy they had formerly received meant abandonment of ocean fishery. And so there was never a murmur, even though the *Little Polly* and the schooner *Julia Ann* must be laid up to rest and rot in the cove, or else be sold to provincials, who could know little of the memories that clung around these fishing-boats.

What wonder that the harbors of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and other British provinces were alive with the bustle of prosperity and enterprise, while throttled industry shrivelled and died along the New England coast! Is it remarkable that the fisheries of our Eastern States suffered materially from the keen rivalry of foreigners; that indications of decay were manifest on every hand, and that grass grew in New England shipyards, where the building of fishing-vessels had formerly been actively pursued?

In the mean time other influences were at work not favorable to the prosperity of the deep-sea fisheries. Among these the most prominent perhaps were the introduction of the present methods of canning aquatic products, the improvement in transportation, making possible the rapid carriage of material, and the general adoption of various methods of refrigeration, through the use of which fish or other aquatic products can be sent in a fresh condition to the markets from the

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most distant sections of the United States. To these may be added the recent remarkable development of the shore fisheries, resulting from the last-mentioned causes, and especially the growth of the pound-net fishery. Millions of pounds of fresh fish, of the choicest varieties, are caught in pound-nets, and are sent to compete with the salted products that come from distant deep-sea fishing-grounds.

Although the process of canning was first introduced at Eastport, Maine, about 1840, for the purpose of packing lobsters, the enterprise developed rather slowly, and there were only three canneries in the United States as late as 1850. Thereafter a more rapid advance was made; canneries were built along the coast of northern New England, and many fishermen found employment in supplying these, and in furnishing cargoes to the smacks which carried lobsters alive to Portland, Boston, or New York. The influence of this new branch of fishery on the vessel fisheries was very considerable; for not only did the lobsters—canned or fresh—come into direct competition with other sea products, but many of the best fishermen preferred to stay at home and catch lobsters rather than to incur the discomfort of separation from their families, and expose themselves to the greater peril and uncertainty that attend fishing on distant grounds. Besides, lobster-fishing generally gave larger returns to the average fisherman, while each man became a small capitalist, being the owner of his equipment of boat, cars, pots, etc.

Thus it was that difficulty was sometimes met with in obtaining crews at the small fishing-stations, more especially as many of the young and more adventurous men were attracted to Gloucester or some other of the larger fishing-ports.

The industry of salmon-canning was begun on the Sacramento River, California, in 1864, and on the Columbia River two years later. Although limited in its scope at the start, it soon grew to immense proportions, and during the seventies the pack rose to hundreds of thousands of cases, with a value of millions of dollars. At first the products were chiefly, if not wholly, exported to foreign countries, but for many years the west-coast salmon has been in nearly every grocery in the country; and whether in near or remote markets it contends for supremacy with the mackerel, the cod, the herring, or other food species that are products of our Eastern sea fisheries.

Nor should mention be omitted of the fact that car-loads of fresh salmon and sturgeon are now shipped east from the Columbia River and Puget Sound, while car-loads of fresh halibut are sent from Seattle to New York, and even to Gloucester, the headquarters of the New England deep-sea fishery.

Starting in the seventies, the sardine-canning industry of eastern Maine has reached large proportions, and great quantities of young herring, formerly of little or no commercial value, are now put upon the market in an attractive form for food. They do something more than to compete with imported sardines, for they are cheap as well as wholesome, and it is not difficult to believe that they supply in some measure the demand for salt mackerel and salt herring that formerly was such a well-recognized feature of our fish-market. Thousands of mackerel taken in pound-nets are canned annually.

The foregoing shows some of the obstacles that have confronted the deep-sea fisheries, and which alone might be considered sufficient to cause the conditions now prevailing. But it is only just to say that the recent great development of the shore fisheries in various parts of the country, and the consequent increase in the supply of fresh fish placed upon the market, due to causes already alluded to, have had a material influence on the demand for salt fish.

From the beginning salted cod, hake, pollock, cusk, mackerel, and herring have been the chief products of our ocean vessel fishery, and any marked change in the demand for these must necessarily be felt by the industry.

It is true that welled smacks in southern New England formerly found profitable employment in carrying live fish and lobsters to New York. Connecticut sloops of moderate tonnage were often seen, forty or fifty years ago, on the spring mackerel-grounds from off Sandy Hook to Block Island. Their crews angled with lines attached to poles, and when mackerel were caught they were deftly swung on board and dropped into the well of the vessel, where they were easily kept alive until the smack completed her fare and reached her destination at the great metropolis. But the catch so disposed of was comparatively insignificant, and bore

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small proportion to the immense quantities of salted mackerel. It is only in recent years, since the use of ice for preservation is better understood, that hundreds of barrels of this delicious fish have been marketed fresh in a single day, and distributed throughout the country. Nor is it longer necessary for vessels to always seek the larger markets. A morning's catch of fish taken off Montauk, Block Island, or Gay Head can soon be landed at Newport or New Bedford; on a flying train or swift steamer they reach Boston or New York in a few hours, and the dawning of the following day sees these sea treasures, bright and fresh, being used at T Wharf or Fulton Market to fill customers' orders—and perhaps whirled away again on the swift steam-driven express to meet the demand of the hour, whether it come from near-by points or distant Chicago or Omaha.

The fresh-halibut fishery, which was begun in the most primitive manner sixty years ago, ultimately developed into a large industry; and though it encountered many vicissitudes, it sometimes employed as many as forty or fifty of the finest schooners. Lately it has fallen off somewhat, and its relative importance is less now than formerly, though the character of the vessels engaged in it and the fact that it is vigorously pursued throughout the year give it a consequence it otherwise might not have.

Fishing on the inshore grounds for cod and haddock — chiefly for the latter— which were carried fresh to market, began in a limited way about fifty or sixty years ago. The small vessels supplying the demand at Boston and vicinity fished largely in Massachusetts Bay, while those sailing from ports on Long Island Sound generally frequented grounds near home, and carried their catch to New York.

It was not, however, until after 1870 that this branch of sea fishery grew to large dimensions. Until that time, and shortly subsequent thereto, the haddock-fishery was pursued on the inshore grounds, the vessels rarely going more than twenty-five or thirty miles from land. But competition led to greater ventures, and about 1873 the trips were extended to George's Bank. Since then more distant banks have been visited; the fishery has been pursued with the utmost courage and diligence; the swiftest and most seaworthy vessels constitute the large fleet employed in winter, and the catches arriving at Boston in a single day often aggregate upward of a million pounds, and sometimes reach a total approximating double that amount.

In southern New England, however, this market fishery is comparatively unimportant. A few vessels fish for cod in winter to supply New York, but at other seasons catch blue-fish and other species from off Cape Hatteras to Nantucket Shoals.

Reference is made to these phases of the deep-sea market fishery to indicate the growing demand for fresh fish, and the means adopted by the vessel fishermen in recent periods to meet that demand, and to sustain their prestige and prosperity by improving every opportunity that came to them.

Allusion need only be made to the frozen-herring trade, which employs a number of New England vessels in winter, and besides supplying bait for the market and cod-fishing fleets, furnishes hundreds of thousands of pounds of cheap fresh fish for food.

While, however, all these fresh products lessen the demand for salt fish, and to that extent limit the branches of fishery that must depend on preservation of fish by salting, it will be seen that this is practically only a change from one method of preservation to another, and therefore not a material interference with the general prosperity of the ocean fishery.

But the great competitor of the deep-sea fishing-vessel, whether engaged in the salt or market fisheries, is the pound-net, the increased employment of which in recent years has been one of the most remarkable phases of the fisheries of the United States. The introduction of this has led to almost phenomenal conditions in some sections, notably in Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries.

An attempt was made in 1858 to introduce pound-nets in this region, but much prejudice was encountered, and the occurrence of the war shortly after delayed the employment of this form of apparatus. The fisheries of the Chesapeake were of little importance prior to 1870; they were engaged in only for a few weeks in spring and fall, and the catch was chiefly obtained with hand-lines and drag-seines. Even as late as 1880 it was historically recorded that only "162

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pound-nets were fished in Virginia waters, with two others located at Crisfield, Maryland, just above the Virginia line." When it is stated that, ten years later, in the two States of Virginia and Maryland there were 1670 pound-nets, and the total catch of food fish in those States for that year, in all forms of apparatus, reached the vast aggregate of 67,656,041 pounds, the effect of this coast fishery on the markets will be apparent, especially when it is known that practically all of this immense product — that would load a fleet of three hundred large fishing-vessels, and about half of which is taken in pound-nets — is sold fresh, and includes the choicest species, such as shad, Spanish-mackerel, striped bass, blue-fish, sheep's-head, etc. When delicious Potomac shad sell for less than ten cents each, as during the present year (1896), it is easy to understand the difficulty of successfully competing with them. And this was more than paralleled by conditions in 1893, when many tons of living weakfish — one of the best of our food fishes — were turned out into the open sea from the retaining-pounds of Rhode Island, because oversupply of fish was so great that the price for them at Fulton Market was not sufficiently high to pay the cost of transportation and leave any balance to the fishermen.

Similar and only less startling statistical statements might be made concerning New Jersey, so conveniently near the large cities of New York and Philadelphia. The great fisheries of the North Carolina sounds, and the catches obtained in pound-nets on Long Island, or in certain sections of southern New England, are also far too important factors in influencing the supply of food fish to be omitted, if a detailed discussion were possible.

But while we may be content with only the slightest reference to these localities, which contribute their millions of pounds of fish to the general supply, we must not neglect to notice the fisheries of the Gulf States, which have recently experienced a phenomenal advance, from Florida to Texas.

Between sixty and seventy years ago Connecticut fishermen began supplying the Havana market with fish taken in the Gulf of Mexico, chiefly on the grounds off the shores of Florida. Their catches of red-snappers, groupers, etc., were taken alive to Havana in welled smacks, and disposed of at remunerative prices. In time this business fell largely into the hands of resident Key West fishermen. Finally it had to be practically abandoned, because of the prohibitory duties levied in Cuba. Attention was then turned to supplying to the markets of the North the large variety of fine fish which are taken in Gulf waters, and especially the red-snapper. About 1874 parties at Pensacola made attempts to organize the red-snapper fishery on an improved commercial basis. The success met with led to the subsequent participation of other firms, and ultimately to the spread of the business to other points.

Shipping fish from the Gulf shores rapidly developed, and soon extended so as to embrace nearly every favorably situated locality touched by the railroad, and to include many of the choice varieties of fish taken in that region.

Although it has not been found practicable to operate pound-nets, the catch by lines, seines, and gill-nets is large, the food fish reaching a total, for the region, in 1890, of 37,980,434 pounds. As in other cases, this excludes oysters and other shell-fish, as well as crustaceans and edible reptiles, which constitute a large percentage of the food taken from the waters of this section.

But the Great Lakes have a still more important influence. Lack of transportation facilities, the sparsely settled condition of most of the lake region, and general ignorance of modern methods of refrigeration made it impossible to fully develop the fishery resources until recently. Consequently the fisheries of this section exerted comparatively little influence half a century ago. Practically all the fish taken in the early days, except those locally eaten, were salted. Thus, while the settlers along the lake shores could obtain supplies for family use or for local distribution, the industry of fishing did not attain marked distinction until after 1850. This will be evidenced by the fact that the largest annual shipment of lake fish by canal — then the chief transportation agency for such products — from Cleveland, Toledo, and Maumee, prior to 1850, was only 17,792 half-barrels. The adoption of other methods of preparation, a few years later, and the utilization of swifter transportation, caused a marked increase in the distribution of lake fish.

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The pound-net was introduced on Lake Erie about 1850, and a few years subsequently its use developed rapidly. The adoption of the pound-net was followed in about fifteen years by the inauguration at Sandusky of the process of artificially freezing fish, so that they could be kept in a frozen condition from fall until the next summer. This made possible the distribution of lake fish, in a thoroughly fresh condition, to the most distant parts of the United States. Subsequently freezing-houses were established at the leading fishing centres on the lakes, and they increased in number at Sandusky, some having a capacity of from ten to twenty tons per day. Steamers were also built to operate immense gangs of gill-nets, and for some years the development in this branch of lake fishery kept pace with progress in other directions.

The result is easy to anticipate. Not only do iced fresh fish from the Great Lakes meet those of the East in spring and summer, but the frozen products of these "brothers of the ocean" stoutly contest for control of the markets in winter, and force their way even into New England. The energy and commercial enterprise exhibited by the lake dealers are most remarkable, and if these were supported by such unfailing sources of supply as can be drawn upon by those engaged in deep-sea fishing, it is evident the latter would meet even sharper competition in the future than in the past. But the limit to which the lakes can be safely drawn upon for fish food has long ago been reached, and the well-recognized falling off in abundance of the most desirable species indicates that, even with the utmost fish-culture can do to assist in maintaining the supply, no greater competition can be expected from this region than exists now. But this has a marked influence, as will be easily understood when it is stated that the total production of the lakes in the last census year amounted to 117,085,568 pounds of food fish—enough to load about six hundred fishing-vessels larger than the average sailing from New England.

Nor should we lose sight of the river fisheries, which, under the same impulses that have caused the conditions on the coast and in the lake region, have recently been actively pursued. As a consequence, many thousand pounds of fish are shipped from points in the Mississippi River basin, where no commercial fishery existed a few years ago. The product of this river fishery will aggregate millions of pounds annually. It not only takes the place locally of salted sea-fish, but competes with the latter for supremacy in the great markets of the Mississippi Valley.

Thus it will be seen that whereas to a large extent the products of the New England deep-sea fisheries had a monopoly of the markets of this country prior to 1850, the conditions then existing have changed radically. Consequently these products of the Atlantic fishery must now meet and compete with the salmon, sturgeon, cod, and halibut of the Pacific; the white-fish, trout, pike, perch, and cisco, or herring, from the Great Lake region; the catfish, buffalo-fish, and other species from the rivers; the red-snapper, pompano, and many other choice varieties from the Gulf coast; the shad, Spanish-mackerel, striped bass, and blue-fish from the region extending from North Carolina to New York; and also frozen smelts, herring, and fresh salmon from Canada, not to speak of Canadian-caught cod and mackerel, which are so extensively marketed in this country.

When it is remembered that practically all these numerous varieties of fishes, excepting a portion of those coming from Canada, and the Pacific cod, are put upon the market fresh, generally in the most attractive form, and usually at prices which indicate that the supply is more than ample for the needs of the people, is it remarkable that difficulty is found in competing with them, when the success of our deep-sea fisheries must depend chiefly upon marketing salt fish, which can be obtained only by the employment of costly and expensively fitted sea-going vessels? When the extent and character of this competition of coast and interior fisheries are considered, when also we find that the New England fisher had for many years to wage a sharp fight with Canadians for even a share in the home market, and when we see the American fishing bounty taken off, while a subsidy is given to foreign fishermen, is it any wonder that even New England courage, thrift, and enterprise have proved insufficient to successfully continue the contest? In view of all this, it is believed surprise will be felt that Gloucester and a few other ports still pursue the business

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with unfaltering courage and devotion, and, by unexampled daring and determination, continue to exact tribute from the sea, and to maintain a stubborn fight for the existence of an industry which means more to this nation than the mere obtainment of food or dollars.

Impressive as this is, it is not all. For, while depressing influences have confronted the fisheries, New England has been developing her manufactures to a remarkable degree since 1850. And as these industries have grown they have become active competitors for the control of American labor. It is not therefore strange that the fisherman has often found remunerative and satisfactory employment at home, and that he has been disposed to accept a condition which not only attracts him to new fields of labor, but invites capital to build and operate manufactories instead of fleets of fishing-vessels. Thus Marblehead, the quaint old port, whose fishermen performed such important services on sea and land during the Revolutionary war, is now a town of shoemakers. It is true a few old fishermen, with salt-hardened and deeply bronzed faces, still go dory-fishing, or act as bumboat-men to the many yachtsmen who go there in summer. But, nevertheless, there is an odor of leather about the place; the talk is of the price per case for making foot-wear, and yarns of famous fishing voyages, of wrecks, and of miraculous escapes are now rarely told, for they are as ancient history as Whittier's story of "Skipper Ireson's Ride."

Newburyport, once celebrated for its mackerel fleet and its cod-fishers who went to Labrador, is now a city of spindles, and the hum of cotton-mills is the industrial music of the hour.

New Bedford, too, is now a great manufacturing centre. While it still has a fleet of whalers, which rendezvous at San Francisco, and rarely "round the Horn" for the home port, the whale-fishery is a decadent industry, and receives comparatively little consideration, except from those directly interested in its prosecution. Partially dismantled "blubber-hunters"—as the old ships are called—lie contentedly alongside the wharves, where they seem to be kept rather as reminders of other days for the curious to gaze at than for any present or prospective utility.

A few months ago the writer saw a lusty eighteen-months-old babe in the arms of its proud grandmother, and he was told that this son of a New England whaling skipper had never been seen by his father, who had passed the previous winter near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and at that moment was probably hunting whales among the ice-floes that fill the ocean along the northern shores of this continent. Such separation of husband and father from wife and children is hard to bear, and when satisfactory employment can be found on shore, which will admit of a united family, it is usually accepted. And to that extent the fisheries are deprived of the skill and hardihood necessary to their successful continuance.

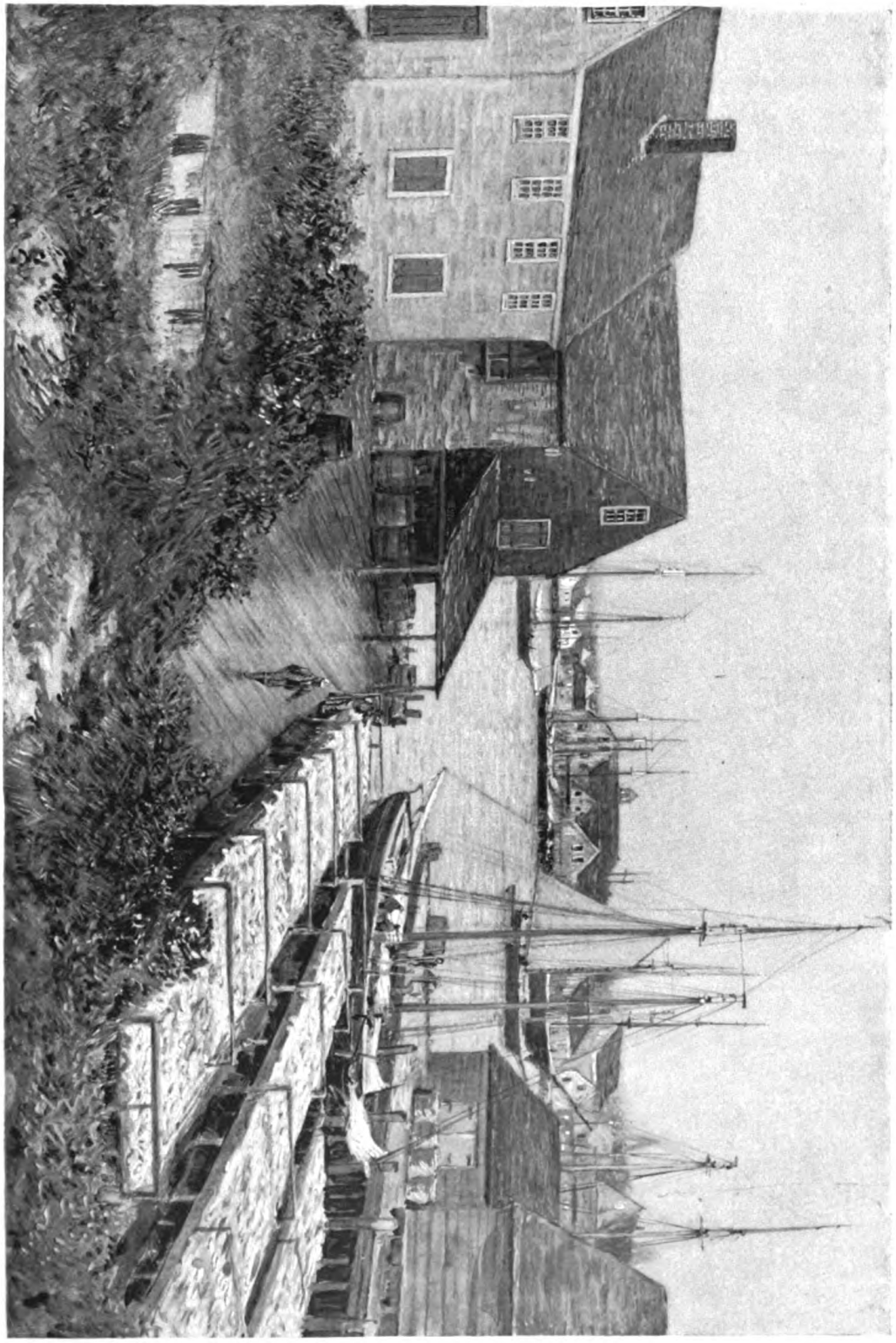
It may be incidentally mentioned that in addition to the growing scarcity of whales, and the rivalry of other industries, the whale-fishery has suffered from a remarkable decline in the price of oil, due to the competition of mineral oils and other materials which take its place. The influence of this is such that whales are now often hunted for their bone alone, since in some cases the oil is not thought sufficiently valuable to warrant saving the blubber and trying it out.

The menhaden fishermen have also keenly felt the result of this change, for the success of their industry depends chiefly on the price of oil. Thus, though the average catch of fish per vessel in recent years is larger than it was in former periods, the business is frequently unremunerative. Therefore this comparatively new branch of sea fishery, in which New England is largely interested, seems to be suffering almost as much as any other from the strangulation caused by competition.

Various minor causes have contributed to the decay noticeable in many coast fishing-towns. Mr. F. W. True makes the following reference to one of them in *The Fishery Industries of the United States* (vol. i., section v., page 599):

"The restless waters of Massachusetts Bay have caused many changes in the configuration of the northern shore of Cape Cod. Moved by their power, the sand has spread itself in an even plain, extending from high-water mark a half-mile seaward, and but little inclined to the plane of the horizon. Relentlessly it has filled the old-time harbors, and thereby stifled the activity of the north-shore fishing-towns of former days. But while the vessel fishery

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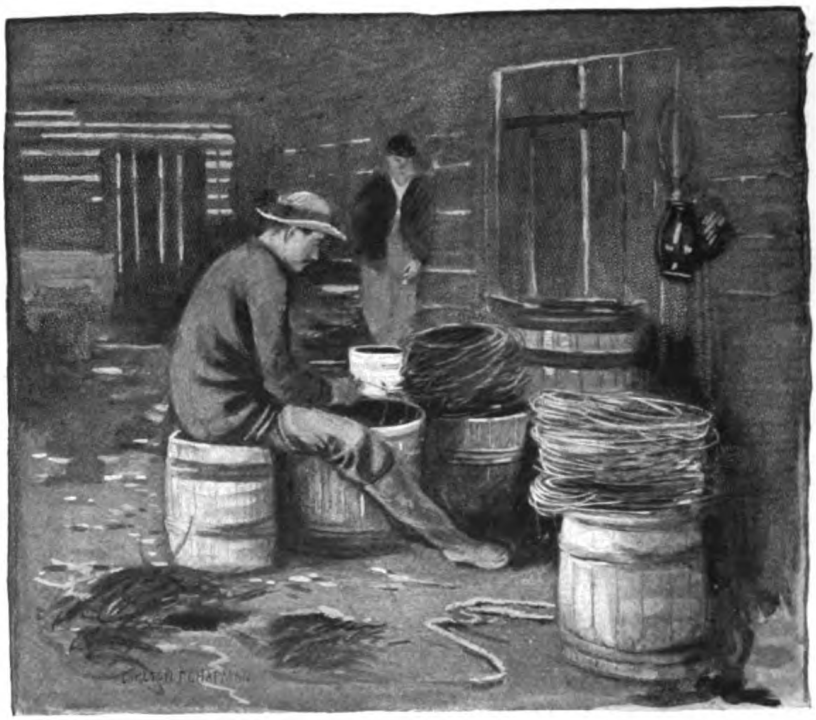
DRYING FISH, GLOUCESTER.

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has forever disappeared from many of the towns, the weir fishery has taken its place to a considerable extent."

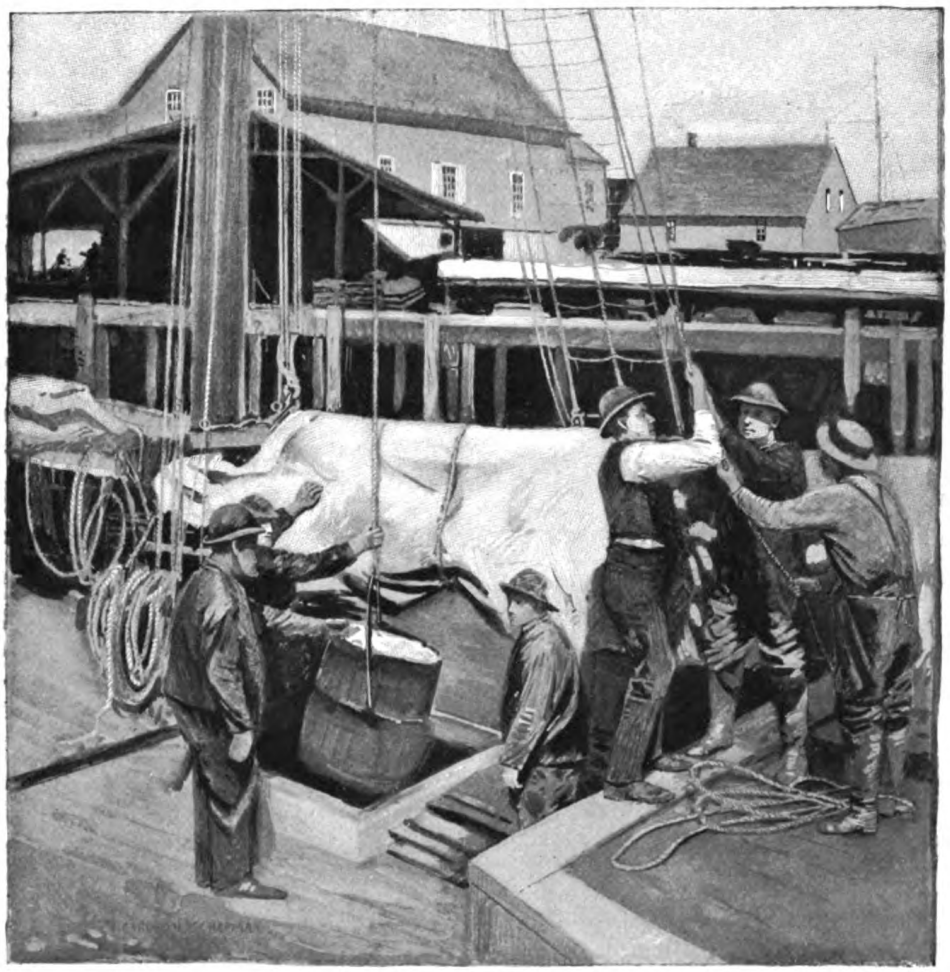
The scarcity of certain important ocean fishes has had a somewhat dejecting influence on those fishermen who relied chiefly upon the pursuit of these species. For some years decrease in abundance of the halibut on the grounds where it is chiefly sought has been one of the marked features of the Atlantic fisheries. However, this has not so far caused any material loss in financial receipts, since there has been an enhancement of price when the supply temporarily failed to equal the demand. Also, the discovery of new halibut banks or areas from time to time has generally enabled the fishermen to supply the demand, while this changing from one locality to another may possibly enable the fallow grounds, which are at least temporarily depleted, to regain something of their old-time fertility. If so, no serious inconvenience may be anticipated, but only time can answer this question. The most that can be said of it now is that it needs no consideration, so far as the general decadence of the New England fishing-towns is concerned, since the halibut-fishery has never had any special importance except at Gloucester.

The present scarcity of mackerel, which there is reason for believing is only temporary—a repetition of history so far as relates to this species—is a far more important matter. Probably no other branch of the New England sea fishery was so much relied on by the fishermen of the smaller coast towns as that which had the mackerel as the object of pursuit. Although the cost of prosecuting this fishery was materially advanced by the general adoption of the purse-seine as an apparatus of capture, and the disparity of catches between vessels was increased, there was still a reasonable average of success in seasons of abundance. Consequently a show of prosperity was maintained at some of the fishing coves and harbors, even after the grip of financial disaster had been felt in most of them. For it must be conceded that the decadence, which began shortly after the middle of the century, continued more or less uninterruptedly, and even the phenomenal abundance of mackerel in the early eighties, culminating in 1884, when the catch exceeded any ever made, scarcely arrest-



BAITING TRAWLS.

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UNLOADING FISH FROM A GRAND BANKS FISHERMAN.

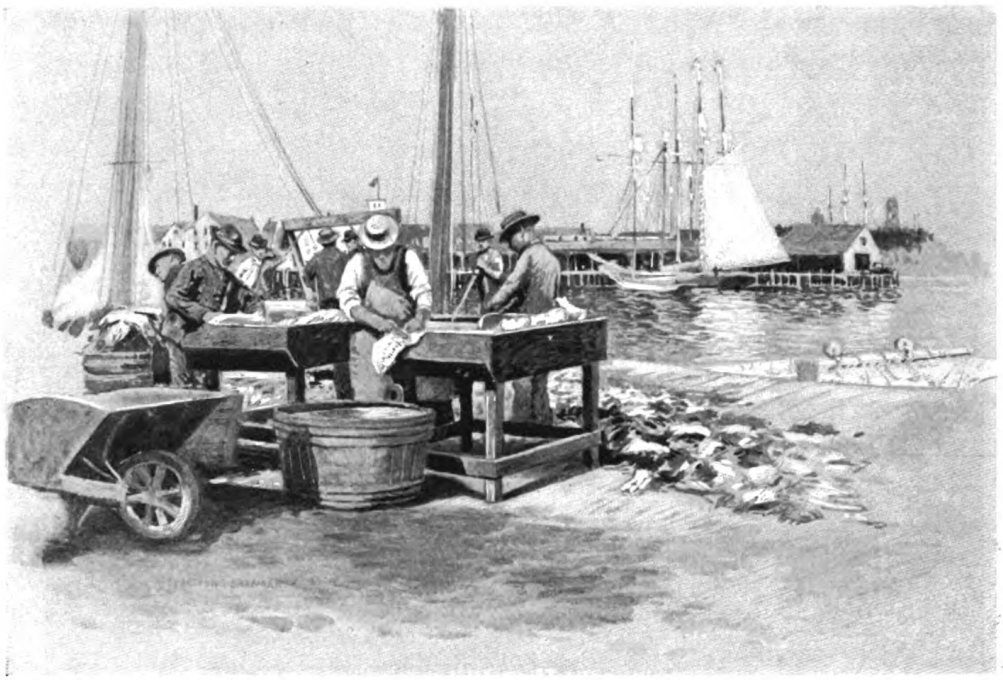
ed the downward progress. Indeed, in 1879 and 1880, when mackerel were normally plentiful, schooners lay deserted in the harbors of Maine, and crews could not be found to go on them. Nevertheless, matters grew worse when the mackerel catch fell off, and many who had until then courageously faced the conditions which confronted them, were compelled to succumb to the inevitable, and sell their vessels or employ them in some other trade.

In many cases this was due not only to scarcity of fish or condition of markets, but to the difficulty in obtaining skilful and trained fishermen, without whom it was folly to send vessels to sea.

Reference has already been made to the influences which conflicted with the deep-sea fisheries in this regard. It remains to be added that those still inclined to follow the sea fishery naturally preferred to sail on the swiftest and most expensive vessels, which also were usually commanded by the most skilful or "luckiest" skippers. Few fishing-ports have been able to successfully compete in the matter of vessels with Gloucester, where new and costly clippers are added to the fleet each year. This, together with other advantages, led large numbers of the best fishermen to go there from Cape Cod and Maine, the result being, of course, beneficial to the port they sailed from, but correspondingly detrimental to the development or continuance of home fisheries.

But, whatever influence this may have had, it is probable nothing could have arrested the progress of decay, for it is well known that the most determined efforts were made at certain points: the best vessels and the most skilful men

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CLEANING AND SORTING FISH.

were employed, everything that intelligence and business sagacity could suggest was done, and ruin came in spite of it.

It may be true that the increased cost of vessels, the additional expense of running them, together with the enhancement of the cost of living which now confronts the fishermen — and this depends more on change in the methods of living than the purchasing power of a dollar— have had a disheartening influence, and have reached a point where it may not reasonably be expected the returns from fishing, as conducted from the smaller ports, will give the necessary income to meet expenditures and leave a profit. But, however serious these obstacles may now appear, it is probable they would be found of small moment, and it may fairly be assumed that the sea fisheries might still prosper, as in earlier years, except for the fierce competition that comes from foreign countries and from all sections of the United States.

It is highly probable that there will always be demand for salt cod, mackerel, and other fish that come from distant Northern seas. But the question of cheapening the product by increasing the catch per man or per vessel will ever be a vital one in this competitive battle, where sentiment is not a factor; and a problem scarcely second in importance is the introduction of new or improved methods of preservation.

The limit of human possibility seems to have been reached in the matter of capture of sea fish; for it is difficult to conceive of more exertion being made or of greater risks being taken. The use of steam-vessels may increase the catch of fresh fish, as well as the scope of the market fishery. But even now the supply often exceeds the demand, and steamers are not available to the salt-fish industry, and scarcely can be expected to build up the waste places in the coves and small harbors along the New England coast.

However, cargoes of herring have arrived from Newfoundland that were artificially frozen on board the vessels, and the question arises as to what extent, if any, this method may be applied to the cod or mackerel taken in summer on remote fishing-grounds. Canning the products on board the vessels may also receive consideration in the not distant future.

It is undoubtedly true that the cure of salt herring is susceptible of improvement in this country, and there seems no reason why our markets should be filled with European herring when it is quite possible

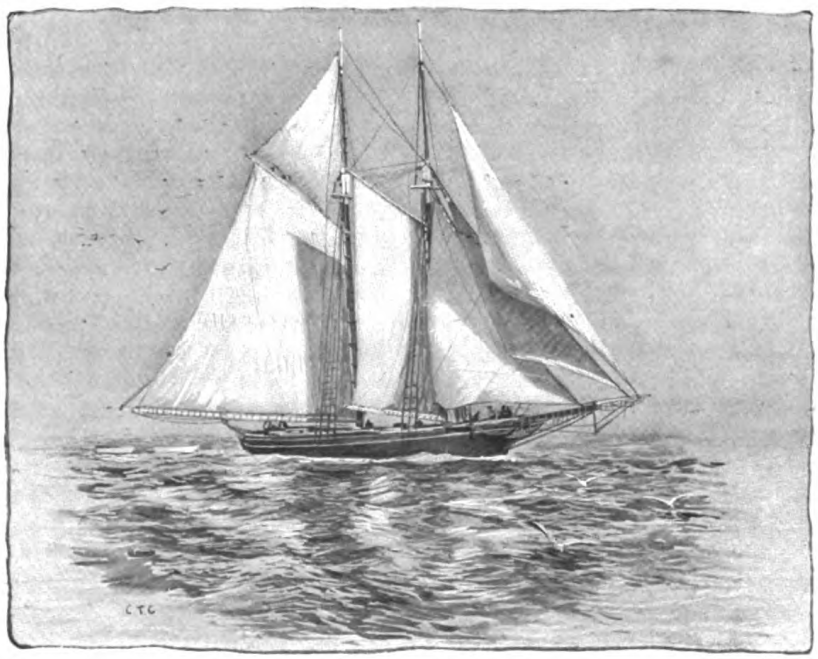
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for our own fishermen to furnish as good an article if intelligent care in preparation is observed.

To what extent, if any, the sea fisheries may hereafter be profited by exportation of salted products remains to be seen. At present, however, the prospect of any material benefit from foreign trade is not encouraging. For not only are sea fish now imported in large quantities from British North American provinces, but salt mackerel come to us from Norway and Ireland, and herring from various European countries. It is therefore evident that more favorable conditions than now exist are required to create an extensive demand for our salted sea fish in other countries. Until there is material change in this regard, the balance of fish trade will not favor our deep-sea fisheries, and the home market must be relied on for any improvement that may come.

Much has been done recently to render more attractive the salted sea products, and to this as much as to anything else is due the continued prosperity of Gloucester, or of other fishing-ports that may still thrive. The intelligence that has brought these and other improvements may reasonably be relied upon to meet the exigencies of the hour, so far as human skill and business activity can meet them. Nevertheless, the fact remains that (even though the present importance of the New England fisheries, including those termed "shore fisheries," may be maintained in the aggregate) the same forces are now at work that caused the decadence in the vessel fisheries along our northeastern coast, and their future influence may well prove an interesting subject for observation by all who are concerned in the continuance of industries which train seamen for commerce or for manning our navies in time of war.

Time may again bring piscatorial prosperity to New England; fleets of fishing-clippers may once more sail from its many green isles and quiet coves; a hardy race of native-born seamen may be bred along its shores and schooled in its sea fisheries; for circumstances now unforeseen may bring these changes. However, the present outlook is not promising for the immediate realization of these hoped-for conditions. Nevertheless, they may come in the future, when an immense population requires a larger supply of fish food, and when a great nation more fully appreciates the importance of encouraging a self-sustaining militia of the sea, which, as history shows, embodies professional skill, brawn and brain, courage and hardihood, to a degree not to be found elsewhere.



A MODERN FAST-SAILING FISHING-SCHOONER.

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WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART V.—THE LAST OF A GREAT BLACK NATION.

AT last we reached the banks of the Caledon River, which is the boundary-line between the Orange Free State and the country commonly known as Basutoland. The history of the South African republics, from their very beginning down to within the last few years, is a record of their more or less successful contests with the Basuto* people. The cause of these wars has been, of course, a conflict of ideas as to who had the best right to the soil. The blacks held that it was theirs because from time out of mind blacks had peopled all this neighborhood; but the Boers argued, on the other side, that the blacks were, after all, merely heathen, and did not make good use of their property. The white man argued in South Africa much as he did in New England when he landed on Plymouth Rock, and cheerfully expelled the heathen who set up prescriptive claims to Massachusetts. Such arguments as these were of great assistance to the pioneers who crossed the Mississippi, scaled the Rocky Mountains, and astonished the Spanish Americans who then claimed California, New Mexico, and a great deal more. In fact, it is in human nature that even God-fearing and law-abiding men accept readily the doctrine that the earth belongs to those who make best use of it. Indeed, the philosophy which cheered the Boers who weeded out the blacks fifty years ago differs not much from the philosophy of the Anglo-Saxons now occupying the gold-fields of the Transvaal.

The Caledon River was for years, as we have said, the disputed boundary, and even to-day it is safe to say that if Great Britain withdrew her protection from the Basutos, there would be a Jameson raid into that land within twenty-four hours—a raid that would exceed in fury anything accomplished during the great Oklahoma "boom" when the United States government opened that portion of the Indian Territory to white settlers. War upon war have the Boers made upon their naked neighbors, without ever making conquest of their country. At last, in 1872, England made an end of these disturbances upon the borders of her possessions by acting as mediator, fixing the boundaries, and practically going bail for the future good behavior of the negroes.

The word negro is not heard in South Africa excepting as a term of opprobrium. Often and often again have Africander Englishmen stopped me, when speaking of Zulus, Basutos, Matabele, and so on, as negroes. "You in America only know the blacks who came over as slaves—that is to say, the West African negro; but"—and this they say with some pride—"our blacks are of a very superior character, and not at all to be confused with the material found on the Guinea coast."

Though this is a popular notion amongst Africanders and Englishmen generally, it is not, I think, founded either upon historical research or upon observation of the negro in different places. It is true that the most common slave trade in times past was between the African west coast and the eastern shores of America, but it is equally true that the Portuguese carried on a steady and very profitable traffic of the same nature from their East African possessions, notably Mozambique. This alone can account for a large portion of Zulu and Basuto blood amongst the American slaves, but aside from this there is every reason for believing that even on the west coast a considerable portion of the slaves shipped to America were prisoners of war captured far in the interior, from tribes that had been recruited from the east coast. The life of an African negro nation is practically the life of one remarkable man who may possess a gift for war much above the average of his blood. Thus we hear of Lobengula creating the Matabele, of Cetywayo and the Zulus, and, greater than all, of Moshesh, the great organizer of the Basutos. These black leaders have made so-called nations,

* This word I use according to common practice in South Africa, and not according to the few learned in "native" orthography.—P. B.

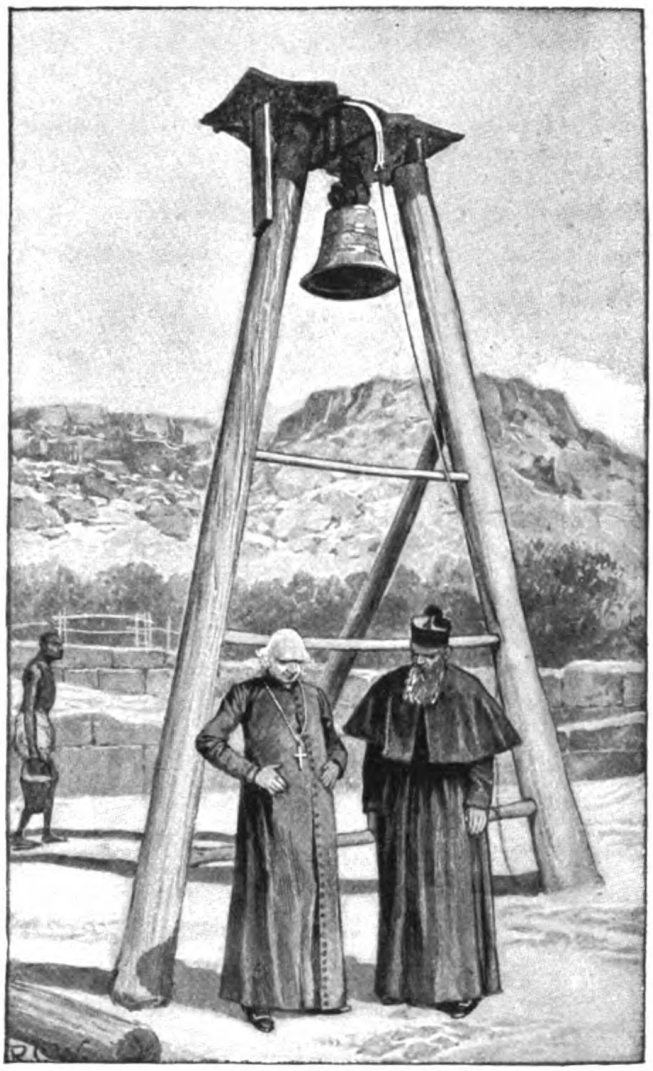
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because they readily attracted to themselves the warriors from surrounding tribes or families, who were glad to follow any leader that promised them plunder in war and security for what they might take in the way of booty.

Whoever glances at successive maps of Africa must be struck by the rapidity with which names of territories have been changed within the last three hundred years. It is, however, what one might reasonably expect from negroes incapable of self-control, living only for the gratification of momentary needs, and leaving behind them absolutely no record of any achievement calculated to advance the cause of civilization.

I am reminded here of a most interesting conversation I had with Dr. Theall, the Tacitus of South Africa, upon this subject.

"It is a disastrous mistake," said he to me, "for people in England to act as though black and white people can ever mix. The two races cannot intermarry without harm to one or both. The half-breeds who marry half-breeds cease to be prolific, and they become prolific only in the event of their marrying blacks or whites. There is no doubt that the negro has multiplied with great rapidity where he has been protected by whites. He cannot quarrel as he was wont to; he is not allowed to wage war; he is not allowed to kill witches; and when famines arise the government feeds him at the expense of the white tax-payers. Even disease is not allowed to sweep him away as it once did; at least the government does all in its power to check small-pox and other infectious ills."



A ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION IN BASUTOLAND.

As we are now about to cross the Caledon River into the land of the last negro nation surviving in South Africa, and as the interest of this nation to us lies principally in the information we may gather regarding the future relations of the black man to the white, not only here, but in all Africa as well, I feel fortunate in being able to quote Dr. Theall further on this point.

"If this country is to amount to anything," said he, "it must be as a white man's country; now a white man will not work beside a black man, no matter how many laws are passed declaring the two to be equal. The British government protects the blacks, gives them free land, and looks after them in a philanthropic manner. But there is no law compelling a black man to work. The

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CROSSING THE CALEDON.

white man receives no indulgence from *his* government, and has to sink to the black man's level if he hopes to succeed by his daily labor.

"As to the Matabele," said he, "all that country was formerly inhabited by black tribes called Mashonas. The Matabele came in as robbers, and being a soldier organization, under warlike chiefs, drove the Mashonas out of their villages. As soon as they had captured a kraal, they killed every one excepting young boys and girls. The boys they made slaves to the soldiers. When these Mashona boys grew up, they begged to become Matabele soldiers, in order to escape their hard lot as slaves. The Matabele chiefs promised them that honor, on condition of their doing some daring act of robbery upon neighboring tribes—usually lifting cattle. In this manner they became stronger with successive years, though more mixed in blood."

Dr. Theall was firmly of opinion that no peace should be made with them, but they should be thoroughly thrashed and driven beyond the Zambesi. He regarded them as a set of insolent freebooters, whose men scorned to feed on anything but meat, and even at that only on such as had been captured from the enemy.

When we hear by our firesides of negro wars, we are apt to receive statements very much exaggerated, and certainly calculated to make us feel that the negro can be a most daring and dangerous enemy. No doubt he is such for a short time and under extraordinary circumstances, but taken as a race there is no more gentle servant and companion than a properly treated negro. It has been my fortune to see something of him in the West Indies, in South America, and in every State of the United States. Comparing that type of negro with the black man of South Africa as he appears between the Zambesi River and the Cape of Good Hope, I confess that I see very little difference. There are highly bred negroes in America, as well as low-bred ones, and as slaves we know that their price varied enormously on this account alone; but I am confident that if a given number of negroes were picked up haphazard from the different portions of Africa, and then brought to Virginia or Louisiana dressed after the manner of American negroes, they would attract no more attention on the streets of New Orleans or Richmond than they do now along the Zambesi or the Caledon.

And that reminds me that the Caledon came near making an end of us, for it was much swollen by rains, and as we reached the middle of it the water covered the bottom of our Cape cart and threatened to

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sweep us away bottom side up. Our leaders nearly went out of sight in one of the many holes of this treacherous stream, and for a few moments we splashed and struggled so furiously that I found myself calculating the chances of my being able to swim to either bank. Very fortunately for us, we had remarkably good horses, and my friend Temple, who was driving, is notoriously the best whip in South Africa. The leaders, by-the-way, two spirited little bays, had been loaned to me by the President of the Orange Free State, and the cart was the one in which Chief-Justice De Villiers rode his circuit, so that my mental calculations included the idea of how much this little fording of the Caledon would cost in horseflesh, harness, cart, and baggage. But adventures are pleasant when they are survived, and we found ourselves the more warmly received in Basutoland for having successfully passed the Caledon at a time when the people thereabouts regarded it as impassable.

It is a stream ordinarily as wide as the Pruth, which separates Roumania from southern Russia, and it has a frontier police with equally primitive comforts. But in crossing the Pruth the stranger is received by the Russian custom-house as though he were a dangerous character, while at the Caledon a negro policeman welcomed us as though pleased that strangers should visit his country. Of course he inquired particularly whether we had any fire-arms or spirits, but was quite satisfied by a superficial glance at the general nature of our baggage. Then I said to him that I would like to take his photograph; upon which he laughed in the ecstasy of gratified vanity, and ran into his hut, shouting that he must go and put on his uniform. Nothing that we said could alter his purpose, and we were rather annoyed than otherwise, because I did not wish him in uniform, but rather in the native nakedness with which he had received us. As this first policeman ran into his hut, however, another appeared at the door in the uniform of the Basuto Mounted Police, and him I promptly snapped with my camera, to his great satisfaction. But no sooner was this done and we once more starting with our four-in-hand, than out rushed the first policeman, gesticulating excitedly that we should wait and photograph him; but we explained that we had taken the other policeman and were in a great hurry, and besides, by this time I had learned to be more economical with my films. I shall never forget the loud and happy laughter of the policeman who had been photographed, and the very disconsolate look of the first policeman who had missed this honor; and I recall it here because it arises in my mind every time that I think of the typical negro and the enormous difference between his nature and that of an average white man, particularly a policeman acting as a responsible custom-house official.

We had driven the whole distance from the capital of the Orange Free State to the Caledon, and in a few minutes we entered the Basuto Residency, called Maseru. During this long journey we had spent our nights at any Boer ranch where we happened to pass towards twilight, and during the day we cooked our meals on the open prairie, letting our four mustangs browse where they could with the limitations of a knee-halter. We were very dirty-looking tramps by the time we reached the capital of this black nation, and with heart-felt gratitude did I accept the invitation of its British administrator to become his guest at the palace. Such words as nation, palace, king, chief, have a strange sound when applied to things South-African, whether black or Boer. Even the word road has a different meaning in that country. To be sure we travelled in a Cape cart, which is a vehicle resembling the English two-wheeled cart; but we travelled over a country much like the desert of Colorado, where the rains cut gullies into the soft soil, and where the traveller steers his broncos without reference to the wagon-trail of his predecessor. In the night he goes by the stars; in the day he gets his direction from the sun. When he reaches a stream, he has no warning as to whether it is safe to ford or not, and it must be a careful and experienced driver indeed who does not break his axle in crossing some of the gullies in his path. The Boers do not like to be taxed, and the Basutos do not care for roads anyhow, so that between them the traveller in that part of the world may consider himself fortunate if he gets alive to his destination.

Maseru, the capital of Basutoland, is made up of one or two huts occupied by white traders who hold a special license

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to barter with the blacks; a few native huts spread out without order over the sides of a hill; a low bungalow where the administration of the government is conducted; one or two discouraging little houses which pretend to make travellers comfortable; a blacksmith and wagon-maker's shop; and then the Residency, where lives the wise ruler of Basutoland, Mr. Lagden. The population of Maseru I did not inquire, but it looks as though it might be anywhere from 100 to 1000, of whom perhaps a couple of dozen might be white.

The Residency itself in a civilized country might have seemed a modest hunting-box for a private gentleman, but in Basutoland it loomed up before my eyes with all the grandeur of a Potsdam palace. Here at last, in the midst of most complete savagery, was an English home presided over by an accomplished and amiable English lady whose husband held imperial rule over a quarter of a million naked negroes, not one of whom, probably, could explain by what means Mr. Lagden exercised his extraordinary authority. There was not a single redcoat to shield them against insurrection; there was not a single white policeman to guard their door. The Lagden family in Basutoland is separated from all the world almost as completely as though on a rock in the ocean. If a single chief refused to obey the order of this British Resident, there is no visible force at his command by which he could bring that chief to his knees.

But fortunately there are invisible forces which even the negro can understand. Every chief in the Basuto country, and through him every black warrior—I might almost say every black man from the Zambesi to the Cape—is brought up in the faith that there is far away a white Queen, who, like a goddess of the ancients, can be invoked for the protection of the black. English rule in South Africa has been rough and ready in many cases, but, so far as the black man is concerned, has been vastly more humane than that of the black man towards his fellow-blacks. Even to-day the black man prefers English rule to that of Portugal, France, or Germany, and this not merely because the English government has more jealously guarded the rights of black natives, but because England is credited with greater powers of enforcing her wishes than any other government that has so far attempted to colonize the Dark Continent.

Mr. Lagden governs Basutoland with half a dozen English magistrates, who settle such disputes amongst the natives as are beyond the competency of their chiefs. The nature of this service is very much like that of a respected grandmother who is sometimes called in to determine a family disagreement, but who has no physical power at her command by which she can make her judgment valid. The resident commissioner has, besides, a small body of mounted police, who are recruited entirely as volunteers from amongst the blacks of the neighborhood. These men are great swells in their way, and from the Basuto point of view they represent the first families of the country. They are officered by white men, and, according to the testimony of Mr. Lagden and one or two Englishmen with whom I spoke on the subject, they are most excellent material. There was active drilling at Maseru during my visit, not merely the regular drills of the local force, but more particularly of sixty Basuto warriors who had been recruited for service against the Matabele, my visit to Maseru having been made towards the end of May, 1896. The Basuto black, as a rule, dislikes to leave his country, because he has there security for life and property far beyond what is enjoyed by blacks in other parts of Africa, but there was no difficulty in recruiting this small force to serve under British officers for imperial purposes, and I am convinced that, in the event of serious war in South Africa, England would find from amongst the Basutos an army of black volunteers ready to march against any enemy so long as they were led by white officers who understood their business. And what I say of the Basutos is equally true of the Zulus, and will, under proper conditions, soon be equally true throughout South and Central Africa. The drill of the Basuto mounted police was an exceedingly simple one as compared with the drill which a European soldier would consider necessary; but for South Africa it was quite sufficient. Indeed, the Basuto, before he enters the ranks, is a better fighting-man than the average European soldier after three years of drilling; for, as a recruit, he is already an accomplished horseman, an excellent marksman, and familiar with the duties of a scout. His military edu-

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cation, therefore, is limited to the simplest tactical requirements, such as wheeling right and left, forming a hollow square, and performing the manual exercises with his carbine.

Such blacks as I saw drilling appeared to be proud of the work they were doing, and when the commanding officer kindly placed them in the position in which I wished to photograph one or two types, the men appeared as happy as though I had brought with me a decoration for distribution. Such is the dignity attaching to membership in the Basutoland Mounted Police that descendants of great chiefs are proud to serve as privates so long as they are serving under white officers.

The uniform of the Basuto is eminently a practical one, as Mr. Woodville's picture on page 639 will show; it is, in fact, the sort of dress any sportsman would select for riding in a rough country—that is to say, riding breeches and boots, with a light sack-coat, the whole of a color matching the soil, and with no waste of weight in the shape of cumbrous braiding or buttons.

One evening as Mr. Lagden and I were galloping over the prairie we came to a plain where a game of polo was going on between different members of the white colony, mostly officers or officials; but there were not enough to make up the full number, so two of the black police force were called in to help the sport. It was a good exhibition of horsemanship, nor could I see that the black men rode with any less skill than their white masters. The Basuto warriors are horsemen from the cradle, and when they join the Mounted Police the greatest treat they can expect is to be called upon for extra duty in a polo-match. I had before seen officers and men playing side by side in football-matches, but they were all whites. I little thought that in Africa itself I should ever find white officers in a polo scrimmage locking mallets with negro privates. In Germany such an occurrence would be regarded as highly detrimental to discipline.

As I rode about with Mr. Lagden, and heard him recite some of his experiences in this country, the feeling irresistibly took possession of me that I had at last reached the one land where governing was easy and the people contented, where a white woman could walk from one end of it to the other with no care for her personal safety, and where the whole black population lived in harmony with their chiefs, their neighbors, and the paramount power represented by the flag of England. In all Basutoland is not a single mile of railway; not a single road; not a single mining-shaft; not a single drinking-shop; not a single newspaper; not a single demagogue, anarchist, mechanical piano, or any of the other plagues which to-day make progress difficult if not dangerous. The negroes whom I met in the fields all seemed in a laughing mood, in spite of the fact that their crops had been very bad because of the locust plague; the people along the way all appeared cheerful in their salutations; the country had no tramps, no drunkards, no paupers, no politicians, and the little jail which I inspected at Maseru appeared to be there quite as a matter of form; in fact, I rather suspect that the dozen or so inmates of that jail belonged either to the Cape Colony or the Transvaal.

In the few happy days which I spent under the roof of Mr. Lagden I naturally sought his opinion on many things, for he has had a long and valuable experience in the management of native affairs. In reproducing here some of his interesting observations I trust he will forgive me if I sacrifice his natural feeling of modesty to my equally strong desire to put the truth on record.

"The system obtaining in Basutoland," according to Mr. Lagden, "is to use the power and influence of the chiefs as a means of governing and guiding a nation. The police are in complete sympathy with the people amongst whom their duties lie." This is notoriously reversing the principle which guides the military governments of Europe, for soldiers recruited from one part of the country are generally sent to do duty in another, so that in case of civil disturbance there may be no sympathy between military and civilian forces. "The great object of government is to educate the people to a sense of the necessity of maintaining order. A nation should be conspicuous for absence of notoriety either by internal disturbances, foreign complications, abuse of power accorded to the chiefs, or the following of barbarous customs.

"It would be idle to suppose that a tribe of untutored natives possessed the attributes of morality; or were not obsti-

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nate even towards those persuading them for their good; or were not corrupt if opportunity offered; or not irritating to those patiently guiding them; or were not disposed to be insolent in times of plenty; or given to crime common to all mankind, and which must be expected more frequently from people on the threshold of barbarism.

"But take the Basutos all round, and they have shown, perhaps as no other Kaffir tribe has shown, a respect for law, an intelligent pride in their own development, and a certain respect for public opinion, internal and external."

Mr. Lagden was appealed to some time ago to provide, at the expense of government, a large industrial institution for native children, a fact which speaks well for the native desire to improve. To this appeal he answered that they should first help themselves, and in that way they would show the white man how he might come in and be of assistance to them; the result was a general collection throughout the country, which, though opposed by certain disappointed chiefs, realized a sum of £3000 sterling. This is a first instalment towards an endowment fund, and very creditable to the intelligence and capacity of the natives.

Here is another characteristic incident, which I have on the best authority:

Nearly two years ago there was an upheaval, which had as its object the unseating of the present chief of the Basutos. The principal actors were, first, a favorite son of the previous paramount chief. He had winning ways, and during his father's dotage all the sugar-plums in the shape of tidbits of land and the means of getting the most attractive wives.

Next in this dispute was a brother of the late paramount chief, who was pugnacious and independent by nature. These two combined against the appointed heir, and resolved to oust him if possible. In parenthesis we may remark that if they had succeeded, neither would have recognized the other.

The whole nation was concerned in this matter, and a painful civil war threatened.

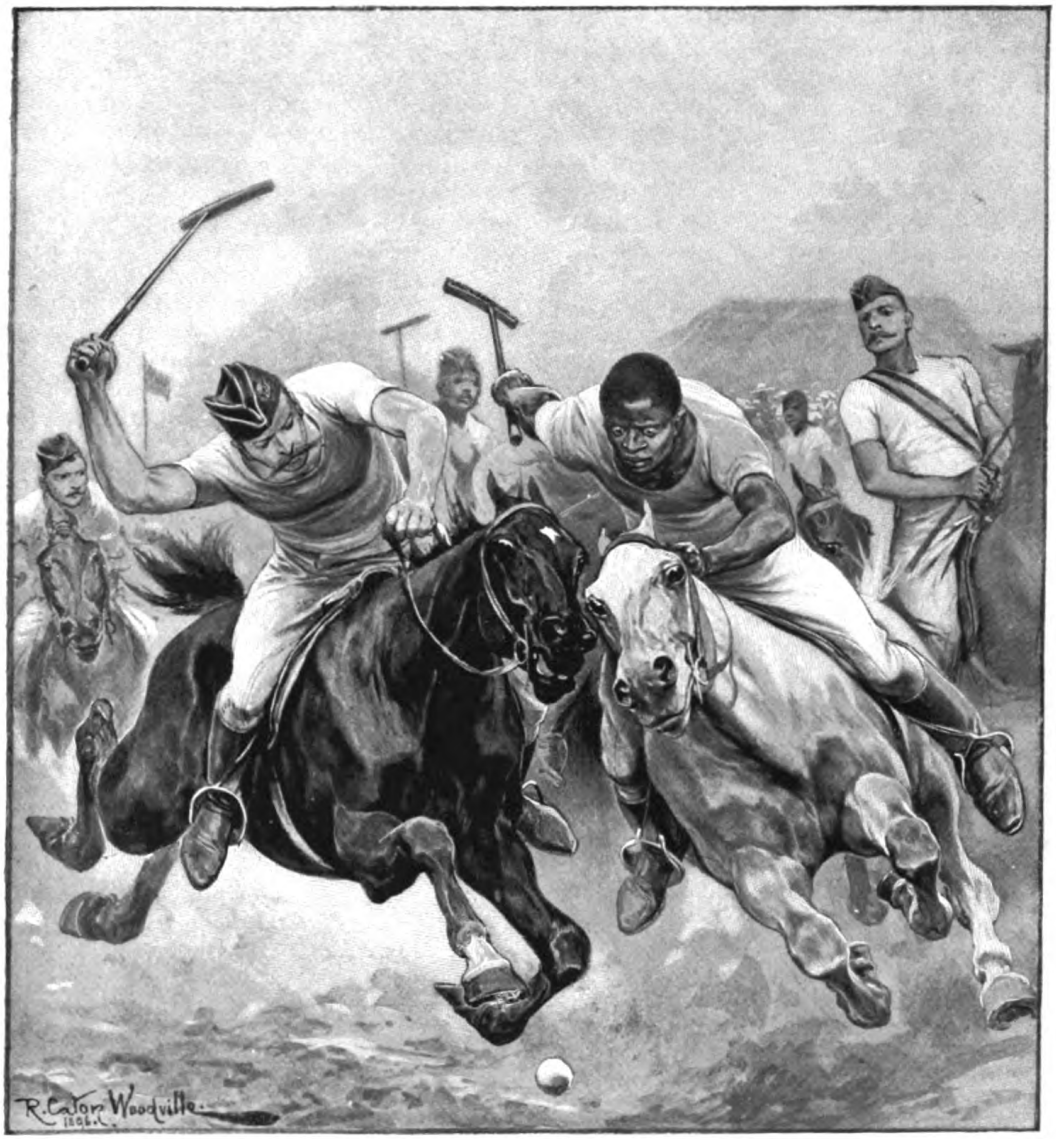
The resident commissioner saw the serious drift of things, and made it his policy, while carefully watching events, not to put his hand in until the last possible moment, because he had behind him no force beyond persuasion and the influence which a strong personality can exercise when two disputing parties are nearly equal. On this occasion the conflicting native forces were about equal in number. An envoy of the paramount chief had been molested while on a mission to the younger brother, who was the leader of the opposition. Native passions became much inflamed because the mission on which this envoy had been sent was a legitimate one, and the injuries which he sustained at the hands of the pretenders soon afterwards caused his death. Both sides flew to arms; the would-be usurper fortified his approaches by stone walls, and prepared for a hand-to-hand contest; the two forces came to within shooting distance one of the other, and the younger warriors were anxious for a fight. But the old men counselled a truce until the British Resident could be consulted; so they stopped for the moment, and sent a supplication to Mr. Lagden begging him to come to them and prevent the threatened bloodshed.

With only two white men as escort, Mr. Lagden arrived in the midst of the passionate warriors, who were on the verge of attacking one another; the older men had found it impossible to keep them in check. The Resident at once sent messengers to order that all arms should be laid down, and that the chiefs should come before him in a great open court at a place neutral to both armies, and at an elevation which commanded so complete a view of the country round about that there could be no fear of treachery. The insurgent parties refused obedience to the summons, in defiance of the court's messenger; this was the critical moment. Mr. Lagden did not hesitate, though he stood there almost the only white man amongst thousands of infuriated blacks; he at once sent a message to the effect that he would hold the court on the grounds of the insurgents in a summary fashion, and that he would hold them responsible for the consequences in case they refused obedience.

This summary behavior impressed the insurgents and brought them to their senses; they came to Mr. Lagden, escorted by a white officer who had been sent with this diplomatic message.

Soon Mr. Lagden was encircled by some thousands of Basutos in their war-paint. Each of the contesting parties had detailed a strong contingent of warriors to

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POLO AT MASERU.

guard the horses and the arms at a place convenient, in case hostilities should be resumed. Mr. Lagden opened the meeting by announcing that he was there for the purpose of hearing what they had to say. This let loose a flood of native rhetoric from successive black orators, who poured forth a succession of false statements and injurious epithets more calculated to produce than to allay warlike feelings; but Mr. Lagden knew with whom he had to deal, and for three days he listened patiently, until every man with anything to say had said it. They were anxious days, for at night the hills for miles around were lighted by the camp-fires of the two armies.

When all had spoken, the council of elders was formed, and technical details discussed by men who were acknowledged experts; it was evening when this council concluded its deliberations, and there was breathless silence over the large assembly when the British Resident stepped forward from its midst to announce his decision before the gathering of the whole people. The African native is trained to show no emotion in his face, but he shows it in other ways. On this occasion the suspense was more

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marked because in the previous year the paramount chief had behaved falsely, had been publicly censured, and there was some uncertainty as to what further punishment he might be called upon to endure.

While Mr. Lagden was solemnly pronouncing judgment, a leader of the insurgents, as if by instinct, surmised its purport, and bolted from the assembly, escaping on horseback. There was a momentary burst of excitement, but as the English Resident treated the matter casually, the audience once more calmed down, and the proceedings went on. The title to some land in dispute was adjudged; the man who had killed the envoy was ordered to be brought to trial, and the form of his trial was prescribed. The parties guilty of instigating this insurrection were ordered to pay a fine within twelve hours; that same night the great council was dispersed, but the people refused to disband. Many lying messages were sent for the purpose of gaining time; the party of insurrection were seeking in this manner to discover whether the government intended to back up the judgment pronounced, and they soon saw by Mr. Lagden's uncompromising answers that he was in earnest. However, as an act of grace he extended the time of payment a further twelve hours, and waited on the spot to learn the result. At the end of the twenty-four hours a few cattle were seen straggling over the hill-tops, the insurgent chiefs hoping that these would be accepted as sufficient. But nothing short of full payment could be tolerated if English authority was to be further maintained, so Mr. Lagden at once called another council of chiefs together. The insurgents evidently had signals prearranged between the council court and the valleys where their cattle were, for no sooner had this second council been called together than all the cattle representing the fine were seen coming down the mountain-side from the place where they had been concealed. So ended a national crisis which, but for an experienced Governor, would undoubtedly have led to another of the many negro wars which constitute the monotonous and melancholy record of African life.

This episode is a typical one, as it illustrates the childlike behavior of negroes when playing at self-government with dangerous weapons in their hands. Like school-children, they squabble, grow excited, and in a moment of anger hurl at one another any objects within reach of their inexperienced hands. They are for the moment like madmen, and when the excitement has passed they sing and laugh together, and wonder how they could ever have so far forgotten themselves as to wish to harm each other.

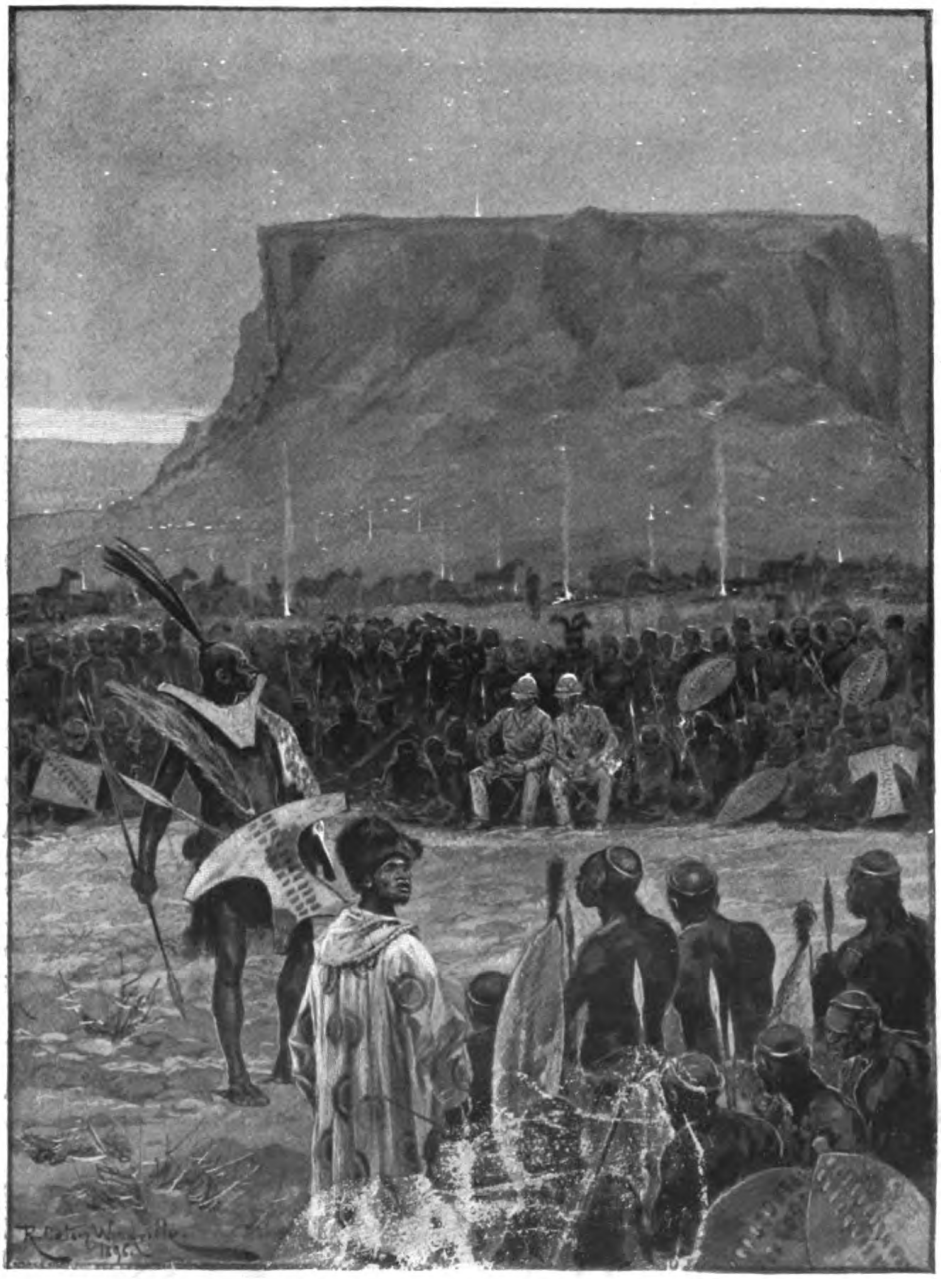
It is hard for us, trained in a school where men and women realize from moment to moment the far-reaching effect of every act, to understand that black men and women of equal age and stature, and presumably of similar knowledge of the human heart—that such big people are, after all, merely children in mental development, and make progress only while under the guidance of white people who treat them according to their nature.

The individual negro most nearly entitled to be called great—in so far as history leaves any record—is Moshesh. He died in 1870, at the age of seventy-seven, and was buried by French-Swiss missionaries on the top of his great sacred mountain, called Taba-Basio. Moshesh is now a divinity in the minds of Basutos, and Taba-Basio an object of pilgrimage to thousands of his race, who proudly think of him as their champion who successfully waged war against the white man, and at times threatened him with extinction. From the very beginning of Boer life outside of the Cape Colony—that is to say, from 1836 down to the day when Moshesh died and Basutoland became a protectorate of England—the great political problem of the Boers was how to protect themselves against the Basutos. Every advance in civilization was checked by the dread of raids from over the border, all inspired, if not personally directed, by this chief.

The negro, at least in Africa, regards deception of any and every kind as not merely legitimate, but distinctly praiseworthy, if thereby he can accomplish some good to himself or his chief; to find fault, therefore, with Moshesh for being all his life a persistent liar is not fair in us who are brought up with different notions regarding right and wrong. The lying of Moshesh served purposes apparently very important to his country, and, from his point of view, was amply justified by results. He first of all drew the missionaries to him by pretending that he be-

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lieved in Christianity, when, as a matter of fact, he never seriously entertained such an idea, but very well knew the importance of having about him white men who could exercise influence on public opinion in Europe. He was careful to follow all the recommendations made to him by his missionary allies, or at least he made these missionaries believe in his good intentions. As early as 1854 he forbade the liquor traffic in Basutoland—a measure immensely gratifying to genuine philanthropists the world over, and which, at the same time, was accepted as a sure indication that Moshesh was starting upon a path marked out by missionary foresight. Moshesh cheerfully gave all credit for his enactment to the missionaries, but his political sense alone sufficed to make him see that intoxicating liquors, such as



TABA BASIO MOUNTAIN.

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Europeans use, would quickly destroy the discipline which he sought to maintain over his tribe. Strong drink was a new thing at that day among the Basutos, and there was no vested liquor interest rich enough to create an opposition on the subject. At the very beginning, therefore, of this chief's conflict with the Orange Free State, he posed—before the English world particularly—as a humane and wise man, calculated, under proper missionary guidance, to effect the wholesale evangelization of the African race.

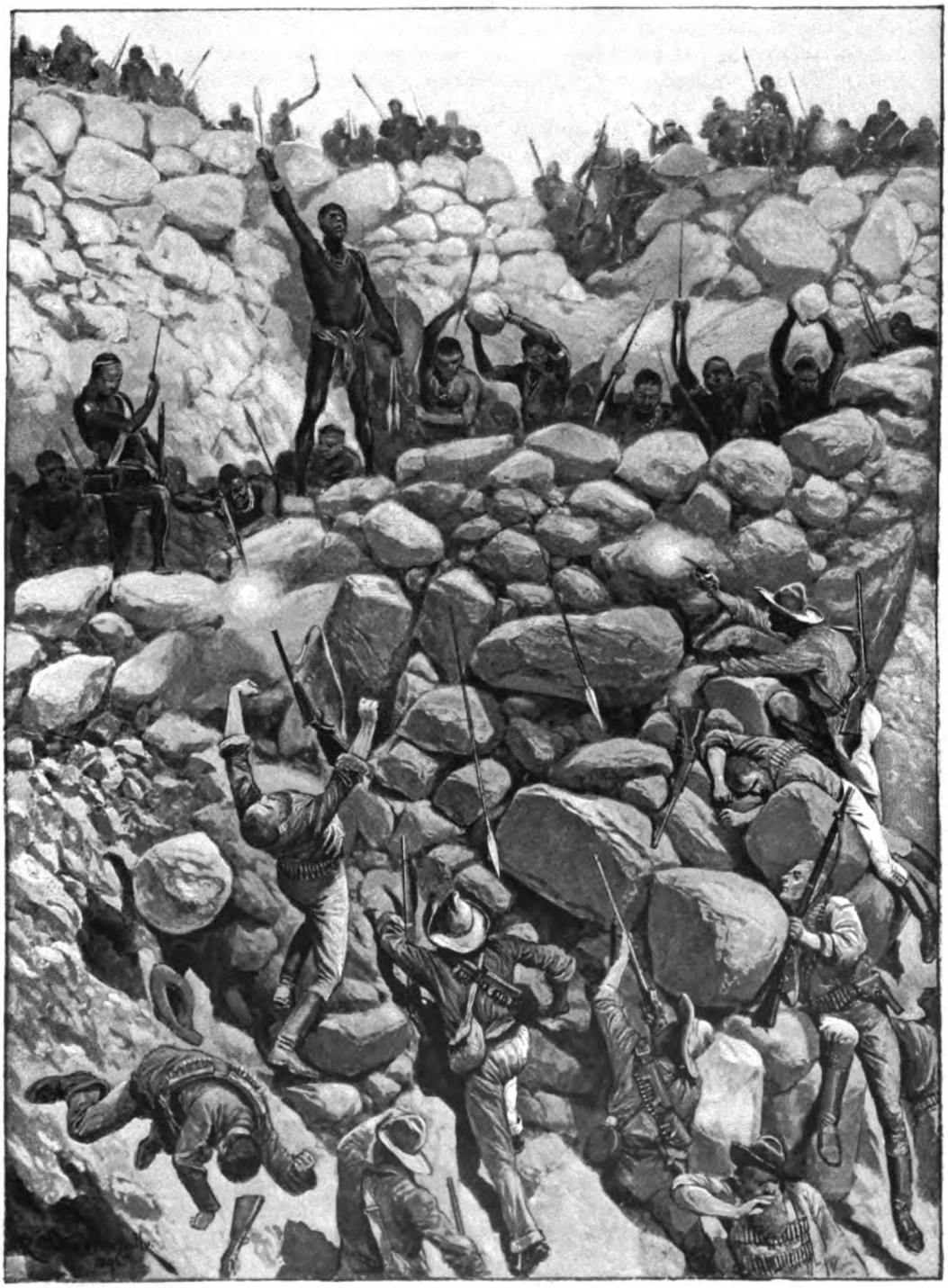
The Orange Free State was forced three times into war with Moshesh, although the years intervening were so much occupied with cattle-stealing and other outrages from across the Caledon that this portion of South Africa may be said to have had in our century something akin to a sixteen years' war (1854–70). So successfully, however, did Moshesh manipulate the missionaries about him that he made the English authorities, and through them the English people, believe that the Boers were always in the wrong, and that he was deserving assistance. After each of the most violent wars the British High Commissioner at the Cape would be invoked to settle the terms of a truce, when the Orange Free State would demand simply that Moshesh should keep to his side of the boundary and punish those of his tribe who raided upon the Boer farmers. Moshesh in turn promised everything which the colonial Governor demanded, and, what was more to the point, always carefully brought into relief his warm devotion to the British crown and his love of peace; but so soon as the British High Commissioner had turned his back the raiding would go on as before, so that the kindly meant interference of the English government did practically more harm than good. One day Moshesh would give his signature to a recognition of certain boundary marks, and the next day he would say that he knew of no boundary; the treaties which he made were kept or not, as he pleased; he was false in nearly every one of his dealings with the Orange Free State, and yet the British government lent him its countenance and protection during years when his conduct was no better than that of the pirate.

The word great which I have ventured to apply to Moshesh is partly justified by the very fact that for so many years he was able to skilfully profit by the prejudices which prevailed in the English cabinet against the South African Boers. Since the great Trek of 1836 England had acknowledged the two Boer republics as independent, but had not forgiven them their acts of rebellion, and the English public was ready to listen to any tales against these people. They were commonly represented as slaveholders and hostile to missionaries. Both of these charges were false, but circulated amongst willing listeners, who did not trouble themselves about hearing two sides in the matter. The Boers, on their side, even had they been so disposed, had no machinery at their disposal by which they could exert influence in Europe. They were isolated in almost every sense from the outer world, had no agents abroad, and were engrossed in the mere struggle for existence. The missionaries, on their side, had command of a sympathetic English press, which from day to day perpetuated a suspicious attitude towards the Boers, while it ostentatiously advocated the cause of the negro.

There is no man more inclined to speak the truth and act fairly than the Briton; and in South Africa it would be wrong to say that the English government had exercised its power with conscious cruelty or even unfriendliness towards any race or nation. But in government ignorance produces mischief akin to tyranny, and it is a melancholy fact that the race hatred now prevailing in South Africa, and which has prevailed to a greater or less degree throughout this century, can be traced to a long series of petty interferences by men who were, no doubt, well-meaning, but incapable of forming correct opinions.

In one of the Basuto wars, for instance, the Boers had made such a successful campaign that Moshesh began to fear for his country, and so he prayed to the English authorities that they might interfere. Now as the Boers had been struggling against odds of ten to one in numbers, and as they were by treaty a quasi-independent republic, they had at least a right to expect that England would observe neutrality and allow them to fight this war out to the end; but England threw herself on the side of the Basutos by forbidding the Free State to purchase ammunition from the English surrounding colonies, thus preventing the Boers from

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THE STORMING OF TABA-BASIO BY BOERS AND BRITISH, 1865.

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making a satisfactory end of their long-standing quarrel with the blacks. In this, as in other unjust acts, the British assumption was that the blacks were a helpless people, and should therefore be protected, although this view was by no means warranted by facts.

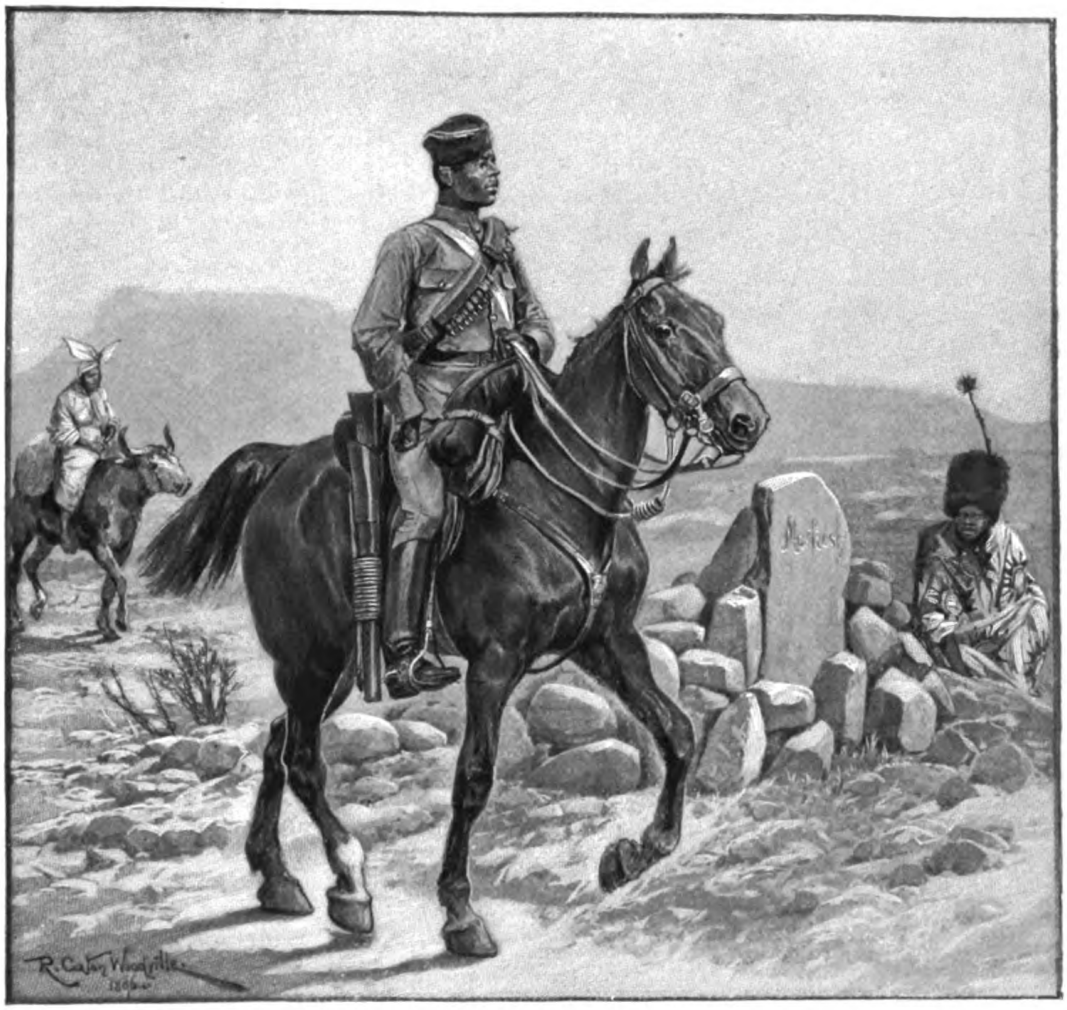
Moshesh lived on the top of Taba-Basio, where he successfully repelled every attack made upon him by the white man, English or Boer. At the foot of this mountain is a mission station supported by French-Swiss Protestant effort, and from here old Moshesh governed his country, one may almost say with a missionary cabinet. They were excellent men, those Swiss missionaries, setting an example of simple life and devotion to duty amongst their black followers, but they had a fault common amongst African missionaries, namely, that of thinking that because a black man calls himself a Christian, he therefore ceases to be a heathen. Indeed, the African is most indifferent to religious matters, and will agree to almost any articles of faith provided he can see some material interest advanced. The Basuto nation realized that they gained in strength by contact with England, and in consequence the missionaries had many so-called converts.

As I said before, old Moshesh never allowed himself to become a professing Christian, although the Swiss Missionary Society claimed him as such; they perhaps honestly believed that he was a convert. In the organ of this missionary society, called the *Journal of Evangelical Missions*, published in Paris (in the number for November, 1869), it is stated that one of their missionaries at Taba-Basio went frequently to see Moshesh, "to read the Word of God to him and pray with him" (lui lire la parole de Dieu et prier avec lui). The writer adds that "our brother is always received and listened to with pleasure."

Moshesh, in his declining years, was under the influence of witch doctors and other local "medicine-men," but the missionaries either did not know of this, or preferred to keep such facts to themselves. I have thumbed through several volumes of missionary reports dealing largely with Moshesh and the Orange Free State, but in them find nothing of more historical value than what I have already quoted; they are a monument to the credulity of men old enough to know better; as historical material they are next to worthless. In these missionary reports the testimony of blacks is invariably preferred to that of thoroughly respectable Boers, and, indeed, one who knows nothing of the country rises from the reading of such stuff with a feeling that the black man is morally and physically the superior of the white—from the missionary point of view.

Of course my good friend Temple and I were bound to climb this sacred mountain Taba-Basio, and stand by the grave of Moshesh. The more so as Commissioner Lagden had given us an escort in the shape of one of Moshesh's descendants, now serving in the Mounted Police; him I made stand up, with one hand resting on the grave of his illustrious forebear, while I took a photograph of the scene. It was indeed a strange scene, that of a Christian tombstone marking the remains of a heathen black chief, who was buried here by a large gathering of Protestant missionaries with all the honors they could render him; and this in spite of the fact that Moshesh lived and died a heathen, and that the mountain in which he is buried is sacred to all the abominations of Bantu, or negro devil-worship. But no doubt old Moshesh sleeps in his grave quite as peacefully as any of the missionaries who labored for his conversion. Moshesh did his duty according to the highest moral philosophy of his environment, and while he cheated right and left, was false to Boers, false to English, and false in turn to all with whom he dealt, still, through all his falsity we can trace certain statesmanlike views regarding the preservation of his power and the good of his country. With trifling modifications of color and education, he would have been welcomed in the diplomatic circle as an advanced opportunist of the Bismarckian school. Let us add also to his credit that while individual acts of atrocity were common amongst his followers, caused by great excitement, yet he himself was distinguished amongst negroes of his time for absence of cruelty; he exhausted every resource of trickiness before going to war, and though he preserved the reputation of being the greatest black soldier of his time, he was singularly moderate and humane in dealing with his enemies. As far back as 1835 Moshesh figures in African history as an

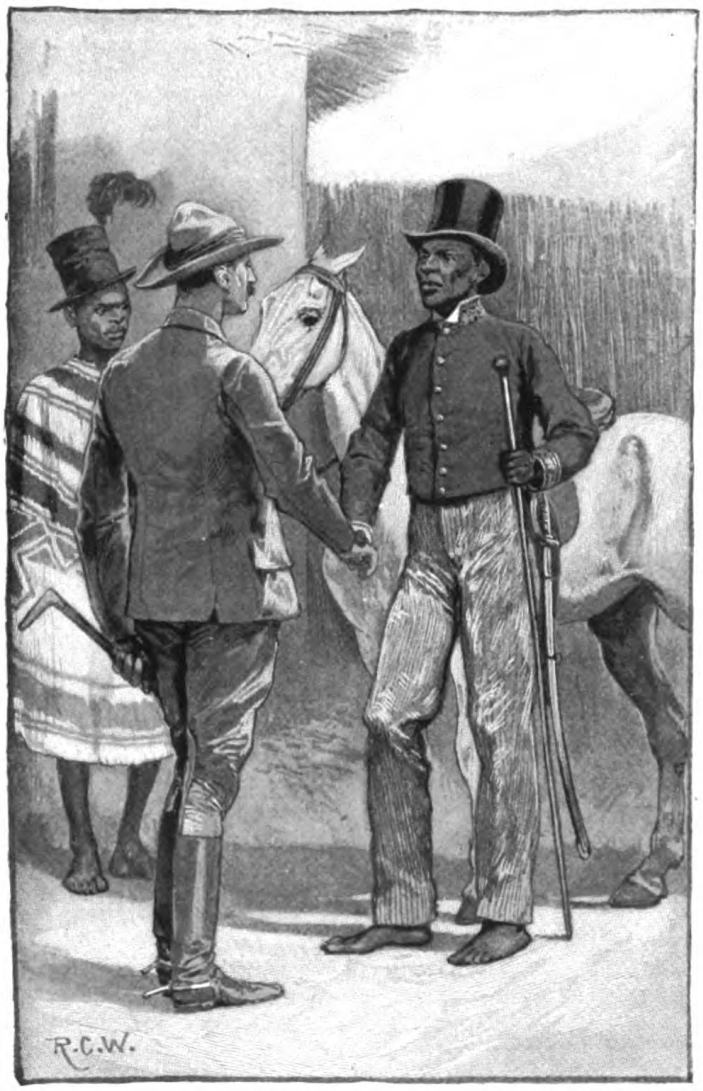
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THE GRAVE OF MOSHESH, WITH BASUTO MOUNTED POLICE.

important military chief, raiding on the borders of the Cape Colony whenever plunder offered strong enough inducements. Two years later the Boers, who had trekked away from under British rule, sought his friendship, and almost at the same time he shrewdly adopted the principle which guided him throughout his life, namely, playing off the interests of the Boer against those of the English. His success at this game was so great—thanks to the assistance of missionaries—that he pushed his territories and pretensions beyond what even the London cabinet could endure. In 1852 he had his first and only conflict with British troops. The cause of this conflict was the same familiar one, namely, that the people of Moshesh had committed depredations, and had subsequently refused to pay an indemnity; so General Cathcart, who at that time commanded her Majesty's forces at the Cape, marched into the country with the idea of taking Taba-Basio and compelling the Basutos to obedience. General Cathcart had under him a splendidly equipped force, with nearly 2000 infantry and 500 cavalry and two field-guns. Famous regiments were represented in these corps, such as the 74th Highlanders and the 12th Lancers; but in their principal attack they were ignominiously routed. They of course successfully defended themselves when attacked in return, even against odds of twenty to one, and they succeeded in capturing several thousand head of cattle. The English soldiers were burning to avenge the death of their com-

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MEETING MASUPA.

rades, and had General Cathcart waited for re-enforcements, he would shortly, no doubt, have succeeded in his enterprise. Moshesh knew this also, and sent therefore to the British camp a document which in political history has few equals, when we reflect that it came from a negro chief elated by a great victory over professional English white soldiers. The letter is too good to be mutilated:

"TABA-BASIO, MIDNIGHT,
20th December, 1852.

"YOUR EXCELLENCY,—This day you have fought against my people and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have a compensation for Boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I intreat peace from you; you have shown your power; you have chastised; let it be enough I pray you, and let me be no longer considered an enemy of the Queen. I will try all I can to keep my people in order in the future.

Your humble servant,
MOSHESH."

This is the letter which only a negro or a slave would have written under such circumstances, and it succeeded perfectly, so far as the objects of Moshesh were concerned. General Cathcart was justified by these lines in regarding himself as a conqueror, and wrote home glowing despatches about it. To General Cathcart Moshesh was a "humble servant," but no sooner had the British troops turned their backs than Moshesh sent messengers in every direction, announcing a glorious black victory over the troops of her Majesty the Queen. From this time on the career of Moshesh in South Africa was, in its way, almost as brilliant as that of Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz. The affair was a bad bargain, injurious to white interests in South Africa, and favorable only to the blacks, for Cathcart had come across the Caledon River to chastise a chief who had publicly refused obedience to English commands. He returned from this expedition without having either enforced obedience or even inflicted serious damage upon the offender. From this time on the lives of the settlers in the territory now occupied by the two Dutch republics became unsafe, and as a result commenced the series of Basuto wars already referred to. Had General Cathcart remained on the spot and done his work effectively, he would

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have spared the next generation an enormous amount of bloodshed and treasure.

The ablest of the sons of Moshesh is Masupa, who is about seventy years old at present. His whole life has been devoted to the same forms of activity as distinguished his father, and he figured conspicuously in the principal depredations committed during the last fifty years in South Africa. He is the chief who to-day, by universal consent, commands the highest respect amongst this black nation; and this fact is perhaps best emphasized by his having occupied the Taba-Basio Mountain on the death of his illustrious father. Of late years he has preferred to make his dwelling in a sheltered nook on the slope of this fortress rather than expose his delicate body to the boisterous winds that blow up above. We found the old chief in front of his hut conversing with another chief, named Mama, his nephew. Mama was dressed in a rough riding-suit quite of the latest fashion. He spoke English fairly well, and affected to be entirely English in his life and thought. His tongue was loosed by over-indulgence in stimulating drink, and he babbled a great deal of nonsense which it would be ungenerous to repeat, for it was of a political nature calculated to do more harm than good. Old Masupa wore a shabby yachting-cap, into the front of which had been stuck a monstrous bunch of feathers, which recalled to my mind the decoration of coster-mongers on the way to the Derby. He had a thin, stooping figure, and features finely chiselled so far as nose and forehead were concerned, but his lips were painfully prominent, and his eyes apparently incapable of concentration. As the aristocracy of Basuto affect European dress, so Masupa wore a flannel shirt and a pair of very loose workman's corduroy trousers. The shirt, however, was not tucked inside the trousers, but worn after the fashion of the patriotic Russian.

Temple did the honors of the occasion for me so far as introduction was concerned. It was rather late in the afternoon, and as we had a long drive from there to our night's shelter, we were both impatient to make the interview as short as possible. Both Mama and Masupa were talkative and not particularly coherent, though evidently bent upon making a good impression, for they affirmed and reaffirmed to us their devotion to the English cause, not knowing that Temple and I were each of another nationality.

At last Temple asked old Masupa if I might take a photograph of him, to which he acceded with avidity. His face lighted up like that of a child, and Mama commenced to pull his jacket down and put his hat on more carefully; so I raised my camera and was about to touch him off, when he turned and bolted into his hut, shouting something which I did not understand. Now I had been warned that throughout the Basuto country it was a dangerous thing to carry about any instrument that suggested surveying, for the people of that country stood in daily dread of prospectors. That alone explains why to-day we have no correct map of Basutoland, and do not even know exactly the position of Taba-Basio. To me it seemed about eight hundred feet high, but of course that is mere guesswork. So when Masupa rushed away from me into his hut, I feared that he might at the moment have been seized with a panic lest I had with me some surveying machinery; but Temple reassured me. The old man, in his negro vanity, could not bear to be photographed excepting in his finest apparel, and I was invited into his hut to see the extent of this finery. His bed was made in a dark room, the walls of which were decorated with lithographic prints and cuts out of the illustrated newspapers, no doubt left there by occasional visitors from Maseru. The principal piece of furniture was a large sailor's chest, full of clothing such as might once have belonged to a troop of strolling players. The old chief was much excited regarding what he should wear on this occasion, and it was evident that a long time had passed since such a question as this had risen for settlement. About him stood minor chiefs, as many as the room would hold, and they advised and suggested like patient nurses to a spoiled child; they showed him one tawdry garment and then another; spread out before him a dozen different hats, some straw, some felt, some cloth, but nearly all decorated with fantastic plumage. He had coats of soldiers and sailors and officials; in fact, the principal reason for wearing garments of the kind here collected appeared to be the desire to exhibit an unnecessary amount of

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gilded buttons or bright colors. This matter of selecting a suitable dress was so very important in the eyes of Masupa and his subordinate chiefs, and the day was now so near its close, that I feared lest my film would be unequal to the task of receiving an impression of the old man, even should he succeed in getting dressed to his taste. Fortunately Masupa appealed to me, and I at once seized upon the first garment to hand, which happened to be a cast-off uniform of some foreign consul. Masupa appeared pleased, and talked very much for several minutes, while two of his assistants attempted to button at front and back simultaneously the collar he insisted upon having annexed to his flannel shirt. But the shirt was not made for that collar, and the little studs proved to be evasive, so that it was a perpetual twisting and squeezing at the old man's throat, interrupted now and then by a scuffle on the floor when the stud or studs would go off at a tangent amongst the black legs of his admiring subjects. To me the scene was very interesting—in fact, vastly more so than the portrait which I hoped ultimately to take. Negro vanity was here most royally spread out, and royalty itself was outdone so far as matters of dress can be magnified into matters of state. When, to-day, an emperor travels about Europe in his private car, does he not carry with him a "slop-chest" full of uniforms suited to different emergencies? Does he not appear in a different uniform several times perhaps in the same day, for the purpose of magnifying his own importance or of paying a compliment to another crowned head? With poor old Masupa the case is analogous, and for that matter, in South Africa, the cast-off uniform of a ship's steward is perhaps quite as effective in the eyes of black nations as the cuirass of a lifeguardsman amongst the palaces of the Continent, for you see it is after all largely a question of perspective.

Masupa was at last dressed after a full half-hour. It was a long time to take, considering that he had half a dozen men assisting in putting on three articles of clothing, namely, a coat, a collar, and a pair of trousers. He crowned his efforts by placing on his head a silk opera-hat, the mechanism of which gave him obvious satisfaction, for he snapped it up and down a few times to convince me that it was a real opera-hat, and not a make-believe one; then he took in his hand a stick, about four feet long, at the end of which was a heavy knob about as big as a billiard ball. This he held like a sceptre, and strode out to the position where I could get the most favorable light possible. Chief Mama stood beside him, with his horse in the background, while the whole population of the village and near neighborhood stood about in admiration, and indeed it was an interesting scene when looked at in the light of the past, and of our knowledge of the relative forces to-day working in South Africa. How long will England permit this country to remain in this happy state? How long will Englishmen and Boers recognize the right of these blacks to control the great treasures that now lie dormant below the surface of this favored country? Moshesh is dead, and Masupa cannot live long; we cannot see where the wisdom is to come from that will in the coming generation control the blacks as they have been controlled by Moshesh.

As though to bring the picture of the past more strikingly to me, no sooner had I taken the portrait of Masupa than out sprang, with wild leaps and brandishment of native weapons, a tall and muscular warrior, naked from head to foot so far as clothing was concerned. He carried assegais and a shield, had a panther's skin over one shoulder, and a species of metal plate to protect his neck. Above his head towered a mass of plumage long as a walking-stick, which no doubt in these latitudes impressed the enemy much as the tall brass helmets of Frederick the Great did the white soldiers of Europe. As I had used my last film upon Masupa, I could not photograph this eccentric chief, but in order that his feelings might not be hurt, he having dressed exclusively for this one performance, I made a rough sketch of him, and with that we took our leave of the Sacred Mountain. Masupa was particularly sympathetic in his manner, and closed a most affectionate farewell address by asking me if I had not in my luggage some coat of a bright color which I would present to him. It was somewhat embarrassing that he should have taken a fancy to the particular jacket which I was wearing, which happened to be an American shooting-jacket, made of some canvas material, with an elaborate system of pockets inside and out for game

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or any other baggage. This garment I could not readily spare, and evaded the old man's importunity with some excuses.

The sun was now behind the hills, and we had to make our long drive partly in the night by the light of a splendid moon. We galloped our four mustangs over the prairie in a manner which I should have termed reckless had any other but Temple held the ribbons. We were bumped up and against each other; the big Mounted Police escort was hurled bodily from his front seat into my lap, and had no sooner regained his original position than another bump would send him either back upon me or on to Temple; but the moon was bright, and it was necessary that we should make the most of it for obvious reasons. We passed once more the narrow and steep defile through which the Boers had sought to fight their way on to the top of Taba-Basio in 1865. We saw the walls in succession one behind the other where thousands of Basutos had lain ready to roll down stones upon the plucky band of white men struggling up from below. A Basuto chief, who had fought in that fight as the principal assistant to Moshesh, that same morning had taken Temple and myself from rock to rock, pointing out to us where each individual Boer had been stabbed by an assegai, and where particular acts of heroism had been performed. His story was a long one, and Temple repeated some of it to me afterwards; it was no doubt full of exaggeration, but had in it this of typical, namely, that this Basuto gave all the credit for bravery to the party of invasion, namely, the Boers and English, while he narrated nothing for his own side which suggested any higher courage than that possessed by Chinamen or cats. Moshesh no doubt attributed his success against the whites to a particularly happy combination of witchcraft and overwhelming numbers. That a black man should stand out and fight a white man single-handed has probably never been considered seriously possible by any African native.

The great lone mountain fortress of Taba-Basio grew smaller and smaller, and it finally disappeared behind the many elevations of a similar character which are typical of all this high part of Africa. We threaded our way more carefully as the moon forsook us, and particularly in fording streams we had to exercise considerable ingenuity. Finally a light in the hut of a Maseru trading-store told us that the end of our journey was reached —at least for that day.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

MARCH—to which all persons of experience in these latitudes look forward with apprehension—is a blusterer. It is a refuse part of the year which by general consent has been turned over to Lent and penitence. It is a month in which the world, or rather the weather of the world, loses its balance. In nearly all parts of the globe this is its character. It is an uncertain month. In this part of the world its uncertainty is the only certain thing about it. It passes quickly and violently from one unpleasant mood to another—wind, rain, snow, thaw, slush, aerial turbulences, penetrating frosts, a powerful sun acting upon a disorganized earth. It is so discouraging to life that even the Irishman recognizes the fact that if he lives through the month of March he lives the year round.

In latitudes where these extremes do not meet there is disturbance. Even in genial Mexico it is a windy month. Every day a wind arises about ten o'clock, which steadily increases in strength till sundown. There is nothing in Mexico itself to justify this performance. It has been all the time serene and even-tempered. It seems as if the world-temperature were seeking an equilibrium. It mitigates nothing to call it a "trade-wind." It raises dust, aggravates the nerves, upsets human temper. It is said that aged Mexicans, and people at all predisposed to let go, take occasion in this month to die—just as ripe or diseased apples in an orchard

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drop off in a high wind. There is nothing much to bluster about in Mexico, with its generally even temperature, its rainless winter, its kindness to flowers and growing crops, but March blusters all the same.

No objection is raised here to having Lent substantially occupy March, though the practice doubtless adds something to its sombre and penitential character. No one has a good word to say for the month, but it should be remembered that this discrimination against it does not exist with the Moslems, who let the great fast of Ramadan follow the months around the year, and give each a taste of its disciplining power. And there is this to be said, that if the fast does not improve March, it ought to elevate and spiritualize the people who have to endure the physical misery of March.

Everybody admits, however, that the calendar, which has been many times reformed, needs reforming again. We could shorten March. The month of December, with its short days and absent sun, its rigorous shutting down on all life it can subdue, should be a winter month. Whether the new year should begin with a dark month of death is another thing. It would be more consonant with our feelings and with the undeveloped poetry in us that it should begin with a month of Resurrection. Even the anemone and the violets and the bull-frogs and the poets know that. But the three winter months in our northern hemisphere are December, January, and February. And they are scant enough to express winter here. February should be a full month of thirty-one days. March should be cut down to twenty-eight days. The extra day could be given to it once in four years, but it is a question whether it should not go to a nice month that would make better use of the leap-year privilege than this month, which abuses most human sensibilities. Who, for instance, would not like a longer June?

II.

Each month in the regions occupied by high civilizations has a certain character, and an ingenious parallel might be run as to this representative character of different nationalities—the cool, the fiery, the fickle, the steadfast, the cruel, the lax, and so on. What nation would like to have blustering March taken as typical of its character? It is an unexplained phenomenon that peoples have a national character that it is not always easy to trace in the individuals of a nation. That is the impression the nation as a whole makes upon the rest of the world. I suppose that is what is meant when men say they hate England and love its people; that they distrust Spain, but find the Spaniards charming; that they know Germany is overbearing, but feel much at home among the Germans; that France is mischief-making, but there is great delight in life among the French. The nation, then, has a sort of personality, and it is usually its obtrusively selfish side and unlovely traits that most impress other nations. Who is going to stand in the world for blustering March?

For the sake of the cause of democratic-republicanism in the world, a republic ought to be attractive in the eyes of the world. It is especially necessary that it should be a respecter of international law, of the rights of others, of the rules of courtesy and decent procedure that have been slowly evolved as the nations have emerged out of barbarous practices. The consent of all the governed ought to be a steadying thing in action, not passionate and fickle, but conservative, and with a great sense of responsibility. The "hope of the world" ought to show itself calm, strong, inflexible in principle, but not quarrelsome, not wanton in insult, but firm in repelling injustice. How absurd it is for a great republic, founded in a recognition of the dignity of manhood, to be a braggart, a danger to the peace of the world, and not a guarantee of moderation, straightforwardness, rational progress! It has always been charged that a republic is peculiarly adapted to the production of demagogues; that the people, evading their responsibility, are prone to fall under the sway of smart and unscrupulous leaders. The common demagogue is a compound of ignorance and conceit, with a glib tongue and a face of brass, and a cunning instinct of playing upon human weaknesses. He makes a safe appeal to ignorance of other civilizations, which may have as many good points as that of his own land, and to a national conceit which arises from that ignorance. Now ignorance and conceit are no better basis for a republic than for a monarchy; and if a nation is ruled by demagogues, it does not much matter

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what its form of government is. There is no outcome of the rule of demagogues but confusion and dishonor.

These are historical commonplaces, but they come with renewed urgency to a nation which is so strong in numbers, territory, and wealth as not to fear anybody, but has the immense responsibility of leading the world by example into a love of free and equal government. It cannot afford to be childish and brawling in its legislation, any more than it could afford to be weak in its execution. There are great forces at work in this country to make the nation honorably conspicuous, in education intelligent, in charity pitiful, in art refined, in manners self-respecting, but there are other forces, reckless, disorganizing, full of conceit and brag and bluster, to give the nation in the eyes of the world the character of the stormy and fickle and hardly-to-be-endured month of March.

III.

How long it is taking to get cruelty out of the world—mere wanton cruelty, delight in the sufferings of others! It is a sign of barbarism, of course; is it also a sign of youth, of the youth of the world or of individuals? The world visibly makes progress in this respect. But I wonder if there are fewer boys born now than fifty years ago who like to stick pins through flies (not for scientific purposes), or to worry cats, or to tie tin cans to the tails of dogs? Has every human male being to go through the educational process of getting rid of cruel instincts? It is conceded that girls are born more pitiful, or at least with shrinking timidity in regard to inflicting pain. How does it happen, if there is anything in heredity, that more boys do not inherit pity? Is it possible that the woman grows away from the tender, pitiful nature of the girl? And that men are more soft-hearted than boys? Herein is a riddle in heredity, for it is matter of general observation that women are more pitiful than men, and more charitable, except to the faults that degrade their own womanhood. There are no statistics on the subject, but I have an impression that there are not so many boys born now as formerly who are natural barbarians.

How little pity there was in the human breast in pagan times, what cruel delight in seeing suffering, is revived for us in the *Quo Vadis?* of Sienkiewicz, a romance of the brutal age of Nero. The novelist dwells upon details so as to bring this cruelty into relief. Brought face to face with it in individual lives it is scarcely endurable. But laying aside personal sympathy excited by the story, we know that there was then in the world a savage temper, an insensibility to human woe, that was only softened by Christianity. And yet how slow has been the softening and refinement! We see old Rome and its subject peoples living in perpetual terror; life, fortune, all social amenity, at the whim of any mad or cruel tyrant, and almost as callous to the suffering of others as the tyrant himself. And yet how much better was mediæval Rome than the Rome of the Cæsars, in security from black crimes, treachery, dissoluteness, violence, rapine, murder? No safety for peasant, maiden, or prince all through the Middle Ages. Fancy what life was to every shrinking soul under the black cloud of the Thirty Years' War. Where was divine or human pity in all the religious and political persecutions, down to the days of our own witch-hunting?

Truly pity is a plant of slow growth in the world, and watered by tears and by blood. There are nations still that have not much more sensibility than a dagger. Spain, where the bull-ring serves for a common school, is not alone in this insensibility to the wretchedness of peoples. And this insensibility becomes an accomplice in the cruelty in Turkey, in Africa, in Cuba. Daniel Webster said, in effect, that nothing could stand against the united public opinion of the world. But in regard to pity, that public opinion is very slow in evolution, or it is still too instinct with barbarism to be effective. There is a lingering belief in the world that a prize-fighter and a slugger is more manly than a city missionary. I am not sure but England takes more pride in Trafalgar and Waterloo than in its peaceful renovation of Egypt. When our own orators want to kindle us, do they speak of our conquests in science and the peaceful arts, of our hospitals, charities, universities, libraries, schools, kindergartens, active sympathy with the suffering, or of our historical battle-fields and feats of adventure? I fear that to-day we should be more proud of whipping England in a fight (which heaven fend off!) than of having a good currency, settled economic laws,

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better public schools, and an industrious, contented society unassailable by the arts of demagogues.

IV.

There are those, however, who say that it is necessary to have a March in the world — better turbulence and violence than peaceful stagnation. These people also defend winter as the best tonic for the diseased and self-indulgent occupiers of the earth — alternately toast 'em and freeze 'em into decency! It may be so. It may be that the best condition of life is strife and a liberal exhibition of crude ignorance and half-baked cranky intelligence. It may be, in the economy of creation, that the demagogue on land is as necessary as the shark in the sea. It may be that a Senate made up of all wise, moderate, cultivated, and well-bred statesmen would be monotonous. It is very difficult to say what does best suit the inhabitants of this planet. We may argue this way, but we well know that if all the world were like some communities we could put a finger on, it would be about ready for the final conflagration.

But the fact is that there are magnificent forces at work in this country to remove the conceit and the vulgar *blague* which are born of ignorance—of ignorance of history, of the movement of thought, of what the rest of the world is, and of our real position in general civilization—in short, to throw some light upon what is a good American, and what he must be to be worthy of his opportunities. It cannot have escaped intelligent observation that an immense change is going on in regard to the functions of the public school. It is no longer considered adequate equipment of a boy that he should merely know how to read and cipher himself into successful business, to learn that this country is bigger and better than any other, that it has the largest natural phenomena, and is, in point of civilization—that is, order, comfort, refinement, cultivation — superior to any other, and that the stamp "American" on literature, art, or patent-medicines is the highest earthly endorsement; that we "whipped" the British, and can no doubt whip anything else that stands in our way. The attention of the scholar is being turned to literature. This means a very simple, and to some an ineffective, matter. But it will revolutionize our schools, even our universities, in time, and filter into American life a conception of what the world is and has been; it will pour in the priceless thought of the accumulated ages. It is true that it will furnish an unappreciative audience for the bunkum and braggadocio speeches of demagogues and politicians who ride into positions on the waves of ignorance and prejudice. Literature is not an accomplishment, like embroidery; it is knowledge of life, of the world we live in, of all the experiments of the race. In books is given to us this wide knowledge by which we can correct our limited experience. As most of us cannot travel extensively or give ourselves to original research, we can only get this knowledge from books. I am not speaking now of literature as a means of individual development and of consolation, but as a necessary thing to a citizen of the world, and especially to a citizen of a self-governing republic, which must rest on intelligence and broad-mindedness. Culture, which is only another name for adjustment to the facts of the world, is not an indigenous growth on new land like the May-flower, but is attained by a view of the world which is not shut in by the boundaries of one's own country.

How the point of view of education has changed in the colleges and universities, and with the teachers in them, within the last thirty years, especially within the last ten! This is brought about entirely by contact with things foreign. A new spirit has permeated our great schools, and will be felt in all the lower grades. Teachers have gone where they can learn something, and have not been deterred by the provincial conceit that "America" suffices for everything. And how real scholarship, thus stimulated, grows in this congenial soil! What a race of American scholars we are getting! And how valuable is the contribution of the keen American mind to the solution of world-wide problems in the investigation of history, art, literature, science! Already we feel the influence of the American school in Athens; already we can see what will come of the American school in Rome — whence Germany, France, and England have for a long time drawn inspiration. We are getting out of the woods. We are getting into the world.

It is the infusion of this spirit into our

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education system, this early-in-life appreciation of literature and art as solid sources of power, that gives us hope to fight in the campaign against conceit and the illusions of half-knowledge.

V.

This Study has never advocated war as a good thing in itself. But there are some additions to its equipment that I should like to see. The proposal to mount soldiers on bicycles is a good one. It would confine the troops to regular highways, and keep them out of swamps and other unhealthy places. In our civil war we suffered much from camping in unwholesome localities and from marches over bad roads and uneven ground. It is claimed that the introduction of the bicycle has improved the country roads and even the city streets. To put the army on bicycles would necessitate well-graded, broad, and hard highways. And if all armies were kept in "the middle of the road" their locomotion would be easy, the spectacle would be better than it now is, and just as many men would be killed. And if the bicycle is all that is claimed for it in the way of exercise, the physical condition of the army would be improved.

The scheme has a good many evident advantages. The troops would need no arms, and this would greatly reduce the expense of war. The bicycle is so well adapted to injure those who ride and those who do not get out of its way, that it would be a deadly engine, properly handled. It would prevent skulking. Once under way, it is not easy to stop it, and every rider would be carried along in the charge to the collision; and the catastrophe of collision is what war is for. The quadruple, sextuple bicycle, four or six men riding tandem, now merely an amusement, would become a terrible engine. It would dash into the foe with irresistible force, and slay its dozens before it went to wreck. The imagination kindles the more one dwells upon the possibilities of the use of this invention. Suppose it does change the character of war! That has been changed a great many times. Men used to meet face to face and hack each other with swords and stab each other with javelins. There was something personally satisfactory to human passion and hate in that fashion. Now they fire at each other at long range, haphazard, each practically unseen. What satisfaction is there in that? What satisfaction is there in exhausting marches in swamps and mire, manœuvring around, trying to cut off supplies and starve each other to death, or to shower lead and explosive missiles at distances out of eyesight? The bicycle would bring men together again, strengthen manly qualities and personal heroism. It would also encourage industries. The rival manufacturers would strain to make better machines, wheels that would not easily get out of order or break down in any shock. Besides, all the belligerent community could go to war with no preparatory drill, women and all. Everybody on a wheel—and everybody is on a wheel—would be part of the ever-ready militia. A nation of warriors! It is a glorious idea.

No one can ever tell what a new invention will lead to. It was thought that dynamite was only useful in opening mines and blowing up rocks. It turns out that it is well adapted to blowing up society, and beneficent science has played into the hands of the anarchists. Perhaps the bicycle will turn war into an *opéra bouffe*. What if it does? It is expensive now, and contributes to national and individual vanity, but it is not amusing. The general adoption of the bicycle would make war less wearisome, more exciting and exhilarating—anybody will agree to that—than it is now, and probably more quickly destructive. As to dignity, I am not sure. But something might be done for the high in rank. The generals and their staffs could be mounted on tricycles run by electricity. There is another suggestion, which, however, belongs only remotely to this topic, and that is that the hazard of the bicycle in private is so great that it satisfies the public desire for peril and excitement, and so lessens the general desire for war. There may not be anything in this. I should rather say that training for war being needed as a disciplinary education—a lesson in obedience and order—the bicycle might be accepted as a substitute in this sort of manly and womanly training. I feel certain that women, when they are fully developed by the bicycle, will make good soldiers in the golden era when women take on all manly occupations, or they will have had enough of it, and will be the most influential members of the peace and arbitration societies.

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VI.

I wish to repudiate the suggestion, the origin of which I cannot recall, that the services of public and amateur Readers and Elocutionists should be used as a punishment to criminals in our State prisons. These delightful entertainments are for those who can afford to pay for them, or who are influenced by friendship or charity voluntarily to enjoy them. The punishment of criminals is strictly statutory. They volunteer nothing. They pay for nothing. We go certainly to the sentimental limit of the statutes when we hand them over on holidays to amateur glee-clubs and the magic lantern. Crime, with most of them, is a business, as regular an occupation as any of us have. They take their chances under the law. This also enters into their scheme of life—occasionally a turn at prison labor and plain fare. They have not agreed to take on other things. As we conduct affairs we cannot expect them to change their careers. And so long as we pursue our present course in manufacturing them, we have no right to impose anything further on them. We who have not sinned and are unsophisticated love Readings and Elocutionary Recitations. We like to be thrilled. But what right have we to thrill a criminal whose life is full of thrills already?

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed January 11, 1897.—Maceo, the leader of the Cuban insurgents, was asserted on December 13 to have been beguiled into approaching the Spanish lines under a flag of truce and treacherously assassinated. The assertion was denied by Spain. Later advices from Cuba, which in turn were denied, asserted that Maceo, though badly wounded, was not dead. His official successor was Garcia, but his successor in command in Pinar del Rio was Rivera. General Weyler's campaign in Cuba apparently lacked vigor and decision. On January 11 it was reported that the insurgents had taken and burned the town of Arroyo Naranjo, seven miles from Havana.

On December 18 the Senate committee on foreign relations ordered a favorable report on the Cameron resolution recognizing the independence of the Republic of Cuba. On December 19 Secretary Olney, in a statement on the Cameron resolution, declared that such resolution was not constitutionally binding on the President, and might be ignored, even though passed by a two-thirds vote.

An unusual number of bank failures was reported, chiefly in the Middle West, which began December 21 with the failure of the Illinois National Bank of Chicago. As these were explained as an aftermath of the previous financial depression, confidence, though weakened, was not destroyed.

A building catastrophe occurred at Xeres, Spain, on December 11, burying 110 persons.

The Dawes commission made a treaty with the Choctaw Indians on December 18 for the allotment of lands and the relinquishment of tribal government.

The Greater Republic of Central America was formally recognized by President Cleveland on December 23, and diplomatic relations were begun.

The arbitration agreement concerning the Venezuelan boundary dispute having been accepted by the Venezuelan government, the State Department announced on December 28 that the intervention of the United States had been successful.

The Royal Commission appointed by Gladstone in 1893 to inquire into the financial relations between England and Ireland having reported that Ireland has been overtaxed in comparison with England to the extent of £2,750,000 a year, all parties in Ireland joined together for the first time in fifteen years, and in December and January vigorously demanded redress.

The Most Reverend Doctor Temple was enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury on January 8.

A general arbitration treaty between the United States and England was signed by Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, and transmitted to the Senate by the President.

OBITUARY.

December 15.—At Florence, Alexander Salvini, actor, and son of the celebrated tragedian Tomasso Salvini, aged thirty-five years.

December 18.—At Paris, Paul Auguste Arène, the French littérateur, aged fifty-three years.

December 26.—At Brighton, Sir John Brown, one of the first British advocates of plating war-ships with armor.

December 27.—At Paris, General John Meredith Reed, the American diplomatist, aged fifty-nine years.

January 3.—Cardinal di Acquarella, Archbishop of Naples, aged sixty-two years.

January 5.—Count de Mas Latrie, the celebrated French paleographist, aged eighty-one years.—General Francis A. Walker, political economist, and president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, aged fifty-six years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

AN ENTOMOLOGICAL WOOING.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"NO, sir, I don't think so. I'm judgin' 'em by my own feelin's. If I was to keep climbin' up to a third story to find a meal, and be poked down to the street just as I got a nibble, I'd be too discouraged to do anything but set on the curb-stone and starve. I shorely would. That's jest the way I think these pertater-bugs feel. Kill 'em? No, I know I ain't doin' that, but I certainly am discouragin' 'em. Yes, killin' would be more final like, I suppose, but then I'd have to lug the water and cans and poison-stuff 'way from the house down here. It ain't hardly worth while, an' it's kinder cruel anyhow. Every farmer has his own way o' doin' things."

Martin Pope stood leaning on the garden fence, watching Farmer Esip at his arduous labors. The old man was dressed like a retired preacher from his waist up, wearing a long solemn-looking black coat and an old stove-pipe hat, but on his legs were a pair of farmer's overalls, worn to an artistic pale blue. He held a little stick in his hand, and moved with lazy patience from plant to plant discouraging the potato-beetles. This was Peachey's father. Martin had wished to ask his permission before making open love to his daughter, which he meant to do within that hour, but somehow Mr. Esip's occupation and costume did not strike Martin's artistic sense as exactly suitable for such an occasion. Therefore he only said:

"You ought to use a longer stick, Mr. Esip. Then you wouldn't have to bend your back like that. Take mine. I've done with it."

"It's more trouble to hold your back up, seems to me," said Mr. Esip, after using the long stick on several plants. "Guess I'll go back to my old way. Where's my little stick?"

Martin found it for him, and with grave delight watched his efforts toward extermination. There was nothing Martin Pope would not do to enjoy new experiences and a new sensation. His bohemianism was a true strain that in verity knew no law. It had led him into this wilderness, held him loitering in the farm-house, and made him now look on this prospective father-in-law as to costume and character with no more serious feelings than delightful amusement.

"Father! Father!"

It was Peachey's voice. She was standing looking at her sire with a face that expressed more than her indignant tone. Mr. Esip jumped, and then was plainly angry with himself for doing so.

"I wisht you wouldn't walk so soft," he said, testily. "I've been working to knock one beetle down these five minutes. He's the most set I ever struck, and now I've lost him."

"I call it a shame," said Peachey's clear tones, "bothering those poor bugs. It doesn't help the potatoes one bit, and just worries the beetles to death. No, not even to death. It don't do that much good." She looked her father up and down with a sidelong glance of disapproval. "Father, you *do* look dreadful!" she said.

Mr. Esip moved on to another swarming plant. "I calculate to sometimes," he said, with calm obstinacy.

Martin laughed aloud. Peachey flushed an offended pink that in Martin's fond eyes glorified the whole garden, not excluding Mr. Esip.

"Father," said the daughter, slowly, "you go to the house and take off those overalls and put on your broadcloth trousers, or take off that coat and hat and put on your working-blouse. I don't care which you do, but it's got to be one or the other. I won't have you going about looking like this."

Mr. Esip nodded his head sidewise rapidly and angrily. "I actually—I actually believe you think you run this house!"

"I do run it," said Peachey, firmly.

Mr. Esip took off his silk hat with one hand, and with the other scrubbed his hair over his head, as if perplexed between what ought to be and what was not. "Well, I guess you do," he admitted, pleasantly, and trudged off to his house—his in name only.

"Peachey," said Martin, leaning far over the fence, and half whispering — "Peachey, I've brought home your geese. Here they are, and —Peachey, do you love me?"

Peachey ran to the fence, in her eagerness leaning out as far as her lover had leaned in. She was very close to him. Martin could see every little curling golden hair on her neck and temples. Lydia wore her dark hair off her brow, showing the bluest veins in her temples. It was a shock of pure joy to Martin to *know* in that moment that he preferred the golden tendrils to the blue veins.

"Are they all there?" cried Peachey.

"Every one," said Martin, "just as they left you. I wanted to have their jackets cleaned and pressed before I brought them back, but I thought I wouldn't wait."

Now the history of these geese, and the cause of their wearing flannel jackets, is a long story aforetold, and not necessary to the present tale even in *résumé*. Suffice to say that the safe return of this straying flock had been made by Peachey the key to her favor, and here they were.

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"Yes," she said, rapidly counting them over. "Yes, every one," and she turned and beamed on Martin with her blue eyes.

"Now, Peachey, do you love me?"

"Come into the garden," said Peachey. "Drive the geese into the paddock, and I'll meet you at the gate."

She was holding the garden gate ajar for him when he came back, and Martin entered, feeling like the first man in the first garden. He murmured something of the kind to Peachey as the gate creaked open.

"Adam," said Peachey, coolly, "had an easy time in the garden: don't you think so? All his work was done for him, every way. With only one woman in the world, it was easy to choose, wasn't it?"

Then Martin knew that Peachey had guessed far more than he had ever told her about Lydia.

"Peachey," he said, ignoring the insinuation, "do you love me?"

"That's not what you ought to say first, is it?" asked Peachey.

"You know I love you, Peachey," he replied.

"No, I don't; and what's more to the point, I don't believe you do," said Peachey.

"I do," he retorted, warmly.

"How do you know?"

Martin began to laugh. "I'll tell you," he said. "Come sit in the old arbor with me, and I'll tell you just how I know I love you. You see, my mother once gave me a receipt for knowing. An old maid that got married somehow told her how she found out she loved, and it was a good enough test for anybody's use. This was the way she knew: 'Tilly Pope,' she said — that was my mother's name — 'Tilly Pope, when I look up in the sky, Nicholas Gray is there; when I walk out in the woods, Nicholas Gray is there; when I look out in the dark, Nicholas Gray is there. In fact, Tilly Pope, Nicholas Gray is perfectly identified with me.'" Martin flung back his head and laughed until the arbor rang. Then he grew suddenly serious. "It *is* a good test, though, and I ought to know, because that's exactly the way I am about you, Peachey. When I look—"

"How about when you look at—Lydia?" said Peachey, dryly.

The laugh died out of Martin's eyes; he looked depressed. He glanced up at Peachey judicially. She was sitting on the arbor seat, where the sunlight fell on her twisting golden hair. Her blue eyes were in shadow; they looked a deeper blue than usual as she glanced up at Martin. Yes, decidedly she was worth it. Martin revived. He began again, this time with a sweet candor.

"I suppose I may as well own up, as you seem to know all about it; but you might let me alone a little, I think. It was hard enough to decide, without your trying to shake my decision after I think it all done. It's been just like playing 'King William,' Peachey. I swear it has. You know how they play it—asking what you want, ices and cake, or locusts and wild-honey, or some such things. I always did hate to decide; it takes me forever. But, dear, really this time I have chosen. I can't say I don't want the ices and cake, for that man isn't born who could say he didn't want Lydia. But I know I want the locusts and wild-honey *most*. Isn't that enough?"

Peachey turned away her head, but she left her hand in Martin's grasp.

"I don't understand you. Why don't you talk like other people?" she asked.

"Because I can't. Peachey, do you love me? I'm not sure I understand about the locusts myself, but I do know wild-honey when I see it; and as for the taste of it—" He thought he had her hand at his lips, but Peachey was gone. Martin followed her out into the garden, and caught up with her at the potato-patch, where she lingered a little, looking down, frowning at the stripped stalks and riddled leaves of the potato plants.

"How's a man to prove anything to you if you won't sit still? I say these modern days are hard," urged Martin. "Here am I, Martin Pope, pining to prove my love for a woman, and the only thing I've been able to do for her is to herd geese! Now if I could rid you of a dragon or so, Peachey, you'd believe I loved you, wouldn't you?"

Peachey was still looking down, disconsolately. "I'd a good deal rather you'd rid me of potato-beetles. Just look at this patch! I declare, it makes me heart-sick."

Martin stood gazing from the potato plants to Peachey and back again. It seemed to him that his brain worked like fire.

"Peachey," he burst out, "I'll make a bargain with you. I can't kill a dragon for you, because I can't find one, but if I rid you of these potato-bugs, and do it in two days' time, will you marry me?"

Peachey flushed to the roots of her hair.

"How can you be so absurd? You couldn't do it, in the first place. Nobody could."

"All the more glory if I do—and the less risk for you. Is it a bargain?"

"Of course not. It's too ridiculous to think of; and then father's awfully tender-hearted. He won't have anything on this farm poisoned."

"I don't care," said Martin, obstinately; "if you'll take the risk of marrying me, I will take the risk of losing you. We'll call it a final test. I'll rid you of the potato-bugs or—or Martin Pope by the mid-day after to-morrow night, and I won't use poison either. Is it a bargain?"

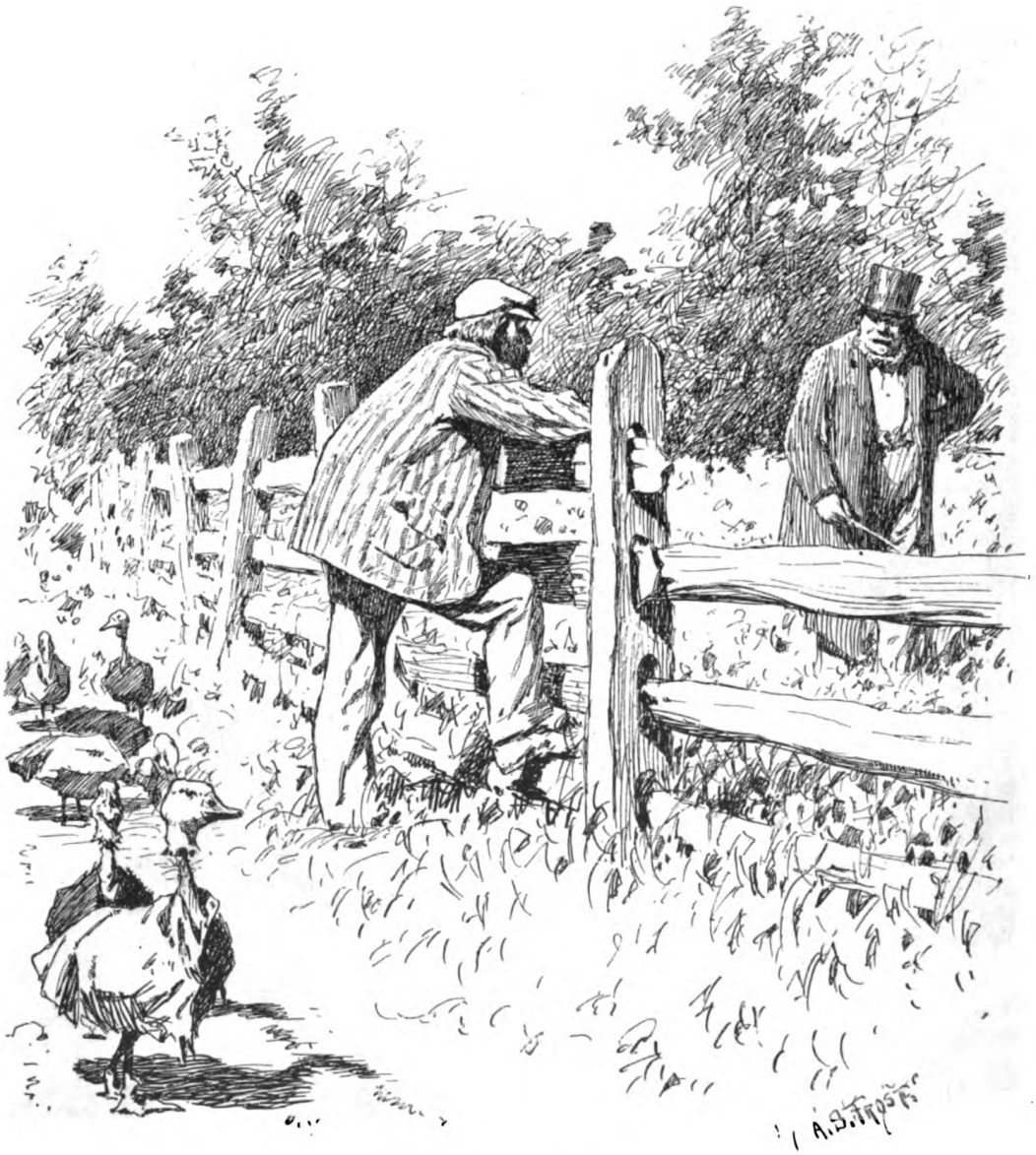
Peachey laid her finger ponderingly on her lips. They were half pouting, half laughing, and she was evidently half angry, half disquieted. "How dare you mix up love and potato-bugs!"

"That's all right," said Martin, radiantly. "If that's all that bothers you, you haven't any case at all; for, you see, you don't marry me unless I kill off the bugs, and that disposes

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of them before the love comes, doesn't it? Peachey, don't be stiff-necked about it. Can't you see?—it gives you a chance to yield gracefully, if you find you want to. And look here, dear, just in a whisper between you and me and the beetles: if I lay every beetle dead at your feet, and then you find you don't want me, you can kick me away, and I won't say a word. Only, if I am to be kicked, my dear, I shall wish to Heaven that the foot doing it wasn't so extremely tiny. I always did dote on a small foot, and yours is the very smallest— No, no, Peachey. Oh, no, no! Of course you know it. Then why have you called on me to tie your shoestring three times this day?" and so on and so on, until the potato-beetles seemed wholly forgotten; but in the end Martin had his way, and they were finally made the pivot on which was to hang his fate as a bachelor.

On the day set for Martin's experiment, the potato-patch was a most remarkable-looking field. In the first place, about its not very large area ran a wall made of a bolt of unbleached muslin. One end of the muslin was tacked neatly to the trunk of a flowering plum-tree, and the other end to a twin brother of the tree that grew but a few feet away. Stakes driven in the soft earth at intervals supported the muslin walls beyond the trees. The narrow space between the two trunks was a natural door. Inside this enclosure lay rows and rows of prostrate potato plants, each



IN THE GARDEN PATCH.

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stalk pinned firmly to the earth by innumerable hair-pins—supplied under protest by Peachey. Furthermore, with the sweat of unwonted labor on his brow, Martin had by entreaties and exhortations so wrought upon Peachey's mind that she had actually lent him not only hair-pins, but the services of Joey, the hired man; and lastly, when Martin, so absorbed in his work that he seemingly forgot what was the prize he worked for, rushed into the house imploring, nay, demanding Peachey's added assistance, she really hesitated to remind him of the delicacy of her position, and hastily followed him into the potato enclosure. There, unquestioningly, and for no possible purpose that her imagination could conceive, she feverishly helped him and Joey pin down potato stalks, running a race with the summer light, and beating it by half a row of potatoes.

"We've done it," shouted Martin, rising, sunburnt and weary, from the last plant. "Peachey, we've as good as won— No, I've—no—well, it doesn't matter." He looked hard at Peachey, and his eyes suddenly began to twinkle.

Peachey made no reply. She walked into the house in silence, and Martin did not see her again until the next morning. That crucial day found Martin an excited and very tired man. He had told Peachey that he wished, for the furtherance of his plans, to have in his hands the control of the whole farm for the time being, and to this she consented the more easily because there was no control to hand over. Farmer Esip, as he said, had his own ways of farming. He did not know of the change of dictatorship, because a county fair had required all his attention from noon to night the previous day; but on the fateful morning, after early breakfast, from which Martin was absent, he sought Peachey, hidden in the cool recesses of the dairy, and announced, from the open door:

"Honey, maybe you don't hold it cruel to starve dumb folks, but I do. I don't say it wasn't smart, but I do say it was bitter hard on the fowls, and hard on the beetles too. There's nothin' that's more a lesson to me than pertater-bugs—busy as yallerjackets all the time, eatin', breedin', workin', trudgin' all the way from Colorado to here, and nobody wantin' 'em there or here or anywhere. There's such a thing as bein' entirely too enterprisin'. All the way from Colorado to here to be eat up by ducks and geese and hens and keats and turkeys! There won't be a bug in that field by noon."

"Peachey!" It was Martin's voice at the doorway. A great pan of milk slipped from Peachey's hands, and a white wave splashed across the floor to Martin's feet.

"My soul, honey!" said Mr. Esip, and Peachey sat down on the milk-bench and burst into mingled tears and laughter. "What's a pan o' milk?" said her father, wondering. "'Cept for the trouble o' wipin' it up. It's nasty to clean up, milk is. I guess you've been in this dark hole too long, honey; I'll tend to this moppin'. Take her to the pertater-patch, Mr. Pope, and show her what's goin' on. It's a murderous sight, but it's mighty interestin'. I don't know how you ever thought o' such a thing."

Peachey stood between the two flowering plum-trees and looked into the enclosure. There, scrambling from prostrate vine to vine, cackling, crowing, gobbling, quacking, hissing, but eating beetles all the time as if life depended on hurry, was every beaked creature on the farm, a great flock, including the jacketed geese. The noise was deafening.

"They've had nothing to eat, nothing at all, for twenty-four hours," said Martin, complacently. "You see, I remembered that there were more fowls on this farm than anything else, including potato vines. It was a simple question in arithmetic and hunger."

Peachey stood staring for a moment, then she suddenly began to laugh; she laughed until the tears ran down her face, and she had to lean against the trunk of the plum-tree for support. Martin regarded her anxiously.

"It's nothing," gasped Peachey, wiping her eyes, "only it's so absurd. Don't you know how to be anything else?"

"I must have worked you too hard yesterday," said Martin, tenderly. He spread his coat under one of the plum-trees and insisted that Peachey should rest upon it, while he lay at her feet, resting also. Joey, his eyes popped with amazement, stood in the plum-tree doorway. Thus they watched the murder of the beetles.

Mr. Esip was right; before the clock struck twelve those beetles were no more; or, rather, so few remained in the patch that it would have been hypercritical to mention their existence. At Martin's word, Joey drove the replete fowls from the enclosure and away to the barn-yard, while Martin himself rolled up the muslin. It was a long white bundle when he brought it back to Peachey, now standing under the plum-tree, and laid it at her feet.

"Here is the shroud of the beetles," he said, significantly, as he bent one knee on the muslin and bowed his head, waiting.

"Can't you be sensible for once?" said Peachey. There was something wistful in her tone, though she was laughing.

"No, I can't. This is the way I am made; and if you like me at all, you ought to like what I am."

"Well, I don't," said Peachey.

Martin looked up quickly. For a brief moment his face was as serious as could have been asked. Then he saw Peachey's irrepressible blushes and dimples against the white blossoms above her. Martin's gaze was fixed upward admiringly.

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"By George! if women knew how becoming a flowering plum-tree is, there'd be one growing in every drawing-room."

But Peachey turned her head away. "Couldn't you just—just for one moment be like other people?"

"Suppose I was—"

"Why, then"—a hesitating sigh, half serious, half comical—"why, then—I might— If only," she cried out—"if only I were sure about Lydia!"

"I know just how you feel," said Martin, with sympathy. "I was just that way myself."

There were no more blushes and smiles under the plum-tree.

"I think," said Peachey, haughtily, "that this had better end. I don't really care for you, Mr. Pope, and won't pretend I do. I wish you'd stop kneeling there. Perhaps Lydia—"

"There she is now!" said Martin.

Yes, there she was, sitting in a carriage that was slowly passing the farm-house. By her side was an old friend of Martin's. They both beckoned to him. The carriage stopped, and Martin sprang up and ran out into the road. Peachey watched them from the garden, saw them talking earnestly, and then Martin suddenly began shaking the hand of one and the other, then the other and the one, over and over. At last they drove off, and Martin came slowly back to the garden.

"They're engaged," he said, shortly. "Lydia's engaged to my best friend. She told me herself. She said you looked like one of those plum blossoms dropped from the tree. Lydia never was mean. I always said that for her. Now she's engaged."

"What did you say to her?" asked Peachey. Her voice was forced, but Martin seemed not to notice it. His gloom deepened.

"I told her you were a heartless girl. Haven't you let me do everything to win you, from herding geese to killing potato-bugs? And now you say calmly you don't care anything for me. I believe you have been laughing at me all the time."

"Did you tell Lydia that too?"

"Yes, I did," said Martin, savagely. "I told her you had ruined my life—and you have; that you didn't care a pin for me, and you never had, and you never would. I told her all that too."

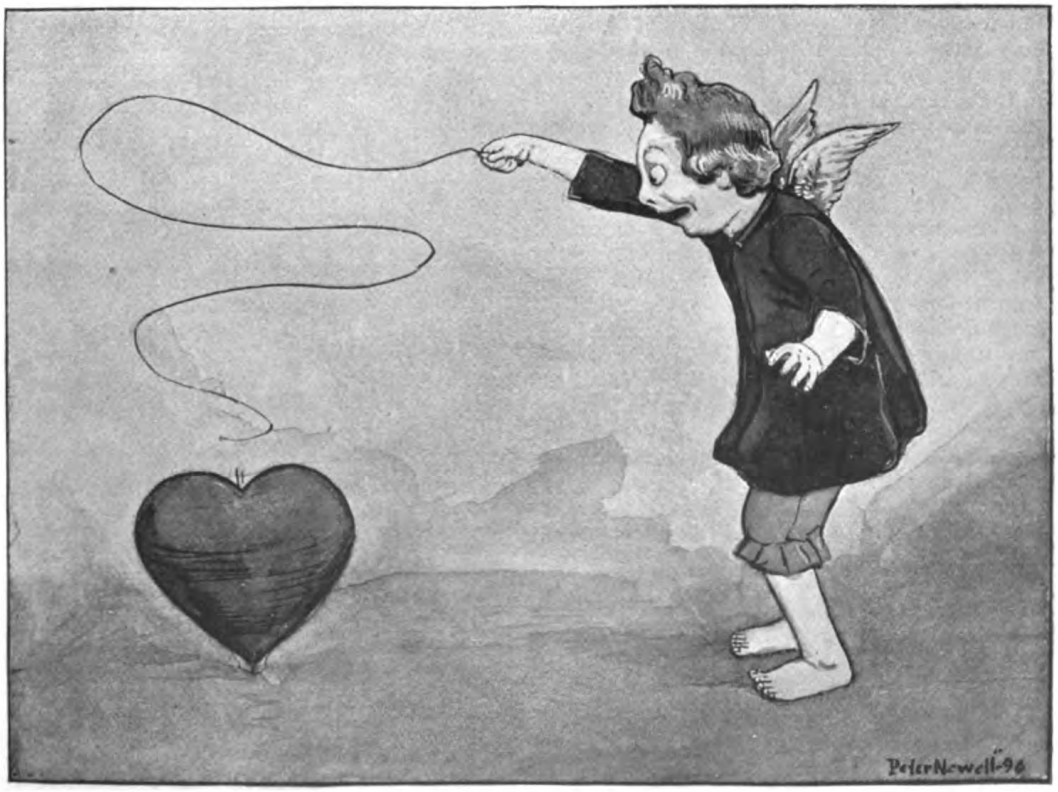
"You did? Oh, Martin, I love you!"

Peachey was stretching out her hands to him with a dazzling smile and fascinating abandon.

"I do love you," she repeated.

Martin turned with a smile as radiant and a laughing triumph in his eyes.

"There!" he cried. "I knew that would settle it! Of course we love each other." And they did—in their way.



CUPID'S TOP.

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TO MY LEFT HAND.

I ENVY you your life of rest. You live in luxury.
You e'er enjoy the very best the Fates reserve for me.
You've never worked in all your life; you've never known a care;
You've always lived apart from strife—existence sweet and rare.

My right has e'er my writing done, while you have stood aside.
You've had your full share of the fun, and yet in peace abide.
You've never penned a line for me, nor ever struck a blow,
And it is very plain to see you've never known a woe.

And yet, dear friend, I cannot say the time will ever be
That there will be the dawn of day when you're not dear to me.
My right hand is more useful, yes, but prithee do not pout,
You are a friend, I must confess, I cannot do without.

So here's to you, my left hand; may you ever live in peace;
And may the joys that round you stand for ever more increase!
Let others sneer because your days are passed in luxury,
And ever placed in happy ways, you're mighty dear to me!

HELPING A WORTHY WOMAN.

"LOOK here, gentlemen and ladies," began the man, as he entered our car and glanced over the dozen passengers; "I'm no hand to go about beggin' for other folks, but there's a case in the car ahead that appeals to my heart. It's that of a woman who has sot out for Nebraska, in poor health, and without a cent."

"But perhaps she isn't worthy," replied one.

"I'm sure she is, sir," continued the man. "I've been talkin' to her, and she seems truthful and earnest. She looks and talks like a woman who had seen better days."

"She shouldn't have set out on a long journey under such circumstances," protested a woman who had been reading a novel.

"No, ma'am, she shouldn't; but she wanted to reach her sister—her only sister—before she died. We've all got sisters, and I guess we'd all feel the same way."

"I'd like to be sure she is deserving," said a man as he went down into his pocket for a quarter.

"Waal, I'm sure she is. I've asked her about a hundred questions, and she's answered 'em all straight. I'll pledge my word she's a worthy woman."

We made up a purse of five dollars for her, and the man thanked us in her name and disappeared. Two hours later I left the car at a small station, and after the train had gone on I found the charitable man and a slatternly woman there with me, and waiting for an ox-cart which was coming down the road. The woman hadn't seen me before, but the man had taken fifty cents from me, and seemed to feel that some explanation was necessary. Therefore, giving me a wink to step aside, he whispered,

"I'm much obleeged for what you did for us on the train."

"That's the woman, is it?"

"Yes."

"But I don't understand."

"Stranger, it's all right—all right. I said she was a worthy woman, and shuck my hide if I lied about it! She's my wife, and I orter know all about it!" A. B. LEWIS.

NO NEW THING.

I TRIED to write a quatrain grand,
A great thought to confine;
But when I got down to the thought,
I'd used up every line.

AN INFLUENTIAL OFFICE.

THE small boys' club is not only infinite in its variety, but frequently the source of much amusement to his elders.

"We've got up a new club, pa," said an ingenious little fellow of seven years to his father recently, "and I've got everything to say about it."

"Indeed! Are you president?" asked the interested parent.

"No, indeed, I'm not! Jimmie Brown is president, and Sallie is vice-president, and Wallis Jones is secretary, and Tommie Hicks is treasurer."

"But what are you, then?"

"Well, I know the name, and I know he's boss, but I don't know what he has to do, but I'm the Majority!"



A VALENTINE.

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CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

FOR HIS OWN GOOD.

A MAN entered an ice-cream parlor, on a street which shall be nameless, and ate his portion of vanilla slowly and thoughtfully. While paying the cashier, he said, quietly,

"I notice you advertise that you make your own ice-cream."

"Yes."

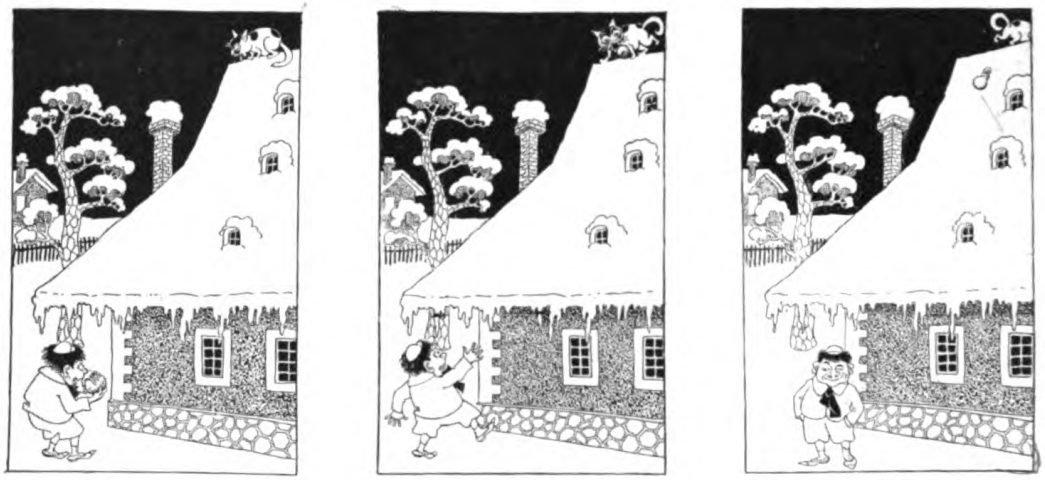
"Let me give you a pointer which will help your trade amazingly."

"Well?" curiously.

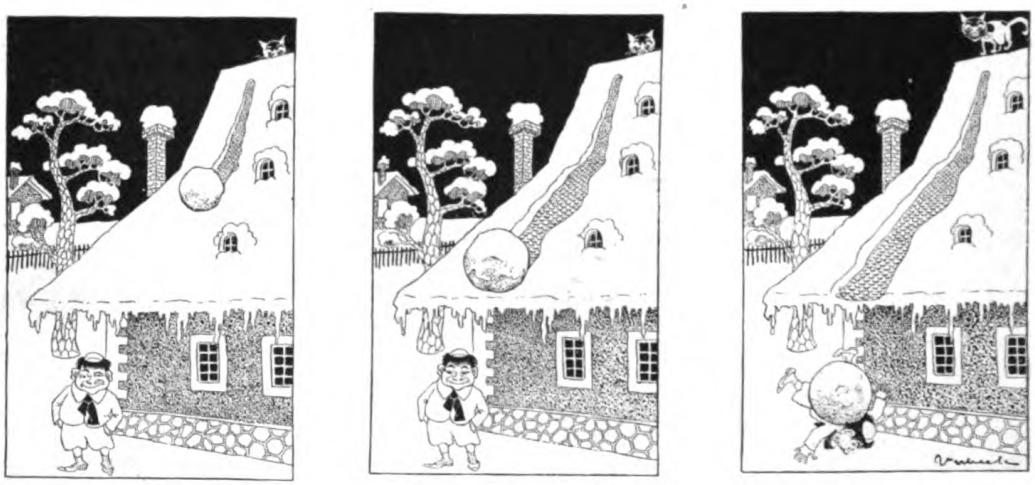
"Get," said the man, blandly, "some other fellow to make it."

J. H. SMITH.

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I. II. III.



IV. V. VI.

THE BOY, THE SNOWBALL, AND THE CAT.

THE WORST OF IT.

It was a coterie of villagers accustomed to assemble weekly and sit round a circular table, with great fishing-hats pulled low down over their eyes, to conceal their real sentiments the while they discussed the relative values of kings, queens, and other royal pairs, and sought lightly to offset the simple significance of unostentatious deuces when conscientiously handled with the vivid but ineffective coloring of a bobtail flush.

A jack-pot that assumed unusual proportions, and was opened late and after midnight, with several "sitting in," protracted the vigils until the east was faintly pencilled with streaks of the coming dawn. A consciousness of the lateness of the hour stole upon them as they separated, and it was agreed that at the next meeting each should tell the others of his reception at home.

There was little variation in the domestic experience as narrated when next they forgathered, a week later.

"Well, you've heard of the Kansas cyclone," said one, "I'd just like to have changed off with any man who got unroofed and had his hay-stacks carried up in the air."

"I've seen a buzz-saw work," said another, "and I once sat down on a hornets' nest, but for real music I never heard anything to compare with that which met me at the front door when I stumbled over the door-mat in an effort to get in without waking anybody."

And so it went on from one to another until the last individual was reached, who, smaller in size than the others, and generally a loser, and consequently modest, had not yet spoken.

"Well, and what did *your* wife say?" queried the positive one of the party.

"Not a word," replied the other.

"That's the sort of a wife to have," went up as by general acclaim; "a wife who doesn't object to a man's having a little fun occasionally, and staying out somewhat later than usual when it happens to be necessary. So she didn't say anything, did she?"

"No," replied the meek one, "and the worst of it is, she hasn't said anything yet!"

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE word "quaint," born in Early-Middle-English philological times, was duly honored by such wise word-mongers as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, and Milton, and even by Irving, Ruskin, Tennyson, and Keats. But, in later days, it has been sadly abused. Nevertheless no other English term, ancient or modern, so well describes a quaint little volume by Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson, which is called *The Square of Sevens*.[1] The book is queer and curious in outward and in inward appearance, quaint in type, quaint in literary construction. Mr. Stevenson has evolved, out of nothing, a certain Mr. Robert Antrobus, who lived in Bath during the reign of the Second English George. He was, according to Mr. Stevenson, the contemporary, correspondent and friend of Admiral Byng, Horatio Walpole, Mark Akenside, Samuel Johnson, and William Pitt — all of whom said "quaint" when they felt like it, and with absolute propriety—and he was "one of considerable learning, out of the way and other, including an interest in Gypsies and Gypsy languages, remarkable for the period," or for any period. Mr. Antrobus, still according to Mr. Stevenson, spent sundry autumn months, in the year 1731, in a little town of Cornwall, where he met one Mr. George, a Gypsy of unusual education and breeding, who entertained Mr. Antrobus, "for hours and dayes," in discussing not only the general concerns of Egypt, but its cartomantic and other mysteries; enlightening his newly made acquaintance concerning the secrets of "dukker-pins," which is fortune-telling by cards, with a degree of minuteness enjoyed by few "gorgios" before or since; a gorgio being a sassenach, a pale-face, an outsider, a gentile, one who does not live in tents, any person who is not a Gypsy. As part of this confidence Mr. George disclosed, in course of certain séances, "The Square of Sevens," that particular and potent method of prying into the past, the present, and the future, with its wonderful Parallelograms, its Master Card, its Influences and the rest, which forms, with its diagrams, the body of Mr. Stevenson's book.

"The Square of Sevens" itself, it is needless to say, is as much an invention of Mr. Stevenson as is Mr. Antrobus. The "system," practically, is entirely his own; all the "significances," the general scheme and the idea of the work are purely original; although, here and there, they are in touch with the fundamental notions—all of them vague at best—of the professional cartomancists the wide world over.

The author's Editorial Preface is clever and entertaining; and it is not unlikely to deceive even the initiated. "The Square of Sevens" is founded on recognized laws of recurrent chances; it will appeal to such as are interested in the occult sciences, and even the commonplace, ordinary "gorgio" who is not a "dukker" will recognize the charm, as well as the quaintness of the production.

IT is always pleasant, in these somewhat degenerate days, to hail a new writer of fiction who is, at once, bright, and entertaining, and clean. Mr. G. B. Burgin in *Gascoigne's "Ghost"*[2] displays all these qualities. He is not a great novelist by any means — so far — but he is hearty and wholesome. His is the story of a brilliant but frail father, and of an undutiful son, who is frail, but not brilliant. The former overcomes his great weakness by means of a sort of Gold-Cure; the latter cures himself in the dispensary of hard experience. The Ghost is a literary spectre, who materializes every week, in the columns of a British periodical, for the professional and pecuniary benefit of his own flesh and blood; and if he is not peculiarly original he is very well drawn; as is Miss Azaveda, the Spanish woman, who supplies the golden remedy, and who lays the spirit of the past.

Mr. Burgin is a keen observer of men and of manners; and very true to a certain phase of life in the English Metropolis is his picture of The Sunday Afternoons in the studio of the Rossetti-Browns, who live in Cheyne Walk, in order to breathe an artistic atmosphere, and to pose as being artistic themselves; who spell their name with the Pre-Raphaelite hyphen; and who are to be found in the highest state of artistic preservation only under the shadow of St. Mary's, Kensington, or of Chelsea Old Church. Visitors, at first, professed to be shocked by Mr. Rossetti-Brown's Sunday "At Homes"—we have all felt the same way—at first! But they accepted the open invitation, and went again, and took their friends with them, and they found some amusement in what they saw and heard.

Mr. Burgin tries to be brilliant and epigrammatic in his dialogues and in his descriptions; and very often he succeeds, without straining very hard. Good is his outline drawing of the character and the personality of Mr. Marchmont, the money-lender who was "a grimly quiet little man, with a mouth like a rat-trap, and a habit of dealing out words as if they were sovereigns. He carried this pe-

[1] *The Square of Sevens.* An Authoritative System of Cartomancy, with a Prefatory Notice by E IRENÆUS STEVENSON. With Diagrams. Post 8vo, Cloth, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Gascoigne's "Ghost."* By G. B. BURGIN. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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culiarity so far, even, as to cut some of them in half, and would, no doubt, have quartered some of them, had there been any possibility of making money by the process." Bessie is the traditional, hardly possible, amusing London lodging-house slavey of fiction. But many of Miss Azaveda's sparkling, scintillating speeches sound as if she might have made them. She is evidently taken from life, and at full length.

Tomalyn's Quest[3] has upon its title-page a statement to the effect that it is written "by G. B. Burgin, author of Gascoigne's 'Ghost'," which would lead one to infer that it is a later production from the same pen. It bears upon its face, however, certain evidences of the 'prentice hand, both in plot and in diction; and it may have been conceived and executed before its sister volume saw the light. A more experienced romancer would not have invented so many unusual names for his characters, or so many names containing the unusual letter "Y." Besides Tomalyn himself, we have Mrs. Airril Brangwynn, whom he calls "The Syren," Mrs. Wyville Baines, Lord Plynlymmon, Mr. Pentley Ridge, and Hawtrey Bey. These are even worse than the firm of solicitors, Tittlebat and Snappem, who doled out the weekly allowance to the Ghost of Gascoigne. The incident of the mock-duel, in which one of the combatants is shot with current-jelly, is as old, in fiction, as is current-jelly itself; but the episode of skin-grafting is entirely unhackneyed. The scenes are laid in, and near, Constantinople, in the present day; and rapid and startling is much of the action. The men in both books are better than are the women, especially the younger women. The Syren is a strong and repulsive character, but the heroines are somewhat colorless. Neither work is likely to make a very lasting impression upon the reading public. But each will serve to relieve the monotony of an idle hour.

THERE is rapid and startling action in "Alfred's Wife" and in "Two Mormons from Muddlety," lately gathered into one volume, under the general title *Love in the Backwoods.*[4] The backwoods are those of Western Virginia during the last years of the Century, and Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell must be very familiar with the deep-tangled wildness of the region and of the rough settlers who make it their home; for he handles them lovingly and carefully, and with no little realistic skill. The Two Mormons, and the cat, are the central figures in a comedy; Alfred and Alfred's Wife are playing a tragedy, in which the comic element is not altogether lacking. Alfred and his Wife would have been more happy together if Alfred had not been "so easy and mild and soft"—the words are Mrs. Alfred's own. When she had "the mopes and the miserables" he neglected to hit her; so she went off to be hit by another man; and it was not until Alfred, in his soft, and mild, and easy way, had killed the other man, and most of the other man's relations, that peace came to a reunited household, and the mopes and the miserables ceased to exist.

Love is the same the world over, in the Backwoods, in Constantinople, and in Chelsea S. W. Mr. Mitchell's ground is newer and fresher than is that of the old world. And he makes it appear so; and he does it well.

MR. W. E. NORRIS in *Clarissa Furiosa*[5] treats of Love in the Backwoods of Grosvenor Place and Cadogan Gardens; and Guy Luttrell's wife does not even receive the lashings from her husband's tongue which, sometimes, she so richly deserves. He is as gentle and as kind and as mildly mannered as is Mr. Mitchell's uncivilized hero of the other side of the globe, and in both cases is one forced to commiserate the man.

Mrs. Luttrell starts off alone to fight for the Rights of her Sex; she becomes what her brother-in-law calls "a stump-orating young woman," in defence of what she calls the down-trodden. She contributes articles upon "The Perjury of Marriage," upon "The Girl of the Future," and the like, to a periodical called "Modern England"; and she contends, to the end of her life, that the present-day view of the social question is not such tremendous nonsense after all. There is indeed, writes Mr. Norris, a great deal to be said in support of it, as Clarissa discovered to her own sorrow; and its discussion in these pages is well worth careful attention. A Mrs. Antrobus, who does not seem to be related to the author of Mr. Stevenson's "Square of Sevens," although she bears the same name, is exceedingly eloquent upon the subject, in Chapter Thirty-eight of the present work, at "A Reception in Cadogan Gardens," where a popular authoress reads aloud from her latest, and as yet unpublished, novel to an audience which is almost as much shocked as were some of the guests of Mr. Rossetti-Brown shocked by the Skirt Dance or the French Play. Mr. Norris, happily, gives the manner not the matter of the reader and the reading; and he permits Mrs. Antrobus to remark that "you may talk until you are black in the face, but you won't alter the ways of Nature. Suppose men *do* have the best of it," she adds; "suppose it *is* better fun to be a man than a woman—what then? You can no more make yourself into a man than the frog in the fable could turn himself into an ox; and the result of all these claims upon the part of women is only that

[3] *Tomalyn's Quest.* By G. B. BURGIN. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Love in the Backwoods.* Two Stories: "Two Mormons from Muddlety," "Alfred's Wife." By LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL. Illustrated by A. B. FROST. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Clarissa Furiosa.* By W. E. NORRIS. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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they deprive themselves of the happiness which Providence meant them to enjoy."

Mr. Luttrell does not argue until his complexion changes. He does not argue at all. He simply waits—and wins. And the story comes to what its author terms "A Comfortable Conclusion" through their love for the child, whom they are afraid is to be taken away from them.

Mr. Norris's stories are long, and full of incident and interest, although they are not as frequent as we would like them to be. Since "Matrimony;" a very able romance, appeared some sixteen or seventeen years ago he has done nothing so good as "Clarissa Furiosa." The tale is clean and healthful; and its moral is not obtrusive. The character of Uncle Tom is well drawn. He is cool, calm and reticent, but kindly in heart, and an unusually good angel to those about him; while Guy's imperturbable good-humor, patience, and latent strength, despite his native indolence, are most attractively set down, and are in marked contrast with the attractive impetuosity of his wife. Mr. Norris is a man's man. He writes for men rather than for women. But even those women who are strong of mind and who seek their Rights will sympathize with the victory of Mr. Norris's man, as here narrated.

In the story of *Frances Waldeaux*[6] Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, touching lightly, in passing, upon man and wife, and their loves and trials, dwells at length upon the loves and trials of mother and son. Mrs. Waldeaux, married at sixteen, and left a widow before she was eighteen, lavished all her affection and devotion upon the boy, born with an old head upon his shoulders, whom she brought up carefully, while she herself was brought up with him. George was very fond of his childish mother. He thought there was nobody so young and so transparent. They had everything in common, feelings, friends, sympathies, and tastes; and they lived an ideal brotherly and sisterly existence, the brother being the elder of the two—until a sweetheart and wife appeared upon the scene, and the trouble began. She was not the wife his mother would have chosen for him. The mother thought she *had* chosen a wife for him; but in her heart of hearts she did not want him to marry at all; and her heart of hearts was almost broken by the appearance of the intruder. Her boy was weaned from her by the first sight of a face that was not even pretty; and very strong is Mrs. Davis's account of the struggles in the mother's soul, and her fights with herself. It is an old story; as old as the mystery of the wife found by the degenerate son of Eve in the Land of Nod in the very beginning of history, and it has appeared in fiction from time to time, and in various forms, ever since fiction was. It is a favorite theme of the romances out of whom wives and mothers are made; even the story-tellers who are fathers and sons dwell upon it now and then; and it will last as long as men are born and marry. "There she is," said Frances, looking at the little black figure under the tree, "and here am I. You can choose between us." "Those whom God hath joined together," muttered George. "You know that." "You have known her for three weeks," cried Frances, vehemently, "I gave you life. I have been your slave every hour ever since you were born. I have lived but for you. Which of us has God joined together?" Which of them? That is the problem. Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Waldeaux herself, do not solve it. Who ever will?

The tale is not all sad and serious. Bright American, natural, girlish girls, and cheerful men of various nationalities play prominent parts in the drama. They journey together through the British Isles and the Continent; and they have pleasant and amusing experiences, looking at things through fresh young eyes and with New-World prejudices. "What is it to us," said Perry one day, in Scotland; "What is it to us that Queen Mary paddled over this lake, or that Cromwell's soldiers whitewashed that fresco? Give me a clean new American church, anyhow, before all your mouldy, tomby cathedrals. These things are so many cancelled cheques to me. I have nothing to pay on them." And in curious contrast with the Sunday "At Homes" of the Rossetti-Browns and with Mrs. Luttrell's Afternoons at Cadogan Gardens, is Mrs. Davis's description of the *soriée* at Munich, given by two stout Bavarian women of high rank, and empty pockets, in shabby gowns and magnificent jewels. "'The frocks they make themselves,' muttered Jean, 'and the emeralds are heirlooms;'" which only American money could buy. A famous professional soprano appeared in a white-ribboned enclosure, at the end of the salon, we are told, and the guests were arranged according to their ranks, the Americans being in the back row, as having no rank at all. When the music was over, and supper was announced, the same ceremony was observed. The Highnesses, the hochwohlgeboren privy-councillors, the hochgeboren secretaires, even the untitled Herren who held some petty offices, were ushered with profound deference to their seats at the long table; while, at the very tail of the procession, the untitled daughters of the Great Republic, the mothers of possible presidents, were led to the lowest seats. No wonder Mr. Perry looked upon the whole business as a cancelled checque, and longed for some Yankee village Hampden to whitewash it all out of modern existence.

In reviewing "Dr. Warwick's Daughters" in these columns not very long ago, we regretted the fact that Mrs. Davis had not shown us more of Dr. Warwick's Wife. We

[6] *Frances Waldeaux*. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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cannot complain, in the present work, of the absence of George Waldeaux's Mother. She is the central, predominating, figure, as she is the titular figure, in the book. She is created for a purpose, and she fulfils her end; although she does not altogether solve her problem.

If Mr. Norris is a man's man who writes for his own sex, Miss Ellen Douglas Deland may be termed a girl's girl who writes for girls. She treats of girlish tastes and traits in a way that girls will like; and the love in her present collection of stories is filial love. Elizabeth, *In the Old Herrick House*,[7] loves the father she has never seen; the young German girls "At the Camerons'" make love to their grandmama; and "The Little Red Book" contains an entry that distracts a loving daughter with the fearful thought that she is not her own mother's child. It is all a love quite as pure and quite as interesting, in its way, as is the love of Clarissa Furiosa, of Mrs. Waldeaux, or of the Backwoods' characters of Mr. Mitchell; and it will help the young people, for whom it is depicted, to love one another.

Miss Deland's stories are always fresh and wholesome; and her people are the Little Women of fiction who never grow old.

At a reception given lately to Dr. Edward Eggleston by his friends of The Authors Club, one of the speakers said that there are three methods of writing history: first, that which is exhibited in the works of Herodotus, who wrote fiction as history; second, that which is exhibited in the works of Sir Walter Raleigh, who mingled his facts with his fiction; and third, the method of Dr. Eggleston who wrote all his fiction in the first years of his career, and thus left himself a clear field for history and its hard facts. The contrast would have been stronger, perhaps, if, instead of Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith had been cited; for both he and Dr. Eggleston have treated of *The Beginners of a Nation*,[8] and from very different points of view. The elder author, as one of the Beginners of the Nation himself, spoke as an eye-witness, and he should have spoken the truth; but the later author, writing after a lapse of more than two centuries and a half, declares that "no person of critical judgment can make a thorough comparison of Smith's successive books without being convinced of the ineradicable tendency of his mind to romance in narrating adventure, especially his own adventure. Even his style, where his vanity speaks, loses something of its native directness and force," Dr. Eggleston adds.

Nothing of this can be said of Dr. Eggleston. Subsequent to the appearance of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," in which, perhaps, he narrated some of his own adventures, and of "Roxy," and "The Faith Doctor," the tendency of his mind was turned to A History of Life in the United States; in no way has he lost anything of his native force and directness in matter and in manner; and with his facts fiction is never mingled, except to be refuted.

Dr. Eggleston does not seem to agree with the late Douglas Campbell in attributing to the Dutch, and to the English who imbibed Dutch ideas, the success of the Beginners in making the Nation. He says that in giving his account of the origin of the United States he is telling the story of English achievement; and that he is tracing from their sources the various and even complex movements that resulted in the early English settlements in America, and in the rise of a great nation with English speech, and English traditions. His work is an admirable work, admirably arranged. It has a complete descriptive Index, signed by Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson; and at the close of every chapter are a series of what are termed "Elucidations" or Notes, to which particular attention is called on the margin of almost every page. The period and the ground covered in the present volume are comparatively short and small, dealing as it does with the settlement and early annals of the colonies of Massachusetts, Maryland and Virginia. But upon this ground, at that period, Dr. Eggleston appears to be thoroughly at home; especially when he dwells at length upon the evolution of Puritanism and Separatism. He is not always exactly reverent in his handling of the Beginners who lived in Plymouth or thereabouts. "The Puritan was never easy unless he was uneasy; and he was sure to be uneasy within when there was none to molest from without," he writes in Chapter I., Book III. Elsewhere he says, "I have disregarded that convention which makes it obligatory for a writer of American history to explain that intolerance in the first settlers was not just like other intolerance, and that their cruelty and injustice were justfiable under the circumstances. This walking backwards to throw a mantle over the nakedness of ancestors may be admirable as an example of diluvian piety; but it is none the less reprehensible in the writing of history." As he has stepped forward to cast off the mantle worn by the author of "The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," so has he exhibited to us a number of the resident worthies in their shirt-sleeves!

The book, as a history, is the result of enormous original research; and it is of great interest and value to all readers. The style, as will be inferred, from the extracts quoted above, is forcible, clear, and epigrammatic, with a touch of humor and delicate satire which are very refreshing as mingled with the naturally dry solidity of the theme.

[7] *In the Old Herrick House, and Other Stories.* By Ellen Douglas Deland. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The Beginners of a Nation.* By Edward Eggleston. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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Washington and the French Craze of '93.

By John Bach McMaster

THE early years of Washington's administration were untroubled by foreign complications. Great Britain, it is true, still held the posts on the northern and northwestern frontier. Spain was in military possession of a piece of our soil, to which she had no valid claim whatever, and absolutely refused to allow an American citizen to sail his ships in or out of the Mississippi River. But the settlement of these matters, weighty as they were, was put off to a time when the new government should be firmly established, when the States and the people should have adjusted themselves to the political conditions it created, and for three years the President and Congress devoted their energies to the work of building up the government of the United States under the Constitution.

That every step in so novel an undertaking should be heartily and generally approved was not to be expected. The ratification of the Constitution had by no means been unanimous. In every State was a strong minority who looked back with tender regret to the days of the old Confederation, and looked forward with many misgivings to the future of the new and more vigorous government that had taken its place. What the federalists had been pleased to call the "rope of sand" was, indeed, they admitted, a feeble and insufficient bond to hold together thirteen free, sovereign, and independent republics. Yet the principles on which the Confederation was founded were to the minds of these men the true principles of republican government, and might easily have been retained while every defect was done away with. There was no need of so radical a change; no need of a Constitution under which the States were so weak and the Federal government so strong. Some who were so minded were appeased by the adoption of the ten amendments; but a large part continued to the very last to protest that the United States was in

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imminent danger of ceasing to be a republic.

The more carefully they scrutinized the acts of Congress the more convinced did they become that there was abroad in the land a rising spirit of monarchy and aristocracy. Had not the Senate at the very outset of its career attempted to bestow a title on the President, and dub him "His Highness the President of the United States and Protector of its Liberties"? Did not that same body transact all its business behind closed doors, and never allow a citizen of the United States, not even a newspaper reporter, to be present at its secret sessions? Did not the Justices of the Supreme Court sit on the bench tricked out in black silk robes and tricolored scarfs? Did not the President hold levees to which it was as difficult, nay as impossible, for a plain citizen of the United States to get admission as to a Drawing Room at the Court of St. James? Had any of Mr. Adams's "well-born" ever seen a mechanic or a tradesman or a farmer tasting the President's cake and wine? These were not small matters. When those who ought to be the servants of the people took to themselves titles and robes, and set up class distinctions, they were founding an aristocracy and preparing the people for a king.

At first these sentiments were confined to men whose democracy was of an extreme form. But as time passed their fears began to be shared by early federalists. The funding of the old Continental Congress debt, the assumption and funding of the debts incurred by the States during the Revolution, the chartering of the national bank, and the whiskey tax, to us, who look back on them, seem wise and necessary measures. To the people of the South and of the agricultural districts of the North they were unmistakable signs of a drift towards monarchy. Each one of them, the republicans would argue, is a monarchical institution, and nothing will content the admirers of monarchy until the United States has them also. But if the people allowed the substance of monarchy to be thus introduced, how long would it be before they would behold the thing itself established on the ruins of the republic?

So deep and widespread were these feelings that when the time came to elect a President in 1792, a new party, named the Federal-Republican, led by Jefferson, Madison, Randolph, Monroe, and a host of less well known men, had sprung into existence, and at the election gave 50 electoral votes out of 132 to George Clinton for Vice-President. The national organ of this new party was the *National Gazette*, a journal founded by Jefferson and Madison, and edited by a clerk in the Department of State, and from its columns it is easy to deduce the principles of the party, which had not yet formulated a platform. According to the *Gazette* the federalists were monarchists and aristocrats; the holders of government bonds and the bank stock were the "treasury squadron," "the corrupt squadron," "Mr. Hamilton's myrmidons." The bank was a great engine for corruption, while the fondness for such titles as "His Excellency" and "The Honorable," the President's levees, the annual celebration of his birthday, the secret sessions of the Senate, the tawdry gowns of the judges, the large salaries paid to government officials, and a national debt of eighty millions, were the forerunners of monarchy and aristocracy. The plain duty of every republican was to set his face against this folly, and seek to re-establish the simplicity and equality which form the corner-stone of a republic.

That time would have removed this fear, that a little experience would have shown that the signs to which the republicans pointed as unmistakable evidence of a growing love for monarchy were, after all, but a lingering of the foolish ceremonial of colonial days, and must soon pass away; that men would come to see that a federalist who believed in a bank, a national debt, an excise, and a strong government could be as true a patriot and as earnest a republican as any democrat who denounced them—is more than likely. But just at the moment when the spirit of extreme democracy was rising high at home, an event occurred abroad which deeply affected our political history for twenty years, and for the time being made democracy a craze.

From the day the Bastille fell the progress of events in France had been watched in America with deep interest by men of every shade of political opinion. The alliance which bound the two countries, the recollection of aid given us in the Revolution, the belief that the uprising of the people of France was largely the

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result of the example set by the people of the United States, the part borne by Lafayette, all tended to excite in this country an interest and sympathy for the French revolution which could not be felt elsewhere. The questions everywhere asked were: Where will it stop? Will Frenchmen be content with a few reforms? Will they be satisfied with the establishment of a constitutional monarchy and a parliament fashioned after that of Great Britain? When these were answered by the founding of the republic, the questions asked were: Will it last? Will not every monarch in Europe join in one great crusade and crush this rising republic of the Old World? To many it seemed as if republican institutions everywhere were in danger. To a people fresh from a seven years' struggle for liberty it seemed as if their dearest rights were at stake.

When, therefore, one day in December, 1792, a packet arrived at Philadelphia with the news that the allied armies were soundly beaten, that the Duke of Brunswick was in full retreat, and that the genius and skill of Dumouriez had saved the French Republic, the delight of the republicans broke forth in wild exhibitions of joy. Some hurried to the churches, and rang the bells with a will. All day long little business was done, many shops were shut, and the streets were full of groups of men who could talk of nothing but Dumouriez and the great French victories. After nightfall the inns and taverns were crowded with revellers drinking toasts and singing "Ça Ira" and "God save Great Washington."

Meanwhile post-riders were hurrying southward and eastward spreading the news and sowing enthusiasm wherever they went. It was said with pride that there was not a bell along the highway from Philadelphia to New York that had not been made to proclaim the glad tidings. At New York, where the news was soon confirmed by fuller reports, the republicans selected a day, and by bell-ringing, cannonading, songs, toasts, and illuminations gave public expression to the joy they felt over the birth of the French Republic, the expulsion of the invaders of her soil, and the results of the late elections at home.

The more sober part of the citizens were astonished at these proceedings, which were mild in comparison with those soon to follow. As the tidings of the French victories were carried eastward, the enthusiasm of the people rose higher and higher. All New England was aflame. At Boston a few enthusiasts met, and after some discussion decided to set on foot a movement for such a celebration as their townsmen had never seen. "A subscription paper," they informed the public, "is lodged at Coleman's coffee-house, where every class of citizens-patriots may, by enrolling their names, aggrandize the festival of triumphant freedom. As rank, that invidious progeny of aristocratic zealots, is abolished by the title of citizens, it is to be hoped that the joy of this metropolis on this auspicious occasion will express itself in the cordial hilarity of a numerous collection of guests at this republican entertainment. And may the moment approach on the fleetest pinions of Time when the Civic Feast we are to celebrate for the successes of France shall be converted to a jubilee for a liberated world."

After some three hundred citizens had signed, a meeting of subscribers was held at the State House, where the decision was made that "the civic feast in commemoration of the successful struggles and brilliant successes of the Citizen-Soldiers of Liberty in France" should be celebrated on a certain day at Faneuil Hall; that the tables should "be covered and the feast opened precisely at two o'clock, and that the tables be uncovered and the feast closed before candle-light." That a few hundred "citizens" of means should sit down to a fine dinner was all well enough, but it did not seem sufficiently democratic for men constantly prating of liberty, equality, and the rights of man. Something must be done for the poor citizen who could not afford a ticket to the civic feast. A committee was therefore appointed, and, after considering the matter, informed the public that "a number of citizens, anxious to celebrate the success of our allies, the French, in their present glorious struggle for Liberty and Equality," and desirous "that every member of the community might share in the general joy, had agreed to provide an ox, with suitable liquors," and had opened a subscription for this purpose. No American, they were sure, would be backward in contributing to celebrate the success of a revolution which must eventually free mankind from the yoke of Tyranny.

None were backward, and on the morn-

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ing of the 24th of January the ox, roasted and decorated with flags of all sorts, stood on a huge car ready and waiting.

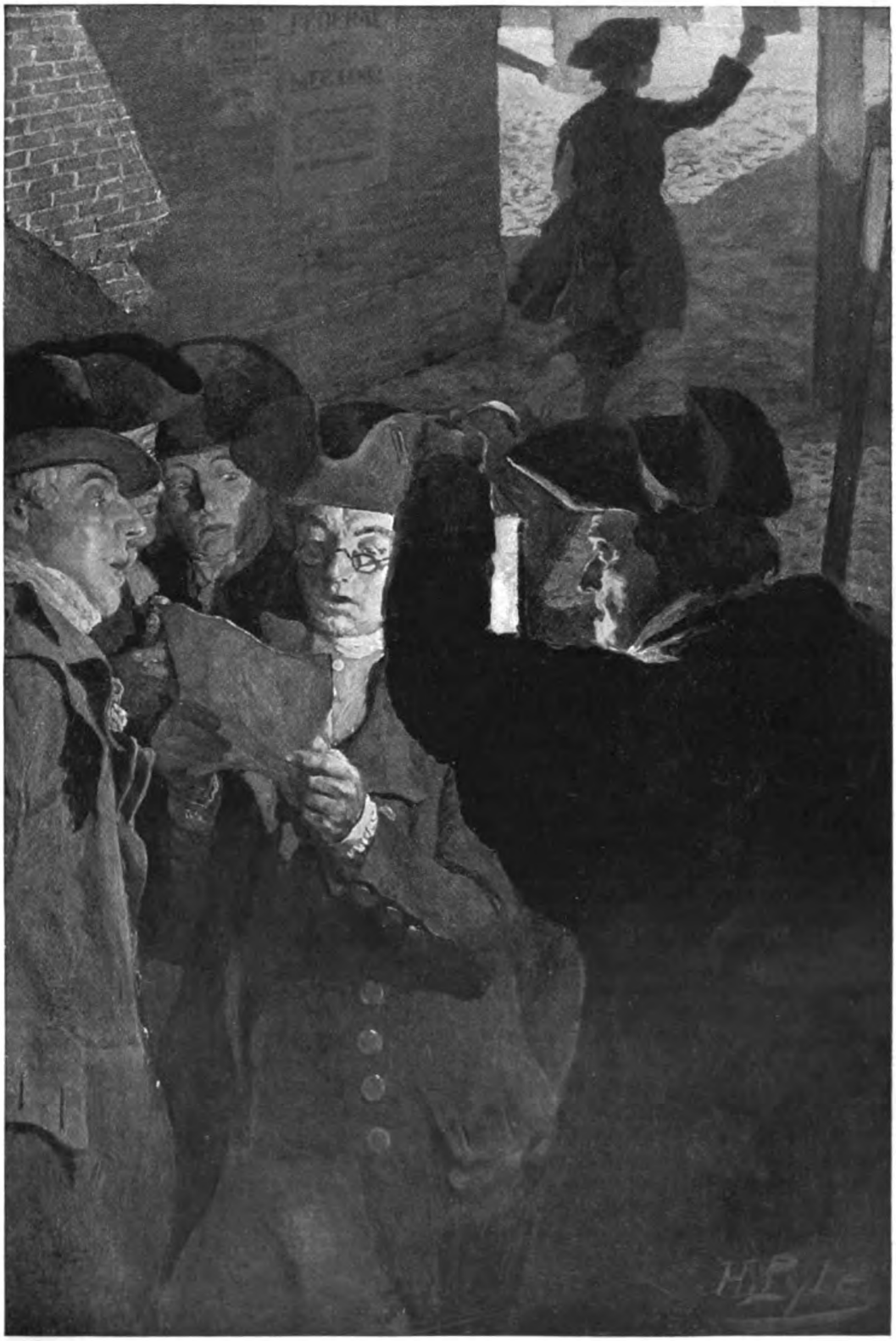
The day was a great one, and was ushered in by the firing of a salute at dawn from the cannon in Castle William and from a battery in one of the city squares. No business was done, no schools held session, no shops were open, and on the streets were crowds of hilarious men wearing the cockade of the national guard of France—a decoration then seen for the first time in Boston. At eleven o'clock the school-children were drawn up in two long lines in what till then had been known as Oliver's Dock, but what was soon to be renamed Liberty Square, and that their young minds might be duly impressed by so glorious an occasion, they were each given a civic cake stamped with the words "Liberty and Equality." "To the feeling heart," says the describer of the scene, "the sight of these little ones thus feasted was extremely gratifying."

About the same hour a procession was formed around the ox, which, standing on a car fifteen feet high, was drawn by fifteen horses (fifteen was the number of States in the Union) through the street to Faneuil Hall. Before him went the committee and the band. Beside him walked twelve butchers in white frocks, with cleavers, knives, and steels. Behind him, marching eight abreast, were several hundred citizens wearing French cockades; while in the rear of this line, closing the procession, came two wagons loaded with sixteen hundred loaves of bread, and two carts, each carrying a hogshead of Federal punch. The ox itself was gayly dressed. Its horns were gilded. From the right one was displayed the French flag; from the left, the flag of the United States; while in front of the beast, at the end of the spit on which it had been roasted, were inscribed in golden letters on a board the words, "Peace-offering to Liberty and Equality." After winding through the town from the north end, past the homes of the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the French Consul, past the Federal Meeting-house, from which was displayed a large placard bearing the inscription, "The Proprietors of this House congratulate their fellow-citizens assembled in the joy of this day and with Equal Liberty to all mankind," the procession halted at Oliver's Dock, where a tall liberty pole had been planted. Some mummery was then gone through with, after which it was understood that for all time to come the place should be known as Liberty Square, and the pole should be the rallying-place for the friends of Liberty, Equality, and the Rights of Man.

The ceremony ended and a Federal salute fired, the ox procession moved on to State Street, where, at the foot of the State House steps, a great array of tables had been erected. The band now took up its position on the balcony, and played the air of "Ça Ira," which, save the Marseillaise Hymn, was the most popular song of the revolution. The Frenchmen present sang the words. As the last notes died away, amidst the shouts of the multitude, "the white-robed priests" stepped forward and "immolated the victim on the altar of Democracy." In simpler words, the ox, which the people were told represented Aristocracy, and whose gaudy decorations were "the titles of that political Hydra," was carved and served with bread and punch to the people. At sunset his head was carried to Liberty Square and buried at the foot of the liberty pole, to the top of which, a few days later, the skull, cleaned and gilded, was made fast. In the midst of this hilarity it suddenly occurred to some one that no better peace-offering to liberty and equality could be made than the liberation of the imprisoned debtors. A subscription for this purpose was immediately started, and in one hour eight unfortunate men, the sum total of whose debts was £12, New England currency, were set free and bidden to eat, drink, and be merry in the name of liberty, equality, and the rights of man.

At two in the afternoon another procession, made up of the subscribers to the civic feast, marched with much ceremony from the State House to Faneuil Hall. The hall, we are informed, was as beautifully decorated as the season would permit. Over the chair of the President stood an obelisk bearing in front the figure of Liberty. In one hand were her insignia, in the other a symbol representing the Rights of Man, while under her feet were the badges of what was called Civic and Ecclesiastical Despotism—a crown, sceptre, mitre, and chains broken in pieces. Over all was a great eye of Providence, which, it was said, seemed to look benignly down on the scene of Love and Unity. After sunset a transparency was run up

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THE NEWS OF THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

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to the top of the pole in Liberty Square. On one side was painted a rude picture of the ruins of the Bastille; on another was the figure of a prostrate British lion, and under him were the words, "May he never rise till he does so in support of the liberties of mankind."

French republicanism became the craze of the hour. Men and women of sense and judgment were so carried away that their dress, their speech, their daily conduct, were all regulated by French models. In the house of every true republican must now be a flaming cap of liberty, on his hat there must be a French cockade, and in his mouth a jargon as strange as that which, a hundred and fifty years before, had marked his Puritan ancestors. None but an aristocrat would say Miss Jones, Mr. Smith, the Honorable Mr. Brown, the Reverend Mr. White, or speak of the Governor or the President as "His Excellency." Such titles denoted inequality and were offensive to true republican ears, which it was earnestly hoped would soon hear no other terms of salutation or address than Citizen Smith, Citizen Brown, and Citess Jones. For a while it seemed not unlikely that the wish, to some extent, would be gratified, so rapidly did the terms come into daily use. They were to be seen in notices of marriages and deaths, were applied to public and private men, were put on letters, were uttered at public meetings, and were heard on the streets and in the household.

The craze was jeered at, scoffed at, ridiculed in prose and verse, but to no purpose. It spread over the entire country, till in every city and town of importance men were proving their republicanism by calling each other citizen, by attending "civic feasts," and going wild over liberty, equality, and the rights of man. The newspapers of the day abound in examples of every form of the craze. Fault was actually found with the new cents just struck at the mint, because the design on one side was an endless chain of fifteen links, which was offensive to republicans, whose duty it was to break chains. Some women living in a New Jersey town met one day, put on liberty caps, sang republican songs, and ate civic cake. At Philadelphia some truckmen, happening to see a constable taking a sailor to jail, were so affected by the sight of a freeman deprived of his liberty that they left their trucks and hurried to his aid. When told that he was a debtor, they collected four dollars from the crowd, paid his debt, and sent him to a tavern to drink to liberty, equality, and the rights of man.

The republicans of Philadelphia, not to be outdone by those elsewhere, chose for their feast-day the 6th of February, which happened to be the fifteenth anniversary of the signing of the treaty of alliance with France. When the day came the weather was inclement; nevertheless, Governor Mifflin, the officers of the militia, the French minister, the French consul, and some two hundred citizens marched from the State House to a well-known tavern, where "a sumpterous entertainment was provided for them." At the head of the table was a pike with the French and American flags entwined. On the pike was a red liberty cap, and over it a dove and olive branches. Not a tavern, it is said, but had its band of republican rejoicers.

At Savannah the Governor and citizens, all wearing the French cockade, the clergy and the French vice-consul, marched about the streets to the tune of "Ça Ira," and after listening to an oration, sat down to a dinner and drank to the Republic of France, to the French armies, and to the rights of man everywhere.

The joy of these occasions was marred by one regret — no news came from France. As the winter wore away and spring opened, and the books of no coffee-house in any of the seaports could show an entry by a ship-captain from England or France, the eagerness to know something of the state of affairs in Europe became intense. Were England and France at war? Had Louis been imprisoned or exiled? Was Dumouriez still winning victories? These and a score of other like questions were asked of every captain from the West Indies, but never answered till one night in March there appeared in Boston a handbill which read:

"MOMENTOUS ENUNCIATION.

"MERCURY OFFICE, TEN AT NIGHT, THURSDAY, *March 14.*

"At eight o'clock the Editors received information of the arrival of Captain Plummer, in 30 days from Oporto, with Interesting Intelligence. They immediately called on him and received the following particulars, which

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they announce without delay: That just before he sailed an Express arrived with Intelligence of the Beheading of Louis XVI., which positively took place on the latter end of January or beginning of February. That England and Portugal highly resent the transaction, and were determined for a very vigorous war with the French Republic."

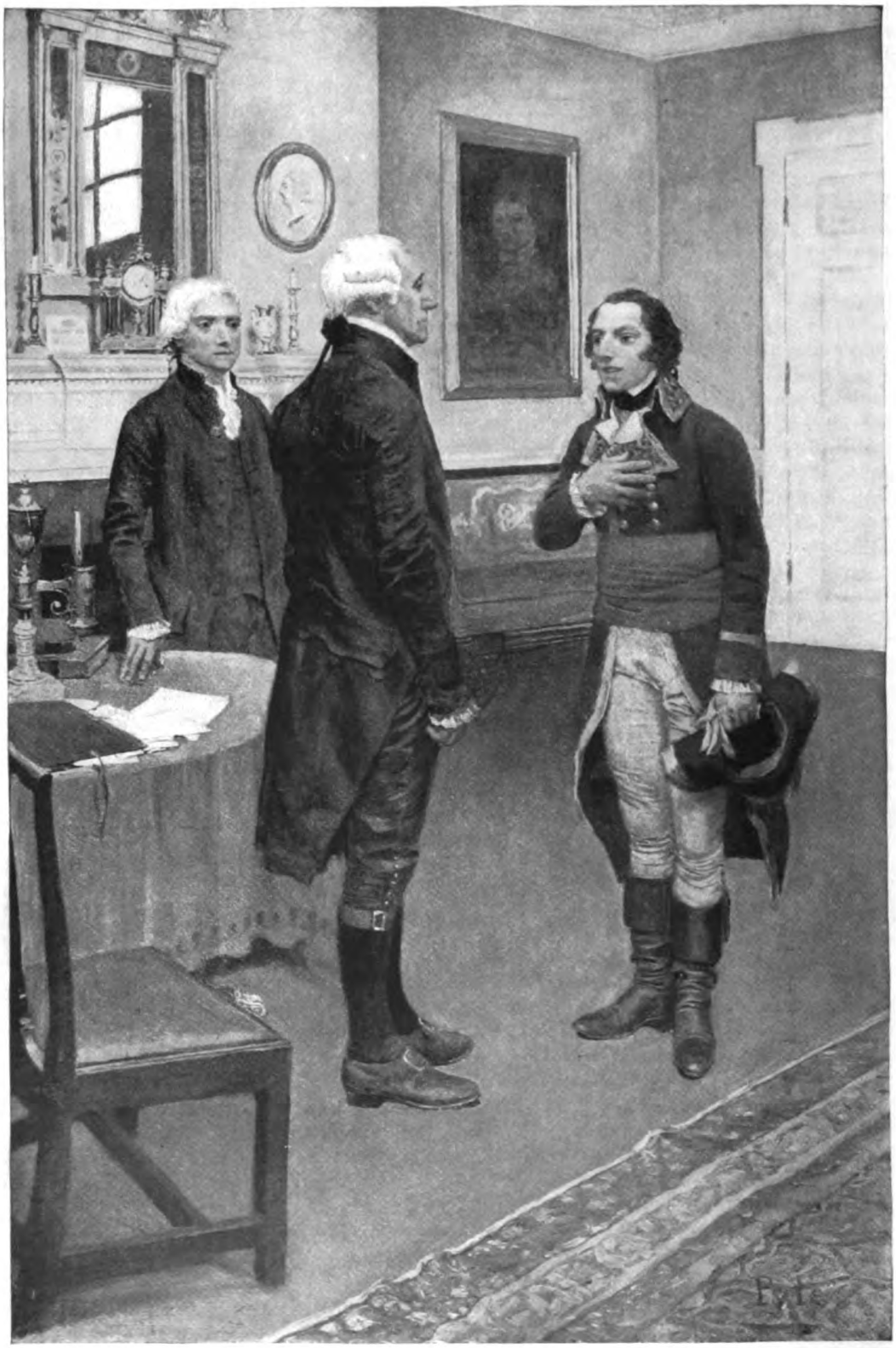
The day after the appearance of this handbill at Boston a ship from Lisbon reached Philadelphia with fuller particulars to the same effect. And now confirmations began to come in fast. Another vessel entered Boston and reported that she had spoken a French ship from Bordeaux and learned from her that the King had been beheaded. Still another, which entered Salem towards the end of March, brought papers from Dublin containing long accounts of the trial and sentence of the King, and of his execution on the Place de la Révolution, January 21, 1793.

All over the country the news was received with divided feelings. At Boston the committee that had provided the ox draped its head, which had been fixed at the top of the liberty pole, with crape, raised the flag to half-mast, and about sunset cut down the pole and flung it, with head and horns, into the dock, "as evidence of the truth of the assertion that the free Americans consider themselves indebted to Louis for their Liberty, and that the news of his execution has given them great pain." At Providence the bells were tolled all the evening; and for a while the poets' corners of the newspapers were filled with "Lines," "Odes," and "Verses on the Decollation of Louis XVI." Against such marks of respect the more ardent democrats protested violently. "Because the French have beheaded their King," it was asked, "because outrages have taken place in Paris, are we to abandon that nation, or condemn the justice of its cause? The transition from slavery to freedom is violent. When ages of abuse have depressed the spirit of man, and he is suddenly awakened from his lethargy by an excess of torture, vengeance will have her way. Take the sufferings of all France for fifty years, and against it in the balance put the life of one man. If the life or happiness of a monarch weighs more than the sufferings of a whole people, then tears may be shed for Louis with reason and justice."

While the moderate republicans were chagrined and disgusted at the violent course the revolution was taking, men engaged in trade and commerce, without regard to party, were alarmed at the prospect of a war between France and Great Britain. Every report that came from abroad foretold it, and what it meant to the United States was dreadful to think of. We had at that time no treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation with Great Britain; but to France we were bound by two treaties, one of amity and commerce and one of alliance, which contained a guarantee of the most binding and serious kind. The alliance was formed in 1778, and the King of France, who was about to take up arms in behalf of the late colonies of Great Britain, promised on his part never to make peace till independence had been secured, and guaranteed to us our sovereignty and independence forever. In return, the United States pledged itself to defend the possessions of the French crown in America, or, in other words, the French West Indian islands.

Should war break out between the republic and England, it seemed not unlikely, if the alliance had any meaning, that our country would be called on to take up arms in the cause of France against our old and bitter enemy, whose troops were still on our soil and whose flag waved over Mackinaw and Detroit. The mere prospect of being dragged into a contest not of their own seeking, and from which nothing but debt, loss of trade and commerce, and financial ruin could result, had been enough to sober the less violent republicans. But when, one day in April, a British packet entered New York with news that war existed, that France had made the declaration against England and Spain, and that a minister from the republic was already on his way to Philadelphia, both the merchants and the administration began to prepare for the worst. Washington, who was at Mount Vernon, hurried back to Philadelphia and summoned his Secretaries for advice. Is it wise, he asked them, to assemble Congress? Shall citizens of the United States be forbidden to meddle in the war? Shall neutrality be declared? Are the treaties made with France when under the King still in force now that she is ruled by a revolutionary government? Does the treaty of alliance apply to an

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CITIZEN GENET FORMALLY PRESENTED TO WASHINGTON.

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offensive as well as to a defensive war? Is France engaged in an offensive war? Shall the minister from the French Republic be received? It was the opinion of the cabinet that Congress need not be called together; that although the country was under no treaty obligations to give England the least consideration, it was policy to be neutral; that as France had made the declaration, she was engaged in offensive war, and could claim no aid under the treaty which created a purely defensive alliance, and that it would be well to receive the French minister when he came.

The decision was made none too soon, for Citizen Genet, the minister in question, had even then been ten days on our shores. He came in the frigate *L'Ambuscade*, landed at Charleston, and was greeted by the Governor, the Intendant, and the people with the greatest enthusiasm. Had he acted as common decency required, he would, with as little delay as possible, have set off for Philadelphia and presented himself before the President and the Secretary of State. But Genet did not act as he should have done. The good-will and enthusiasm displayed on every hand turned his head, and without waiting to present his credentials, before he had been formally recognized by the President, before Washington knew that he was in our country, nay, before it was known that the French Republic had sent out a minister, he exercised powers not belonging to his office, and did things he had absolutely no right whatever to do. The Constitution provides that "the judicial power shall extend to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction," yet Genet had the face to instruct each French consul to act as an admiralty judge and try and condemn prizes brought in by French cruisers and privateers. That as many prizes as possible might be captured, the minister went on to provide privateers, and issued letters of marque to American citizens, and authorized them to prey on the commerce of England and Spain. Finally, he filled out and signed commissions empowering the holders to go into the western country and enlist men for an expedition against Florida.

A French house doing business at Charleston at once raised money enough to buy, arm, and equip as privateers two swift-sailing vessels, and these, named the *Citizen Genet* and the *Sans Culottes*, and manned by American seamen, set sail, with letters of marque, to wage war on home-bound British merchantmen. *L'Ambuscade* went off to Philadelphia a few days later, and then the prizes began to come in for examination. Numbers of merchantmen, richly laden with rum and hides, coffee and cocoa, were sighted and chased by the frigate. Some escaped; others struck and were sent into port in charge of prize-crews. Four went to Charleston, where the French consul promptly condemned and ordered them sold. One came to New York. A sixth followed the frigate as, towards the end of April, she passed between the capes and entered Delaware Bay. Before her, riding at anchor, was the British merchantman *Grange*, waiting for a wind and tide to carry her to sea. The instant he spied her, Citizen Bompard, who commanded the frigate, ran up the English flag, bore down till he was but two miles away, and then sent a solid shot crashing through the rigging of the *Grange*. The Englishman struck, and though the attack had been made on the waters and within the jurisdiction of the United States, she was brought to Philadelphia as a prize. Once more the republicans went wild with delight, and hurried to the river-front to see *L'Ambuscade*, which needed no flags to mark her. Her lines, her sails, the liberty cap which hung from the foremast, the bonnet rouge, and the letters R. F. which adorned the stern and the quarter galleys, and the boastful inscriptions, betrayed her at a glance. On the round top of the foremast were the words, "Enemies of equality, relinquish your principles or tremble." Those on the mainmast read, "Freemen! we are your brothers and friends;" while those on the mizzenmast declared, "We armed to defend the rights of man."

Meantime Genet had left Charleston, and by what resembled a royal progress rather than a journey, was slowly travelling towards Philadelphia. At every town and village on the way, the people came forth to greet and assure him of their deep sympathy for France in her struggles for the rights of man. Town committees overwhelmed him with invitations to civic feasts; farmers offered him flour at half the market rate; addresses were read and speeches made at every turn.

After a journey of nearly four weeks,

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through a section of the country where the people did their best to convince him that the cause of France was the cause of America, Genet began to draw near Philadelphia, where the republicans were determined to give him such a greeting as had been extended to him nowhere else along the route. The true friends of liberty, equality, and the rights of man, it was announced, would begin the reception by meeting the minister from the sister republic without the city limits. In order that ample notice might be given of his approach, men mounted on fast horses would be stationed at points along the road from Wilmington, and when in this manner word of his coming reached the city, Citizen Bompard would announce the fact to the people by firing three guns on the *L'Ambuscade*. On May 16 a rider galloped down the Gray's Ferry Road, the boom of the three guns was heard in the city, hundreds of people flocked to the State House, and marching off to Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill, brought Genet in triumph to town.

Next day the citizens again assembled at the State House to hear an address which a committee had been appointed to prepare the day before. As soon as it was read and unanimously adopted, the suggestion was made that all present should accompany the committee charged with the duty of presenting it. Two citizens were therefore despatched to ask Genet when it would be agreeable for him to receive the address, and came back in a few minutes with the answer, "at once." The committee, with the chairman in front and the crowd marching three abreast in the rear, thereupon went off to the City Tavern, where, amidst shouts and songs, the address of the republican citizens of Philadelphia was read and answered. Congratulations from the German republicans and the French republicans followed; but the event to which he looked forward with the most interest took place on the morrow, when he was formally presented to Washington, and recognized as minister from the French Republic.

To this meeting Genet went in no friendly mood. The proclamation of neutrality had deeply offended him. That the administration should assume such an attitude towards a nation to which the people of the United States were still in debt, to which they were bound by the most solemn treaties, and to which they felt the warmest gratitude for help in the hour of need, was to him a sign of hostility not only to France, but to republican institutions, to liberty, equality, and the rights of man. Nothing else surely than a preference for monarchy could have turned George Washington, the leader of the American armies, the foe of King George, into President Washington proclaiming to all the world that in the ports of the United States no distinction should be made between old enemies and old friends, between monarchists and republicans, between the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of France. Genet found every republican newspaper that came into his hands vigorously denouncing those charged with the affairs of government as monarchists, aristocrats, and friends of England. He heard the proclamation of neutrality condemned as unconstitutional and a gross assumption of power by public meetings and by the leaders of the crowds that came to sing and shout under his windows and around his carriage every day since he landed at Charleston. Long before reaching Philadelphia, therefore, Genet began to draw a sharp distinction between the people of the United States and the government of the United States; and this distinction was intensified by what he saw and experienced at the capital city. Not a high official had paid him the least attention. At the very time the republicans were addressing him the merchants had taken pains to wait on the President with resolutions approving the proclamation of neutrality. When presenting his credentials and receiving recognition the President not only met him with coolness, not only addressed to him some formal remarks, but did so in a room on the walls of which were "certain medallions of Capet and his family." What he was pleased to consider the people, on the other hand, received him with enthusiasm, and gave a dinner in his honor at Oeller's Tavern on the night of the day Washington received him as minister. The decorations were the richest. The repast was the finest. Around the board sat men whose names are not yet forgotten. The toasts, fifteen in number—one for each State—were prepared with great care, and expressed such sentiments as, "May the next generation know despotism from history only;" "The arm of Hercules to those who combat the Hydra

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of despotism;" "May all heads be soon under one cap—that of liberty." When the third toast, "The United States," was given, Citizen Duponceau leaped to his feet, waved a paper in his hand, and read "an elegant ode," written in French, by a young Frenchman named Pichon. Not one in four of those about the table understood a word of it; nevertheless they cheered and shouted, and called on Philip Freneau, the poet, the editor of the *National Gazette*, and translating clerk in the Department of State, to put it into English, and voted that Pichon should be recommended to the attention of Genet. When the applause had subsided, the doors were suddenly flung open and a delegation of sailors entered from *L'Ambuscade*, exchanged the "fraternal hug" with the assembled company, and took the seats that had been reserved for them at the table. Citizen Bournonville now rose and sang the Marseillaise, all present joining in the chorus. When a few more toasts were drunk, Citizen Genet sang:

"Come all ye who in Freedom glory;
Ye Frenchmen, attend at her call;
A noble path's open before ye;
By your hands the despots must fall."

CHORUS.

"Liberty! Liberty! every knee must bow before thee.
Tyrants, beware! your crimes shall punish'd be.
We'll rather die than yield to slavery,
And Frenchmen ever shall be free."

"Ye slaves to tyrannical power,
Come forth with your hearts and your hands;
Sink those who would sink you still lower;
Come join our patriotic bands!"

CHORUS. "Liberty," etc.

"Should France from her lofty station,
From the throne of fair Freedom be hurled,
'Tis done with every other nation,
And Liberty's lost to the world."

CHORUS.

"Liberty! Liberty! be thy name ador'd forever.
Tyrants, beware! your tottering thrones must fall.
One interest links the free together,
And Freedom's sons are Frenchmen all."

As the last toast was announced, the cap of liberty was taken from the table and placed on the head of Genet, whence it passed to the head of each reveller, who, as he put it on, uttered such nonsense as came into his mind.

But the time had now come for more serious matters, and four days after the dinner at Oeller's, Genet opened the most remarkable correspondence in our annals. The total ignorance of our government and institutions which it displays, the insolence of his demands, the offensive and defiant manner in which they are presented, all combine to make his letters unique. He began with an urgent appeal for money. Much of the old debt to France had been paid; $2,300,000, however, still remained due, and this he asked for. It was true, he admitted, that the time fixed for its payment was distant; but the needs of France were great, and if the United States would anticipate the day, every dollar should be spent in this country in the purchase of flour, grain, and provisions to be shipped to France and her West Indian islands. Hamilton replied that the thing was not possible. The Treasury was empty, and even if it were full to overflowing the request could not be granted, as no money could be expended save in accordance with an act of Congress, and that Congress would authorize such an expenditure was far from likely. It would be aiding and abetting France in her struggle with a power at peace with the United States, and would be a wanton violation of the proclamation of neutrality. The mention of that proclamation threw Genet into a passion, and while still angry he informed the Secretary that his purpose should not be defeated, that the debt should serve his turn, and be assigned piecemeal to such men as would sell him provisions and supplies. Genet next turned to the Secretary of State, and sent to him a long paper, written in florid language, and proposing a new treaty of alliance which should be "a true family compact" on a "liberal and fraternal basis." Jefferson reminded him that no treaty could be made without the sanction of the Senate, which was not then in session, and would not be until December, and received in return an answer to a note from the English minister. The document had been received while Genet was on his way from Charleston to Philadelphia, and complained that guns and ammunition were being purchased and sent to France; that ships had been fitted out at Charleston, manned by American sailors, and commissioned to cruise against Great Britain; that a British vessel taken by a French cruiser had been condemned by the French consul at Charleston; and that *L'Ambuscade* had

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captured the *Grange* within the jurisdiction of the United States. All these things Genet admitted were true. The *Grange* had been seized, but he had given her up. A French house at Charleston did fit out some privateers, and he commissioned them; but his right so to do had been first submitted to the Governor of South Carolina, and with General Moultrie's approval, the ships put to sea. Some Americans went along as sailors, but he knew no reason why they should not. The consul at Charleston had condemned and sold a prize; but why not? The treaty was all on his side. Was it not specified that the contracting parties might bring prizes into each other's ports? Did not this include the right to sell and condemn them? According to the treaty neither party was to allow the enemies of the other to fit out privateers on its waters. Did not this imply that either might use the ports of the other for privateering purposes? What was the value of the alliance if France was to receive no better treatment than her enemy, Great Britain? As to the American sailors who, moved by a love of liberty and the rights of man, had taken service on French ships, they must be considered to have given up citizenship of the United States for the time being, and to have become sons of France.

These peculiar views of the alliance, of neutrality, of the rights of consuls, of privateering and naturalization, were not shared by Washington, who had already acted in a way most offensive to the "Genetines," as the republicans were called. One of the Charleston privateers, the *Citizen Genet*, with two Americans (Gideon Henfield and John Singleterry) on board, had sailed up the Delaware and anchored off the Market Street wharf. Both the friends and the opponents of the administration regarded her presence in American waters as presenting a test case, and waited with no little anxiety for the President to act. Should he do nothing, his proclamation of neutrality was a dead letter; should he act vigorously, it remained to be seen whether the Genetines would not act also and defeat his purpose; but to declare neutrality and not enforce it was so far from the intention of Washington that, before the *Citizen Genet* had been many days in the Delaware, the French minister was called on to send her without the jurisdiction of the United States, and Henfield and Singleterry were arrested and indicted for making war on a power at peace with the United States. Their arrest called forth from Genet a note written to Jefferson with all the fervor of a Jacobin orator.

The Genetines, too, grew angry, paraded the streets in bands denouncing neutrality, damning Washington, and declaring that they would force the government to declare war on Great Britain. John Adams, who was then Vice-President, considered these demonstrations so serious that he ordered muskets to be taken into his house by the back door, for he was determined to defend himself, he said, to the last. Happily the excitement went down, and the republicans decided to give another dinner to Genet as an especial and public mark of contempt for the President and his policy. The price of each ticket was four dollars, and so many were sold that tables were laid for a company of two hundred, which was all Oeller's Tavern, or "Hotel," as the republicans now called it, could accommodate. After the jollity had gone on for some time, Genet, who sat in the place of honor, with a red liberty cap before him, rose and sang the Marseillaise Hymn in French, and added two stanzas of his own composition. When he finished, the shouting and cheering were so tremendous that Citizen Duponceau sang the hymn in English. But the scene of the evening occurred while the fourth song was being sung. Then the republican spirit swelled high, and the whole company rising, clasped hands around the liberty cap, and made the ceiling ring as they shouted—

"Rejoice, ye Patriot Sons,
With festive mirth and glee!
Let all join hands around the cap of Liberty,
And in full chorus join the song,
May France ne'er want a Washington!"

When the last toast was drunk to, the cap was placed on the head of Genet, whence it travelled in the usual fashion to the head of each guest, inspiring him "with that enthusiasm and those feelings which baffle description, which freemen only can conceive, and of which slaves and despots cannot have the most distant comprehension!"

Other and more serious marks of the popular disapproval of the policy of Washington were not wanting. The *Citizen Genet* sent a British vessel as a prize

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to Philadelphia, where the French consul condemned her. The English owners of course libelled her; but when the case was tried in the Federal court, the judge declared that the matter was of a political, not a judicial kind, and discharged the libel. Shortly after this Gideon Henfield was brought to the bar. A plainer case of guilt could not have been presented. Much as the judge disliked it, he felt compelled to give a positive charge; but the jury promptly returned a verdict of not guilty. One day in July the Warden of the Port of Philadelphia notified Governor Mifflin that the *Little Sarah*, a prize sent in by *L'Ambuscade*, had been renamed *Petite Démocrate*, and was fast becoming a privateer. As the President had called on all the Governors to do their utmost to prevent privateers leaving the ports of their States, Mifflin despatched Alexander J. Dallas, his Secretary of State, at midnight, to request Genet to keep the *Little Sarah* in port. Dallas found him discussing politics with his friends, and had scarcely made known the object of his call when Genet flew into a passion, and complained in strong terms and with many angry epithets of the treatment he received. He observed that the President was not the sovereign of the country, and could neither make war nor peace; that Congress was the only body that could interpret the treaty, and that Washington ought to have assembled Congress before venturing to issue a proclamation of neutrality. After running on in this way for a time, Dallas ventured to recall Genet's attention to the object of his visit. But he refused to give any promise, declared he would appeal from the President to the people, and said he hoped no attempt would be made to stop the *Little Democrat*, as she belonged to the French Republic, must defend the honor of her flag, and would surely repel force by force.

Dallas went back with an account of the interview to Mifflin, who instantly ordered out 120 militiamen, and bade their commander prevent the departure of the privateer. When Jefferson heard what had been said to Dallas, he also called on Genet and begged him to detain the *Petite Démocrate* for three days, by which time it was hoped Washington would have returned from Mount Vernon. Genet refused to give a promise, but observed that the brig would not be ready to sail before Wednesday. Jefferson understood this to be a diplomatic way of saying that she would be detained, and on the strength of it persuaded Mifflin, a great admirer of Genet, to recall the troops; whereupon the *Petite Démocrate* dropped down the Delaware and went to sea. "What," wrote Washington to Jefferson, "is to be done in the case of the *Little Sarah*? Is the minister of the French Republic to set the acts of this government at defiance with impunity, and then threaten the Executive with an appeal to the people?" The threat of an appeal soon leaked out. Dallas reported it to Hamilton and Knox; they told it to the Chief Justice, John Jay, and to Rufus King, who repeated it to others, who spread it far and wide. That such an insolent speech could have been made seemed so impossible that when Jay and Knox returned to New York they were asked if it were true, and on their positive assurance that it was, the friends of Washington made the story public through the press. The republicans entered a flat denial, and called for the names of the black-hearted Americans and aristocrats who fabricated so base a falsehood. Thereupon Jay and King came forward, and over their signatures assumed all responsibility, said that the story was told them while in Philadelphia, and that they believed every word of it to be true. Many republicans, convinced by the respectability of the names at the foot of the card, began to make excuses for Genet. He was a foreigner, English was not his native tongue, and much allowance must be made for his use of words. He had been angry. He came of a high-spirited race, and, excited beyond endurance by the treatment accorded him by the government, he let fall the remark of which his enemies were making so much. By the people he might mean Congress, or those who interpreted the treaty as he did. Excuses were in vain. Genet was his own worst enemy, and, smarting under the indignation of the people over his insult to the President, he sat down and dashed off a letter to Washington. He began by reminding the President that his conduct had always been marked with true republican frankness. "To you alone," said he, "have I complained of the principles you have adopted, and remonstrated against the decisions resulting therefrom.

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To you alone have I declared that the Federal government, far from manifesting any regard for our generous conduct towards this country, or for our reiterated demonstrations of our real and disinterested friendship, was sacrificing our interests to those of our enemies by your interpretations of treaties that exist between us. To you have I presented without reserve that this conduct did not appear to correspond with the views of the people of America. Nevertheless, certain persons, actuated by purposes which time will develop, have descended to personal abuse. They have publicly stated that I insulted you, and that I have threatened you with an appeal to the people. It is now necessary to dispel these dark calumnies, and I dare therefore to expect from your candor an explicit declaration that I have never intimated to you an intention of appealing to the people." Three days later he received a cold reply from Jefferson. The Secretary of State reminded him that it was not customary for diplomatic characters residing at Philadelphia to hold direct correspondence with the President; told him that the Secretary of State was the proper channel; and then went on to say that "the President did not conceive it to be within the line of duty to bear evidence against a declaration which, whether made to him or to others, was perhaps immaterial, and declined interposing in the case."

This correspondence was made public, and everywhere aroused a feeling of intense disgust for Genet. Madison, in a letter to Monroe, declared that "his conduct has been that of a madman. He is abandoned by his votaries, even in Philadelphia. He has ruined the republican interest in that place." In Virginia the feeling was so bitter that Madison attempted to induce the people to discriminate between the French minister and the French cause, and drew up a set of resolutions which he sent to his friends all over the State with the request to have them adopted at public meetings. Governor Moultrie, of South Carolina, wrote to Genet and told him plainly that he had given great offence to many warm friends of France. "Through the medium of northern newspapers," said the Governor, "we in this State have been informed that a dispute has taken place between the President and yourself on some point relating to a prize, and that you said you would appeal to the people. This has given great offence to many real friends of France, as it insults a character highly respected by his country independent of the station which he fills, and induces me to ask for an exact relation of what did happen in the dispute, if you had any." In place of the exact relation asked for, Governor Moultrie received a long and rambling letter from Genet denouncing the authors of the falsehood, declaring that he should appeal to Congress for an examination of his official acts, expressing his esteem for the American people, and ending with the hope that "the brave General Moultrie would never regret having been the first American to recognize the envoy of the French Republic."

Warnings and expostulations were useless. Genet was bent on ruining himself, and rushed on to destruction. Early in the autumn an English vessel taken within the jurisdiction of the United States by a French privateer, and sent to Boston as a prize, was libelled on the ground of illegal capture, and a United States marshal was sent to serve the writ. It was nine o'clock at night as he clambered up the side of the vessel and found on board but one man, who hailed the French frigate *La Concorde*, riding at anchor near by, and brought over the prize-master and the lieutenant. When the marshal stated his business the lieutenant laughed at him, denied that a writ could be served after sunset, and went back to *La Concorde*. The marshal, however, remained, and about an hour later was surprised to see twelve armed French marines board the prize, weigh anchor, and row her to a position under the guns of *La Concorde*. At midnight Citizen Duplaine, the French vice-consul, visited the ship, and told the marshal that the prize-master would hold her against all odds, and he did for three days. Then the frigate put to sea, and the marshal, getting assistance from Boston, drew the schooner to the wharf. So defiant an act of interference with the Federal courts richly deserved a signal punishment, and Washington at once revoked the *exequatur* of Duplaine. Citizen Dannery, the consul, protested; and Genet, burning with anger, proceeded to enlighten Jefferson on the principles of our government. "I have," he wrote, "just received the dismissal of Citizen Duplaine, vice-consul at

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Boston, and hasten to declare to you that I do not acknowledge its validity. The Constitution of the United States does not give the President the power to do such an act. Consular powers can only be recalled by the sovereign of the agent, or by the sovereign to which the agent is sent. In governments like ours political affairs can only be judged by political bodies, and if the vice-consul Duplaine has infringed the particular laws of Massachusetts, or the general laws of the Union, to Massachusetts belongs the cognizance of the crime against the majority of the nation, and it is for her officers to announce it to the Federal government, in order that the agent may be punished by his sovereign. I do not recollect what the worm-eaten writings of Grotius, Puffendorf, and Vattel say on the subject. I thank God I have forgotten what these hired jurisprudists have written on the rights of nations; but the fundamental points of your liberty and our own are engraved on my memory, and I demand of you, sir, to ask the President to procure an examination by the Legislature of the sovereign people of Massachusetts." But Genet had now run his course; his conduct had long been past all endurance, and in August Jefferson bade our minister to the French Republic request that he be recalled. The letter told the story of his peculiar views of international law, of his many acts of defiance, of his attempt to separate the government and the people, and of his insolence to the President. A copy was of course sent to Genet, and made him boil with rage. In the note which he now addressed to Jefferson he surpassed every previous effort.

The federalists were vilified, the Secretary was abused, and the President arraigned on eight charges. Washington "had been in a hurry" to proclaim neutrality before knowing what was to be communicated to him on behalf of the French Republic. At the first audience not a word of congratulation on the success of the French revolution, not so much as a compliment had escaped his lips. He "decorated his parlor with certain medallions of Capet and his family which served at Paris as signals of rallying"; he had "taken it on himself to give to the treaties arbitrary interpretations absolutely at variance with their true meaning." What sort of a minister the President wanted was easy to discern. He wanted not a democratic ambassador, but a diplomat of the ancient regimen, who preferred to the society of good farmers and honest artisans that of distinguished persons who speculated in the public funds. Genet continued to trouble Jefferson and the public with his notes, but on the arrival of his successor, in February, 1794, he fell at once from notice.



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PALEONTOLOGICAL PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

EVER since Leonardo da Vinci first recognized the true character of fossils, there had been here and there a man who realized that the earth's rocky crust is one gigantic mausoleum. Here and there a dilettante had filled his cabinets with relics from this monster crypt; here and there a philosopher had pondered over them — questioning whether perchance they once had been alive, or whether they were not mere abortive souvenirs of that time when the fertile matrix of the earth was supposed to have

> "teemed at a birth
> Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
> Limbed and full-grown."

Some few of these philosophers—as Robert Hooke and Steno in the seventeenth century, and Moro, Leibnitz, Buffon, Whitehurst, Werner, Hutton, and others in the eighteenth—had vaguely conceived the importance of fossils as records of the earth's ancient history, but the wisest of them no more suspected the full import of the story written in the rocks than the average stroller in a modern museum suspects the meaning of the hieroglyphs inscribed on the case of a mummy.

It was not that the rudiments of this story are so very hard to decipher—though in truth they are hard enough—but rather that the men who made the attempt had all along viewed the subject through an atmosphere of preconception, which gave a distorted image. Before this image could be corrected it was necessary that a man should appear who could see without prejudice, and apply sound common-sense to what he saw. And such a man did appear toward the close of the century in the person of William Smith, the English surveyor. He was a self-taught man, and perhaps the more independent for that, and he had the gift, besides his sharp eyes and receptive mind, of a most tenacious memory. By exercising these faculties, rare as they are homely, he led the way to a science which was destined, in its later developments, to shake the structure of established thought to its foundations.

Little enough did William Smith suspect, however, that any such dire consequences were to come of his act when he first began noticing the fossil shells that here and there are to be found in the stratified rocks and soils of the regions over which his surveyor's duties led him. Nor, indeed, was there anything of such apparent revolutionary character in the facts which he unearthed; yet in their implications these facts were the most disconcerting of any that had been revealed since the day of Copernicus and Galileo. In its bald essence Smith's discovery was simply this: that the fossils in the rocks, instead of being scattered haphazard, are arranged in regular systems, so that any given stratum of rock is labelled by its fossil population; and that the order of succession of such groups of fossils is always the same in any vertical series of strata in which they occur. That is to say, if fossil A underlies fossil B in any given region, it never overlies it in any other series; though a kind of fossils found in one set of strata may be quite omitted in another. Moreover, a fossil once having disappeared never reappears in any later stratum.

From these novel facts Smith drew the common-sense inference that the earth had had successive populations of creatures, each of which in its turn had become extinct. He partially verified this inference by comparing the fossil shells with existing species of similar orders, and found that such as occur in older strata of the rocks had no counterparts among living species. But on the whole, being eminently a practical man, Smith troubled himself but little about the inferences that might be drawn from his facts. He was chiefly concerned in using the key he had discovered as an aid to the construction of the first geological map of England ever attempted, and he left to others the untangling of any snarls of thought that might seem to arise from his discovery of the succession of varying forms of life on the globe.

He disseminated his views far and wide, however, in the course of his journeyings —quite disregarding the fact that peripatetics went out of fashion when the printing-press came in—and by the beginning of our century he had begun to have a following among the geologists of England. It must not for a moment be sup-

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GEORGES CUVIER.

posed, however, that his contention regarding the succession of strata met with immediate or general acceptance. On the contrary, it was most bitterly antagonized. For a long generation after the discovery was made, the generality of men, prone as always to strain at gnats and swallow camels, preferred to believe that the fossils, instead of being deposited in successive ages, had been swept all at once into their present positions by the current of a mighty flood—and that flood, needless to say, the Noachian deluge. Just how the numberless successive strata could have been laid down in orderly sequence to the depth of several miles in one such fell cataclysm was indeed puzzling, especially after it came to be admitted that the heaviest fossils were not found always at the bottom; but to doubt that this had been done in some way was rank heresy in the early days of our century.

II.

But once discovered, William Smith's unique facts as to the succession of forms in the rocks would not down. There was one most vital point, however, regarding which the inferences that seem to follow from these facts needed verification—the question, namely, whether the disappearance of a fauna from the register in the rocks really implies the extinction of that fauna. Everything really depended upon the answer to that question, and none but an accomplished naturalist could answer it with authority. Fortunately the most authoritative naturalist of the time, Georges Cuvier, took the question in hand—not, indeed, with the idea of verifying any suggestion of Smith's, but in the course of his own original studies—at the very beginning of the century, when Smith's views were first attracting general attention.

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Cuvier and Smith were exact contemporaries, both men having been born in 1769, that "fertile year" which gave the world also Châteaubriand, von Humboldt, Wellington, and Napoleon. But the French naturalist was of very different antecedents from the English surveyor. He was brilliantly educated, had early gained recognition as a scientist, and while yet a young man had come to be known as the foremost comparative anatomist of his time. It was the anatomical studies that led him into the realm of fossils. Some bones dug out of the rocks by workmen in a quarry were brought to his notice, and at once his trained eye told him that they were different from anything he had seen before. Hitherto, such bones, when not entirely ignored, had been for the most part ascribed to giants of former days, or even to fallen angels. Cuvier soon showed that neither giants nor angels were in question, but elephants of an unrecognized species. Continuing his studies, particularly with material gathered from gypsum beds near Paris, he had accumulated, by the beginning of our century, bones of about twenty-five species of animals that he believed to be different from any now living on the globe.

The fame of these studies went abroad, and presently fossil bones poured in from all sides, and Cuvier's conviction that extinct forms of animals are represented among the fossils was sustained by the evidence of many strange and anomalous forms, some of them of gigantic size. In 1816 the famous *Ossements Fossiles*, describing these novel objects, was published, and vertebrate paleontology became a science. Among other things of great popular interest the book contained the first authoritative description of the hairy elephant, named by Cuvier the mammoth, the remains of which had been found embedded in a mass of ice in Siberia in 1802, so wonderfully preserved that the dogs of the Tungusian fishermen actually ate its flesh. Bones of the same species had been found in Siberia several years before by the naturalist Pallas, who had also found the carcass of a rhinoceros there, frozen in a mud bank; but no one then suspected that these were members of an extinct population—they were supposed to be merely transported relics of the flood.

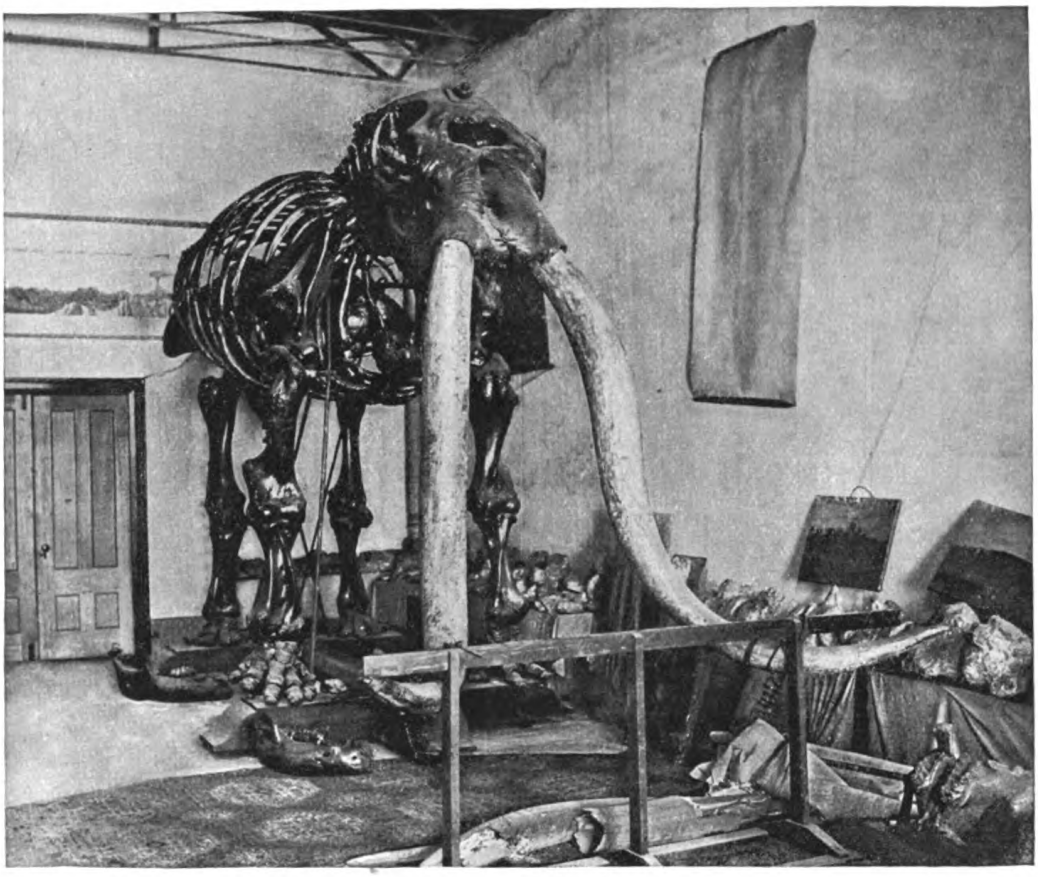
Cuvier, on the other hand, asserted that these and the other creatures he described had lived and died in the region where their remains were found, and that most of them have no living representatives upon the globe. This, to be sure, was nothing more than William Smith had tried all along to establish regarding lower forms of life; but great monsters appeal to the imagination in a way quite beyond the power of mere shells; so the announcement of Cuvier's discoveries aroused the interest of the entire world, and the *Ossements Fossiles* was accorded a popular reception seldom given a work of technical science—a reception in which the enthusiastic approval of progressive geologists was mingled with the bitter protests of the conservatives.

In England the interest thus aroused was sent to fever-heat in 1821 by the discovery of abundant beds of fossil bones in the stalagmite-covered floor of a cave at Kirkdale, Yorkshire, which went to show that England too had once had her share of gigantic beasts. Dr. Buckland, the incumbent of the recently established chair of geology at Oxford, and the most authoritative English geologist of the day, took these finds in hand and showed that the bones belonged to a number of species, including such alien forms as elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and hyenas. He maintained that all of these creatures had actually lived in Britain, and that the caves in which their bones were found had been the dens of hyenas.

The claim was hotly disputed as a matter of course. As late as 1827 books were published denouncing Buckland, Doctor of Divinity though he was, as one who had joined in an "unhallowed cause," and reiterating the old cry that the fossils were only remains of tropical species washed thither by the deluge. That they were found in solid rocks or in caves offered no difficulty, at least not to the fertile imagination of Granville Penn, the leader of the conservatives, who clung to the old idea of Woodward and Cattcut that the deluge had dissolved the entire crust of the earth to a paste, into which the relics now called fossils had settled. The caves, said Mr. Penn, are merely the result of gases given off by the carcasses during decomposition—great air-bubbles, so to speak, in the pasty mass becoming caverns when the waters receded and the paste hardened to rocky consistency.

But these and such like fanciful views

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THE WARREN MASTODON, FOUND NEAR NEWBURG, ON THE HUDSON.

were doomed even in the day of their utterance. Already in 1823 other gigantic creatures, christened ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus by Conybeare, had been found in deeper strata of British rocks; and these, as well as other monsters whose remains were unearthed in various parts of the world, bore such strange forms that even the most sceptical could scarcely hope to find their counterparts among living creatures. Cuvier's contention that all the larger vertebrates of the existing age are known to naturalists was borne out by recent explorations, and there seemed no refuge from the conclusion that the fossil records tell of populations actually extinct. But if this were admitted, then Smith's view that there have been successive rotations of population could no longer be denied. Nor could it be in doubt that the successive faunas, whose individual remains have been preserved in myriads, representing extinct species by thousands and tens of thousands, must have required vast periods of time for the production and growth of their countless generations.

As these facts came to be generally known, and as it came to be understood in addition that the very matrix of the rock in which fossils are embedded is in many cases itself one gigantic fossil, composed of the remains of microscopic forms of life, common-sense, which, after all, is the final tribunal, came to the aid of belabored science. It was conceded that the only tenable interpretation of the record in the rocks is that numerous populations of creatures, distinct from one another and from present forms, have risen and passed away; and that the geologic ages in which these creatures lived were of inconceivable length. The rank and file came thus, with the aid of fossil records, to realize the import of an idea which James Hutton, and here and there another thinker, had conceived with the swift intuition of genius long before the science of paleon-

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THE SKULL, LACKING THE LOWER JAW, OF EOBASILEUS CORNUTUS, COPE.

tology came into existence. The Huttonian proposition that time is long had been abundantly established, and by about the close of the first third of our century geologists had begun to speak of "ages" and "untold æons of time" with a familiarity which their predecessors had reserved for days and decades.

III.

And now a new question pressed for solution. If the earth has been inhabited by successive populations of beings now extinct, how have all these creatures been destroyed? That question, however, seemed to present no difficulties. It was answered out of hand by the application of an old idea. All down the centuries, whatever their varying phases of cosmogonic thought, there had been ever present the idea that past times were not as recent times; that in remote epochs the earth had been the scene of awful catastrophes that have no parallel in "these degenerate days." Naturally enough this thought, embalmed in every cosmogonic speculation of whatever origin, was appealed to in explanation of the destruction of these hitherto unimagined hosts, which now, thanks to science, rose from their abysmal slumber as incontestable, but also as silent and as thought-provocative, as Sphinx or pyramid. These ancient hosts, it was said, have been exterminated at intervals of odd millions of years by the recurrence of catastrophes of which the Mosaic deluge is the latest, but perhaps not the last.

This explanation had fullest warrant of scientific authority. Cuvier had prefaced his classical work with a speculative disquisition whose very title (*Discours sur les Révolutions du Globe*) is ominous of catastrophism, and whose text fully sustains the augury. And Buckland, Cuvier's foremost follower across

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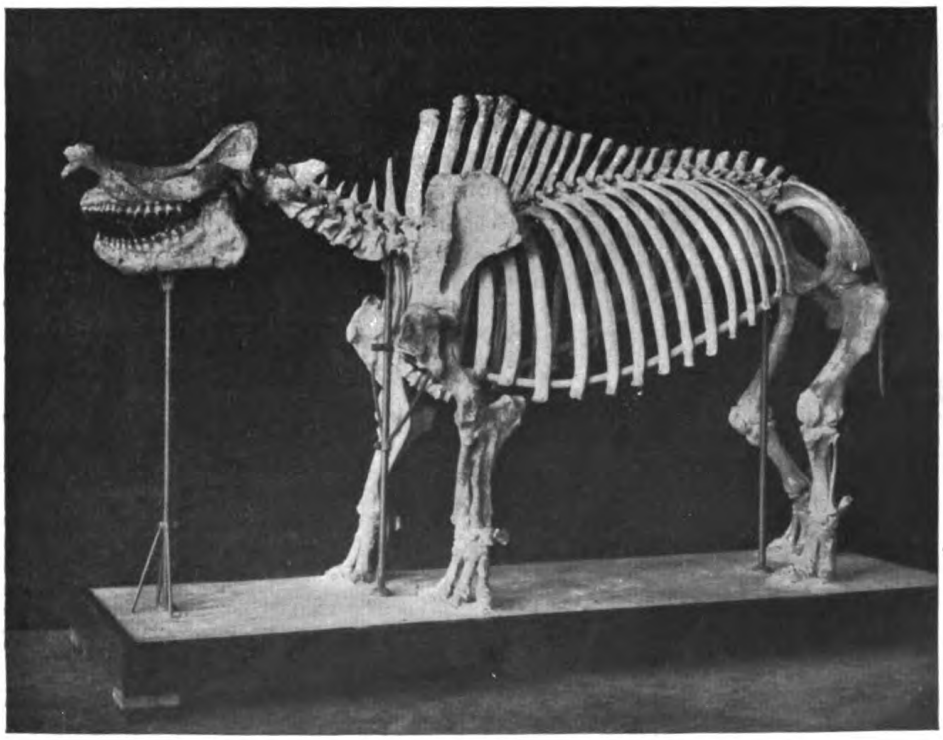
the Channel, had gone even beyond the master, naming the work in which he described the Kirkdale fossils, *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ, or Proofs of a Universal Deluge.* Both these authorities supposed the creatures whose remains they studied to have perished suddenly in the mighty flood whose awful current, as they supposed, gouged out the modern valleys, and hurled great blocks of granite broadcast over the land. And they invoked similar floods for the extermination of previous populations.

It is true these scientific citations had met with only qualified approval at the time of their utterance, because then the conservative majority of mankind did not concede that there had been a plurality of populations or revolutions; but now that the belief in past geologic ages had ceased to be a heresy, the recurring catastrophes of the great paleontologists were accepted with acclaim. For the moment science and tradition were at one, and there was a truce to controversy, except indeed in those outlying skirmish-lines of thought whither news from headquarters does not permeate till it has become ancient history at its source.

The truce, however, was not for long. Hardly had contemporary thought begun to adjust itself to the conception of past ages of incomprehensible extent, each terminated by a catastrophe of the Noachian type, when a man appeared who made the utterly bewildering assertion that the geological record, instead of proving numerous catastrophic revolutions in the earth's past history, gives no warrant to the pretensions of any universal catastrophe whatever, near or remote.

This iconoclast was Charles Lyell, the Scotchman, who was soon to be famous as the greatest geologist of his time. As a young man he had become imbued with the force of the Huttonian proposition, that present causes are one with those that produced the past changes of the globe, and he carried that idea to what he conceived to be its logical conclusion. To his mind this excluded the thought of catastrophic changes in either inorganic or organic worlds.

But to deny catastrophism was to suggest a revolution in current thought. Needless to say such revolution could not be effected without a long contest. For a score of years the matter was argued pro and con, often with most unscientific ardor. A mere outline of the contro-



TITANOTHERE FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.
In the American Museum of Natural History.

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versy would fill a volume; yet the essential facts with which Lyell at last established his proposition, in its bearings on the organic world, may be epitomized in few words. The evidence which seems to tell of past revolutions is the apparently sudden change of fossils from one stratum to another of the rocks. But Lyell showed that this change is not always complete. Some species live on from one alleged epoch into the next. By no means all the contemporaries of the mammoth are extinct, and numerous marine forms vastly more ancient still have living representatives.

Moreover, the blanks between strata in any particular vertical series are amply filled in with records in the form of thick strata in some geographically distant series. For example, in some regions Silurian rocks are directly overlaid by the coal measures; but elsewhere this sudden break is filled in with the Devonian rocks that tell of a great "age of fishes." So commonly are breaks in the strata in one region filled up in another, that we are forced to conclude that the record shown by any single vertical series is of but local significance—telling, perhaps, of a time when that particular sea-bed oscillated above the water-line, and so ceased to receive sediment until some future age when it had oscillated back again. But if this be the real significance of the seemingly sudden change from stratum to stratum, then the whole case for catastrophism is hopelessly lost; for such breaks in the strata furnish the only suggestion geology can offer of sudden and catastrophic changes of wide extent.

When evidence from widely separated regions is gathered, said Lyell, it becomes clear that the numberless species that have been exterminated in the past have died out one by one, just as individuals of a species die, not in vast shoals; if whole populations have passed away, it has been not by instantaneous extermination, but by the elimination of a species now here now there, much as one generation succeeds another in the life history of any single species. The causes which have brought about such gradual exterminations, and in the long lapse of ages have resulted in rotations of population, are the same natural causes that are still in operation. Species have died out in the past as they are dying out in the present, under influence of changed surroundings, such as altered climate, or the migration into their territory of more masterful species. Past and present causes are one—natural law is changeless and eternal.

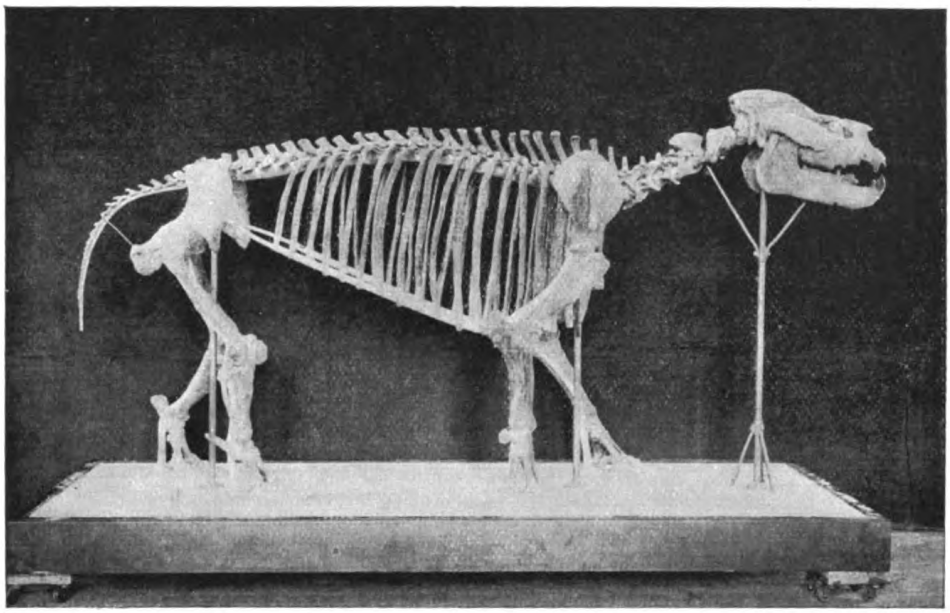
Such was the essence of the Huttonian doctrine, which Lyell adopted and extended, and with which his name will always be associated. Largely through his efforts, though of course not without the aid of many other workers after a time, this idea—the doctrine of uniformitarianism, it came to be called—became the accepted dogma of the geologic world not long after the middle of our century. The catastrophists, after clinging madly to their phantom for a generation, at last capitulated without terms; the old heresy became the new orthodoxy, and the way was paved for a fresh controversy.

IV.

The fresh controversy followed quite as a matter of course. For the idea of catastrophism had not concerned the destruction of species merely, but their introduction as well. If whole faunas had been extirpated suddenly, new faunas had presumably been introduced with equal suddenness by special creation; but if species die out gradually, the introduction of new species may be presumed to be correspondingly gradual. Then may not the new species of a later geological epoch be the modified lineal descendants of the extinct population of an earlier epoch?

The idea that such might be the case was not new. It had been suggested when fossils first began to attract conspicuous attention; and such sagacious thinkers as Buffon and Kant and Goethe and Erasmus Darwin had been disposed to accept it in the closing days of the eighteenth century. Then, in 1809, it had been contended for by one of the early workers in systematic paleontology, Jean Baptiste Lamarck, who had studied the fossil shells about Paris while Cuvier studied the vertebrates, and who had been led by these studies to conclude that there had been not merely a rotation but a progression of life on the globe. He found the fossil shells—the fossils of invertebrates, as he himself had christened them—in deeper strata than Cuvier's vertebrates; and he believed that there had been long ages when no higher forms than these were in existence, and that in

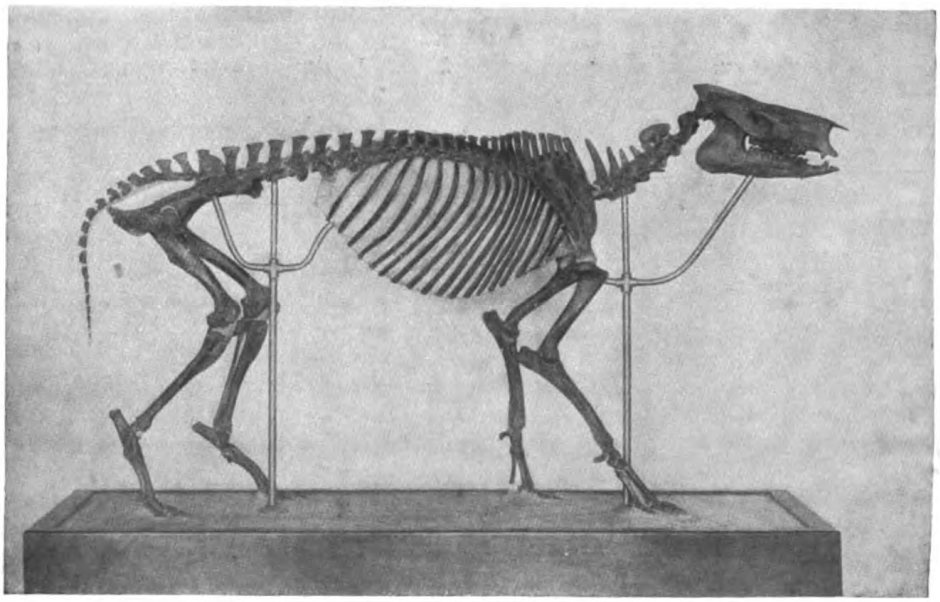
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METAMYNODON, OR SWIMMING RHINOCEROS, FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

successive ages fishes, and then reptiles, had been the highest of animate creatures, before mammals, including man, appeared. Looking beyond the pale of his bare facts, as genius sometimes will, he had insisted that these progressive populations had developed one from another, under influence of changed surroundings, in unbroken series.

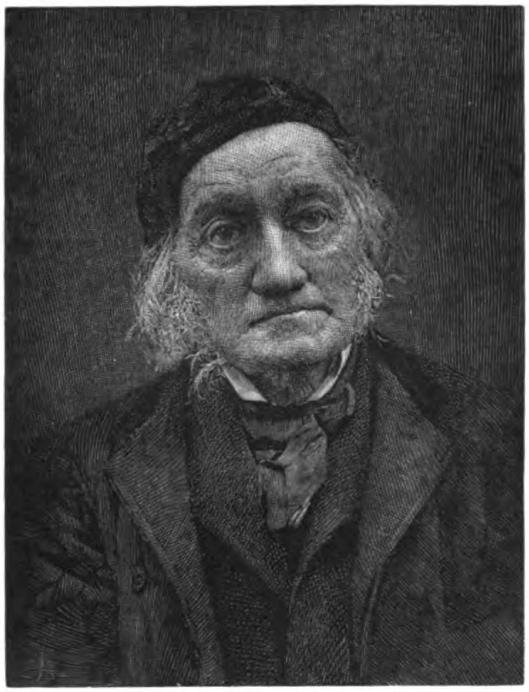
Of course such a thought as this was hopelessly misplaced in a generation that doubted the existence of extinct species, and hardly less so in the generation that accepted catastrophism; but it had been kept alive by here and there an advocate like Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, and now the banishment of catastrophism opened the way for its more respectful con-



HYRACHYUS, OR RUNNING RHINOCEROS, FROM SOUTHERN WYOMING.

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sideration. Respectful consideration was given it by Lyell in each recurring edition of his *Principles*, but such consideration led to its unqualified rejection. In its place Lyell put forward a modified hypothesis of special creation. He assumed that from time to time, as the extirpation of a species had left room, so to speak, for a new species, such new species had been created *de novo;* and he supposed that such intermittent, spasmodic impulses of creation manifest themselves nowadays quite as frequently as at any time in the past. He did not say in so many words that no one need be surprised to-day were he to see a new species of deer, for example, come up out of the ground before him,



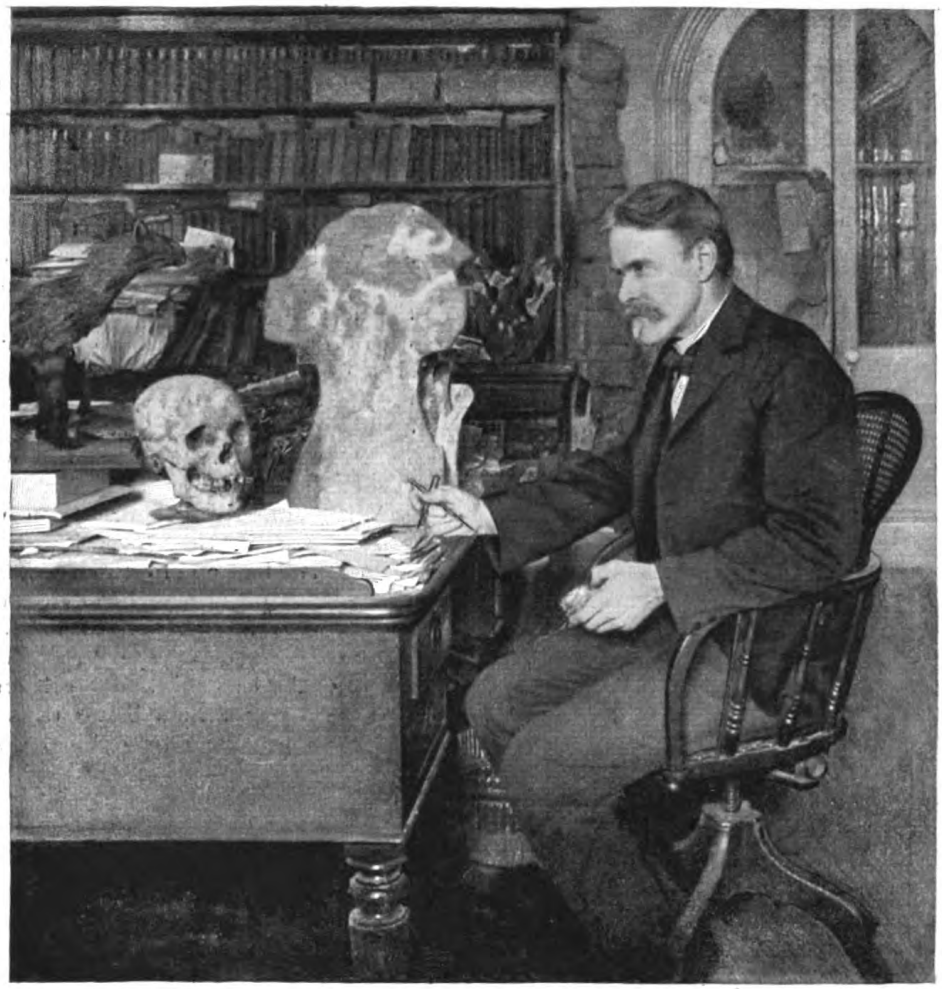
SIR RICHARD OWEN.

"pawing to get free," like Milton's lion, but his theory implied as much. And that theory, let it be noted, was not the theory of Lyell alone, but of nearly all his associates in the geologic world. There is perhaps no other fact that will bring home to one so vividly the advance in thought of our own generation as the recollection that so crude, so almost unthinkable a conception could have been the current doctrine of science less than half a century ago.

This theory of special creation, moreover, excluded the current doctrine of uniformitarianism as night excludes day, though most thinkers of the time did not seem to be aware of the incompatibility of the two ideas. It may be doubted whether even Lyell himself fully realized it. If he did, he saw no escape from the dilemma, for it seemed to him that the record in the rocks clearly disproved the alternative Lamarckian hypothesis. And almost with one accord the paleontologists of the time sustained the verdict. Owen, Agassiz, Falconer, Barrande, Pictet, Forbes, repudiated the idea as unqualifiedly as their great predecessor Cuvier had done in the earlier generation. Some of them did, indeed, come to believe that there is evidence of a progressive development of life in the successive ages, but no such graded series of fossils had been discovered as would give countenance to the idea that one species had ever been transformed into another. And to nearly every one this objection seemed insuperable.

But now in 1859 appeared a book which, though not dealing primarily with paleontology, yet contained a chapter that revealed the geological record in an altogether new light. The book was Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species*, the chapter that wonderful citation of the "Imperfections of the Geological Record." In this epoch-making chapter Darwin shows what conditions must prevail in any given place in order that fossils shall be formed, how unusual such conditions are, and how probable it is that fossils once embedded in sediment of a sea-bed will be destroyed by metamorphosis of the rocks, or by denudation when the strata are raised above the water-level. Add to this the fact that only small territories of the earth have been explored geologically, he says, and it becomes clear that the paleontological record as we now possess it shows but a mere fragment of the past history of organisms on the earth. It is a history "imperfectly kept and written in a changing dialect. Of this history we possess the last volume alone, relating only to two or three countries. Of this volume only here and there a

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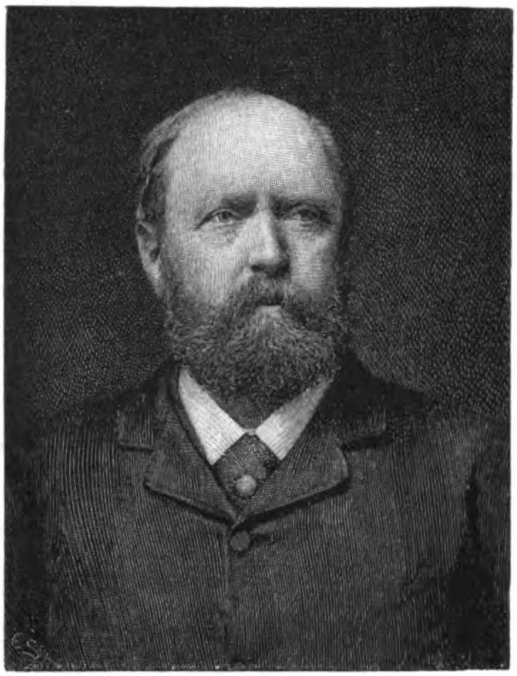


PROFESSOR E. D. COPE.

short chapter has been preserved, and of each page only here and there a few lines." For a paleontologist to dogmatize from such a record would be as rash, he thinks, as "for a naturalist to land for five minutes on a barren point of Australia and then discuss the number and range of its productions."

This citation of observations, which when once pointed out seemed almost self-evident, came as a revelation to the geological world. In the clarified view now possible old facts took on a new meaning. It was recalled that Cuvier had been obliged to establish a new order for some of the first fossil creatures he examined, and that Buckland had noted that the nondescript forms were intermediate in structure between allied existing orders. More recently such intermediate forms had been discovered over and over; so that, to name but one example, Owen had been able, with the aid of extinct species, to "dissolve by gradations the apparently wide interval between the pig and the camel." Owen, moreover, had been led to speak repeatedly of the "generalized forms" of extinct animals, and Agassiz had called them "synthetic or prophetic types," these terms clearly implying "that such forms are in fact intermediate or connecting links." Darwin himself had shown some years before that the fossil animals of any continent are closely related to the existing animals of that continent—edentates predominating, for example, in South America, and marsupials in Australia. Many observers had noted that recent strata everywhere show a fossil fauna more nearly like the exist-

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PROFESSOR O. C. MARSH.

ing one than do more ancient strata; and that fossils from any two consecutive strata are far more closely related to each other than are the fossils of two remote formations, the fauna of each geological formation being, indeed, in a wide view, intermediate between preceding and succeeding faunas.

So suggestive were all these observations that Lyell, the admitted leader of the geological world, after reading Darwin's citations, felt able to drop his own crass explanation of the introduction of species, and adopt the transmutation hypothesis, thus rounding out the doctrine of uniformitarianism to the full proportions in which Lamarck had conceived it half a century before. Not all paleontologists could follow him at once, of course; the proof was not yet sufficiently demonstrative for that; but all were shaken in the seeming security of their former position, which is always a necessary stage in the progress of thought. And popular interest in the matter was raised to white heat in a twinkling.

So, for the third time in this first century of its existence, paleontology was called upon to play a leading rôle in a controversy whose interest extended far beyond the bounds of staid truth-seeking science. And the controversy waged over the age of the earth had not been more bitter, that over catastrophism not more acrimonious, than that which now raged over the question of the transmutation of species. The question had implications far beyond the bounds of paleontology, of course. The main evidence yet presented had been drawn from quite other fields, but by common consent the record in the rocks might furnish a crucial test of the truth or falsity of the hypothesis. "He who rejects this view of the imperfections of the geological record," said Darwin, "will rightly reject the whole theory."

With something more than mere scientific zeal, therefore, paleontologists turned anew to the records in the rocks, to inquire what evidence in proof or refutation might be found in unread pages of the "great stone book." And as might have been expected, many minds being thus prepared to receive new evidence, such evidence was not long withheld.

V.

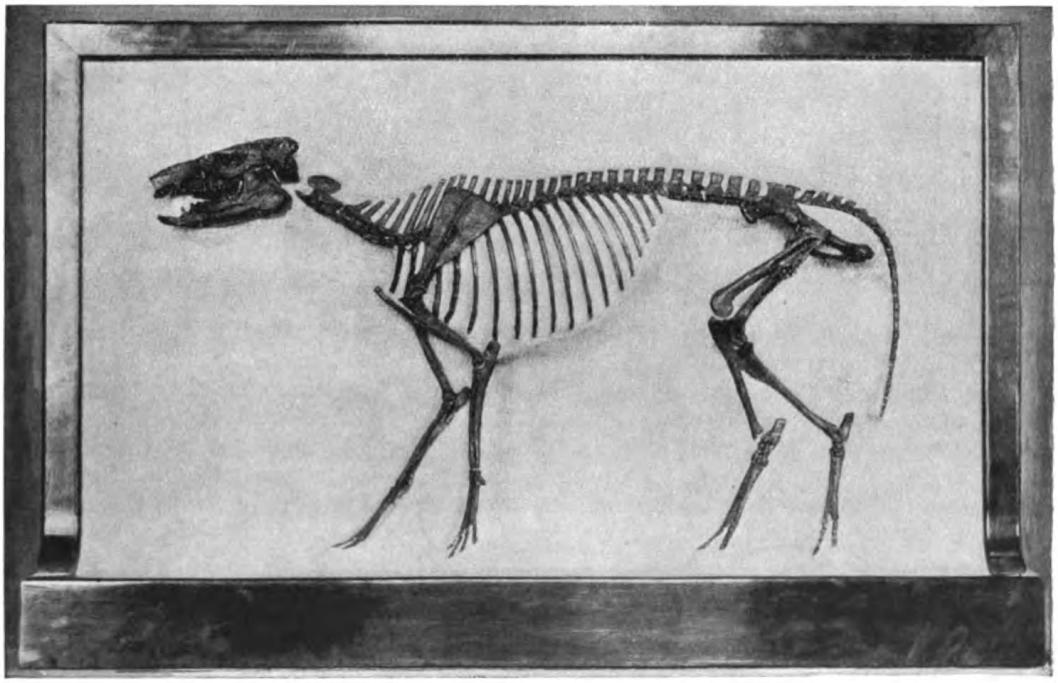
Indeed, at the moment of Darwin's writing a new and very instructive chapter of the geologic record was being presented to the public—a chapter which for the first time brought man into the story. In 1859 Dr. Falconer, the distinguished British paleontologist, made a visit to Abbeville, in the valley of the Somme, incited by reports that for a decade before had been sent out from there by M. Boucher des Perthes. These reports had to do with the alleged finding of flint implements, clearly the work of man, in undisturbed gravel beds, in the midst of fossil remains of the mammoth and other extinct animals. Dr. Falconer was so much impressed with what he saw that he urged his countryman Professor Prestwich to go to Abbeville and thoroughly investigate the subject. Professor Prestwich complied, with the collaboration of Mr. John Evans, and the report which these paleontologists made of their investigation brought the subject of the very significant human fossils at Abbeville prominently before the public; whereas the publications of the original discoverer, Boucher des Perthes, bearing date of 1847, had been altogether ignored. A new as-

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pect was thus given to the current controversy.

As Dr. Falconer remarked, geology was now passing through the same ordeal that astronomy passed in the age of Galileo. But the times were changed since the day when the author of the *Dialogues* was humbled before the Congregation of the Index, and now no Index Prohibitorum could avail to hide from eager human eyes such pages of the geologic story as Nature herself had spared. Eager searchers were turning the leaves with renewed zeal everywhere, and with no small measure of success. In particular, interest attached just at this time to a human skull which Dr. Fuhlrott had discovered in a cave at Neanderthal two or three years before—a cranium which has ever since been famous as the Neanderthal skull, the type specimen of what modern zoologists are disposed to regard as a distinct species of man, *Homo neanderthalensis*. Like others of the same type since discovered at Spy, it is singularly Simian in character—low-arched, with receding forehead and enormous protuberant eyebrows. When it was first exhibited to the scientists at Berlin by Dr. Fuhlrott, in 1857, its human character was doubted by some of the witnesses; of that, however, there is no present question.

This interesting find served to recall with fresh significance some observations that had been made in France and Belgium a long generation earlier, but whose bearings had hitherto been ignored. In 1826 MM. Tournal and Christol had made independent discoveries of what they believed to be human fossils in the caves of the south of France; and in 1827 Dr. Schmerling had found in the cave of Engis, in Westphalia, fossil bones of even greater significance. Schmerling's explorations had been made with the utmost care and patience. At Engis he had found human bones, including skulls, intermingled with those of extinct mammals of the mammoth period in a way that left no doubt in his mind that all dated from the same geological epoch. He had published a full account of his discoveries in an elaborate monograph issued in 1833.



PROTOROHIPPUS, THE ANCESTRAL FOUR-TOED HORSE.
Height at shoulder, 16 inches. From the Big Horn Mountains.

But at that time, as it chanced, human fossils were under a ban as effectual as any ever pronounced by canonical index,

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though of far different origin. The oracular voice of Cuvier had declared against the authenticity of all human fossils. Some of the bones brought him for examination the great anatomist had pettishly pitched out of the window, declaring them fit only for a cemetery, and that had settled the matter for a generation: the evidence gathered by lesser workers could avail nothing against the decision rendered at the Delphi of Science. But no ban, scientific or canonical, can long resist the germinative power of a fact, and so now, after three decades of suppression, the truth which Cuvier had buried beneath the weight of his ridicule burst its bonds, and fossil man stood revealed, if not as a flesh and blood, at least as a skeletal entity.

The reception now accorded our prehistoric ancestor by the progressive portion of the scientific world amounted to an ovation; but the unscientific masses, on the other hand, notwithstanding their usual fondness for tracing remote genealogies, still gave the men of Engis and Neanderthal the cold shoulder. Nor were all of the geologists quite agreed that the contemporaneity of these human fossils with the animals whose remains had been mingled with them had been fully established. The bare possibility that the bones of man and of animals that long preceded him had been swept together into the caves in successive ages, and in some mysterious way intermingled there, was clung to by the conservatives as a last refuge. But even this small measure of security was soon to be denied them, for in 1865 two associated workers, Mons. Edouard Lartet and Mr. Henry Christy, in exploring the caves of Dordogne, unearthed a bit of evidence against which no such objection could be urged. This momentous exhibit was a bit of ivory, a fragment of the tusk of a mammoth, on which was scratched a rude but unmistakable outline portrait of the mammoth itself. If all the evidence as to man's antiquity before presented was suggestive merely, here at last was demonstration; for the cave-dwelling man could not well have drawn the picture of the mammoth unless he had seen that animal, and to admit that man and the mammoth had been contemporaries was to concede the entire case. So soon, therefore, as the full import of this most instructive work of art came to be realized, scepticism as to man's antiquity was silenced for all time to come.

In the generation that has elapsed since the first drawing of the cave-dweller artist was discovered, evidences of the widespread existence of man in an early epoch have multiplied indefinitely, and to-day the paleontologist traces the history of our race back beyond the iron and bronze ages, through a neolithic or polished-stone age, to a paleolithic or rough-stone age, with confidence born of unequivocal knowledge. And he looks confidently to the future explorer of the earth's fossil records to extend the history back into vastly more remote epochs, for it is little doubted that paleolithic man, the most ancient of our recognized progenitors, is a modern compared to those generations that represented the real childhood of our race.

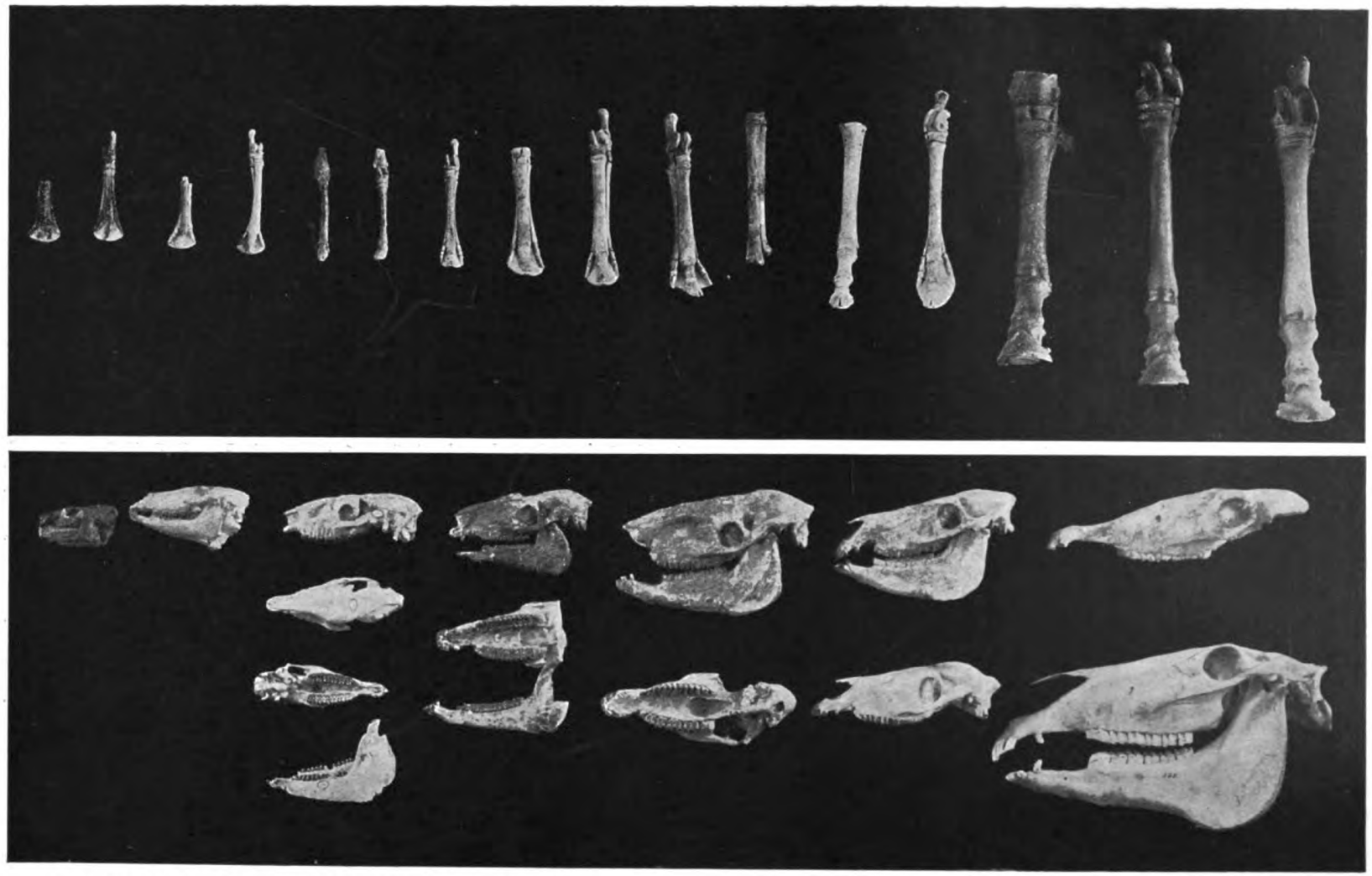
XVI.

Coincidently with the discovery of these highly suggestive pages of the geologic story, other still more instructive chapters were being brought to light in America. It was found that in the Rocky Mountain region, in strata found in ancient lake beds, records of the tertiary period, or age of mammals, had been made and preserved with fulness not approached in any other region hitherto geologically explored. These records were made known mainly by Professors Joseph Leidy, O. C. Marsh, and E. D. Cope, working independently, and more recently by numerous younger paleontologists.

The profusion of vertebrate remains thus brought to light quite beggars all previous exhibits in point of mere numbers. Professor Marsh, for example, who was first in the field, found 300 new tertiary species between the years 1870 and 1876. Meanwhile, in cretaceous strata, he unearthed remains of about 200 birds with teeth, 600 pterodactyls, or flying-dragons, some with a spread of wings of twenty-five feet, and 1500 mosasaurs of the sea-serpent type, some of them sixty feet or more in length. In a single bed of Jurassic rock, not larger than a good-sized lecture-room, he found the remains of 160 individuals of mammals, representing twenty species and nine genera; while beds of the same age have yielded 300 reptiles, varying from the size of a rabbit to sixty or eighty feet in length.

But the chief interest of these fossils

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THE EVOLUTION OF A HORSE'S FOOT AND OF A HORSE'S HEAD—THE ANCESTRAL HORSE ON THE LEFT, THE MODERN HORSE ON THE RIGHT.

In the American Museum of Natural History.

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from the west is not their number but their nature; for among them are numerous illustrations of just such intermediate types of organisms as must have existed in the past if the succession of life on the globe has been an unbroken lineal succession. Here are reptiles with batlike wings, and others with birdlike pelves and legs adapted for bipedal locomotion. Here are birds with teeth and other reptilian characters. In short, what with reptilian birds and birdlike reptiles, the gap between modern reptiles and birds is quite bridged over. In a similar way, various diverse mammalian forms, as the tapir, the rhinoceros, and the horse, are linked together by fossil progenitors. And most important of all, Professor Marsh has discovered a series of mammalian remains, occurring in successive geological epochs, which are held to represent beyond cavil the actual line of descent of the modern horse; tracing the lineage of our one-toed species back through two and three toed forms, to an ancestor in the eocene or early tertiary that had four functional toes and the rudiment of a fifth.

These and such like revelations have come to light in our own time; are, indeed, still being disclosed. Needless to say, no Index of any sort now attempts to conceal them; yet something has been accomplished toward the same end by the publication of the discoveries in Smithsonian bulletins, and in technical memoirs of government surveys. Fortunately, however, the results have been rescued from that partial oblivion by such interpreters as Professors Huxley and Cope, so the unscientific public has been allowed to gain at least an inkling of the wonderful progress of paleontology in our generation.

The writings of Huxley in particular epitomize the record. In 1862 he admitted candidly that the paleontological record as then known, so far as it bears on the doctrine of progressive development, negatives that doctrine. In 1870 he was able to "soften somewhat the Brutus-like severity" of his former verdict, and to assert that the results of recent researches seem "to leave a clear balance in favor of the doctrine of the evolution of living forms one from another." Six years later, when reviewing the work of Marsh in America and of Gaudry in Pikermi, he declared that, "on the evidence of paleontology, the evolution of many existing forms of animal life from their predecessors is no longer an hypothesis, but an historical fact." In 1881 he asserted that the evidence gathered in the previous decade had been so unequivocal that, had the transmutation hypothesis not existed, "the paleontologist would have had to invent it."

Since then the delvers after fossils have piled proof on proof in bewildering profusion. The fossil beds in the "bad lands" of western America seem inexhaustible. And in the Connecticut River Valley near relatives of the great reptiles which Professor Marsh and others have found in such profusion in the West left their tracks on the mud flats — since turned to sandstone; and a few skeletons also have been found. The bodies of a race of great reptiles that were the lords of creation of their day have been dissipated to their elements, while the chance indentations of their feet as they raced along the shores, mere footprints on the sands, have been preserved among the most imperishable of the memory-tablets of the world.

Of the other vertebrate fossils that have been found in the eastern portions of America, among the most abundant and interesting are the skeletons of mastodons. Of these one of the largest and most complete is that which was unearthed in the bed of a drained lake near Newburg, New York, in 1845. This specimen was larger than the existing elephants, and had tusks eleven feet in length. It was mounted and described by Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston, and has been famous for half a century as the "Warren mastodon."

But to the student of racial development as recorded by the fossils, all these sporadic finds have but incidental interest as compared with the rich Western fossil beds to which we have already referred. From records here unearthed the racial evolution of many mammals has in the past few years been made out in greater or less detail. Professor Cope has traced the ancestry of the camels (which, like the rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and sundry other forms now spoken of as "Old World," seem to have had their origin here) with much completeness.

A lemuroid form of mammal, believed to be of the type from which man has descended, has also been found in these beds. It is thought that the descendants of this

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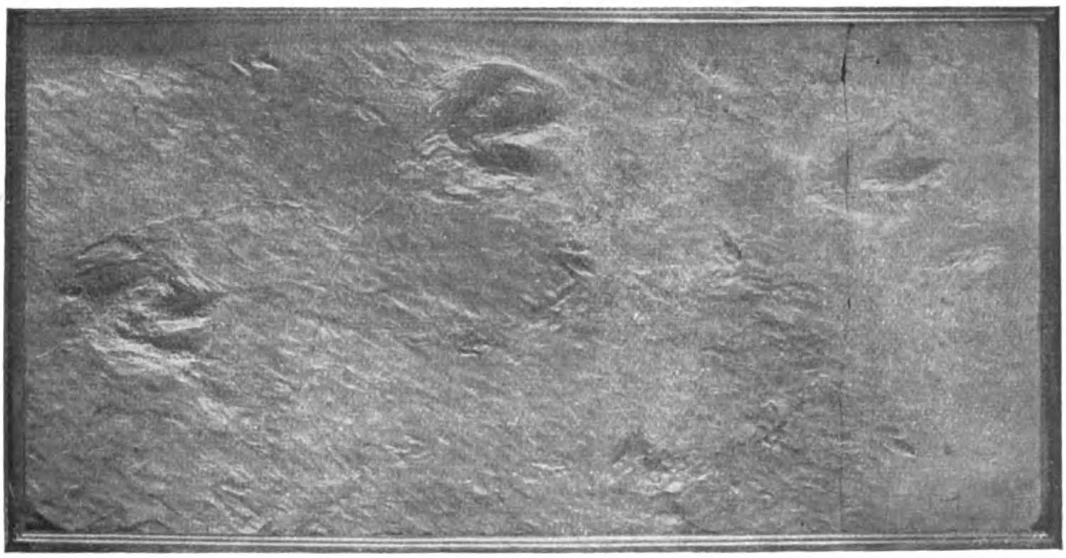
creature, and of the other "Old-World" forms above referred to, found their way to Asia, probably, as suggested by Professor Marsh, across a bridge at Bering Strait, to continue their evolution on the other hemisphere, becoming extinct in the land of their nativity. The ape-man found fossil in the tertiary strata of the island of Java two years ago by the Dutch surgeon Dr. Eugène Dubois, and named *Pithecanthropus erectus*, may have been a direct descendant of the American tribe of primitive lemurs, though this is only a conjecture.

Not all the strange beasts which have left their remains in our "bad lands" are represented by living descendants. The titanotheres, or brontotheridæ, for example, a gigantic tribe, offshoots of the same stock which produced the horse and rhinoceros, represented the culmination of a line of descent. They developed rapidly in a geological sense, and flourished about the middle of the tertiary period; then, to use Agassiz's phrase, "time fought against them." The story of their evolution has been worked out by Professors Leidy, Marsh, Cope, and H. F. Osborne.

The very latest bit of paleontological evidence bearing on the question of the introduction of species is that presented by Dr. J. L. Wortman in connection with the fossil lineage of the edentates. It was suggested by Marsh, in 1877, that these creatures, whose modern representatives are all South American, originated in North America long before the two continents had any land connection. The stages of degeneration by which these animals gradually lost the enamel from their teeth, coming finally to the unique condition of their modern descendants of the sloth tribe, are illustrated by strikingly graded specimens now preserved in the American Museum of Natural History, as shown by Dr. Wortman.

All these and a multitude of other recent observations that cannot be even outlined here tell the same story. With one accord paleontologists of our time regard the question of the introduction of new species as solved. As Professor Marsh has said, "to doubt evolution to-day is to doubt science; and science is only another name for truth."

Thus the third great battle over the meaning of the fossil records has come to a conclusion. Again there is a truce to controversy, and it may seem to the casual observer that the present stand of the science of fossils is final and impregnable. But does this really mean that a full synopsis of the story of paleontology has been told? Or do we only await the coming of the twentieth-century Lamarck or Darwin, who shall attack the fortified knowledge of to-day with the batteries of a new generalization?



FOOTPRINTS OF REPTILES FOUND IN CONNECTICUT SANDSTONE.
In the American Museum of Natural History.

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"HE MIGHT HAVE THROWN THE HANDKERCHIEF AS HE PLEASED."

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THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART VII.

"Old winter was gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
And the spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night;
If the land, and the air, and the sea,
Rejoice not when spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra!"—SHELLEY.

RIFFRATH, besides its natives and its regular English colony of residents, had a floating population, that constantly changed. And every day new faces were to be found drinking tea with Mr. Beresford Duff—and all these faces were well known in society at home, you may be sure; and Barty made capital caricatures of them all, which were treasured up and carried back to England; one or two of them turn up now and then at a sale at Christie's and fetch a great price. I got a little pen-and-ink outline of Captain Reece there, drawn before he came into the title. I had to give forty-seven pounds ten for it, not only because it was a speaking likeness of the late Lord Ironsides as a young man, but on account of the little "B. J." in the corner.

And only the other evening I sat at dinner next to the Dowager Countess. Heavens! what a beautiful creature she still is, with her prematurely white hair and her long thick neck!

And after dinner we talked of Barty—she with that delightful frankness that always characterized her through life, I am told:

"Dear Barty Josselin! how desperately in love I was with that man, to be sure! Everybody was—he might have thrown the handkerchief as he pleased in Riffrath, I can tell you, Sir Robert! He was the handsomest man I ever saw, and wore a black pork-pie hat and a little yellow Vandyck beard and mustache; just the color of Turkish tobacco, like his hair! All that sounds odd now, doesn't it? Fashions have changed—but not for the better! And what a figure! and such fun he was, and always in such good spirits, poor boy! And now he's dead, and it's one of the greatest names in all the world! Well, if he'd thrown that handkerchief at me just about then, I should have picked it up—and you're welcome to tell all the world so, Sir Robert!"

And next day I got a kind and pretty little letter:

"DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I was quite serious last night. Barty Josselin was *mes premières amours!* Whether he ever guessed it or not I can't say. If not, he was very obtuse! Perhaps he feared to fall, and didn't feel fain to climb in consequence. I all but proposed to him, in fact! Anyhow I am proud my girlish fancy should have fallen on such a man!

"I told him so myself only last year, and we had a good laugh over old times—and then I told his wife, and she seemed much pleased. I can understand his preference, and am old enough to forgive it and laugh—although there is even now a tear in the laughter. You know his daughter, Julia Mainwaring, is my godchild; sometimes she sings her father's old songs to me:

"'Petit chagrin de notre enfance
Coûte un soupir!'

"Do you remember?

"Poor Ironsides knew all about it when he married me, and often declared I have amply made up to him for that and many other things—over and over again. Il avait bien raison; and made

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of me a very happy wife, and a most unhappy widow.

"Put this in your book, if you like.

Sincerely yours,

JULIA IRONSIDES."

Thus time flowed smoothly and pleasantly for Barty all through the summer; in August the Royces left, and also Captain Reece; they for Scotland, he for Algiers, and appointed to meet again in Riffrath next spring.

In October Lady Caroline took her niece to Rome, and Barty was left behind to his work, very much to her grief and Daphne's.

He wrote to them every Monday, and always got a letter back on the Saturday following.

Barty spent the winter hard at work, but with lots of play between, and was happy among his painter fellows — and sketching and caricaturing, and skating and sleighing with the English who remained in Düsseldorf, and young von this and young von that. I have many of his letters describing this genial, easy life — letters full of droll and charming sketches.

He does not mention the fair Julia much, but there is no doubt that the remembrance of her much preoccupied him, and kept him from losing his heart to any of the fair damsels, English and German, whom he skated and danced with, and sketched, and sang to.

As a matter of fact, he had never yet lost his heart in his life — not even to Julia. He never said much about his love-making with Julia to me. But his aunt did — and I listened between the words, as I always do. His four or five years' career in London as a thorough-going young rake had given him a very deep insight into woman's nature—an insight rare at his age, for all his perceptions were astonishingly acute, and his unconscious faculty of sympathetic observation and induction and deduction immense.

And strange to say, if that heart had never been touched, it had never been corrupted either, and probably for that very reason—that he had never been in love with these sirens. It is only when true love fades at last in the arms of lust that the youthful manly heart is wrecked and ruined and befouled.

He made up his mind that Art should be his sole mistress henceforward, and that the devotion of a lifetime would not be price enough to pay for her favors, if but she would one day be kind. He had to make up for so much lost time, and had begun his wooing so late! Then he was so happy with his male friends! Whatever void remained in him when his work was done for the day could be so thoroughly filled up by Henley and Bancroft and Armstrong and du Maurier and the rest that there was no room for any other and warmer passion. Work was a joy by itself; the rest from it as great a joy; and these alternations were enough to fill a life. To how many great artists had they sufficed—and what happy lives had been led, with no other distraction, and how glorious and successful! Only the divine Julia in all the universe was worthy to be weighed in the scales with these, and she was not for the likes of Mr. Nobody of Nowhere.

Besides, there was the faithful Martia. Punctually every evening the ever-comforting sense of the north filled him as he jumped into bed—and he whispered his prayers audibly to this helpful spirit, or whatever it might be that had given him a sign and saved him from a cowardly death, and filled his life and thoughts as even no Julia could.

And yet, although he loved best to forgather with those of his own sex, woman meant much for him! There *must* be a woman somewhere in the world—a needle in a bottle of hay--a nature that could dovetail and fit in with his own; but what a life-long quest to find her! She must be young and beautiful, like Julia—rien que ça!—and as kind and clever and simple and well-bred and easy to live with as Aunt Caroline, and. heavens! how many things besides, before poor Mr. Nobody of Nowhere could make her happy, and be made happy by her!

So Mr. Nobody of Nowhere gave it up, and stuck to his work, and made much progress, and was well content with things as they were.

He had begun late, and found many difficulties in spite of his great natural facility. His principal stock in trade was his keen perception of human beauty, of shape and feature and expression, male or female—of face or figure or movement; and a great love and appreciation of human limbs, especially hands and feet.

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With a very few little pen-strokes he could give the most marvellously subtle likenesses of people he knew; beautiful or ordinary or plain or hideous; and the beauty of the beautiful people, just hinted in mere outline, was so keen and true and fascinating that this extraordinary power of expressing it amounted to real genius.

It is a difficult thing, even for a master, to fully render with an ordinary steel pen and a drop of common ink (and of a size no bigger than your little finger nail) the full face of a beautiful woman, let us say, or a child, in sadness or merriment or thoughtful contemplation, and make it as easily and unmistakably recognizable as a good photograph, but with all the subtle human charm and individuality of expression delicately emphasized in a way that no photograph has ever achieved yet.

And this he could always do in a minute from sheer memory and unconscious observation; and in another few minutes he would add on the body in movement or repose, and of a resemblance so wonderful and a grace so enchanting, or a humor so happily, naïvely droll, that one forgot to criticise the technique, which was quite that of an amateur; indeed, with all the success he achieved as an artist, he remained an amateur all his life. Yet his greatest admirers were among the most consummate and finished artists of their day, both here and abroad.

It was with his art as with his singing: both were all wrong, yet both gave extraordinary pleasure; one almost feared that regular training would mar the gift of God, so much of the charm we all so keenly felt lay in the very imperfections themselves—just as one loved him personally as much for his faults as for his virtues.

"Il a les qualités de ses défauts, le Beau Josselin," said M. Taine one day.

"Mon cher," said M. Renan, "ses défauts sont ses meilleures qualités."

So he spent a tranquil happy winter, and wrote of his happiness and his tranquillity to Lady Caroline and Daphne and Ida and me; and before he knew where he was, or we, the almond-trees blossomed again, and then the lilacs and limes and horse-chestnuts and syringas; and the fire-flies flew in and out of his bedroom at night, and the many nightingales made such music in the Hof gardens that he could scarcely sleep for them; and other nightingales came to make music for him too—most memorable music! Stockhausen, Jenny Ney, Joachim, Madame Schumann; for the triennial Musik festival was held in Düsseldorf that year (a month later than usual); and musical festivals are things they manage uncommonly well in Germany. Barty, unseen and unheard, as becomes a chorus-singer, sang in the choruses of Gluck's *Iphigenia*, and heard and saw everything for nothing.

But before this, Captain Reece came back to Riffrath, and, according to appointment, Admiral Royce and Lady Jane, and Julia, lovelier than ever: and all the sweetness she was so full of rose in her heart and gathered in her eyes as they once more looked on Barty Josselin.

He steeled and stiffened himself like a man who knew that the divine Julias of this world were for his betters—not for him! Nevertheless, as he went to bed, and thought of the melting gaze that had met his, he was deeply stirred; and actually, though the north was in him, he forgot, for the first time in all that twelvemonth, for the first time since that terrible night in Malines, to say his prayers to Martia—and next morning he found a letter by his bedside in pencil-written Blaze of his own handwriting.

"BARTY MY BELOVED,—A crisis has come in your affairs, which are mine; and great as the cost is to me, I must write again, at the risk of betraying what amounts to a sacred trust; a secret that I have innocently surprised, the secret of a noble woman's heart.

"One of the richest girls in England, one of the healthiest and most beautiful women in the whole world, a bride fit for an emperor, is yours for the asking. It is my passionate wish, and a matter of life and death to me, that you and Julia Royce should become man and wife; when you are, you shall both know why.

"Mr. Nobody of Nowhere—as you are so fond of calling yourself—you shall be such, some day, that the best and highest in the land will be only too proud to be your humble friends and followers; no woman is too good for you—only one good enough! and she loves you: of that I feel sure—and it is impossible you should not love her back again.

"I have known her from a baby, and

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her father and mother also; I have inhabited her, as I have inhabited you, although I have never been able to give her the slightest intimation of the fact. You are both, physically, the most perfect human beings I was ever in; and in heart and mind the most simply made, the most richly gifted, and the most admirably balanced: and I have inhabited many thousands, and in all parts of the globe.

"You, Barty, are the only one I have ever been able to hold communication with, or make to feel my presence: it was a strange chance, that—a happy accident; it saved your life. I am the only one, among many thousands of homeless spirits, who has ever been able to influence an earthly human being, or even make him feel the magnetic current that flows through us all, and by which we are able to exist; all the rappings and table-turnings are mere hysterical imaginations, or worse—the cheapest form of either trickery or self-deception that can be. Barty, your unborn children are of a moment to me beyond anything you can realize or imagine, and Julia must be their mother; Julia Royce, and no other woman in the world.

"It is in you to become so great when you are ripe that she will worship the ground you walk upon; but you can only become as great as that through her and through me, who have a message to deliver to mankind here on earth, and none but you to give it a voice—not one. But I must have my reward, and that can only come through your marriage with Julia.

"When you have read this, Barty, go straight to Riffrath, and see Julia if you can, and be to her as you have so often been to any women you wished to please, and who were not worth pleasing. Her heart is her own to give, like her fortune; she can do what she likes with them both, and will—her mother notwithstanding, and in the teeth of the whole world.

"Poor as you are, maimed as you are, irregularly born as you are, it is better for her that she should be your wife than the wife of any man living, whoever he be.

"Look at yourself in the glass, and say at once,

"'Martia, I'm off to Riffrath as soon as I've swallowed my breakfast!'

"And then I'll go about my business with a light heart and an easy mind.

MARTIA."

Much moved and excited, Barty looked in the glass and did as he was bid, and the north left him, and Johanna brought him his breakfast, and he started for Riffrath.

All through this winter that was so happily spent by Barty in Düsseldorf, things did not go very happily in London for the Gibsons. Mr. Gibson was not meant for business; nature intended him as a rival to Keeley or Buckstone.

He was extravagant, and so was his wife; they were both given to frequent and most expensive hospitalities; and he to cards, and she to dressing herself and her daughter more beautifully than quite became their position in life. The handsome and prosperous shop in Cheapside—the "emporium," as he loved to call it—was not enough to provide for all these luxuries; so he took another in Conduit Street, and decorated it and stocked it at immense expense, and called it the "Universal Fur Company," and himself the "head of a West End firm."

Then he speculated, and was not successful, and his affairs got into tangle.

And a day came when he found he could not keep up these two shops and his private house in Tavistock Square as well; the carriage was put down first—a great distress to Mrs. Gibson; and finally, to her intense grief, it became necessary to give up the pretty house itself.

It was decided that their home in future must be over the new emporium in Conduit Street; Mrs. Gibson had a properly constituted English shopkeeper's wife's horror of living over her husband's shop—the idea almost broke her heart; and as a little consolation, while the necessary changes were being wrought for their altered mode of life, Mr. Gibson treated her and Leah and my sister to a trip up the Rhine; and Mrs. Bletchley, the splendid old Jewess (Leah's grandmother), who suffered or fancied she suffered in her eyesight, took it into her head that she would like to see the famous Dr. Hasenclever in Riffrath, and elected to journey with them—at all events as far as Düsseldorf. I would have escorted them, but that my father was ill and I had to replace him in Barge Yard; besides, I was not yet quite cured of my unhappy passion, though in an advanced stage of convalescence; and I did not wish to put myself under conditions that

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might retard my complete recovery, or even bring on a relapse. I wished to love Leah as a sister; in time I succeeded in doing so; she has been fortunate in her brother, though I say it who shouldn't —and, oh, heavens! haven't I been fortunate in my sister Leah!

My own sister Ida wrote to Barty to find rooms and meet them at the station, and fixed the day and hour of their arrival; and commissioned him to take seats for Gluck's *Iphigenia*.

She thought more of *Iphigenia* than of the Drachenfels, or Ehrenbreitstein; and was overjoyed at the prospect of once more being with Barty, whom she loved as well as she loved me, if not even better. He was fortunate in his sister, too!

And the Rhine in May did very well as a background to all these delights.

So Mr. Babbage (the friend of the family) and I saw them safely on board the *Baron Osy* ("the Ank-works package," as Mrs. Gamp called it), which landed them safely in the Place Verte at Antwerp; and then they took train for Düsseldorf, changing at Malines and Verviers; and looked forward eagerly, especially Ida, to the meeting with Barty at the little station by the Rhine.

Barty, as we know, started for Riffrath at Martia's written command, his head full of perplexing thoughts.

Who was Martia? What was she? "A disembodied conscience?" Whose? Not his own, which counselled the opposite course.

He had once seen a man at a show with a third rudimentary leg sticking out behind, and was told this extra limb belonged to a twin, the remaining portions of whom had not succeeded in getting themselves begotten and born. Could Martia be a frustrated and undeveloped twin sister of his own, that interested herself in his affairs, and could see with his eyes and hear with his ears, and had found the way of communicating with him during his sleep—and was yet apart from him, as phenomenal twins are apart from each other, however closely linked—and had, moreover, not managed to have any part of her body born into this world at all?

She wrote like him: her epistolary style was his very own, every turn of phrase, every little mannerism. The mystery of it overwhelmed him again, though he had grown somewhat accustomed to the idea during the last twelvemonth. *Why* was she so anxious he should marry Julia? Had he, situated as he was, the right to win the love of this splendid creature—in the face of the world's opposition and her family's—he a beggar and a bastard? Would it be right and honest and fair to her?

And then, again, was he so desperately in love with her, after all, that he should give up the life of art and toil he had planned for himself, and go through existence as the husband of a rich and beautiful woman belonging first of all to the world and society, of which she was so brilliant an ornament that her husband must needs remain in the background forever, even if he were a gartered duke or a belted earl?

What success of his own could he ever hope to achieve, handicapped as he would be by all the ease and luxury she would bring him? He had grown to love the poverty which ever lends such strenuousness to endeavor. He thought of an engraving he had once taken a fancy to in Brussels, and purchased and hung up in his bedroom. *I* have it now! It is after Gallait, and represents a picturesquely poor violinist and his violin in a garret, and underneath is written "Art et liberté."

Then he thought of Julia's lovely face and magnificent body—and all his manhood thrilled as he recalled the look in her eyes when they met his the day before.

This was the strongest kind of temptation by which his nature could ever be assailed—he knew himself to be weak as water when that came his way, the ten-thousandth face (and the figure to match)! He had often prayed to Martia to deliver him from such a lure. But here was Martia on the side of the too sweet enemy!

The train stopped for a few minutes at Neanderthal, and he thought he could think better if he got out and walked in that beautiful valley an hour or two—there was no hurry; he would take another train later, in time to meet Julia at Beresford Duff's, where she was sure to be. So he walked among the rocks, the lonely rocks, and sat and pondered in the famous cave where the skull was found —that simple prehistoric cranium which could never have been so pathetically

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nonplussed by such a dilemma as this when it was a human head!

And the more he pondered, the less he came to a conclusion. It seemed as though there were the "tug of war" between Martia and all that he felt to be best in himself—his own conscience, his independence as a man, his sense of honor. He took her letter out of his pocket to re-read, and with it came another letter; it was from my sister, Ida Maurice. It told him when they would arrive in Düsseldorf.

He jumped up in alarm—it was that very day. He had quite forgotten!

He ran off to the station and missed a train—and had to wait an hour for another; but he got himself to the Rhine station in Düsseldorf a few minutes before the train from Belgium arrived.

Everything was ready for the Gibson party—lodgings and tea and supper to follow—he had seen to all that before; so there he walked up and down, waiting, and still revolving over and over again in his mind the troublous question that so bewildered and oppressed him. Who was Martia—what was she—that he should take her for a guide in the most momentous business of his life; and what were her credentials?

And what was love? Was it love he felt for this young goddess with yellow hair and light blue eyes so like his own, who towered in her full-blown frolicsome splendor among the sons and daughters of men, with her moist ripe lips so richly framed for happy love and laughter—that royal milk-white fawn that had only lain in the roses and fed on the lilies of life?

"Oh, Mr. Nobody of Nowhere! be at least a man; let no one ever call you the basest thing an able-bodied man can become, a fortune-hunting adventurer!"

Then a bell rang, and the smoke of the coming train was visible—ten minutes late. The tickets were taken, and it slowed into the station and stopped. Ida's head and face were seen peering through one of the second-class windows, on the lookout, and Barty opened the door, and there was a warm and affectionate greeting between them; the meeting was a joy to both.

Then he was warmly greeted by Mrs. Gibson, who introduced him to her mother; then he was conscious of somebody he had not seen yet, because she stood at his blind side (indeed, he had all but forgotten her existence); namely, the presence of a very tall and most beautiful dark-haired young lady, holding out her slender gloved hand and gazing up into his face with the most piercing and strangest and blackest eyes that ever were; yet so soft and quick and calm and large and kind and wise and gentle that their piercingness was but an added seduction; one felt they could never pierce too deep for the happiness of the heart they pronged and riddled and perforated through and through!

Involuntarily came into Barty's mind, as he shook the slender hand, a little song of Schubert's he had just learnt:

"Du bist die Ruh', der Friede mild!"

And wasn't it odd?—all his doubts and perplexities resolved themselves at once, as by some enchantment, into a lovely, unexpected chord of extreme simplicity; and Martia was gently but firmly put aside, and the divine Julia quietly relegated to the gilded throne which was her fit and proper apanage.

Barty saw to the luggage, and sent it on, and they all went on foot behind it.

The bridge of boats across the Rhine was open in the middle to let a wood raft go by down stream. This raft from some distant forest was so long they had to wait nearly twenty minutes; and the prow of it had all but lost itself in the western purple and gold and dun of sky and river while it was still passing the bridge.

All this was new and delightful to the Londoners, who were also delighted with the rooms Barty had taken for them in the König's Allée, and the tea that awaited them there. Leah made tea, and gave a cup to Barty. That was a good cup of tea, better even than the tea Julia was making (that very moment, no doubt) at Beresford Duff's.

Then the elder ladies rested, and Barty took Leah and Ida for a walk in the Hof Gardens. They were charmed with everything—especially the fire-flies at dusk. Leah said little; she was not a very talkative person outside her immediate family circle. But Ida and Barty had much to say.

Then home to supper at the Gibsons' lodgings, and Barty sat opposite Leah, and drank in the beauty of her face, which had so wonderfully ripened and ac-

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centuated and individualized itself since he had seen her last, three years before.

As he discreetly gazed, whenever she was not looking his way, saying to himself, like Geraint, "'Here by God's rood is the one maid for me,'" he suddenly felt the north, and started with a kind of terror as he remembered Martia. He bade the company a hasty good-night, and went for a long walk by the Rhine, and had a long talk with his Egeria.

"Martia," said he, in a low but audible voice, "it's no good, I *can't; c'est plus fort que moi.* I can't sell myself to a woman for gold; besides, I can't fall in love with Julia; I don't know why, but I *can't;* I will never marry her. I don't deserve that she should care for me; perhaps she doesn't—perhaps you're quite mistaken; and if she does, it's only a young girl's fancy. What does a girl of that age really know about her own heart? and how base I should be to take advantage of her innocence and inexperience!"

And then he went on in a passionate and eager voice to explain all he had thought of during the day, and still further defend his recalcitrancy.

"Give me at least your reasons, Martia; tell me, for God's sake, who you are and what! Are you *me?* Are you the spirit of my mother? Why do you love me, as you say you do, with a love passing the love of woman? What am I to you? Why are you so bent on worldly things?"

This monologue lasted more than an hour, and he threw himself on to his bed quite worn out, and slept at once, in spite of the nightingales, who filled the starlit breezy balmy night with their shrill sweet clamor.

Next morning, as he expected, he found a letter:

"Barty, you are ruining me and breaking my life, and wrecking the plans of many years—plans made before you were born or thought of.

"Who am I, indeed? Who is this demure young black-eyed witch that has come between us, this friend of Ida Maurice's?

"She's the cause of all my misery, I feel sure; with Ida's eyes I saw you look at her; you never yet looked at Julia like that!—never at any woman before!

"Who is she? No mate for a man like you, I feel sure. In the first place, she is not rich; I could tell that by the querulous complaints of her middle-class mother. She's just fit to be some pious Quaker's wife, or a Sister of Charity, or a governess, or a hospital nurse, or a nun—no companion for a man destined to move the world!

"Barty, you don't *know* what you are: you have never *thought;* you have never yet looked *within!*

"Barty, with Julia by your side and me at your back, you will be a leader of men, and sway the destinies of your country, and raise it above all other nations, and make it the arbiter of Europe—of the whole world—and your seed will ever be first among the foremost of the earth.

"Will you give up all this for a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty white skin? Isn't Julia white enough for you?

"A painter? What a trade for a man built like you! Take the greatest of them; what have they ever really mattered? What do they matter now, except to those who want to imitate them and can't, or to those who live by buying cheap the fruits of their long labors, and selling them dear as so much wall furniture for the vulgar rich? Besides, you will never be a great painter; you've begun too late!

"Think of yourself ten years hence—a king among men, with the world at your feet, and at those of the glorious woman who will have smoothed your path to greatness and fame and power! Mistress and wife, goddess and queen, in one!

"Think of the poor struggling painter, painting his poor little pictures in his obscure corner to feed half a dozen hungry children, and the anxious, careworn wife, whose beauty has long faded away in the petty, sordid, hopeless domestic struggle, just as her husband's little talent has long been wasted and used up in wretched pot-boilers for mere bread; think of poverty, debt, and degradation, and all the miserable ugliness of life—the truest, tritest, and oldest story in the world! Love soon flies out of the window when these wolves snarl at the door.

"Think of all this, Barty, and think of the despair you are bringing on one lost lonely soul who loves you as a mother loves her first-born, and has founded such hopes on you; dismiss this pretty little middle-class puritan from your thoughts and go back to Julia.

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"I will not hurry your decision; I will come back in exactly a week from to-night. I am at your mercy.

MARTIA."

This letter made Barty very unhappy. It was a strange dilemma.

What is it that now and again makes a woman in a single moment take such a powerful grip of a man's fancy that he can never shake himself free again, and never wants to?

Tunes can be like that, sometimes. Not the pretty little tinkling tunes that please everybody at once; the pleasure of them can fade in a year, a month — even a week, a day! But those from a great mint, and whose charm will last a man his lifetime!

Many years ago a great pianist, to amuse some friends (of whom I was one), played a series of waltzes by Schubert which I had never heard before — the "Soirées de Vienne," I think they were called. They were lovely from beginning to end; but one short measure in particular was full of such extraordinary enchantment for me that it has really haunted me through life. It is as if it were made on purpose for me alone, a little intimate aside *à mon intention*— the gainliest, happiest thought I had ever heard expressed in music. For nobody else seemed to think those particular bars were more beautiful than all the rest; but, oh! the difference to me!

And said I to myself: "That's Leah; and all the rest is some heavenly garden of roses she's walking in!"

Tempo di valsa:

Rum—tiddle-iddle *um* tum tum,
*Tid*dle-tiddle-iddle-iddle *um* tum, tum
Tum tiddle-iddle-iddle *um* tum tum
*Tid*dle-iddle-iddle *hay!* . . . etc., etc.

That's how the little measure begins, and it goes on just for a couple of pages. I can't write music, unfortunately, and I've nobody by me at just this moment who can; but if the reader is musical and knows the "Soirées de Vienne," he will guess the particular waltz I mean.

Well, the Düsseldorf railway station is not a garden of roses, but when Leah stepped out of that second-class carriage and looked straight at Barty, *dans le blanc des yeux*, he fitted her to the tune *he* loved best just then (not knowing the "Soirées de Vienne"), and it's one of the tunes that last forever:

"Du bist die Ruh', der Friede mild!"

Barty's senses were not as other men's senses. With his one eye he saw much that most of *us* can't see with two; I feel sure of this. And he suddenly saw in Leah's face, now she was quite grown up, that which bound him to her for life— some veiled promise, I suppose: we can't explain these things.

Barty escorted the Gibson party to Riffrath, and put down Mrs. Bletchley's name for Dr. Hasenclever, and then took them to the woods of Hammerfest, close by, with which they were charmed. On the way back to the hotel they met Lady Jane and Miss Royce, and the good Beresford Duff, who all bowed to Barty; and Julia's blue glance crossed Leah's black one.

"Oh, what a lovely girl!" said Leah to Barty. "What a pity she's so tall! Why, I'm sure she's half a head taller than even I, and they make *my* life a burden to me at home because I'm such a giantess! Who is she? You know her well, I suppose?"

"She's a Miss Julia Royce, a great heiress. Her father's dead; he was a wealthy Norfolk Squire, and she was his only child."

"Then I suppose she's a very aristocratic person; she looks so, I'm sure!"

"Very much so indeed," said Barty.

"Dear me! it seems unfair, doesn't it, having everything like that; no wonder she looks so happy!"

Then they went back to the hotel to lunch; and in the afternoon Mrs. Bletchley saw the doctor, who gave her a prescription for spectacles, and said she had nothing to fear; and was charming to Leah, and to Ida who spoke French so well, and to the pretty and lively Mrs. Gibson, who lost her heart to him, and spoke the most preposterous French he had ever heard.

He was fond of pretty English women, the good German doctor, whatever French they spoke.

They were quite an hour there. Meanwhile Barty went to Beresford Duff's, and found Julia and Lady Jane drinking tea, as usual at that hour.

"Who are your uncommonly well-dressed friends, Barty?" said Mr. Duff.

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DR. HASENCLEVER AND MRS. BLETCHLEY.

"I never met any of them that *I* can remember."

"Well, they're just from London; the elder lady is a Mrs. Bletchley."

"Not one of the Berkshire Bletchleys, eh?"

"Oh no; she's the widow of a London solicitor."

"Dear me! And the lovely tall black-eyed *damigella*—who's she?"

"She's a Miss Gibson, and her father's a furrier in Cheapside."

"And the pretty girl in blue with the fair hair?"

"She's the sister of a very old friend of mine, Robert Maurice — he's a wine-merchant."

"You don't say so! Why, I took them for people of condition!" said Mr. Beresford Duff, who was a trifle old-fashioned in his ways of speech. "Anyhow, they're uncommonly nice to look at."

"Oh yes," said the not too priggishly grammatical Lady Jane; "nowadays those sort of people dress like duchesses, and think themselves as good as any one."

"They're good enough for *me*, at all events," said Barty, who was not pleased.

"I'm sure Miss Gibson's good enough for *anybody in the world!*" said Julia. "She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw!" And she gave Barty a cup of tea.

Barty drank it, and felt fond of Julia, and bade them all good-by, and went and waited in the hall of the König's Hotel for his friends, and took them back to Düsseldorf.

Next day the Gibsons started for their little trip up the Rhine, and Barty was left to his own reflections, and he reflected

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a great deal; not about what he meant to do himself, but about how he should tell Martia what he meant to do.

As for himself, his mind was thoroughly made up: he would break at once and forever with a world he did not properly belong to, and fight his own little battle unaided, and be a painter—a good one, if he could. If not, so much the worse for him. Life is short.

When he would have settled his affairs and paid his small debts in Düsseldorf, he would have some ten or fifteen pounds to the good. He would go back to London with the Gibsons and Ida Maurice. There were no friends for him in the world like the Maurices. There was no woman for him in the world like Leah, whether she would ever care for him or not.

Rich or poor, he didn't mind! she was Leah; she had the hands, the feet, the lips, the hair, the eyes! That was enough for him! He was absolutely sure of his own feelings; absolutely certain that this path was not only the pleasant path he liked, but the right one for a man in his position to follow: a thorny path indeed, but the thorns were thorns of roses!

All this time he was busily rehearsing his part in the chorus of *Iphigenia;* he had applied for the post of second tenor chorister; the conditions were that he should be able to read music at sight. This he could not do, and his utter incapacity was tested at the Mahlcasten, before a crowd of artists, by the conductor. Barty failed signally, amid much laughter; and he impudently sang quite a little tune of his own, an improvisation.

The conductor laughed too; but Barty was admitted all the same; his voice was good, and he must learn his part by heart—that was all; anybody could teach him.

The Gibsons came back to Düsseldorf in time for the performance, which was admirable, in spite of Barty. From his coign of vantage, amongst the second tenors, he could see Julia's head with its golden fleece; Julia, that rose without a thorn—

"Het Roosje uit de Dorne!"

She was sitting between Lady Jane and the Captain.

He looked in vain for the Gibsons as he sang his loudest, yet couldn't hear himself sing (he was one of a chorus of avenging furies, I believe).

But there were three vacant seats in the same row as the Royces. Presently three ladies, silken hooded and cloaked—one in yellow, one in pink, and one in blue—made their way to the empty places, just as the chorus ceased, and sat down. Just then Orestes (Stockhausen) stood up and lifted his noble barytone.

"Die Ruhe kehret mir zurück"....

And the yellow-hooded lady unhooded a shapely little black head, and it was Leah's.

"*Prosit omen!*" thought Barty—and it seemed as if his whole heart melted within him.

He could see that Leah and Julia often looked at each other; he could also see, during the intervals, how many double-barrelled opera-glasses were levelled at both; it was impossible to say which of these two lovely women was the loveliest; probably most votes would have been for Julia, the fair-haired one, the prima donna assoluta, the soprano, the Rowena, who always gets the biggest salary, and most of the applause.

The brunette, the contralto, the Rebecca, dazzles less, but touches the heart all the more deeply, perhaps; anyhow Barty had no doubt as to which of the two voices was the voice for him. His passion was as that of Brian de Bois-Guilbert for mere strength, except that he was bound by no vows of celibacy. There were no moonlit platonics about Barty's robust love, but all the chivalry and tenderness and romance of a knight-errant underlay its vigorous complexity. He was a good knight, though not Sir Galahad!

Also he felt very patriotic, as a good knight should ever feel, and proud of a country which could grow such a rose as Julia, and such a lily as Leah Gibson.

Next to Julia sat Captain Reece, romantic and handsome as ever, with manly love and devotion expressed in every line of his face, every movement of his body; and the heaviest mustache and the most beautiful brown whiskers in the world. He was either a hussar or a lancer; I forget which.

"By my halidome," mentally ejaculated Barty, "I sincerely wish thee joy and life-long happiness, good Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. Thou art a right fit mate for her, peerless as she may be among women! A benison on you both from your poor Wamba, the son of Witless!"

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"MARTIA, I HAVE DONE MY BEST."

As he went home that night, after the concert, to his tryst with Martia, the north came back to him—through the open window, as it were, with the fire-flies and the fragrances, and the song of fifty nightingales. It was for him a moment of deep and harassing emotion and keen anxiety. He leaned over the window-sill and looked out on the starlit heavens, and whispered aloud the little speech he had prepared:

"Martia, I have done my best. I would make any sacrifice to obey you, but I cannot give up my freedom to love the woman that attracts me as I have never been attracted before. I would sooner live a poor and unsuccessful struggler in the art I have chosen, with her

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to help me live, than be the mightiest man in England without her—even with Julia, whom I admire as much, and even more!

"One can't help these things. They may be fancies, and one may live to repent them; but while they last they are imperious, not to be resisted. It's an instinct, I suppose; perhaps even a form of insanity! But I love Leah's little-finger nail better than Julia's lovely face and splendid body and all her thousands.

"Besides, I will not drag Julia down from her high position in the world's eye, even for a day, nor owe anything to either man or woman except love and fidelity! It grieves me deeply to disappoint you, though I cannot understand your motives. If you love me as you say you do, you ought to think of my happiness and honor before my worldly success and prosperity, about which I don't care a button, except for Leah's sake.

"Besides, I know myself better than you know me. I'm not one of those hard, strong, stern, purposeful, Napoleonic men, with wills of iron, that clever, ambitious women conceive great passions for.

"I'm only a 'funny man'—a *gringalet-jocrisse!* And now that I'm quite grown up, and all my little funniments are over, I'm only fit to sit and paint, with my one eye, in my little corner, with a contented little wife, who won't want me to do great things and astonish the world. There's no place like home: faire la popotte ensemble au coin du feu—c'est le ciel!

"And if I'm half as clever as you say, it 'll all come out in my painting, and I shall be rich and famous, and all off my own bat. I'd sooner be Sir Edwin Landseer than Sir Robert Peel, or Pam, or Dizzy!

"Even to retain your love and protection and interest in me, which I value almost as much as I value life itself, I can't do as you wish. Don't desert me, Martia. I may be able to make it all up to you some day; after all, you can't foresee and command the future, nor can I. It wouldn't be worth living for if we could! It would all be discounted in advance!

"I may yet succeed in leading a useful, happy life; and that should be enough for you if it's enough for me—since I am your beloved, and as you love me as your son. . . . Anyhow, my mind is made up for good and all, and . . ."

Here the sensation of the north suddenly left him, and he went to his bed with the sense of bereavement that had punished him all the preceding week: desperately sad, all but heart-broken, and feeling almost like a culprit, although his conscience, whatever that was worth, was thoroughly at ease, and his intent inflexible.

A day or two after this he must have received a note from Julia, making an appointment to meet him at the Austellung, in the Alleestrasse, a pretty little picture-gallery, since he was seen there sitting in deep conversation with Miss Royce in a corner, and both seeming much moved; neither the Admiral nor Lady Jane was with them, and there was some gossip about it in the British colony both in Düsseldorf and Riffrath.

Barty, who of late years has talked to me so much, and, with such affectionate admiration, of "Julia Countess," as he called her, never happened to have mentioned this interview: he was very reticent about his love-makings, especially about any love that was made to him.

I made so bold as to write to Julia, Lady Ironsides, and ask her if it were true they had met like this, and if I might print her answer, and received almost by return of post the following kind and characteristic letter:

"96 Grosvenor Square.

"Dear Sir Robert, — You're quite right, I did meet him, and I've no objection whatever to telling you how it all happened—and you may do as you like.

"It happened just like this (you must remember that I was only just out, and had always had my own way in everything).

"Mamma and I and Uncle James (the Admiral) and Freddy Reece (Ironsides, you know) went to the Musikfest in Düsseldorf. Barty was singing in the chorus. I saw him opening and shutting his mouth, and could almost fancy I heard him, poor dear boy.

"Leah Gibson, as she was then, sat near to me, with her mother and your sister. Leah Gibson looked like—well, *you* know what she looked like in those days. By-the-way, I can't make out how it is you weren't over head and ears in love with her yourself! I thought her the loveliest girl I had ever seen, and felt very unhappy.

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AM RHEIN.

"Led we not there a jolly life
Betwixt the sun and shade?"

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"We slept at the hotel that night, and on the way back to Riffrath next morning Freddy Reece proposed to me.

"I told him I couldn't marry him—but that I loved him as a sister, and all that; I really was very fond of him indeed, but I didn't want to marry him; I wanted to marry Barty, in fact; and make him rich and famous, as I felt sure he would be some day, whether I married him or not.

"But there was that lovely Leah Gibson, the furrier's daughter!

"When we got home to Riffrath mamma found she'd got a cold, and had a fancy for a French thing called a 'loch'; I think her cold was suddenly brought on by my refusing poor Freddy's offer!

"I went with Grissel, the maid (who knew about lochs), to the Riffrath chemist's, but he didn't even know what we meant—so I told mamma I would go and get a loch in Düsseldorf next day if she liked, with Uncle James. Mamma was only too delighted, for next day was Mr. Josselin's day for coming to Riffrath; but he didn't, for I wrote to him to meet me at twelve at a little picture-gallery I knew of in the Alleestrasse—as I wanted to have a talk with him.

"Uncle James had caught a cold too, so I went with Grissel; and found a chemist who'd been in France, and knew what a loch was, and made one for me; and then I went to the gallery, and there was poor Barty sitting on a crimson velvet couch, under a picture of Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his daughters (I bought it afterwards, and I've got it now).

"We said how d'ye do, and sat on the couch together, and I felt dreadfully nervous and ashamed.

"Then I said,

"'You must think me very odd, Mr. Josselin, to ask you to meet me like this!'

"'I think it's a very great honor!' he said; 'I only wish I deserved it.'

"And then he said nothing for quite five minutes, and I think he felt as uncomfortable as I did.

"'Captain Graham Reece has asked me to be his wife, and I refused,' I said.

"'Why did you refuse? He's one of the best fellows I ever met,' said Barty.

"'He's to be so rich, and so am I,' I said.

"No answer.

"'It would be right for me to marry a *poor* man—a man with brains and no money, you know—and help him to make his way.'

"'Reece has plenty of brains too,' said Barty.

"'Oh, Mr. Josselin, don't misunderstand me'—and then I began to stammer and look foolish.

"'Miss Royce—I've only got £15 in the world, and with that I mean to go to London and be an artist; and comfort myself during the struggle by the delightful remembrance of Riffrath and Reece and yourself—and the happy hope of meeting you both again some day, when I shall no longer be the poor devil I am now, and am quite content to be! And when you and he are among the great of the earth, if you will give me each a commission to paint your portraits I will do my very best!' (and he smiled his irresistible smile). 'You will be kind, I am sure, to Mr. Nobody of Nowhere, the famous portrait-painter—who doesn't even bear his father's name—as he has no right to it.'

"I could have flung my arms round his neck and kissed him! What did *I* care about his father's name?

"'Will you think me dreadfully bold and indiscreet, Mr. Josselin, if I—if I—' (I stammered fearfully).

"'If you *what*, Miss Royce?'

"'If I—if I ask you if you—if you—think Miss Gibson the most beautiful girl you ever saw?'

"'Honestly, I think *you* the most beautiful girl I ever saw!'

"'Oh, that's *nonsense*, Mr. Josselin, although I ought to have known you would say that! I'm not fit to tie her shoes. What I mean is—a—a—oh! forgive me—are you very *fond* of her, as I'm sure she deserves, you know?'

"'Oh yes, Miss Royce, very fond of her indeed; she's poor, she's of no family, she's Miss Nobody of Nowhere, you know; she's all that I am, except that she has a right to her honest father's name—'

"'Does she *know* you're very fond of her?'

"'No; but I hope to tell her so some day.'

"Then we were silent, and I felt very red, and very much inclined to cry, but I managed to keep in my tears.

"Then I got up, and so did he—and he

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made some joke about Grissel and the loch-bottle; and we both laughed quite naturally, and looked at the pictures, and he told me he was going back to London with the Gibsons that very week, and thanked me warmly for my kind interest in him, and assured me he thoroughly deserved it—and talked so funnily and so nicely that I quite forgave myself. I really don't think he guessed for one moment what I had been driving at all the while; I got back all my self-respect; I felt so grateful to him that I was fonder of him than ever, though no longer so idiotically in love. He was not for me. He had somehow laughed me into love with him, and laughed me out of it.

"Then I bade him good-by, and squeezed his hand with all my heart, and told him how much I should like some day to meet Miss Gibson and be her friend if she would let me.

"Then I went back to Riffrath and took mamma her loch; but she no longer wanted it, for I told her I had changed my mind about Freddy, and that cured her like magic; and she kissed me on both cheeks, and called me her dear, darling, divine Julia. Poor sweet mamma!

"I had given her many a bad quarter of an hour, but this good moment made up for them all.

"She was eighty-two last birthday, and can still read Josselin's works in the cheap edition without spectacles—thanks no doubt to the famous Doctor Hasenclever! She reads nothing else!

"Et voilà comment ça s'est passé.

"It's me that 'll be the proud woman when I read this letter, printed, in your life of Josselin.

Yours sincerely,

JULIA IRONSIDES.

"P.S.—I've actually just told mamma —and I'm still her dear, darling, divine Julia!"

Charming as were Barty's remembrances of Düsseldorf, the most charming of all was his remembrance of going aboard the little steamboat bound for Rotterdam, one night at the end of May, with old Mrs. Bletchley, Mrs. Gibson and her daughter, and my sister Ida.

The little boat was crowded; the ladies found what accommodation they could in what served for a ladies' cabin, and expostulated and bribed their best; fortunately for them, no doubt, there were no English on board to bribe against them.

Barty spent the night on deck, supine, with a carpet-bag for a pillow; we will take the full moon for granted. From Düsseldorf to Rotterdam there is little to see on either side of a Rhine steamboat, except the Rhine—especially at night.

Next day, after breakfast, he made the ladies as comfortable as he could on the after-deck, and read to them from "Maud," from the "Idyls of the King," from *The Mill on the Floss*. Then windmills came into sight—Dutch windmills; then Rotterdam, almost too soon. They went to the big hotel on the Boompjes and fed, and then explored Rotterdam, and found it a most delightful city.

Next day they got on board the steamboat bound for St. Katharine's wharf; the wind had freshened, and they soon separated, and met at breakfast, next morning, in the Thames.

Barty declared he smelt Great Britain as distinctly as one can smell a Scotch haggis, or a Welsh rabbit, or an Irish stew, and the old familiar smell made him glad. However little you may be English, if you are English at all, you are more English than anything else, *et plus royaliste que le Roi!*

According to Heine, an Englishman loves liberty as a good husband loves his wife; that is also how he loves the land of his birth; at all events, England has a kind of wifely embrace for the home-coming Briton, especially if he comes home by the Thames.

It is not unexpected, nor madly exciting, perhaps; but it is singularly warm and sweet if the conjugal relations have not been strained in the mean while. And as the Thames narrows itself, the closer, the more genial, the more grateful and comforting, this long-anticipated and tenderly intimate uxorious dalliance seems to grow.

Barty felt very happy as he stood leaning over the bulwarks in the sunshine, between Ida and Leah, and looked at Rotherhithe, and promised himself he would paint it some day, and even sell the picture!

Then he made himself so pleasant to the custom-house officers that they all but forgot to examine the Gibson luggage.

Was I delighted to grasp his hand at St. Katharine's wharf, after so many months? Ah!. . .

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"DOES SHE KNOW YOU'RE VERY FOND OF HER?"

Mr. Gibson was there, funny as ever, and the Gibsons went home with him to Conduit Street in a hired fly. Alas! poor Mrs. Gibson's home-coming was the saddest part for her of the delightful little journey.

And Barty and Ida and I went our own way in a four-wheeler to eat the fatted calf in Brunswick Square, washed down with I will not say what vintage. There were so many available from all the wine-growing lands of Europe that I've forgotten which was chosen to celebrate the wanderer's return!

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Let us say Romané-Conti, which is the "cru" that Barty loved best.

Next morning Barty left us early, with a portfolio of sketches under his arm, and his heart full of sanguine expectation, and spent the day in Fleet Street, or thereabouts, calling on publishers of illustrated books and periodicals, and came back to us at dinner-time very fagged, and with a long and piteous but very droll story of his ignominious non-success: his weary waitings in dull dingy little business back rooms, the patronizing and snubbing he and his works had met with, the sense that he had everything to learn—he, who thought he was going to take the publishing world by storm.

Next day it was just the same, and the day after, and the day after that—every day of the week he spent under our roof.

Then he insisted on leaving us, and took for himself a room in Newman Street—a studio by day, a bedroom by night, a pleasant smoking-room at all hours, and very soon a place of rendezvous for all sorts and conditions of jolly fellows, old friends and new, from Guardsmen to young stars of the art world, mostly idle apprentices.

Gradually boxing-gloves crept in, and foils and masks, and the faithful Snowdrop (whose condition three or four attacks of delirium tremens during Barty's exile had not improved).

And fellows who sang, and told good stories, and imitated popular actors—all as it used to be in the good old days of St. James's Street.

But Barty was changed all the same. These amusements were no longer the serious business of life for him. In the midst of all the racket he would sit at his small easel and work. He declared he couldn't find inspiration in silence and solitude, and, bereft of Martia, he could not bear to be alone.

Then he looked up other old friends, and left cards, and got invitations to dinners and drums. One of his first visits was to his old tailor in Jermyn Street, to whom he still owed money, and who welcomed him with open arms—almost hugged him—and made him two or three beautiful suits; I believe he would have dressed Barty for nothing, as a mere advertisement. At all events he wouldn't hear of payment "for many years to come! The finest figure in the whole Household Brigade!—the idea!"

Soon Barty got a few sketches into obscure illustrated papers, and thought his fortune was made. The first was a little sketch in the manner of John Leech, which he took to the *British Lion*, just started as a rival to *Punch*. The *British Lion* died before the sketch appeared, but he got a guinea for it, and bought a beautiful volume of Tennyson, illustrated by Millais, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and others, and made a sketch on the fly-leaf of a lovely female with black hair and black eyes, and gave it to Leah Gibson. It was his old female face of ten years ago; yet, strange to say, the very image of Leah herself (as it had once been that of his mother).

The great happiness of his life just then was to go to the opera with Mrs. Gibson and Leah and Mr. Babbage (the family friend), who could get a box whenever he liked, and then to sup with them afterwards in Conduit Street, over the Emporium of the "Universal Fur Company," and to imitate Signor Giuglini for the delectation of Mr. Gibson, whose fondness for Barty soon grew into absolute worship!

And Leah, so reserved and self-contained in general company, would laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks; and the music of her laughter, which was deep and low, rang more agreeably to Barty's ear than even the ravishing strains of Adelina Patti—the last of the great prime donne of our time, I think—whose voice still stirs me to the depths, with vague remembrance of fresh girlish innocence turned into sound.

Long life to her and to her voice! Lovely voices should never fade, nor pretty faces either!

Sometimes I replaced Mr. Babbage and escorted Mrs. Gibson to the opera, leaving Leah to Barty; for on fine nights we walked there, and the ladies took off their bonnets and shawls in the box, which was generally on the upper tier, and we looked down on Scatcherd and my mother and sister in the stalls. Then back to Conduit Street to supper. It was easy with half an eye to see the way things were going. I can't say I liked it. No man would, I suppose. But I reconciled myself to the inevitable, and bore up like a stoic.

L'amitié est l'amour sans ailes! A happy intimate friendship, a wingless

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love that has lasted more than thirty years without a break, is no bad substitute for tumultuous passions that have missed their mark! I have been as close a friend to Barty's wife as to Barty himself, and all the happiness I have ever known has come from them and theirs.

Walking home, poor Mrs. Gibson would confide to me her woes and anxieties, and wail over the past glories of Tavistock Square and all the nice people who lived there, and in Russell Square and Bedford Street and Gower Street, many of whom had given up calling on her now that she lived over a shop. Not all the liveliness of Bond Street and Regent Street combined (which Conduit Street so broadly and genially connected with each other) could compensate her for the lost gentility, the aristocratic dulness and quiet and repose, "almost equal to that of a West End square."

Then she believed that business was not going on well, since Mr. Gibson talked of giving up his Cheapside establishment; he said it was too much for him to look after. But he had lost much of his fun, and seemed harassed and thin, and muttered in his sleep; and the poor woman was full of forebodings, some of which were to be justified by the events that followed.

About this time Leah, who had forebodings too, took it into her head to attend a class for bookkeeping, and in a short time thoroughly mastered the science in all its details. I'm afraid she was better at this kind of work than at either drawing or music, both of which she had been so perseveringly taught. She could read off any music at sight quite glibly and easily, it is true--the result of hard plodding—but could never play to give real pleasure, and so she gave it up. And with singing it was the same; her voice was excellent and had been well trained, but when she heard the untaught Barty she felt she was no singer, and never would be, and left off trying. Yet nobody got more pleasure out of the singing of others—especially Barty's and that of young Mr. Santley, who was her pet and darling, and whom she far preferred to that sweetest and suavest of tenors, Giuglini, about whom we all went mad. I agreed with her. Giuglini's voice was like green chartreuse in a liqueur-glass; Santley's like a bumper of the very best burgundy that ever was! Oh, that high G! Romané-Conti again; and in a quart pot! En veux-tu, en voilà!

And as for her drawing, it was as that of all intelligent young ladies who have been well taught, but have no original talent whatever; nor did she derive any special pleasure from the masterpieces in the National Gallery; the Royal Academy was far more to her taste; and to mine, I frankly admit; and, I fear, to Barty's taste also, in those days. Enough of the Guardsman still remained in him to quite unfit his brain and ear and eye for what was best in literature and art. He was mildly fond of the "Bacchus and Ariadne," and Rembrandt's portrait of himself, and a few others; as he was of the works of Shakespeare and Milton. But Mantegna and Botticelli and Signorelli made him sad, and almost morose.

The only great things he genuinely loved and revered were the Elgin Marbles. He was constantly sketching them. And I am told that they have had great influence on his work, and that he owes much to them. I have grown to admire them immensely myself in consequence, though I used to find that part of the British Museum a rather dreary lounge in the days when Barty used to draw there.

I am the proud possessor of a Velasquez, two Titians, and a Rembrandt; but, as a rule, I like to encourage the art of my own time and country and that of modern France.

And I suppose there's hardly a great painter living, or recently dead, some of whose work is not represented on my walls, either in London, Paris, or Scotland; or at Marsfield, where so much of my time is spent; although the house is not mine, it's my real home; and thither I have always been allowed to send my best pictures, and my best bric-à-brac, my favorite horses and dogs, and the oldest and choicest liquors that were ever stored in the cellars of Vougeot-Conti and Co. Old bachelor friends have their privileges, and Uncle Bob has known how to make himself at home in Marsfield.

Barty soon got better off, and moved into better lodgings in Berners Street: a sitting-room and bedroom at No. 12 B, which has now disappeared.

And there he worked all day, without haste and without rest, and at last in solitude; and found he could work twice as

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well with no companion but his pipe and his lay figure, from which he made most elaborate studies of drapery, in pen and ink; first in the manner of Sandys and Albert Dürer; later in the manner of Millais, Walker, and Keene.

Also he acquired the art of using the living model for his little illustrations. It had become the fashion; a new school had been founded with *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill Magazine*, it seems; besides those already named, there were Lawless, du Maurier, Poynter, not to mention Holman Hunt and F. Leighton; and a host of new draughtsmen, most industrious apprentices, whose talk and example soon weaned Barty from a mixed and somewhat rowdy crew.

And all became more or less friends of his; a very good thing, for they were admirable in industry and talent, thorough artists, and very good fellows all round. Need I say they have all risen to fame and fortune—as becomes poetical justice?

He also kept in touch with his old brother officers; and that was a good thing too.

But there were others he got to know, rickety, unwholesome geniuses, whose genius (such as it was) had allied itself to madness; and who were just as conceited about the madness as about the genius, and took more pains to cultivate it. It brought them a quicker kudos, and was so much more visible to the naked eye.

At first Barty was fascinated by the madness, and took the genius on trust, I suppose. They made much of him, painted him, wrote music and verses about him, raved about his Greekness, his beauty, his yellow hair, and his voice, and what not, as if he had been a woman. He even stood that, he admired them so! or rather, this genius of theirs.

He introduced me to this little clique, who called themselves a school, and each other "master": "the neo-priapists," or something of that sort, and they worshipped the tuberose.

They disliked me at sight, and I them, and we did not dissemble!

Like Barty, I am fond of men's society; but at least I like them to be unmistakably men of my own sex, manly men, and clean; not little misshapen troglodytes with foul minds and perverted passions, or self-advertising little mountebanks with enlarged and diseased vanities; creatures who would stand in a pillory sooner than not be stared at or talked about at all.

Whatever their genius might be, it almost made me sick, it almost made me kick, to see the humorous and masculine Barty prostrate in admiration before these inspired epicenes, these gifted epileptoids, these anæmic little self-satisfied nincompoops, whose proper place, it seemed to me, was either Earlswood, or Colney Hatch, or Broadmoor. That is, if their madness was genuine, which I doubt. He and I had many a quarrel about them, till he found them out and cut them for good and all—a great relief to me; for one got a bad name by being friends with such nondescripts.

"Dis-moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai ce que tu es!"

Need I say they all died long ago, without leaving the ghost of a name—and nobody cared? Poetical justice again! How encouraging it is to think there are no such people now, and that the breed has been thoroughly stamped out!*

Barty never succeeded as an illustrator on wood. He got into a way of doing very slight sketches of pretty people in fancy dress and coloring them lightly, and sold them at a shop in the Strand, now no more. Then he made up little stories, which he illustrated himself, something like the picture-books of the later Caldecott, and I found him a publisher, and he was soon able to put aside a few pounds and pay his debts.

* (Ed.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMORY.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

THIS hour the fateful tide runs up the beach,
As the sea wills it;
It seeks each hollow loved of yesterday,
Finds it, and fills it.

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WILD THINGS IN WINTER.

BY J. H. KENNEDY.

THAT "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice" reminds us of that infinite knowledge and love which includes even the birds and wild creatures. Exposed at all times to the elements and forces of nature — often cruel—with no knowledge of preservation and protection except what hardships have taught, the privations and suffering that they endure, even as far south as Maryland, when the ground is covered with snow, or the waters above their feeding-grounds are frozen, are hard and bitter. Many wild things are believed to feel the approach of storms, and their actions at such times seem to prove the fact. Living near the Chesapeake Bay Flats, I have observed wild-fowl to be unusually active and intent upon getting as much food as possible when storms are threatening. Lines of class distinctions are not so closely drawn—the noble canvas-back, at other times exclusive, will now tolerate the presence of his less worthy congeners, the red and black head. Ducks, when not on the wing, feed closely in almost solid bodies, diving and coming up rapidly. Some of the more nervous ones seem distressed, flying from place to place without accomplishing much. The gunner accounts himself lucky who goes forth on such days. When the storm breaks, the ducks seek sheltered places, and are less active, except the canvas-back. The coldest snow-storms affect these but little, as long as the waters remain open. It is certain that wild-fowl feel the necessity of providing against the coming storm, when they cannot find food nor stay on the feeding-grounds, and it is possible that, aside from being deprived of food when storms sweep the bay, they fear the ice that covers their cherished celery beds, driving them to seek a living farther south, where aquatic-plant food is inferior and the water brackish. After a winter sojourn in Southern waters they return with rusty plumage and an aroma of fish about their breath once balmy with water-celery. This will cause anguish to the epicure, but will not dampen the sportsman's ardor. Geese and swan are very shy; living far out upon deep waters for the most part, their habits are less easily studied. They are unable to dive for food like ducks, and nature, as a compensation, has provided them with long necks, still they are compelled to come ashore into shoal waters to feed. Often in winter geese take to the marshes and wheat-fields for subsistence. From their piteous cries they are sorely tried, and suffer for food, between their fear of man and the rigors of winter.

Leaving water-fowl, we notice hawks, crows, etc., so numerous and widely distributed that they excite scant sympathy in a struggle for existence in winter. Farmers regard crows as a pest, and wage endless war against them, even to killing them with poison when hunger compels the poor birds to ask alms at their hands. I should be glad to see this persecution of an intelligent and useful bird pass away. The public press is striving to convince the husbandman that the crow is an ally, and should be a friend. The presence of crows in fields of growing crops does not mean that they are there for the purpose of plunder, but to prey upon the numerous vermin—enemies of the crops.

When crows are bringing out their young, I admit, they will sometimes filch an egg or young chicken, or when a farmer is so thriftless as to leave his corn crop out over winter, take it for granted it was left for them, and help themselves. "What would you?—an honest crow must live." Hawks, from their predatory character and epicurean tastes for quail and chicken, get no consideration in their fight to keep the wolf from the door, though snow lies deep upon the ground, mice and birds scarce, and snakes out of the question. Being migratory to a great extent, they are not numerous here until driven by storms and extreme cold farther north. They are most hardy birds, and can endure long sieges without starvation. I have never known one to approach the habitation of man, except by stealth, in quest of food. Not so the crow, who, having a clear conscience, will go into the farm-yard, in mute appeal, to share the scraps with the dogs and fowls, when the wolf—hunger—gnaws at his vitals.

As I drove homeward one cold evening in December, I saw a company of large owls flying about in a dazed sort of way before sunset, some of them passing

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near my carriage and others alighting on trees in a farm-yard. I thought they were pinched by hunger to go out before the dusk of evening in search of food, though hunger would not have made them approach dwellings, had they been native owls. They had migrated from a region uninhabited by man, and did not know their danger. Screech-owls are the most taciturn birds of my acquaintance, and my efforts to convince them of my good-will have been beset with difficulties.

In my wanderings when a boy, through wood and field, after a snowfall, in search of adventure, it occurred to me to explore the cavities of some hollow trees that came in my way, wherein golden-winged woodpeckers and red polls were wont to build in summer. I expected to surprise a flying-squirrel or stray deer-mouse, but found that they were in possession of screech-owls. I had always wished to have some tame owls about the barn—now was my chance. With the aid of a companion a number of them were secured and borne, vigorously protesting, to the upper story of the granary, a large room where they could fly about at night, were shielded from the rigors of winter, and could supply their larder from the numerous mice that infested the place for the catching. Being strangers to the place, and fearing they would not get enough to eat at first, I carried them pieces of fresh meat and fowl, which promptly disappeared after dark. Mice may have eaten them, but in the end the owls were not the losers, I take it. They soon lost their fear of us, when approached by day, and seemed to accept the situation as not so bad after all. Sitting silent and grave on the beams overhead, they passed the days in sleep and meditation. When approached at night with a light they were wide-awake and alert in their movements. They were liberated in the spring, and a door left open that they might return at their will, which they often did; having become in a manner domesticated, they flew about the lawn at night with little sense of fear.

Again, in later years, one cold winter evening some owls of the same kind appeared on the lawn, sitting on the outer branches of cedar-trees, wherein they had passed the day. They seemed starving. Their destitution created great concern, and to relieve their distress some mice were caught and offered them upon the tips of long sticks. The scheme did not succeed as well as could be wished at once, but when the mice were left on the sticks overnight they were gone in the morning. By our aid, and what little they picked up on their own account, they managed to live through the winter. They seemed to feel our good-will, and did not change their abode with the return of summer. Three of them, often in the twilight of summer evenings, would group themselves on a limb in the most charming poses, such as no imaginary pictures from the owl country ever equalled.

I have often sought some explanation why many birds remain here and endure the severe winters, when a flight of a few hours would carry them beyond the snow-line. This is one of the secrets of bird life that I cannot fathom. Winter may have its compensations, and the South its disadvantages that are not apparent. Perhaps it is the home instinct, the love of the once verdant wood and fields, where they first saw the light, and carolled their first notes, that will make them endure cold and hunger here in preference to the easy conditions of existence in the South.

The love of home, as I have discovered it among the lower creatures, is touching. Many birds and animals will wander far by day in search of food or pleasure, but will return at night to their accustomed bower or bed, where perchance they meet loved ones, and where, at least, rest and sleep are always sweeter. Children who live in the country with the wild things around them, if taught, will soon learn to care for and protect the birds, instead of trapping or killing them when hunger makes them easy victims.

As soon as the snow-storm is over, wind-swept spots of ground and places on the sheltered side of buildings or stacks may be cleared, and a meal of hay seed from the barn, bread crumbs, or small grain spread for the little waifs. They will not be long in finding it, and will come to look for it daily. The little boy takes great pleasure in feeding and caring for the starving birds. He discovered some snow-birds and Canada sparrows on the porch roof, drawn thither by some crumbs from the invalid's tray. The roof was cleared of snow and a generous meal set for them. A few came at first, then more,

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until there would be fifty to breakfast, nearly as many to dinner, and a few transients all the time. We watched them through the window; they ate heartily, and brought all their hungry friends to the feast. Their table manners, while not always decorous, were fair for hungry birds. True happiness comes through making others happy, and though the subjects were but little birds, somehow the dark days were a little brighter, even to the invalid, who had to be propped on her couch to watch them.

One of the larger native birds that remains through the winter is the blue-jay, but he is not a frequent visitor. Occasionally he will come to the corn-crib and get a meal by reaching through the slats and plucking the grains from the ears of corn. Again he will proclaim from the top of a tree near by some important message or warning in shrill tones; always in a great hurry, sometimes shouting as he flies. I think this habit of going through life in haste must have gained for him the report, among the colored ones, that he goes to the devil and back nine times every Friday. The bird is not such a bad fellow, and I cannot imagine what alliance he could have with the evil one. From his military dress and carriage, I take it, he is a free lance, who takes his chances for acorns, beechnuts, etc., among the squirrels and chickarees.

The bonny bluebirds disappear upon the approach of cold weather, to return as soon as it moderates and the sun shines bright again. Upon such days they visit their building-places of last year, make feints of building nests, uttering sweet spring notes, and generally showing their conviction that spring is at hand. Soon clouds obscure the sun, cold winds sweep through the bare trees, there is a vanishing streak of blue, and the sanguine prophets are gone. Like other weather prophets, these pretty birds are usually inaccurate, though never discouraged. During a mild portion of one winter a whole family of bluebirds were friends of ours. The intimacy was brought about through some wood-worms found under decaying bark on the firewood. These worms were placed on pieces of bark and laid on the outer ledge of a second-floor window. They were soon discovered, and there was a demand for more. When not forthcoming, every window of the second floor was visited, and soft brown eyes peered pleadingly within. When a meal was placed out for them, three or four were always in waiting, and would keep up a great twittering until the window was closed, then pounce down on the viands, each bird scrambling for the largest worm. There was mutual regret when the supply of worms gave out.

The cardinal-bird never leaves us; winter has no terrors that it will not brave for love of its native place. Of all the wild creatures that are destined to inhabit the snow-clad regions of the earth, none that I am aware of is so unprotected by reason of contrast in color to its setting. This glaring contrast of red and white is almost an anomaly in nature. Apart from being a conspicuous mark for birds of prey, its striking beauty makes it coveted by persons of depraved taste for personal adornment. Again, in winter from hunger it falls into the trap of the greedy pot-hunter, to be sold to misguided people, who will confine it in a cage to fret and wear its life away. This is another instance of beauty and anguish going hand in hand. Few country homes but what are cheered in winter by visits of the red bird, flashing gleams of red here and there, always in contrast, whether to sombre clouds or glistening white snow. They are timid, and follow in the wake of the other birds without finding much to eat, though they never seem despondent. I have often left a few grains of pop-corn here and there in their way without telling the crows and blackbirds. There may be a legend, like the fable of the hoopoes and their golden crowns, wherein it is told that the cardinal-bird, to gratify some vain impulse, purchased fatal beauty with the price of peace.

One day in early winter a crowd of children, headed by the little boy, were in pursuit of some dark object across the lawn. It proved to be a buzzard, disabled as to flight from some cause, but otherwise unharmed. Its fate was soon settled by the leader. "I know what's the matter with this buzzard; it's been hurt and can't fly, and it 'll get killed, or starved, if I don't keep care of it. I am going to put it under the porch and feed it until it gets well. I can get enough scraps from the butcher's for it to live on. Won't it be a funny pet? And it don't smell bad, like they say buzzards do." He took the grewsome thing by the tip of one wing and urged it toward the house, while

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the other children followed in mute wonder. At home he was severely criticised, ordered to change his raiment and go into quarantine, though it proved there was no necessity for either. The little boy's scheme failed, as the best-laid schemes will, and his worst fears were probably realized. Some one left the infirmary door open, and the poor thing wandered away in the night. He told me a pathetic tale, long afterward, of having found in a lonely churchyard a skeleton, which he believed was that of his poor buzzard. Why it should have come to a tragic end in this lonely spot puzzled the child. "Did it know it was going to die, and go there on purpose to be with the other dead? Or did it just happen to die or get killed there?"

During the blizzard of 1895, while the storm was still raging, I witnessed a tragedy among the birds. Standing at my office window, I saw a large bird, about the size of, and not unlike a blue-jay, carrying something in its beak, light in a japonica bush. My first thought was of the butcher-bird, and seizing my gun, I went in pursuit. It had flown, and was making for the wood, carrying its victim, when I reached the spot. I took a snap-shot through the driving snow. One shot—number four—took effect in the head. It flew several rods and tried to light in a thorn bush, but fell dead. I picked up the murderer and his victim together. In death only did he relax his cruel grip. The victim was a snow-bird, still warm, its spinal column crushed at the base of the skull, and the tail feathers gone, torn away in its struggle for life. The murderer proved to be a shrike, or butcher-bird, of the loggerhead variety, and was the largest specimen I had ever seen. It was sent to a taxidermist, and as it now appears is almost twice as large as any shrike in the collection in the National Museum. It was thoughtless not to send the snow-bird too, as the little boy pointed out. This pariah among birds is "a wolf in sheep's clothing," as Mr. Burroughs truly remarks, except for the cruel-looking beak. The fauna of this region is not numerous, and is all of the smaller kind.

Whatever days Uncle Remus may have hit upon were not like these, inasmuch as Brer Rabbit now no longer, as of yore, by his wisdom and sagacity, dominates the world of wild things, even to circumventing Brer Fox. Brer Rabbit is well enough in his way, with a fairly good character, inclined to be domestic in his tastes, and given to the accumulation of much fat upon the approach of winter.

Brer Fox, on the contrary, even as long ago as the days of Æsop, had a shadowy reputation, which through the ages, somehow, he has not managed to improve. Whatever sins or shortcomings Reynard may have to answer for, like a certain United States Senator, a fool is not one of them. For a great mind and personal beauty he commands our admiration. Running before hounds or taking a spin across the open country is a picture never to be forgotten: it is flight without wings—the poetry of motion. I never witness the sight without a feeling of awe. The sluggard was referred to the ant as an example of industry; as well might the statesman or warrior learn strategy from the fox. His boundless resource is the result of ages of heredity. With every man's hand raised against him, eternal vigilance is the watchword. Winter increases the number of his enemies, or makes them more aggressive, as well as curtails his supply of meat. Then, too, this is a season when the neighbors bring in nothing. What is to be done? You would not have him turn cannibal and devour his own kith and kin. Well, then, I think a few wild hares more or less do not matter, though I should be very sorry if hunger compelled him to draw upon those that take refuge in the brush-pile at the back of the pasture-lot.

When snipe-shooting one day in spring I sat down beside a large tree to rest, and, concealed by it, I surprised a fox carrying a shad. I did not seek to kill or frighten him, though he was near enough to me. He expected the worst, and the look of terror that came over the poor hunted creature as, bewildered and tottering, it strove to flee, was pitiful. But when I made no motion to harm him, he threw me a grateful look as he glided away. No doubt he had come by the fish honestly; it was the spawning season with the shad, and they were running up into shoal waters, where he may have sprung in and seized one. Though the situation was tragic, his presence of mind did not desert him, nor did he drop his quarry, but bore it homeward, where doubtless he displayed it with as much pride as I did mine on my return. After-

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ward, when there was a meeting of the animals upon the "council rock," this story may have been related, and I hope the feeling toward me was like unto the grateful look the fox had given me.

Gray squirrels are winter neighbors, but very shy ones. I have tried to coax them to come into the yard for walnuts by leaving out a supply under the trees there and gathering all from other trees, but they were too well supplied with nuts in the wood. I did succeed in gaining their confidence through a pair of tame squirrels that had been raised in a cage by a neighbor. I induced the neighbor to set them free, and apparently to reward me they took up their abode in the tall cottonwood and poplars about the lawn, but more likely because the neighbor had no large trees. While they remained, an occasional wild squirrel would call or spend the day in the great trees with my tame ones. But the villanous pot-hunter and his worthless cur destroyed my pets, and drove the visitors back to their wild state. The gray squirrel is not as provident as the little ground-squirrel, who toils through the long days of summer and fall to provide himself a home and lay up a store for winter use. What little the gray squirrel does lay by for a rainy day is not stored in his den, but scattered here and there about the wood, like the prudent housewife afraid to put all the eggs in one basket. I learned from my tame squirrels their method of hiding nuts. The nut is carried in the mouth, and some time and thought are given to the selection of a likely place to hide it. When the spot is finally decided upon, a hole the size of the nut is dug in the ground, the nut thrust in and pushed down hard with the nose, a little earth pressed and patted down, and leaves or grass tossed about the place in the most natural way. Before leaving, the locality is carefully scanned to see if another squirrel has been watching, in which case the nut is taken up and eaten or buried in a more secret place. It is very difficult for one watching the squirrel to find the nut, so artfully is it concealed. Their keen scent and unerring knowledge of locality enable them to find their hidden stores long afterwards. Going into the wood after a snowfall, their tracks will be found in every direction, from the den trees to all parts of the wood. Following these trails one will find many little holes in the snow, where hidden nuts have been dug up. Other trails go by long leaps. These are made by visitors going about among the neighbors to hear the news and indulge in gossip.

The red squirrels or chickarees are sometimes found in woods near dwellings, though they are not strictly tree-dwellers, an old building or stone wall often suiting their purposes better. Noisy, loquacious fellows, given to pilfering from any winter garner within reach. I once took up the case of a red squirrel, without a retaining-fee, upon a charge of removing some walnuts through a broken pane in an attic window convenient to the limb of a tree. I was implored by the colored boy to "shoot dat 'spis'ble chickaree; he gwine take eb'ry las' one dem wa'-nuts." I saved the squirrel by a confession from the boy as to how he came by the walnuts. They were not stolen — "jes took" from Mr. Tom's trees without permission after night. The boy withdrew his prayer when it was decided that he and the squirrel were guilty and liable to the same punishment, being shot.

The woodchuck or ground-hog is entitled to notice as a weather-prophet. It goes into winter quarters at the approach of cold weather with no other store than weather-wisdom and the adipose of its own body, promptly to appear on the 2d of February to take observations and determine the state of the weather for the coming six weeks. Punctuality is to be commended even in a ground-hog. The accuracy of his weather-bulletins is not verified, though in this line he should be a success for the same reason that the dog was good for 'coons — because worthless for everything else. There is a story that once upon a time the animals all lived in a country to themselves, and had a king to rule over them. Some hares had a burrow near to that of a ground-hog, who made himself odious by digging and throwing dirt back on their premises, stopping up their doors and filling the little hares' eyes with sand. This coming to the ears of the king, the ground-hog was warned not to let it happen again. Whereupon he sulkily retorted that he "would chuck" his dirt where he —— pleased. Hence the name "woodchuck." There may be "another story" about the wild things, if they will give up their secrets, "for beast and bird hath seen and heard the things man knoweth not."

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A REALIZED ROMANCE.

BY MARY M. MEARS.

"WHY, some one's taken the old Crane house! David said, when his mother died, that he'd never let the place. It's a pretty yard—don't you think so?"

"Yes, real pretty."

Annie Day stepped out on the porch beside her music-teacher. The sun was very bright, but Annie's face could bear the glare: she was only sixteen. May Elliot was thirty-three, a tastefully dressed young woman with a sallow complexion and bright dark eyes. She was still the belle of the village. The Days had not lived in Milford long, but Annie had heard of May's admirers. She had never had a lover herself, however. Now as she looked across the street at the weather-beaten cottage behind the row of maple-trees she hesitated.

"I—shouldn't wonder if a young married couple were going to housekeeping over there. Ma thinks so," she volunteered. "A real kind of nice-looking girl came yesterday, and she was so particular about training the vine over the door, and everything, we—we think she's coming there bride."

"Goodness! They must be strangers, for no one I know's going to be married."

"Oh, they *are* strangers, or at least *he* is, for when she came over here to get a pail of water ma questioned her, and she said the young man who owned the place had been living out West, but that he was coming home now; then ma knew right off how it was, and she took hold of her hand and told her that she mustn't work too hard—that he wouldn't like that; and I see this morning she's got an old man raking." Annie, fairly started, told her story with sweet volubility. She did not observe the strained consciousness of May Elliot's face.

"What kind of a looking girl did you say she was?"

"Oh, she's not pretty exactly; she's too thin and round-shouldered; but she's got lovely hair, and— There she is now!"

May and Annie peered across the street at the slender figure which appeared for a moment in the door of the Crane house. Beneath the green shade cast by the maple-trees the girl's head showed like a tropical flower.

"Oh, that's 'Lecta Douglas!" cried May, and there was a tone of relief in her voice. "Your guess is all wrong, Annie. Dave isn't going to be married. She probably heard he was coming, and thought she'd fix up things for him. 'Lecta always was very friendly to Dave," and May laughed. "I guess I'll go over and speak to her a minute." There was a bright dash of color on her cheeks, but Annie's pretty face wore a baffled expression, and before May reached the gate she called after her,

"You'll come back and tell me if I'm right—won't you?"

"Yes, if you're right; but you're not."

There was a little wind, and the dust blew up from the road in a cloud. The sun gave it the tangibility of a veil, and Annie saw the Crane cottage through it. Since Electa Douglas's coming it had assumed unwonted beauty in her eyes. The maple-trees seemed to gird it about in delicate isolation, like the setting of a gem. The very honeysuckles over the door, to her girlish fancy, had appeared more richly red and gold than others. But now, divested of the romance which she had woven about it, the cottage suddenly seemed as the other houses on the street. Wistfully she turned within, and the measured tinkle of scales broke the noon stillness.

Electa Douglas had vanished almost immediately, but May pressed on unhesitatingly. All the doors and windows stood open, and there was a straight passage through the house, yet the air, when she stepped in, was damp and penetrating.

"How d'ye do, 'Lecta? My, isn't it lovely and cool in here!"

The other started. She had been dusting old Mrs. Crane's work-basket with tender reverence, but when May spoke she came near letting it fall. She turned, her face pale with surprise above the little dark shawl thrown over her shoulders. "Oh, it's you?" she said, slowly.

"Yes, it's *me*," repeated May, not without a trace of confusion.

She crossed the room easily and took a chair—a low cushioned rocker. Electa's expression changed; she looked as though she would have protested, but May stared about her unconcernedly. The room had

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a bare look, despite the fact that it was lacking in none of the features of ordinary village furnishing. It was as though, after being so long closed, it had not fairly caught the atmosphere of human occupancy again. May shivered.

"I wondered why you had that shawl on; but now I come to sit down, I'm almost cold. So Dave's coming home, and you're fixing things up for him? That's real nice of you. When did you hear he was coming?"

"He'll probably get here to-morrow night."

"Oh, did he write you that?"

"He telegraphed."

"Telegraphed!" echoed May, tilting forward. "For the land sakes! What did the telegram say?"

Electa did not reply.

May looked at her sharply. "Probably that he'd married and was bringing his wife home with him," she cried, her lips trembling a little.

The other was silent.

"It would be like Dave to telegraph an old flame that way."

Electa quivered and drooped, then she raised her head. She fixed her eyes with a curious cold expression on May. "He wrote too, and he said in the letter that he was—alone," she murmured, constrainedly.

May stared at her. "Well, then, I'd like to know what you're acting so secret about! Anybody'd think, 'Lecta Douglas, that he was coming home to marry you!"

Electa moved to the centre table and commenced to dust that; but when May changed her seat that she might watch her, she turned on her almost fiercely.

"I wish you'd set in one chair if you're going to stay any longer. You needn't set in 'em all," she cried. Her anger seemed to glow all through her. Her sweet, patient face grew pink and hard as granite. May rose and involuntarily glanced around at the chair. "They're just as his mother left 'em," continued Electa, "and I've been careful not to disturb 'em any more than I could help."

"We-ll! Aren't you particular?" May tried to appear amused. "You mean to say you haven't sat down in one of these chairs since you came here to clean up?"

Electa did not answer.

"Did he tell you that things were just as his mother left 'em?"

"Yes."

The other reddened. "All I've got to say is, you're a couple of fools."

"You can set down in that rocking-chair again if you want to."

But May flounced towards the door. "No, thanks; I might poison more things if I staid." At the door, however, she hesitated and turned. She struggled to keep her flippant manner. "Am I to understand that what folks say is true," she demanded—"that you are coming here bride?"

The delicate color flooded Electa Douglas's face. 'Twas not as she had reddened before. She looked now more like a flower struggling with its blushes, because they reveal so much. Her eyes filled with tears. She seemed on the point of speaking, but not a word escaped her. May stared at her an instant, then went rapidly down the walk. She did not, however, go over to Annie's. Electa watched her, and when she was some distance away made as if she would call after her. She leaned out of the door, her lips shaping May's name, but the summer air bore no sound but that of the birds and the bees.

When she was out of sight, Electa sat down in the nearest chair, unmindful of her former care that it should not be desecrated. Presently she began to speak. It was as though her heart could command utterance when her conscience could not.

"I don't care—come here pryin' and expectin' to find out. I don't care what she thinks. *Let her think it!*" There was about Electa a shamed defiance. She could not deny what she knew had been written in her face for this other woman to read, but her eyes looked forth bravely in spite of her distress.

Electa was not pretty, as Annie Day had said; yet there was in her thinness a certain angular grace. She was May Elliot's age, but would have looked about Annie's, on account of the fairness of her skin and the brightness of her hair, had she not worn the badge of her trade as surely as a monk his cloak. Electa was a seamstress. One could guess it on first sight of her drooping shoulders. She sat very still, gazing straight ahead of her. Presently her vision comprehended a vase on a stand, and she got up and took it. There was a withered rose petal clinging to its side.

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"There, I thought I took that home after the funeral," she muttered. "I went to the church after it." Electa lived alone, and had gotten into the habit of speaking her thoughts. "Those roses were awful pretty. Dave was so pleased and—"

She paused, leaning back against the wall, her eyes closed. Again it was the day of Mrs. Crane's funeral, and she was trying to comfort the great grief-stricken fellow, who sobbed like a lad. Again, standing in the middle of this room, she could feel the weight of his handsome curly head against her shoulder, and the clinging of his hands to her little hard-working ones. Poor Electa! Thrice blessed was she who had lain in the room beyond, with all the story of her life written fair on her tranquil old face. She had walked the prescribed path of womanhood and love had met her there. Even had it not been so she would not have left the beaten track to seek him. Few women do. But loving had not meant to her what it could mean to Electa. Within the shy, reticent girl surged the possibilities of a passion of which the other, wife and mother, had never dreamed. Moved out of her very womanhood, as it had always seemed to her since, she had spoken, revealing her heart to David Crane. Just a few pitiful words, which he, absorbed in his grief, and used as he was to the homage of women, had hardly noticed. But life had echoed with them since for Electa. Now they beat into her ears like the taunts of an enemy. She opened her eyes heavily, and a dreary smile played around her mouth.

"Silly, you needn't think that May Elliot's going to imagine anything unlikely 'bout you and Dave."

Nevertheless, she could not succeed in putting out of her mind what May had alluded to as village gossip. The next day she imagined the thoughts that must be in the minds of the neighbors, and despite her knowledge of how cruelly at variance the real facts were, and the protest of her conscience, there crept into her manner the modest yet open pride of a girl about to be wedded. "They know he's comin', so I needn't have it put into the paper until to-morrow morning," she told herself. And for that day she acted her little drama. She kept in range of the neighbors' windows and worked out-of-doors. It helped to keep up the illusion. Once Mrs. Day nodded to her, and she colored softly. She did not know that even this filched importance was imagined, that the spectators sat only in her own consciousness, and even Annie Day had lost interest in her. Like a plant growing in some way-side niche, deprived of its natural heritage of sun and rain, yet which in the time of the flowering of its species puts forth a pale deformed bloom, was Electa. David Crane, not by passionate, persistent wooing, such as a more assured woman would have demanded, but by a little careless attention, had made her love him, and so for a few hours she vaunted her imperfect petals, as it were, and smiled and blushed, a wistful semblance of what she might have been.

As the afternoon waned, however, she lapsed back into her usual manner. By seven o'clock the fire was lighted and the teakettle on, and she stood by the window watching. "It 'll make it easier for him if I'm not here," she thought, soberly. She meant to slip out by the back way before David should enter, but the sight of something which he bore in his arms when he stepped out of the carriage held her at the window. "A baby!" she gasped. "He didn't say anything about a baby!" The word seemed to act on her like an electric current. With a woman's certain instinct, she moved straight through the house and opened the door to David Crane.

He stood on the threshold, holding the bundle carelessly, helplessly, his handsome face white and jaded. Without a word she took it from him, and with a nerveless hand-shake he stepped past her and in.

"You're very good, Electa," he said. Then he sank down on the sofa and gazed around the room. Suddenly he bowed his face in his hands. "Oh, mother, mother!" he groaned. "Oh, Bessie!"

He seemed to forget Electa's presence. The baby lifted a weak cry, and she swayed with it. Presently he sprang up and looked out of the window. "They're coming now with *her*. Is the parlor ready so they can take it in there?"

Electa nodded. Then she passed out into the kitchen. She heard the scraping of a box being brought in at the front door, but she did not go there. Instead, she sat down, and laying the infant across her knees, unfastened the shawl. It was

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a wee creature, but a few weeks old. When the light struck its face it rolled its eyes and clutched at itself with pink clawing fingers. Its long slip, set with dainty stitches, was soiled and rumpled. It gave a wail of hunger and misery that went to Electa's heart.

With crooning sounds she began to do what she could to relieve its discomfort. She warmed some milk and poured it into the nursing-bottle which she found in the shawl with it. She was feeding it thus when David entered the kitchen. She did not look up. All maidenly consciousness had vanished from her manner.

"I should have come through sooner if it hadn't been for her," he said, indicating the infant. "They make the trip in less time now; but at Omaha I had to change nurses. The one I started with wouldn't come any farther, and I had to hunt up another, and she left me this afternoon when we got into Chicago."

He looked at her with a suggestion of embarrassment in his manner. He had thought of her scarcely at all during his three years' absence, but in the time of affliction she seemed the natural one to turn to. Now something in the way she held the baby gave him heart.

"I know it's a shame to ask anything more of you, but if you could find a woman to take charge of it until after—" his voice broke.

"I'll take it home with me," she responded, quietly. She rose, wrapping up the baby. She moved across the kitchen, then turned. "Your supper's all ready, David. You'll feel better after you've eaten." It was her first allusion to his loss, but David craved sympathy. He went up to her, and putting a hand on her shoulder, dropped his head forward on his arm.

"Oh, 'Lecta!" he said, brokenly, "how am I going to live without her?"

She trembled under his hand. There was something feminine in this appeal, though it was wholly masculine in its passionate selfishness.

"She—was just sick a day—pneumonia. We hadn't been married much over a year. She was only twenty," he continued, pouring out his love and grief for another to this woman who had confessed her love for him. But that he did not seem to remember, or if he did, it was to be the surer of her compassion. Nor was he disappointed. She got one hand free, and laid it gently on his hair, but it was an impersonal touch. Something in it made him straighten up.

"Forgive me, 'Lecta. I'm not putting much of a face on it. The people of Bloomingdale were kind, but they couldn't be like old friends."

"Oh, it's nothing; I've been glad to do it."

Then she went, stooping a little over the child as she carried it. She passed around the house and out into the road, the tall dandelions and daisies catching and clinging to her dress. They were like tearful faces upraised to some gracious hurrying Sister of Charity.

The next morning a notice of David Crane's home-coming appeared in the paper, and compassionate friends of the young man knocked constantly at the door. The funeral was in the afternoon, and about two o'clock the house began to fill rapidly, quietly. But the June day smiled on heedlessly. Its breath even crept into the dim parlor where David knelt beside the coffin, and at last, as though he had gotten a message from it, he rose and opened the door.

The guests in the sitting-room started at sight of him. May Elliot, from her place at the organ, reached up a sympathizing hand, but his eyes sought Electa. He beckoned to her.

"You are all strangers to her," he whispered, "but I want *you* to see her."

He led the way into the parlor, and she followed. Her hands were ice-cold, and she clasped them tightly. She stood looking down on the still little form, but illness and death had left slight trace upon Bessie Crane. She seemed rather to have sunk to rest in the utter forgetfulness of a child weary with play. There were some roses in the small lax hands, and the face was turned partly to the pillow. A low cry burst from Electa. She glanced up at David. Through the stupor of his grief he dully comprehended her appealing rebuke.

"I wouldn't have brought her 'way out here," he explained, "but she was an orphan, and I wanted to lay her beside mother."

May Elliot did not go to the cemetery. She had promised to give Annie Day a lesson that afternoon. Annie sat on the porch. She had been watching the car-

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riages, and her sweet young face wore an awed expression. She rose and greeted May.

"I *was* wrong, as you said, Miss Elliot. It was a—funeral she was getting ready for, instead of a wedding."

Electa had found a woman to stay with the baby, but when late in the afternoon, more weary than she would have been after days of sewing, she climbed her stairs to the two rooms over the grocery-store, it was to send her to David Crane. "He'll need some one to keep the house straight for him," she reflected; but her face changed when she went into the inner room. Colored plates from fashion magazines were tacked on the walls. Her bed was screened from view by some breadths of calico. She pushed back the curtain eagerly. There lay the baby, its round dark eyes rolled towards her, its forehead wrinkling, and its mites of hands opening and closing. She bent over it. Her eyes, glowing with infinite softness, were as lamps revealing the meaning motherhood might have for her. She gathered it in her arms, and as she rose with it the gleam of her hair, the light from her eyes, her lips, and her hands, seemed to fill the place, yet the only tangible radiance in the mean little room was a ray of reflected sunshine.

From this hour Electa's life assumed a new color. It was arranged that she should keep the child until David found just the person to take charge of it, and her absorbed happiness, for a time, rendered her deaf to public comment. But one morning, a few weeks after the funeral, May hailed her as she was turning away from the milkman's cart.

"Dave's coming home was a little different from what you led us to think. I was terribly shocked. You've got the baby yet, haven't you? He told me you'd as good as adopted it."

"Did Dave say that?"

May laughed at the other's eager face. "Well, if you want to know just what he *did* say, I'll tell you. He said that he thought the name 'Electa' suited you, for you'd elected to be its mother." And these were indeed David Crane's words, spoken out of the gratitude of his heart, but he had not put into them the meaning that May conveyed.

Electa took a wavering step, then she turned and looked full upon May. "You know very well that I 'ain't thought of such a thing, and he knows it too," she cried.

May was a little abashed. "He didn't mean anything for you to get mad at," she hastened to explain. "I know he appreciates your kindness."

The conversation, however, inscribed itself on Electa's heart in words of fire. She kept closely within her rooms, for she would not go to church or anywhere else without taking the baby. And she avoided David Crane.

But she was not long to have her charge, for with the approach of spring the little thing gave evidence of the lungs it had inherited from its mother. Then her fear overcame her sensitiveness. She ceased to care what people said, and pushed its carriage through the village streets boldly, upheld by the belief that the fresh air helped it. She could not see that in violet-time the little one's lids drooped more and more languidly over its flower eyes, and when the apple-blossoms came, pink and white, all the color faded from its dainty cheek. Love rendered her blind to what was apparent to every one else, and indeed her great desire seemed to be the power that caused the little creature to linger, for when that desire was removed, there was no lingering.

Electa, up to this time, had heard nothing of the rumors that are wont to attach themselves to a man in David Crane's position. She simply knew that he staid on in his old home aimlessly, and though she no longer sought to avoid him, she never thought of his forgetting the fair young bride he had laid away, or remembering her through another. Thus a certain tenderness in his manner had no significance for her. When he sat with his yearning eyes fixed on herself and the child, she could not know that in some subtle fashion she expressed to him the motherhood of the young Bessie. Once he bent and touched his lips reverently to the wrist that supported the infant's head. Then she might have guessed, but at that instant May Elliot entered, and it was her manner towards him which Electa remembered afterwards to the exclusion of everything else.

David was going to marry May. This was the gossip, half carelessly, half meaningly repeated to Electa one night when she went to carry some work home. She found her way more by instinct than

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sight to her rooms, and entered shivering as from a chill. She had thought her love for David Crane dead, but love could not die with Electa, though she fought it down even now.

"It ain't for *him* I'm caring," she whispered, passionately. "She can have him, but she can't have the baby. I'd rather see it dead."

She paused, struck by her own words. Then she crossed to the mantel and took down the lamp. She crept with it into the bedroom. Her expression was one of wavering desperation, but in placing the lamp on the bureau she knocked a hand-glass to the floor. She picked it up, her face growing rigid with a definite purpose, which seemed to cast a visible shadow over her. Then she moved towards the bed.

The baby was asleep, but with the instinct of an animal in the presence of danger, its eyes suddenly opened wide. It stared at her between recognition and fright, then uttered a wail of terror and twisted away from her. She soothed it mechanically. It began to play feebly with the buttons of her dress. But this, which usually delighted her, did not move her now. Its wee fingers touched her neck, but she did not feel them.

"It's better," she muttered; "but it mustn't be let to live. It mustn't—be—let—to."

She took up the mirror again, with the cautious movement of a murderer reaching for his weapon. Her eyes, bright and perilous, revealed the same intent. It shook in her hand, but she held it rigidly until the baby fastened its eyes upon it. For a moment it lay in deep mysterious wonderment. Then a smile, wan and flickering, transformed its tiny countenance, and it reached for the glass. With a cry, Electa caught it in her arms. She sat down on the floor and rocked backward and forward. "Oh, how could I?" she moaned; but she quieted suddenly when a neighbor stepped through the outer room.

Electa looked around at her. "I was just playing with the baby," she said, ignoring the signs of grief plainly visible on her face; "and she acted so cute. I just laughed and laughed."

"She *is* a cute little thing—ain't she?" said the woman; "but seems to me I've never seen her look so blue as she does to-night, 'Lecta."

The other's answer startled her in its vehemence. "Yes, you have, too. She looks just the same as usual, and she's going to get well."

Yet when about nine o'clock the baby was seized with a spasm, Electa was as hopeless as she was an hour later when it lay dead. She sent for the doctor, then sat with it on her knees, a look on her face which the neighbor women described as "something awful." They tried to rouse her after the struggles of the little thing were over and it lay in beautiful quiet, but she would not relinquish it. Through the long hours of the night she sat holding it, its little waxen face upturned like a heavenly blossom to her anguished human one, and so David Crane found them when he came in the morning.

He entered the room somewhat awkwardly, and knelt down by her side. With the weariness of her night's vigil upon her as she sat there in the gray light of the early morning, a shawl which the women had thrown over her half dropping from her head, she looked to him like a picture he had once seen of the Mater Dolorosa. He was abashed by her anguish. It reproached him.

"I was out of the village last night," he said. "I never got the word until this morning." She seemed to him almost holy with this grief of self-imposed motherhood in her face. "Oh, 'Lecta!" he said, conscious again of the significance of the name.

She raised her eyes. "I *played* with it last night, Dave," she cried. "It just wanted to play, and I played with it." There was a hysterical insistence in her manner.

People said that Electa Douglas was mourning her life away, and some of her friends tried to prevent her daily pilgrimage to the cemetery, but she resisted their efforts with quiet determination. However, nearly a fortnight after the baby's burying the rain came down in torrents, and she knew that the roads would be impassable. All through the day she stood with her shawl wrapped around her, but as darkness fell, something like a higher determination shone out of her face.

"I've got to," she muttered. "Telling God don't make any difference. I've got to tell *him*."

Some minutes later there came a knock

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at David Crane's door, and when he rose from dreaming before the fire and opened it, a wet, wild-eyed woman drifted into the room.

"Why, Electa!" he cried. He had been thinking of her, and it was as though she had come in answer to the mystic summons. He went up to her and took off her dripping shawl. He would have led her to a chair, but she resisted. Standing straight and tall before him, she began to speak:

"I killed it. I killed your baby, David Crane. I wanted you to know."

"You killed it?" he repeated, recoiling a little. Then his face paled with pity. "You didn't either, 'Lecta. You've grieved so you don't know what you're saying."

"Yes, I did," she insisted.

"Why, you couldn't have. How did you kill it, 'Lecta?"

"I—held a lookin'-glass—over its face. I'd heard of the sign. The baby wasn't a year old, and it died that night. I killed it." She turned and began to pace the room.

"My poor girl, that wouldn't have killed it. Its lungs were affected just as *hers* were. The doctor didn't think it would live as long as it did."

"Oh, but it was just as bad. I meant it *should* die. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Why did you mean it should die?" he questioned gently, keeping pace with her.

She slipped from his support and sank down on a chair, clasping her hands in a perfect frenzy of self-reproach. "Oh, it was just that I felt I couldn't give it up to May Elliot. I said she wouldn't treat it well, but that wasn't the real reason. It was just that I couldn't give it up to her."

"But I shouldn't have let May take it as long as you would keep it, 'Lecta, and I told her so when she offered."

She moved her head from side to side. "Oh, I know. It would have been all right until after you was married; then, I guess, she wouldn't have let me keep it."

"Married! What do you mean?"

"Ain't you going to marry May?"

"No."

"Then I killed it for nothing," she cried.

She sat perfectly still in the fullness of her despair. Unassertive, thrust aside all her life, that passionate, pent-up nature which had scarred her so pitifully now in its triumph shone out of her face, changing its very cast. All its lines took on a different significance. There was a pulsing at the corners of the drooped mouth, otherwise her face had the wan stillness of marble. Her eyes glowed desperately, and her hair caught the light. She was subtly beautiful with that beauty which appertains to tragedy.

Something in her attitude, and the suffering of the wind, and the rain washing down the window-panes like tears over cold cheeks, awoke a chord of memory in David Crane. 'Twas a memory of death, environed in those very walls, and a memory, also, of thrilling life. This woman had told him once that she loved him. A quick sob came up in his throat. He knelt and put his arm about her.

She looked at him in a strained, questioning way; then the burden that her morbid imagination had shouldered slipped away, and she burst into a flood of tears. "Didn't I kill it? Say again that I didn't!"

He drew her close against him. "No, no, you didn't, dear. You didn't. Don't you ever think of it again. You were everything to the baby, and—" he broke off abruptly, turning his eyes from her face, "*Electa!*" he whispered. He bent his head like a worshipper before a shrine.

June was taking her blushing farewell, and in the first after-glow of a sunshiny, showery day two figures turned into the street where the Crane cottage stood. Annie Day, with her chin propped in her hands, watched them eagerly. They walked apart; there was quite a space between them; yet in their manner was such a nearness it seemed their steps must trace but a single trail. They reached the gate and paused. During the rain a honeysuckle vine had been loosened and dropped across the door. The girl glanced at her companion, then she went fleetly up the path. She turned when he came up, and the rich color of her cheeks and the gold of her hair made her look like one of the blossoms she tendered him.

Annie Day, in the retreat of her mother's doorway, flushed in girlish sympathy. "I was right," she whispered—"I was right, after all."

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FROM HOME TO THRONE IN BELGIUM.

BY CLARE DE GRAFFENRIED.

IT rebukes our national vainglory that nine out of ten average Belgians, on meeting an American, break the ice of first acquaintance by speaking sociably and familiarly of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Venezuela, Paraguay — of all the South American republics, in fact —but not of the United States, concerning which less is known in Belgium, notwithstanding our fond imaginings that the scream of our eagle rings round the globe. Our great country not only recedes into relative unimportance in the geographical perspective of our foreign friends, but they sometimes saddle our colder civilization with the sins of warm-blooded, more reckless South Americans, whose lavish living, debts, gambling, mixed blood, and ethnic type are indiscriminately ascribed to every denizen of the Western hemisphere. Even Parisians make few distinctions between our northern and southern continents, familiar though the French are with Uncle Sam's dollars, and dependent on his trade.

In our vernacular the word American means a Yankee, or a Westerner, or a Southerner, a viking, a master and statesman, who discovers continents, dominates the realms of invention and intellectual development, hews primeval forests, spans continents with railways, creates colossal fortunes, makes laws, and fights for principle. To many French and Belgians, however, the name American rather implies an olive-skinned creature, passionate, luxurious, often tricky, always spendthrift, possibly immoral, half Spanish, half Indian, and wholly degenerate — a being embodying all that to us is intensely, disagreeably alien. He is supposed to have his front teeth filled with diamonds instead of gold, to divorce eight wives, and to shoot whoever opposes his abducting a ninth. Only the grotesque, the eccentric, the abnormal, is published about him in the press. The women of our race are frequently conceived of either as mushroom heiresses, the spawn of mining-camps, or as sybarites or adventurers; when not tattooed, then enamelled and painted; selfish and languid, and venal if not corrupt. For those Anglo-Saxon qualities which we pride ourselves on displaying—our practical virtues, our culture and independence — "ces Anglaises," with whom we are confused, get all the praise.

Even our financial credit suffers from this lack of discrimination between the two Americas. Belgian capitalists having lost heavily in Argentine securities, the soundest six-per-cent. investments in prosperous United States bonds and stocks are classed with other hybrid monetary schemes hatched south of the equator. Wherever the foreign pocket was depleted by such ventures, a grudge against us and our institutions is felt, not lessened by the passage of the "Mack-inlee Bill." For each Belgian tourist, pioneer, or business exploiter who has visited New York and Boston, ten have seen Rio or Montevideo, have planted coffee in Guatemala, or mined in Peru. Even my letters posted from Brussels, and addressed to Washington and New York, U. S. A., went sometimes to the United States of Colombia, unless plainly marked "L'Amérique du Nord." The educated classes, happily, understand our civilization. Portaels the artist told me more of the American Indian than I ever heard outside of an anthropological society.

The shock of finding my country dwindling, from the ordinary European point of view, into an insignificant territory, instead of covering the foreground of the universe, made me reflect that the Belgians' close connection with and accurate knowledge of other nations than ours betokens a commercial reach and activity which we as a people might well copy. Moreover, their familiarity with regions to us ill-defined inspires sincere respect. The map of Africa, revised and corrected to date, with its latest determined and intricate boundaries, hangs in every library and counting-room; and Belgian children are better posted about the distant Congo and its resources than are our Eastern public-school pupils concerning sister States like Dakota or Utah.

And educated Belgians are such polyglots! Not for nothing do these famous linguists come of mixed Flemish and Walloon stock, allied through blood and tradition with France, through philologic roots and customs with Germany, and long bound captive by the tyranny and armies of Spain. Russians find no lan-

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IN CHURCH, GHENT.

guage difficult after mastering their own; and next to them in facile speech rank the Dutch, who nearly all possess three vernaculars besides their native idiom—English, German, and French. Pushing the Hollanders close in fluent command of foreign languages are Cæsar's old foes and final subjects, the Belgians, in comparison with whose inheritance from Babel we Americans seem tongue-tied dolts. Due to many causes is this enviable lingual gift: first, to the prevalence of two distinct national languages among the peasantry, Flemish and Walloon, both being often spoken by the agricultural workers and by the cultured classes as well. With the latter, however, French is the universal medium, as it is the organ of the court, of trade and commerce, and of most schools. Laws and placards are written and instruction is given both in Flemish and French. The geographical position of the little kingdom, squared by France, Germany, Holland, and the North Sea, makes the acquisition of foreign idioms almost compulsory. One Sunday I journeyed sight-seeing from Verviers in Belgium to Aix-la-Chapelle in Germany, then to Maestricht in Holland, and back to Brussels, challenged by customs officials of three nations in one day.

An over-crowded population, too, with its attendant keen struggle for existence, whets the people's faculties. My acquaintances in Belgium speak English, French, German, and Flemish or Walloon, as the locality of their birth favors; and not a few ambitious students add Italian and Spanish to their list, besides reading and writing two or three ancient or other modern languages. While under the escort of a man of this cosmopolitan type, able to converse in six tongues and write three more, I met a London cockney, who somehow had managed to become teacher of English at a night school. Observing, after a few civilities, that I was not native to the heath, this mighty Briton, by way of being amiable and ingratiating, remarked, "You'll learn Henglish yet,

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mum—never fear, mum—hif you'll honly keep hon speaking, mum. I quite hunderstand you now, mum!"

On that occasion my guide of varied accomplishments combined, as business men abroad often do, the rôles of country gentleman, manufacturer, bank president, school trustee, and —broadening the gulf between his kind and the typical American "boss"—he holds the more important position of alderman. In every city the aldermen and mayor, or burgomaster, are of high social repute, elected to office because of special fitness for the branch of public affairs they are chosen to manage. Said one, with horror and shame, "We hear that in America aldermen are sometimes—thieves!". The first "alderman of public instruction" to whom I presented my credentials in a Brussels commune proved to be a barrister of note, author of several well-known law treatises. In another commune the alderman of public instruction is professor at the normal school, progressive and public-spirited. The alderman responsible for the Ghent schools fills also the chair of political economy at the university, keeps in touch with the methods of other nations, reads the reports of the United States Department of Labor, and, much to my surprise, identified me at once from having seen my name in one of those volumes. The faculty of the university at Liège has more than one representative in the "college" of aldermen—a suggestive title, losing none of its dignity when applied to the body of brilliant men who administer civic affairs with scrupulous fidelity on broad wise lines.



THE CHÂTEAU OF WALZIN.
A typical château, in the Walloon country.

Life away from the Belgian capital is full of interest to a stranger and student of social customs, however dull its round to those who year after year have only a provincial outlook. Great landed estates still survive, noble châteaux, stately ceremonial—an aristocracy so rigidly orthodox and exclusive as to make one credit a story told of the duchess who was recently entreated to invite to her daughter's wedding a Hebrew family in favor even with royalty: "In three hundred years, perhaps, the A——s may receive the R——s, not now." To other social strata, however, my observations were confined—to the duties, pursuits, and surroundings of professional men, officials, manufacturers, teachers, artists, university people, and to the life of the working classes.

Hospitality in Belgium is a rite, not perfunctory nor self-seeking, but spontaneous and effervescing, resembling the cordial expansiveness that marks our Southern customs. New-Englanders, so it is hinted—though my own experience falsifies the implication—invite a stranger to their house only when they can get something out of him; English attentions to transatlanticans savor either of patronage or servility; the French rarely, under any circumstances, take new-comers into the inner circle; the Spaniards never do, though offering home and worldly goods with facile lip-service. But the Belgians are by nature social and hospitable, combining the vivacity and quick wit of the Latin races with a sturdy energy and holdfastness born of their fighting Flemish ancestry. So many gestures and lively movements do they make that at table glasses for wine and water are never grouped at the side of the plate, as with us, but are put in a line be-

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yond the plate, out of harm's way. For water? A slip of the pen, water being deemed good for laundry and toilet purposes alone. One young woman in Ghent declared that the taste of this beverage was unknown to her; and I envied her the bliss of ignorance after drinking the nauseous liquid of that city. Wine is everywhere served at breakfast and dinner—of better quality than the French use, connoisseurs claim, Belgian wine-cellars being more commodious and suitable than the apartment-house life of France admits. Old wines, in bottles thick with dust, and handled with respect due their rare contents, were brought out in honor of the American guest. Beer and coffee besides are provided, with frequent potations of tea between meals, at four and ten o'clock P.M., and always at eight o'clock, on the assembling of an evening company—gentlemen, however, forswearing the afternoon cup to which their English cousins are so addicted.

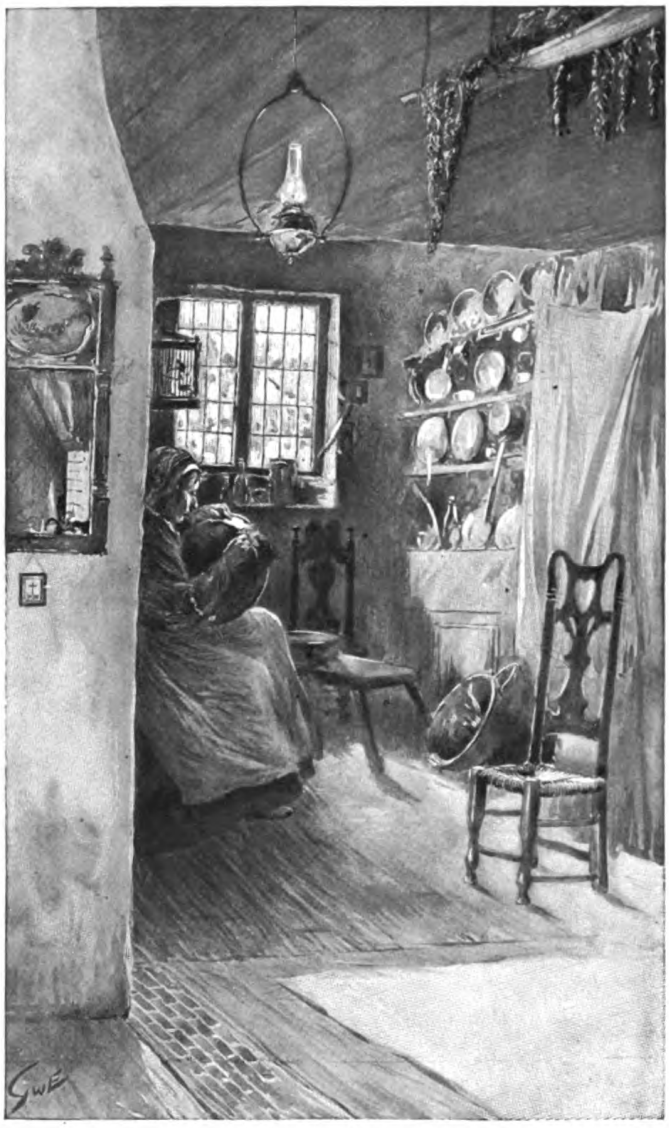
About half past eleven in the morning all the business men, who sallied forth from seven to nine o'clock after taking coffee and rolls, stroll home, and luncheon or breakfast is served about twelve or one o'clock. This meal proceeds in courses, with a change of plates at each service, but not a change of knives and forks. These implements must be used through successive courses, however dissimilar, resting betweenwhiles on glass or silver holders, placed beside each cover. The holders, alas! I often forgot to employ, sending my knife and fork out on my plate, to the maid's confusion and my own dismay. An English woman, long resident in Brussels, invited me to dinner with the cheering assurance: "We are English, not Belgian, in our ways. We change the knives and forks." Indeed, in native households fashionable and magnificently appointed entertainment, British plum puddings, roasts, and dainties, fell to my lot as often as the strictly Belgian menu of soup, soup-meat with carrots, then veal, potatoes, and chiccory, or else tender shoots of hops, finished off with a salad and a Léopold—a cake worthily named for royalty. Meats and the fruits to which we are accustomed are dear in Belgium, but Yankee products grace many tables. "I don't know what we should do without your beef-extracts for sauces, and your California tinned fruits," observed my hostess at a charming breakfast near a great iron establishment. "Feel at home," said another lady, pleasantly; "here is some *manse pea*." As her pronunciation and the dish itself—a so-called mince pie—resembled nothing familiar to my ear or vision, I was baffled for the moment as to the nature of her kind intentions.

The almost universal formula of welcome in the provinces is, "Will mademoiselle take something?" puzzling me at first as to whether I might be allowed to run off with the fascinating old Delft and Dresden ornaments, or was merely ex-



THE KITCHEN OF A PROSPEROUS HOUSEHOLD.

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THE INTERIOR OF A PEASANT HOUSE.

pected to quaff the syrups and light wines produced on all occasions. If I visited a weaving-school at eight in the morning, when all the men were yet in that startling home undress which prevails in some households before the formal *déjeuner*, the wife of the weaving-master would press me, "Prenez quelque chose, je vous en prie, mademoiselle." I called early one day on a secretary at Charleroi, with whom I had business, hearing that he was about to leave town. He was out on the street. "But he can't have gone far," protested his son, "for he hasn't dressed himself yet." Which alarming statement proved too true, as I soon discovered when an apparition appeared on the threshold, unwashed, uncombed, with overcoat and neck-handkerchief by no means concealing the unmistakable loose night robe beneath. So suggestive was the spectacle that, declining the unembarrassed entreaties of monsieur's spouse, "Pray take something, mademoiselle," I despatched my inquiries and fled.

Back of reception and dining rooms most Belgian homes have a charming living-apartment, with tiled floor and rugs, partly enclosed by glass, banked with palms and growing plants, and furnished with a piano, lounges, easy-chairs, and little tables for books, tea or coffee, and wine. Bedchambers are usually uncarpeted and daintily clean, containing for married couples two single beds, two wardrobes, and two dressing-cases—this double outfit either for hygienic purposes and comfort, or because connubial loyalty shrinks from the test of sharing toilet accommodations. The interiors of many dwellings are rich in precious old china and works of art, bewildering carved cabinets, hand-wrought iron and brasses, with modern additions enough to give grace and a homelike look. National relics and antiquities are preserved or copied with reverent affection. The drawing-room of the lamented Emile de Laveleye contains a noble old Belgian chimney-piece and mantel with a Swedish text above—"To the hearth of a friend is never far." Before the fire in a silk-lined basket lay a tiny dog, the pet and companion of de Laveleye, and almost the last object of which he spoke. My admi-

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ration of this spacious and beautiful house was great and unconcealed—so rich, yet so refined, every ornament and picture embodying a thought; each room devoted to a special study or a separate art. "Yes," rejoined his youngest daughter, sadly, "I often laughed and said to papa, 'You glory in democracy, you decry luxury, and you live in a palace!'"

Such charming surroundings, exquisite cleanliness, and gracious hospitality imply excellent domestic service. The Walloons are the best servants, energetic and tireless, but the Flemish yield to no other race in faithfulness. The maids adore copper and brass utensils, and are never happier than when scrubbing and polishing the fire-dogs in the library, or pots and pans of the kitchen array, often assisted on Saturday cleaning-days by the mistress herself, in gloves and apron, dusting and burnishing her treasures. In country establishments under-housemaids earn fifteen francs a month, upper-housemaids thirty, and cooks from twenty-five to forty francs. A larger staff is employed than in America. Maids-of-all-work in Brussels, where but one is kept, receive from fifteen to thirty francs, and live on the premises. Changes are infrequent, and devoted domestics follow the family fortunes a lifetime. In the delightful home which was truly mine in Brussels the cook has been twenty-five years with her mistress, manages the housekeeping in part, and is almost a member of the family, never forgotten on ceremonial occasions or fêtes. Whether for coffee before an early morning train, or the nightly hot-water bottle in bed, or mulled wine for colds, or refreshments in the salon at 11 P.M., or ushering out the Queen's maid of honor, Fannie is unfailing and unflagging. It is etiquette abroad to ring for a servant to open the door for each departing guest. Fees are not obligatory, as in England, though they are usually given. Most cooks also market, and receive from the dealers a percentage on all purchases they make for the household. An American resident in Brussels assured me that, what with coffees and beers, her servants expect and demand meals and collations



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

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nine times a day — "always nibbling," said she.

In provincial Belgium living costs less than in United States towns, equal comfort considered. The agricultural peasantry fare more miserably than any American people except our poorest tenement-dwellers in cities. Field-laborers' houses are squalid, their food mean, consisting chiefly of soup, a vegetable, and brown bread, with sour wine or beer, meat being too dear to be much used in the dietary. Even the numerous well-to-do middle class expend far less than those of the same trade or calling here, whose daughters must go to college or drive a stylish cart, whether or not the family employs a servant. In Belgium a servant is indispensable; but the unprogressive "petite bourgeoisie," content to dwell in their ancestral homes without modern improvements, are also independent enough to disregard in dress and belongings the changes of fashion, and not to join the scramble for social honors. Sons follow the trade of their father. A young man does well if he begins a commercial life in a first-class establishment at $6 a month, and the chance to rise to a position paying from $1000 to $1500 a year. Type-writing machines are abhorred as supplanting human labor. I received hundreds of business letters from commercial and manufacturing firms in Belgium, teachers, schools, private employers, and public functionaries, only one letter of this whole number being type-written. This communication came from the head of the Bell Telephone Company, at their great factory in Antwerp. Belgium being the most densely peopled country of Europe, competition is keen, and men work a lifetime for pay which only beginners in the United States would accept. Even lucky fellows who, as the French say, "have arrived," earn little compared with our big salaries, and their services may be secured for secondary or outside work at small compensation—which, in fact, is the secret of the economical administration of the large and efficient schools of art and industry. Specialists in every line, artists, architects, chemists, literary and professional men, poorly paid according to American standards, are willing to undertake extra classes or night teaching to secure the additional income. Remuneration from legitimate art being small, it is gladly eked out by other employment, which, in public value, in time becomes the greater work. Not many of the craft, if artists only, flourish in Belgium from the monetary stand-point. Gloomy critics declare that all native painters and sculptors, except a few who have moved to Paris, are living beyond their means, on the hope of future sales. On the other hand, Mlle. Beernaert, who has had the honor—rarely accorded women—of being decorated by government for distinguished ability in art, has bought her beautiful home and studio, with treasures of antiques and bric-à-brac, from money earned in Belgium by her brush. She prides herself on keeping her style free from French influence, and on following the national type, or creating her own type, as her townswoman Madame Ronner has done with her famous and delightful cats.

In most of the provincial cities—which, by-the-way, contain marvels of architectural, plastic, and pictorial art—at small, comfortable inns, a sitting-room and a chamber with fair *table d'hôte* meals may be had for $1 a day. A premium is put on wine-drinking by a higher charge for food with which no wine is ordered—a considerable item, I found. In Ghent, at a first-rate hotel, the market-day dinner, always the best of the week, costs 75 cents—"oysters and everything," said the waiter, urging me not to miss it. I did not miss it, martyrizing myself from one to three o'clock with coppery bivalves and fourteen courses, but capitally entertained by the assembled company and their lively toasts and gestures—officers, lawyers, merchants, brokers, priests, and neighborhood gentry, including fashionable women. That night I paid only four francs for an excellent seat at the theatre where the Coquelins were playing. Musical advantages also are good and cheap in provincial Belgium, and musical standards are high. Prime donne of world-wide fame were trained and first became celebrated at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels.

Private schools for girls are as yet more showy or practical than classical in their curricula, teaching housekeeping and domestic economy admirably along with the regular course. The only young girl I met, not in a university, who was studying Latin was learning it from her small brother of nine years, a pupil at the Athénée. A school once famous persists for generations. The Heger-Parent insti-

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THE MARKET-DAY DINNER.

tution, which Charlotte Brontë attended, bears the same name on the door-plate as when the lonely English girl walked its garden paths, and other English girl students still weave romances under its ancient gables.

At the capital expenses and rents are dearer. With a house to let at Brussels nothing is included except the bare walls; neither mantels, chandeliers, grates, range, tubs, nor bath. A bath outside once a week for every male member of the family is reckoned as part of the monthly outlay; but females, even of the buxom type Rubens painted, are considered too frail to risk their lives by bathing "the altogether." Every chimney smokes more or less, and modern window construction with weights is unknown. In rooms with fires the temperature is rarely over 62°—a condition we might emulate, as well as the convenient foreign fashion that requires strangers to make the first call. Whoever intends to receive needs several servants, and a house with wide hallway and entrance. Cabs, cheap as they appear, are yet "gnawers of the purse-strings"—*rongeurs des bourses*. In the long-run, a Brussels establishment involves the same expenditure for a style of living equally good as in American cities of equal population. The secret of so-called Continental cheapness is that one exists as a hermit, without social ties, or resides in apartments which would be scorned at home.

The best shops in Brussels are the smallest—dealing in elegant fabrics, however; for the capital is gay, and court costumes are in demand. Crowned heads of many countries buy whole trousseaux here. The fine underwear of Brussels is justly noted, and supplies the best French trade. Fans, gloves, jewels, are made in perfection, and the lace and antiquary shops are the most seductive in the world. Everywhere crops out the commercial instinct, one secret of Belgium's greatness, manifesting itself in studied politeness to intending purchasers—politeness at the expense of truth often, so anxious are the merchants to please. The shopkeeper lies are not ugly, spiteful, and tricky, but ingenious and naïve; and one is amused rather than angry at the transparent excuses for not keeping appointments, or for adding a few francs more to the bill than the price agreed upon. Time is of no value, apparently; for my bootmaker's messenger made twenty-six trips to the house concerning four pairs of shoes and slippers I ordered.

The leisure class, people who live on incomes or *rentes*—and they alone constitute high society—walk for an hour or two every morning between ten and one o'clock about the boulevards, along the Avenue Louise to the park — men with dogs, women with dogs, children with dogs and nurses. It is not uncommon to meet the royal family out for exercise, the ladies fresh, fair, and simply dressed;

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the men magnificent of stature, gracious and dignified. The burgomaster walks; members of the Chamber of Deputies take a constitutional before the session begins; women, army officers, and men of fashion promenade alone and in groups. These last as frequently ride, and the clatter of equestrians and cavalrymen in gay uniforms resounds at all hours. For long distances trams are resorted to. The car is divided into two compartments, the fare in the uncushioned end being only half as dear. This second-class division is patronized by the peasantry and by workers, who are thus spared the mortification of intruding bundles and packs, mortared or sooty shoes and soiled garments, among well-dressed passengers. But, useful though the trams are, they are unfashionable.



A SIGNAL-WOMAN AT A RAILWAY CROSSING.

Special delivery for letters was adopted in Belgium long before the convenience was established here. No special stamp is required. Twenty-five centimes (five cents) in postage, instead of fifteen centimes, is put on a letter, the word "exprès" is written, and the missive is mailed in a box for that purpose on the tram. At a station where the car stops a messenger takes the epistle and delivers it to post-office or house, so that a letter written in Ghent after two o'clock is often in the hands of the person addressed at Brussels by five the same afternoon.

The Belgians are shocked at our want of politeness and ceremony, and charge that Americans do not take time even to salute each other on the street. So elaborate and formal are foreign manners that our most punctilious deportment seems in comparison almost brusque. At breakfast and on saying good-night, one must shake hands all round; and merely to bow to an acquaintance who happens to be in the salon calling when one enters for a single moment is a breach of etiquette, since more cordial and special greeting is expected. No matter how engrossed you may be in writing or casting up accounts, a child coming with a message to some one else in the room insists on shaking hands with you, both on entering and leaving—a courtesy distracting to busy workers. Men, however hurried, shake hands invariably, clinging to each other's fists as if life and repute depended on contact of palm with palm. A distinguished alderman, who presented me to a brother official in the Hôtel de Ville at Liège, shook hands with this colleague at parting, claiming to be pressed for time, but paused at the door for further talk, then recrossed the room, grasped his friend's hand again, "Au revoir, mon cher," and turned to go. More words, then another effusive good-by and handclasp. This time the door closed on my alderman, but only for a second. His head reappeared, then his body, and flinging a few sentences at monsieur at the desk, who was about to

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give my business attention, the alderman followed his voice and traversed the room a fourth time solely to shake hands again—"Adieu, mon collègue, adieu!"

It would be deemed extremely rude were two college students to meet on the street without twice shaking hands, and saying, each in turn, "Mes compliments à madame votre mère." Women of extreme fashion courtesy backwards without offering the hand. Bowing is another serious and important ceremony, performed by clicking the heels together and bending the torso suddenly as if it were hinged. One afternoon three very agreeable men escorted me to divers schools, museums, and functions, and our progress was snail-like, because at each entrance and exit, after I had passed, these gentlemen stood, hat in hand, saluting furiously, and each vowing that precedence was due the others, until I wanted to throw out grappling-hooks and drag them along. Another scene recurs in dizzy retrospect—the lighted hall of a famous drawing-school which I was leaving one night, and in the spacious doorway half the faculty ranged to bid me good-by, and bowing again and again, professors, janitor, and even a friendly policeman on duty, all swaying and swaying and swaying across the gas-jets, "Adieu, mademoiselle, adieu!" until from my cab window the universe seemed toppling.



SECOND-CLASS COMPARTMENT OF A STREET CAR.

At New-Year's everybody on "terms" with anybody sends a visiting or New-Year's card, showers of little white envelopes falling at each door; and such importance is attached to this recognition that rich people who announce through the press "the gift of 500 francs to the poor, with dispensation from exchanging the cards of the season," are criticised. "They owe more consideration to their friends," say the captious. Men call on every intimate acquaintance, and whole families pay duty visits even to remote connections. Indeed, after any momentous event calls are made to impart the tidings, and for congratulation in return. A marriage is arranged for mademoiselle: her mother flutters about announcing the daughter's settlement in life. A son is installed in a promising business: at once madame orders a cab and seeks from all her friends the sympathy and bubbling expansive pleasure in good fortune that make the charm of social intercourse in Belgium. Birthdays and anniversaries are fêted; long terms of service in church, state, school, or art are celebrated by jubilees, gifts, and poems. The heart cannot wither nor life grow barren, watered as they are from springs of unceasing interest and affection. Americans are too reserved to give or ask such tributes, too busy with worship of material things to offer this fine incense to the spiritual life.

Certain conventional protestations common in foreign society must of course be accepted with pounds, not grains, of allowance. Such signatures as "Your wholly devoted Charles Steven" from a gentleman to a lady, or "My respectful and most devoted homage," mean nothing more than "Yours truly." The greater

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warmth implied in "Yours sincerely" has its Belgian equivalent in "Yours with perfect consideration." Delicate shadings exist between "sentiments empressés" at the close of a missive, and "sentiments distingués"—the first being employed to one's dressmaker; the second, to one's friend. It is an affront if all official designations are not given on business letters; and strangers, underrating the importance attached to titles of every description, offend through ignorance, not disrespect. Among men a common and much-sought distinction is the title of engineer (*ingénieur*); borne in walks of life far removed from the pursuits that name represents with us. We democrats cannot understand how decorations from the state are coveted and valued in Europe. The order of Léopold in Belgium, like that of the Legion of Honor in France, is bestowed for services in all lines, its honors being graded from a mere civil list to officers of high rank, named because of long and distinguished service to humanity in diplomacy, letters, art, education, invention, philanthropy, science, jurisprudence, or war. Every man of note wears the tiny red knot in his button-hole.



A LACE-MAKER, MECHLIN.

Wedding invitations are printed upon a double sheet. On the first page the bride's parents bid you to the festivities; on the second, the bridegroom's family bespeak your presence. For these invitations the bridegroom pays. The bride pays for church decorations, beadles with gorgeous uniform and staff, and the wedding mass. Accompanying the bridal couple, and sitting with them in the chancel, are the witnesses—always the grandest acquaintances possessed by the respective families. While the mass proceeds, the contracting parties are enthroned be-

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fore the altar in two big chairs, the bride's veil spread out behind her; and whenever the couple stand up or kneel, vergers disengage the veil, and carefully rearrange it after the genuflections cease. During the service a collection for the poor —*la quête*—is taken up by gayly dressed maids of honor, or under the ushers' escort, the coins being thrown to beggars at the church door as the marriage procession departs. After a drive in the park and posing in bridal attire for photographs, the wedding breakfast occurs in the banquet-room of some hotel, the guests often remaining at table from six to eight hours. The wife retains her maiden name, but hyphens it after her husband's, as Madame Franeau-de Wevelghem.



THE BLACK CROSSES OF ASH-WEDNESDAY.

Not even funerals in Belgium are lugubrious; for, in spite of black-bordered death-notices tacked on walls, gate-posts, telegraph poles, and grocers' windows, and notwithstanding the solemn garb and mourning weepers of the *croque-morts*—municipal officials whose duty it is to attend and direct all obsequies for the dead—love of color finds vent in gay artificial wreaths, often ten feet in circumference, that load down hearse or pall. In better-class families no women ever follow a corpse to the grave. A single female servant walks behind the coffin, bearing crowns and crosses of tinsel. Priests and male mourners march near the catafalque or hearse, then empty carriages close the impressive cortége, before which every passer-by stands uncovered. Death, our universal doom, is the one solemn fact that commands respect from the Latin races and their congeners, to whom many of life's sacraments are often jests. At the city outskirts the procession halts, the maid deposits her burden in the nearest vehicle, the mourners enter other carriages in waiting, and the long line trots off to consign the dead to a gloomy vault, and an immortality of fadeless bead wreaths. Funerals among the poor are marked by unseemly haste in church and at the cemetery; but when a great personage departs this life no means are spared to make the occasion memorable. Cathedrals are draped in black, and pomp, music, and ceremonial add lustre to a shining name.

At social functions music is the leading pleasure and pursuit, no evening company being complete without a symphony or concerto, in which young women frequently play violin or 'cello parts. Each member of the family usually is proficient on some instrument, and boys of seven years old are sometimes allowed to sit up to dinner to accompany their big sisters on the violin. Art of all kinds crosses the warp of existence in a way incomprehensible to gain-chasing Americans. In January, 1892, the burgomaster of Brussels, wanting money for the poor, conceived the happy thought during a heavy snow of a "winter salon" in the King's Park, already fairylike with its crystal-burdened twigs and delicate snow traceries. All the sculptors of the city were summoned, with their pupils; the park

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THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

was turned over to them for a day to decorate, and then opened for charity. Everywhere within were the artists' snow creations — serious, serio-comic, side-splitting. Snow tramps were sleeping on the benches; snow priests lounged and read forbidden literature; snow policemen flirted with snow nursery-maids on secluded seats, while neglected snow babies howled. Punch and Punchinello, ballet-girls and opera-singers, made merry on the frozen ponds with Lohengrin and his swan, Siegfried and Faufner. Icy counterfeits of hostile political celebrities hobnobbed together, and on the King's effigy flamed this mortifying placard, "Moved during the pose!" The entertainment had enormous success; money rained in; and the artist fraternity received no compensation, but gave both time and talent to secure the success of a popular fête, now become an annual event if snow falls heavily.

Indeed, Belgian life is full of fêtes. For days before St. Nicholas's the thoroughfares are thronged, everybody walking out in the street perforce, the sidewalks being so narrow, and on rainy nights umbrellas make a solid phalanx from wall to wall. The saint arrives early on December 6, riding an ass, for which each child provides turnips and hay. If the little one has been good, hay and turnips disappear from the basket, and gifts and toys are left. All that day small maids with dolls, and boys with drums or horses, parade the boulevards. To the poor, alms are given, and to the servants, ridiculous gingerbread figures. Our cook received a cock and thirty-nine chickens.

Again, at Christmas every house has its tree, or at least a branch of fir, and a candle or two lighted while hymns are sung to the Christ-Child. All the churches are decorated. Protestants celebrate this festival even more than Catholics, who divide its honors with St. Nicholas's day. New-Year's is the great occasion for all classes—the eagerly expected time when decorations are dispensed by government and addresses are presented to the King; when gifts are exchanged, cards are sent, calls are made, friendships are renewed, feuds are dropped, and a new life is begun.

Not many weeks later comes the carnival—season of mummeries, balls, street processions, and unbridled fun. Most of the young people would give worlds to wear masks and dress in character, but women of the better orders rarely assume disguises or mingle with the fantastic throng. There is no lack of bonbons and flowers thrown from balcony to street and back again, while cries and songs resound at all hours, and groups of grotesque figures cut antics as they play. The festivities continue several days. At Binche and a few other Belgian towns the carnival celebration wears unchanged its mediæval character. On Ash-Wednesday, however, all this abandon of gayety is checked; men, women, and children go to church in sombre garments, and leave the edifice with a heavy black cross stamped on their foreheads, which is worn for twenty-four hours.

St. Valentine is duly worshipped abroad, and the absurd little portfolios of the stolid postmen bulge unusually that day with amatory verse and comic cuts. Six weeks later the shop windows are full of

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poissons d'avril, the cold-blooded fish being made the scapegoat for practical jokes and April idiocies under many forms—papier-maché fish; chocolate, gingerbread, and ice fish; dainty porcelain and silver fish. All the world sends fish to friends. A month later are ushered in the May festivals, religious and secular, musical and social; and through the year one gay event succeeds another, life and its aims being summed up in the injunction that at parting takes the place of our God bless you!—"Amusez-vous bien." One never sneezes, however, that some devout soul does not cry, "Que Dieu vous bénisse!"

When the question was mooted of an exhibit of woman's work for the World's Fair at Chicago, most Belgian men of prominence said, sugaring their disapproval of the "new woman": "We have nothing to show as the distinctive product of your sex. Our ladies do not follow careers, professions, and trades, like you wonderful Americans. They are essentially home-stayers and housekeepers." Notwithstanding such discouragement, Belgian women made a fine collection for the exposition without help from the government commission; and adequately to describe the manifold industries and trades pursued by females in the kingdom would require a separate paper. Women of the cultured ranks are clever, progressive, and active in founding and developing, both in cities and villages, those normal, industrial, and housekeeping schools and kindergartens that finally have been engrafted on the state public-school system. Madame Montefiori supports and directs the only lecture course yet in existence for the higher education of the sex. Every "great lady" overlooks and is responsible for from one to five schools, either in her city parish or on her estates. Women are busied with prison reforms—and Belgium has a model prison system—temperance and social purity agitations, charities of all kinds, hospitals, crèches, the care of disabled and delinquent children, and working-girls' clubs. The burgomaster of Brussels, Monsieur Buls, assured me that he had received from a committee of women invaluable help in his efforts to substitute rational treatment of beggars and the unemployed for the wholesale mistaken charity in vogue, which pauperizes so many Belgian communes.

In prose writing a number of women have achieved distinction, but the first volume of verse published by any Belgian female is from the pen of my friend Madame Sheler. One woman lawyer adorns the land, Mademoiselle Potvin, who has never been allowed to plead a case. A young female doctor of medicine was, indeed, graduated at the Brussels University; getting no practice, a minor position was found for her on the staff of a children's hospital. In this university—"free," as distinguished from those at Liège and Ghent under state control—twenty to thirty girl students stand in all



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, LOUVAIN.

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respects on the same footing as men: elective courses, examinations, and diplomas, with even more study-room privileges than the males. In Greek, women sometimes surpass the men, and are distinguished in other branches, taking pharmacy, medicine, and science. These candidates for the higher education, it must be noted, are usually foreigners—Bohemians and Russians in the majority. The native Belgian girl is not emancipated enough for co-education, her life being socially much too guarded. Of late, since communal and normal schools have reached so high a grade of excellence, good families that ten years ago would have employed governesses send their daughters to the public schools, and in rare instances to the trade schools—escorted there and back, however, by mother, brother, or maid. Private masters and home instruction, it is at last conceded, fail to fit for self-support other than at teaching; and self-support in new careers is now considered a possible, although dreaded, factor in the future of girls of social standing. In the railway and postal service women hold clerical positions, but are never trusted with administrative functions; and some Belgian officials could not conceal their surprise that any department of the United States government should send a woman to foreign countries to report on industrial schools and their results. The only similar precedent that I heard of in Belgium was the deputing of a woman teacher of dairy classes to study, for two months, the practical methods used in English dairy schools. With difficulty I convinced certain provincial functionaries there that *I* am no dignitary at all; that at home my position is not unusual, and is strictly subordinate. Notwithstanding my protests, they seemed to expect, on visiting the United States, to find me and other female employees under government enthroned in state, and issuing mandates like any ruler. To myself, from *outre mer*, more courtesy and distinction were accorded than Belgian ladies doing similar work would probably receive; for among the leisure aristocratic class a certain prejudice still prevails against women bread-winners, and for our sex self-maintenance entails not social ostracism exactly, but condonation, as of serious disadvantages to be excused. Downright ostracism follows if any well-born woman starts in trade, or, having resorted to teaching or a semi-professional career, fails to dignify the avocation by signal ability. The average teacher has little prestige merely as a teacher, though the successful teacher or writer may attain an enviable position as a gifted woman.

Middle-class wives assist their husbands in hotel and shop keeping, trade and manufacturing, and manage whole estates; but not many individual employments are open to the sex, and those embarking in untried ventures are liable to criticism or to be tabooed as cranks. To pursue a novel calling in any conservative community presupposes eccentricity; and from such progressives are always expected bizarre ideas, dress, and behavior. A prominent Brussels woman confided to me, in view of my own unusual occupation (collecting statistics): "You have been a great help to us who advocate new fields of industry for girls, because you wear dinner gowns when invited to dinner, because you are conventional and womanly. Henceforth we shall be able to say to all objectors, 'Here is a lady representing the advanced position and work of women who is neither unbalanced, unfeminine, nor ill-bred.'" The speaker evidently agreed with Ruskin, that the reformers were burned, not for their morals, but their manners.

A word about the reigning family, descendants of the ancient Counts of Flanders. When, in 1830, Belgium revolted against being ruled jointly with Holland by the House of Orange, and declared for a constitutional monarchy, its foremost citizen, the Count of Flanders, was chosen King, as Léopold I. His son and successor is Léopold II., who has three married daughters, but no male heir. The crown will fall to the family of a younger brother, the Count of Flanders, who, still in the prime of life, presents the unusual spectacle of a liberal, scholarly man, fitted to rule, yet refusing to be heir-apparent, and transferring the future inheritance under the law to his son. Prince Beaudoin, however, died in 1891, when Prince Albert, the second son, was named heir. He is a noble-looking young man, over six feet tall, like his father and uncle, blond and majestic, and he is being carefully trained for his high station. The ladies of both royal households, by womanly virtues and accomplishments, en-

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dear themselves to people who do not hate monarchy on principle. The Queen, an ardent Romanist, is a fine musician and a capital horsewoman. She is also untiring in devotion to the King's unfortunate sister, ex-Empress Carlotta. The Countess of Flanders, mother of the future King — unless the Socialists wax strong enough to abolish kings —is yet young, and one of the most charming and distinguished princesses in Europe. With fewer responsibilities than the Queen, having more time to devote to public movements and reforms, broad in sympathies and ideas, she is a ruling spirit in every undertaking to enlarge the opportunities and better the condition of women, especially of the humblest industrial class. Partly to her initiative are due the housekeeping and cooking schools for the children of workers. Widely read on economic and sociological topics, she feels keen interest in female bread-winners of all types, and wherever practicable starts remunerative industries for the low-paid women toilers of Belgium.



MILK-WOMEN.

Tiny as the kingdom is, compared with former territories of the Dukes of Burgundy and Counts of Flanders, it owns a triple dowry—priceless art treasures from its splendid past, hereditary art aptitudes from its complex ancestry, and enormous material possibilities in Africa. Whether the Congo's undeveloped resources will enrich or ruin the state, time only can determine; but as to Belgium's enlightened and fascinating civilization, and the historic value and importance of its museums and architectural monuments, there cannot be two opinions. Men and women at the theatres, in the shops, on the streets of quaint nomenclature, are the very types that the Van Eycks, Memling, Quentin Matsys, and Rubens immortalize. Every mile of ground boasts some triumph of the builder's skill, or precious national relic, which the government's wise policy preserves or restores lovingly and with a master-touch. Here exist the two most glorious Gothic municipal structures in the world, comparatively unknown to tourists—the Hôtel de Ville at Louvain and the Cloth Hall at Ypres, the latter a superb record of the past greatness of a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, now dwindled to fifteen thousand, which had no rival as a weaving-mart, and gave its name to the finest damasks—d'Ypres, d'ipre, diaper. As little visited by foreigners are the ruins of the Abbey of Villers or of the Cathedral of St. Bavon. Few earlier or more interesting churches adorn northern Europe than the cathe-

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MARKET-DAY AT GHENT—PEASANTS GOSSIPING.

dral at Tournai, St. Bartholemé and St. Croix at Liège, St. Sang at Bruges, and the miracle-working Lady of Halle. Everywhere are traces of the Roman occupation, overlaid by marks of successive conquering influences, each imprinted on the architecture and racial type; so that as in narrow ancient quarters, and even among the haunts of the nobility, one hears Spanish names and sees Spanish faces, it seems but yesterday that Philip duped and Alva scowled.

The Belgian judiciary is chosen for integrity and talent, from lower courts or from the provincial bench. When a vacancy is to be supplied, the judges unite in council and nominate two candidates. Then the council of the commune concerned nominates two more — frequently the same two named by the judges—and finally the King selects the worthiest of the nominees. Rich and successful barristers often refuse to go on the bench, since the income is lower than they earn. *Avocats*, or barristers who plead, wear gown, cap, and scarf with ermine border. The *avoués*, or attorneys, omit the ermine. Ushers and court officers are arrayed in dress-coats and hats with gold bands. The judges wear black gowns and caps, that of the president of the council of judges having a gold band. On great occasions the judges are clad all in red—without wigs, however, unlike the English. The supreme court meets in a grand chamber of the Palais de Justice for formal ceremonies, such as annual opening councils or special sessions; but causes are heard in an ordinary room.

Capital punishment, although contemplated by the statutes, is at present never carried out, the condemned remaining in prison for life. In the reign of Léopold I. two young men were executed for a crime of which the real culprit afterwards on his death-bed affirmed their innocence. The monarch was so deeply impressed by this that he refused to validate death-warrants, and is said to have exacted from his successor a promise to sign none.

Belgium recognizes no established religion or state church. Protestant denominations are subsidized as the Catholics are, and their ministers also are paid from national funds, although chosen by

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due form of church law. Numerically the strongest Protestant sect is the Presbyterian, with its synod and general assembly, affiliating with and sending delegates to congresses abroad. The Episcopalians are mostly English residents, who flock to Belgium for business, or to curtail expenses, or for educational advantages. Other free Protestant churches flourish, accepting no state funds, and supporting their own pastors. Unitarianism, too, is rooted in Brussels, and counts strong and influential disciples.

Not only does the government pay the clergy, but in the two state universities of Ghent and Liège it appoints the professors; and while choice in the main is based on fitness, it must be confessed that the Clericals, or Conservatives, when in power, do not always select a shining Liberal or Protestant, while the Liberals in turn sometimes overlook the best qualified Romanists. With the free universities at Louvain and Brussels the politicians cannot meddle.

A Chamber of Deputies and a Senate compose the Belgian Congress, the King having rights of appointment and veto, but, on the whole, less power than the President of the United States. Deputies are elected throughout half the country at one date, throughout the other half two years later, so that every four years the Chamber renews itself, the Senate in the same manner being renewed every eight years. Practically elections controlling popular policy happen but once in four years. As in England, the ministry is responsible. The Premier is Minister of Finance, and may sit as a Deputy also, but he need not. He chooses the other members of the cabinet from the party in power, and they, moreover, need not be, though they usually are, Deputies. The Secretary of War is always an army officer. Belgium has no navy, except her extensive merchant marine. Léopold is King, by fine distinction, not of Belgium by hereditary right, but of the Belgians by choice and deputed power. He is supposed to have no politics. He may and does dismiss any minister who is intractable; generally, however, the cabinet stands or falls together. The ministers live rent free and in good style in apartments in the government buildings, with twenty-five thousand francs a year, the Premier alone receiving fifty thousand. Votes in the Chamber are cast into an urn, as at Paris. The discussions are often conversational, but speakers rise and address the President when making remarks of length or importance.

At present the political atmosphere in Belgium is highly charged, sparks flying whenever questions arise that bear on socialism or the public schools. The sectarian school bill, now opposed by the progressives, reopens grievances dating back to the seventies, before the accession of the Liberals to power. In 1879 the present school system was organized by the Clericals, who previously were accused of managing public education in the interests of the Catholic Church, many of the teachers being priests and nuns, and the *ouvrières*, or workshop schools, being sometimes, it was suspected, an excuse for the exploitation of child labor without adequate instruction in return. When the Liberals came into power in 1880, they made the extension of this common-school system one of the chief features of their administration. Dismissing many clerical teachers, they multiplied advantages and school buildings, adopted the kindergartens, added to the housekeeping schools founded by Mr. Smit and the Prince de Chimay, and already assumed by the Clericals, and also built up normal schools and a higher regents' course for teachers in secondary education. Such changes involved a considerable debt.

Here was a chance for the Conservative party on regaining control in 1884 to make political capital. Raising the cry of extravagance, they began to retrench, closing some of the schools, the normal included—which the city of Brussels assumed, however—and reinstating some of the dislodged clerical teachers, placing others on a waiting pension. So reactionary seemed this policy as to gain from their enemies the name "the ministry of ignorance." But, according to my own observations, the Clerical ministry in power up to 1892 suppressed chiefly the non-essential, and by throwing each commune to some extent on its own resources, fostered greater public interest in education. They certainly did not cripple the industrial and manual-training schools, but increased their number and efficiency. The present fight in Belgium, then, concerns not the relative merits of the two parties, but the question whether religious instruction shall be given—an issue which confronts us in the United States.

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The Belgian government controls the railways of the kingdom—except one, the Chemin de Fer Central—and the postal, telegraph, and postal savings system. It loans money in small sums to workingmen for the erection of homes; it regulates and inspects the factories, and provides employment in times of great industrial distress; it owns the museums and libraries, cares for the restoration of architectural monuments, and performs other functions so paternal that Americans would call them socialistic.

The Socialists, however, feel that their principles are ignored, that the government is not a true democracy, as intended, but the engine of the favored classes, and all the propitiation offered in the form of suffrage and public schools is not a sop to Cerberus. The Socialist party wants out-and-out recasting of methods and restating of principles. Its organizations are strong, its ideas deeply imbedded in the more intelligent artisans of Brussels and the Walloon districts. The peasantry of Flanders, Ghent excepted, is Catholic, mostly agricultural, although practising in great perfection certain trades, as weaving and lace-making. These Flemish are unorganized, unless by the clergy; and until lately they were terribly illiterate, but illiteracy is being diminished by the common schools. On the other hand, the Ghenters and Walloons—Catholic also—are affiliated with labor organizations; and these intelligent metal and glass workers and coal-miners look for a day of reckoning with society at large. Here have occurred some of the bitterest strikes on record. Here more efforts are made than elsewhere on the Continent to bridge the gap between capital and labor by concessions to the toiler—shorter hours, exclusion of females from mines, and of children under twelve years old from factories, and plans for conciliation and arbitration. Here, too, will the great industrial principles of the age be established, I predict, sooner than anywhere else in Continental Europe.

A beginning was made by three days' riot in 1893, when a practical revolution was wrought in Belgium, mighty but bloodless, and universal manhood suffrage was wrested from Congress. Till then working-men and peasants had been disfranchised by property and educational qualifications. So emphatic was their demand in April, 1893, for the right to vote that a new clause to the constitution was quickly drafted, meeting the approval of both Chambers and the King. With a desperate clutch at power, property-holders and educated men thought to neutralize the single ballot of workers and peasants by allowing the privileged classes additional franchises on fulfilling other requirements besides merely becoming twenty-five years old—a vote on acquiring a stated amount of property; another on taking certain university degrees; another when entering official positions; another at marriage—five possible ballots for one individual. Yet not all these cumulative ballots of the rich and learned nullify the votes of the newly enfranchised peasantry; and while it was believed that conferring universal suffrage would constitute the opportunity of the Liberals and would wreck the Clerical party, the result of the partial elections in 1894 exactly reversed this expectation, the Clericals winning large majorities, the Liberals being nearly wiped out, except in the towns, and the small Socialist group gaining considerably.

The political benefits to the working classes from this radical measure have not as yet been marked; and it is significant that so progressive a step as granting universal suffrage has occasioned reactionary results—the defeat at the polls of the party standing for popular education and human rights by the very peasant vote it helped to create. Instead of holding the over-balance of power, as when the poor and toiling had no voice, the cultured property-owners, notwithstanding five contingent ballots to each, are outnumbered by the ignorant, religiously biassed agricultural and mechanical laborers, who, being Catholic, keep in power the Catholic faction, which originally opposed the people's demands, and was reluctant to grant secular education to the masses. Now how do these Clericals utilize the support of the Roman Catholic peasantry? By undoing to a degree both the achievements of the Liberals and their own; by sectarianizing the schools and re-establishing religious instruction—in fact, by retrograding. Such a swing of the pendulum backward can be but temporary, and often accompanies reforms for which a nation is not ready. This episode, however, may well make us pause before we make a sweeping extension of the suffrage in the United States.

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THE AWAKENING OF A NATION.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THIRD PAPER.—THE MAN.

WHEN you have passed through Purgatory (and in Mexico one need not even take the trouble to die for the itinerary, since that is a pet name of the salon *contraesquina* from the Hall of Ambassadors), when you have left to their pain and surprise at your preferment the fifty or so of politicians, concessionaires, senators, hacendados, and Indian servant-folk, cooling-themselves-the-heels in "Limbo," then you are on the threshold of a notable experience. For you are to meet what is probably the greatest figure—as it is unquestionably the most romantic—in the world's politics this half-century.

To any unglazed wits there is sudden and sharp significance in the way yonder door swings. An unprepared Indian would know instantly that Somebody was coming; for here already is the clew of force in equilibrium. The figure which advances by something so wholly unlike the strenuous Saxon stride, so equally impressive, yet far more graceful; so supple as a puma, yet without a suggestion of stealth—so instinct at once with frankness and dignity, with power and ease, it is, for all the distracting windows at its back, as gallant a presence as one will know. You hear a mellow, direct, expressive voice, you grasp a fine, firm, dry hand, and before you know it you are seated *vis-à-vis* with the creator of a new factor in American destiny.

It may occur to you presently that, as the chairs stand, your face is given over to be cross-examined by the windows, while his is excused by the shadow. Possibly you will also come to realize that this is the least search-light turned upon you. Yet as your pupils grow wonted, and you find your way deeper into those remarkable eyes, which are after all not abusing their advantage, there is no feeling of embarrassment. They are eyes that can read — you will not need to be told that — and eyes that mean to read. But they are frank, courteous, friendly eyes; and you are sure you like them—and sure you like everything that goes with them. It seems to be established that no man has talked with Diaz directly, free from the unapt interpreter's awful aid, but came away a little awed, a great deal impressed, and very largely won. It has been one secret of this marvellous career that it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the man. It is vouched for by face and voice, and inheres in the very carriage—no scrub can walk quite like that. At the same time the impression of reserve is fully as strong. It is a purely leonine type—not by bulk or shag, but by look and port—and with no suggestion of the fox or his cousin wolf.

A man of five feet eight, erect as the Indian he is disproportionately confounded with, quick as the Iberian he far more nearly is, a fine agreement of unusual physical strength and still more unusual grace, with the true Indian trunk and the muscular European limbs, Diaz is physically one man in twenty thousand. The single infusion of aboriginal blood (and that at the beginning of this century) is an inheritance much more visible in his figure than in his face. The features and expression are essentially of Spain; it is only in full repose that the face recalls that certain hauteur and inscrutableness of the first Americans. But the superb deep chest and capacious barrel, the fortress of vitality, are pretty certainly derived from an out-door ancestry. On the other hand, just such legs do not grow upon the Indian, nor upon any athlete who has not made conquest of the horse. This man seems to have taken the best from both types.

There are young old men everywhere, but this is the freshest veteran in my knowledge. By the lithe step, the fine ruddy skin whose capillaries have not yet learned to clog or knot, by the keen, full eye, or the round, flexible voice, it seems a palpable absurdity to pretend that this man has counted not only sixty-seven years, but years of supreme stress. If in forty of them he ever knew a comforting certainty, it must have been by faith and not by sight; for from boyhood to middle life his face was always against overwhelming odds.

If fair fluency in reading physical tokens has impressed upon the visitor a certain conviction, the conversation is

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definitive. Some men look and walk like gods—and talk as if there were none. I have known a very few whose address carried the same contagion, and one whose words were as compelling, but never another man whose language, purely as a medium, so captured me. It is not the Spanish of the *Real Académia* —itself a gallant thing to be heard, for its very circuitousness and melody and courtly indirection. Nor yet is it anything wherewith the dilettanti of Madrid might quarrel. It is, though Spanish, emphatically modern, and withal reconciles that lurking contradiction. It is the most luminous, direct, sinewy speech I have heard in any tongue—an unlisped Spanish which leads one to forgive, for the moment, the harshened sibilants of Mexico; a Spanish swift but unhurried; concise as Greek and as lithe; forceful as clean Saxon, compact as an Indian tongue, nutty as French, and musical as no civilized vernacular can be, outside of Spanish. Yet it is the music of the bugle, and not of the usual guitar. A paradox, undoubtedly; for at once it is poised, yet flies like an arrow to the butt; the perfection of courtesy, yet not carelessly to be disputed; absolutely free from the weak vice of epigram, but concise beyond parallel. I have never talked with another man by the hour at a time without catching him in one waste word.

This, at one's first meeting with Diaz, is one's first astonishment, and may linger among the latest. Clear speech means clear thought — assembled, marshalled thought; and speech so marvellously diagrammatic must refer to unusual mental processes. And even while one glows at this apparently unconscious past-mastery of words, the larger presence enters. This speech is no mere trick of mouth, but the medium of a very unusual mind.

It might be rash to lug into any comparison the Iron Chancellor, but of actual rulers, republican or dynastic, there certainly is not another—if there may have been one—so "posted" as the man of Mexico. Off-hand, without hesitation and with accuracy (as I have often been at pains to verify), he gives whatsoever detail is desired of whatsoever branch of government. He is more ready than the contractors themselves as to the men and money using in some great work. The commanders of the military zones can tell you (in twice the words) as much each of his own scope as Diaz can tell you of the entire field. The superintendent of education in a district may be as informative (if you give him time) about the schools in his charge as the creator of the Mexican public-school system is about the districts *en masse*. It is an open secret in the capital that the President not infrequently worsts his ministers in their own fields. Not all of the cabinet are wonders; but all are able men, and at least three of them extraordinary ones. I do not mean to lay all this to the door-step of genius. It is not more due to his most rare faculty of grasp than to his enormous application for the mastery of every question. And—a genuine test of breadth—he is not afraid to say, "I do not know." He ventures no opinion in things he has not measured.

This strangely direct and pregnant speech, a model of saying most in speaking least, runs, nevertheless, with all the sincerity and the winningness of a boy. It is conclusive without being oracular, balanced yet without self-consciousness, engaging yet reserved, especially as the subject warms him. It was when we came to schools that the "autocrat" came suddenly to his feet and translated me to a distant inner room and showed me his private maps. The big plan of the capital bristled with pins, their heads of three colors (this was just before the federal round-up of schools in July, 1896; now there are but two colors); and his knowledge of the schools all and several, when and where and how, was as graphic as the map itself. It was less surprising when he spread upon the same engineer's table accurate charts of the republic, with their like pin-head kaleidoscope—but now pins for troops and regiments, for horse, foot, and artillery. So much may be expected of a right soldier; but that absolute grip on the situation by and large, and that ability to put it within the fist of a rank outsider at one handful, are no part of the usual military trappings.

The conceit is still a little yonder which could make me dare pretend to translate that arrowy speech into any English within my grasp. But of our conversations there were two things so typical they should be saved in what paraphrase they may. When once we spoke of the school system he has created for Mexico—the theme which more than any other seemed to kindle him—and when he had given in five minutes an astonishing bird's-

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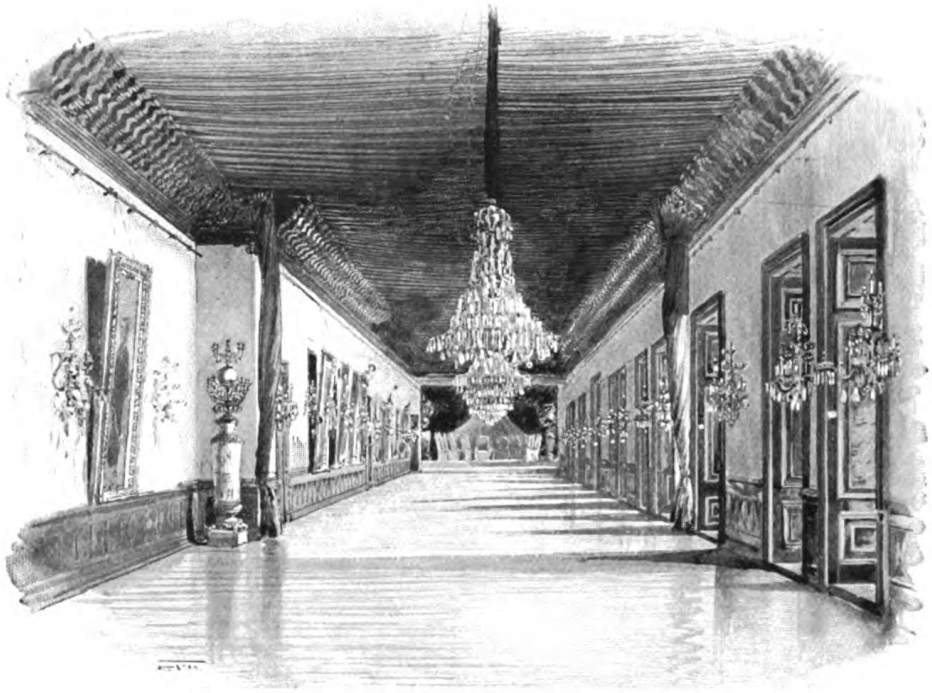
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THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS.

eye view of a huge field, he added (it seemed to me with a fine mingling of dignity and pathos): "And the English is compulsory. So when we the old are gone, Mexico will have two idioms."

And again, when the theme was the steps up which, one by one, he has handed Mexico from intermittent anarchy to sure peace, he said gravely and with that same terseness: "It needed something of the strong hand [*la mano dura*]. But every year it could relax. Now, though there are some who do not love 'Porfirio,' all love peace. So the fist is wide open. There is full liberty—free schools, free ballot, free speech, free press. They may do what they will so they do not fire a gun at me."

This is very tame beside the idiomatic Spanish in which it was said, but it is indexical. Here is the key-note of modern Mexico—a "dictatorship" which has spent ungrudgingly its blood and its care for the country's progress.

It is this man, whose eye and voice and step belie the half his years, that has wrought the Mexican miracle. And if he has put a new face on his country, it is not a whit more remarkable than the transformation he has wrought upon his own shoulders. This has been a transfiguration of which I know no parallel. Making due allowance for the change of fashion in facial landscape-gardening, Porfirio Diaz was not from the start visibly frontispieced by fate for all that he has become. Within a youth's memory he wore the mere features of a soldier. Even in the seventies he might have been a chief of *rurales*. But to-day his face is unmistakable, and a proverb for "the handsomest man in Mexico." By sheer features this is not true; but by the collective impression it is. In a generation he has given himself a new face, and even made over the shape of his head. In all the breadth of a regenerated republic there is no more striking monument to the thought it has needed to turn the Mexico in which Juarez died into the Mexico of to-day than the very head of the man who did it.

This may naturally raise the question just where and when his real greatness of spirit began. What was his first motive to the Presidency? Was it as pure-

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ly patriotic as his military career unquestionably had been? Or was it a personal lust—later tamed and purified by responsibility and the evolution of events? Was it the professional revolution of independent Latin America—an Out trying to get In—or was it something more prophetic? One's first presumption may easily be—as mine was before I had earned any right to presume—that the revolt against Juarez and the upsetting of Lerdo were rather less nobly inspired than their sequel.

It is good history, as well as good morals, that no man can play a part absolutely and always. If he be acting, he will sometimes forget his rôle, and we shall catch him. If he is never inconsistent, then he cannot be making believe. The career of Diaz seems to me to stand that test, for it has been logical in every step. The Pretender could not have known all he was to do; but he certainly knew very well what he was doing. He saw the consummate need of his centrifugal country—and the only man who could fill it. Something more or less like usurpation had become the recognized highway to the Presidency—not an incumbent since the *Independéncia* had an absolutely clean title of election—and among the periodic crowd of usurpers he knew one who could lift the country permanently out of the reach of usurpation. If under our notions of democracy we cannot quite grasp the premise, we can at least read the logic of his demonstration. From the first he has walked a straight and narrow path toward the consistent goal. A cavalier might well refuse the advances of his country's foes, but only a patriot would



GENERAL DIAZ IN 1866.

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SENORA DIAZ, CALLED "CARMELITA, THE IDOL OF MEXICO."

have declined his country's proffers as too generous for her own good. There was nothing parvenu in the penniless lad who refused pay for his first military service; nor in the struggling youth who declined the law degree that Juarez gave him, and studied two years longer, amid arduous duties, to earn it; nor in the young officer who several times declined to be promoted over the heads of his elders, lest it create jealousies harmful to the cause; nor in the sudden popular idol who twice could have had the Presidency at Maximilian's hands—and with it the deliverance of his country—but would not, because Juarez was his President.

This may not be so picturesque a conclusion as the notion that here was a sheer usurper, gradually transformed to a high patriot by the unfolding of events and of his own eyesight, but it seems to tally better with the record. We have reasonable authority, too, for knowing a man by his fruits. Several Presidents of Mexico have tried to do something for their country besides sitting at its head; not all of them together have done for it what Diaz has. It would doubtless be a poor creature who had no ambitions of his own. A fit selfishness is the datum-plane of humanity, and only above that is man's altitude measured—by the measure wherewith he subordinates that ambition to other things, or other things to that am-

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bition. Diaz has never needed a guardian, but neither has his country, since he came up.

Bearing on the same point from another side is the attitude of his present authority. No Governor in our States is more accessible than this President, plus. He wears no body-guards, no hedges, no ostentation. It is not precisely a czar who gives audience to laborers, rides unattended in a street car, and often walks to his residence alone, or to church with no more retinue than his wife. A man of warm friendships as of stanch resentments, he does not abuse either. He may not forget, but he does shelve, a personal grudge whose object can be a citizen of use to the republic—and his whole tenure of office is full of instances. As to his friends, he remembers a certain fine discrimination between Porfirio Diaz and President Diaz. No one is allowed to become his shadow, and he is scrupulous that his public goings and comings shall not be inseparably associated with certain companions. For, in his own words, "Nothing so irritates a people as the insolence of favorites—and all favorites tend to insolence."

This, of course, is a matter of business judgment. Outside what he conceives to be a ruler's duty to the public, he is not only accessible, but notoriously warm-hearted. His career is as full of handsome friendships and tender mercies as of uncompromising firmness. One incident, which I believe has not been published, is illustrative of the man. In June, 1895, the President was invited to Catorce, the chief mining camp of San Luis Potosí, to inaugurate the great electrical plant (the first of its kind in Mexico) at the Santa Ana Mine. A large company of the foremost men in Mexico had come up with him from the capital, and the mine-owners had made a fitting fiesta. When Diaz appeared at the works the laborers went wild and surged forward upon the Presidential party. A stranger might have fancied this tattered and mine-stained horde about to swallow up the little knot of broadclothed statesmen. One grizzled old Indian in the van hurled his shabby hat aloft with a stentorian shout above all the clamor, "*Viva nuestro tata!*"*

* "Long live our father!" Tata is at once as affectionate as "daddy," yet reverent. The Indians use it of God.



PORFIRIO DIAZ, JUN.

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and rushing upon the nonplussed President, caught him a tremendous hug that fairly lifted him from his feet. Diaz involuntarily fell back a step. Then his inscrutable face suddenly resolved in a smile, half humorous, half tender; and as his friends elbowed him out of the crush they saw a tear creeping down either cheek.

As the military history of Diaz in many ways suggests that of Grant—though he had none of Grant's technical preparation, and led far smaller armies, and had always to create them himself out of next to nothing, forging invincible steel from the peon mud—so does his personal simplicity. At the opening of the lips the resemblance ceases; but there was the same quietness of taste. No man of Latin blood could disregard the demands of ceremony in a ruler; no man of any blood could be more modest in them. When and where etiquette compels, Diaz is splendid; and none can better carry off the pomp and circumstance of state than this ascended soldier, who would be at home in any court. But outside the necessities of occasion, he goes as unfrilled as our President; scrupulously neat and scrupulously simple in his dress. And while a tyrant may be unvain, tyrants do not walk loose among their serfs.

There is a deeper test of balance than unpretentiousness amid the temptations of practically supreme power. Diaz has remained to this day a man of the strictest habits. He has no vices—not even that sweetest and most human vice which is so easy to an autocrat. Abstemious, methodical, tireless; working with remarkable despatch a long day, yet scrupulous that not even the nation shall quite rob his family of him; early to bed and early to rise; always busy but never hurried; a sturdy walker; a superb rider of superb horses; a real hunter—as frontiersmen count hunters, and not by the category of titled trigger-pullers who butcher tame, fenced game—the private life of this curious man is as wholesome as his administration, and has broadly aided it.

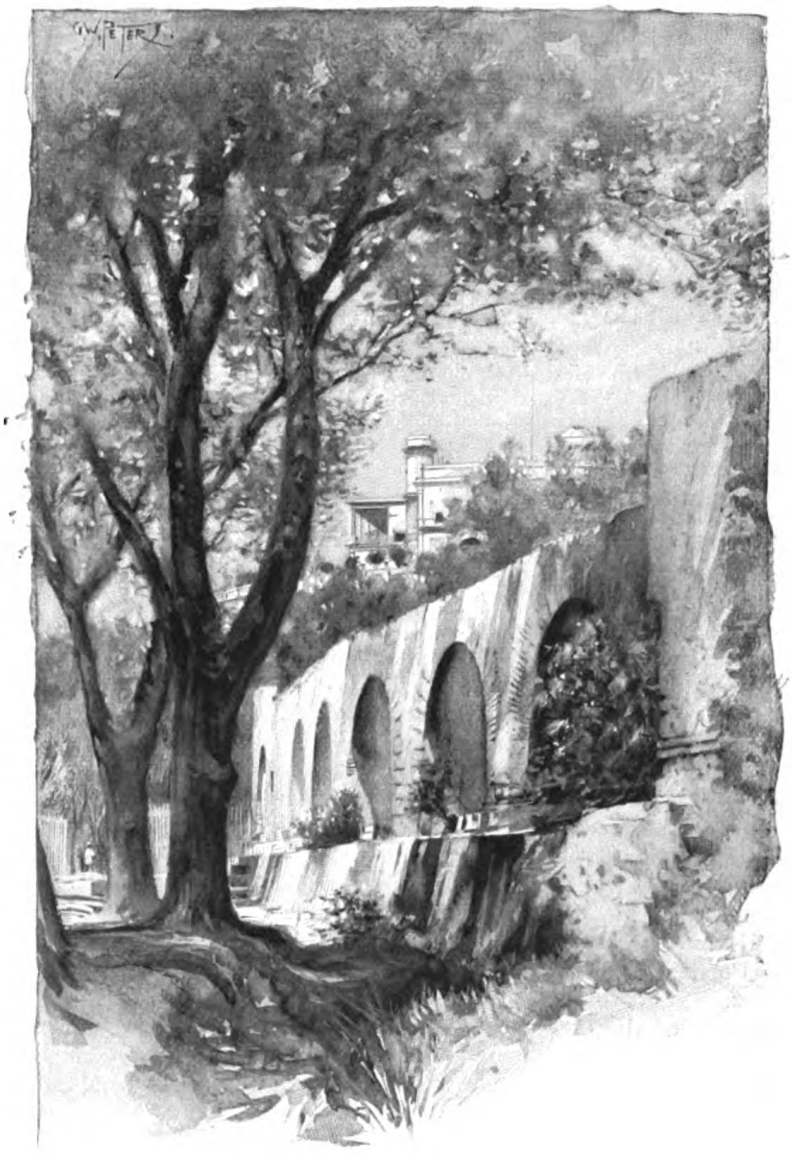
It has been a greater thing to conquer the hearts than the hands of a nation. I can remember when to scratch a Mexican college-boy was pretty generally to find an anti-Porfirista; and every priest's robe covered a Tory. Why? Well, the radical objection to the President was—that he was President. Sophomoric minds, overfed with reading, looked more to the shadow than to the substance. They tended—as their elders sometimes tend—to remember the theory and forget the fact. They failed to notice that all of a republic is not the license of all to misgovern themselves; that peace, security, the equal conservation of every man's right, are as significant of democracy as is the name of an office; and they were restive over a matter of definition. It was almost precisely the same "objection to federal interference" upon which the people of the United States sat *en banc* a few months ago, and gave verdict for defendant.

But this last barrier between Diaz and the inner hearts of his people has gone down before his personality. It was partly by *la mano dura*, but more by the clear head and the clean record. It might be too much to call any man unselfish; it is enough when a man *acts* unselfishly—and this is the root of this man's complete mastery. It has become inevitable, even to the most unthoughtful stiff-neck, not only that he could hold his place, but that he held it in trust. Within a few years—even within his term just ended—the last opposition to Diaz has died a natural death. Even the Church party, which delivered its country up to the Intervention of the philistines, sees now that it would be folly to exchange a just opponent for a partisan of its own.

The hold of Diaz on his countrymen began in his extraordinary military career. Not only its brilliancy, but its patriotism, kindled hero-worship to a blaze. In the longest and darkest night that Mexico ever knew, he rose early and shone steadfast, the star of hope for national autonomy. His people, his government, and his foe all came to recognize him as the first soldier of Mexico. Upon the head of this, to general surprise, he has earned a still rarer distinction. The greatest general in Mexican history, he has also proved himself the greatest statesman. And no less than his record of war and administration, his private character has conquered the love of those whose admiration was already stormed. His relations as husband, father, and man have all been to the point. His first wife, mother of his three children, was a lovable girl, who died too soon to share his full greatness; but when, in 1883, he married Carmen Romero Rubio,

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the daughter of an old antagonist, he gave Mexico a universal idol. A young woman of unusual beauty of person and character, highly educated (in the United States), fluent in French and English as in the best Spanish, "Carmelita," as she is lovingly called by all Mexico, rich and poor alike, has been her husband's complement not only in the home but in the nation. To the social charm of a high-bred Spanish woman, and the heart of universal womanhood, she adds the horizons of a modern education. Gracious and unspoiled, prominent in all benevolences, and a model in the exigent Spanish traditions of the home-keeper, she has won love beyond any other woman in Mexican history.



A GLIMPSE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

The Presidential family is a pleasant one all through. Of the two daughters, one is married. The son, Porfirio junior, has recently taken his degree as civil engineer, after as stiff a course as if he had been a peon's boy, and through a final examination which was made unusually rigorous by his father's wish. "The President's son," said Diaz, "must have nothing which he has not surely earned."

It was an innovation when Diaz declined to live in the national palace. Part of the year he resides in his private house in the Street of the Chain, but part in the historic castle of Chapultepec—the home of Motecuzoma, a palace of the Viceroys from Galvez down, and the chosen spot of Maximilian and Carlota. The rock Hill of the Grasshopper, set amid immemorial ahuehuetes, has at its feet the making of the noblest park in the world, of its size; and no other palace in any land commands so superb a view. Below, the strong spring of "Montezuma's Bath" wells up under the gigantic trees; and the twin aqueducts, like inconceivable centipedes turned to stone, twist away toward the city; and the outcrop rock is carved with the pictoglyphs of forgotten Aztec war-captains. Behind is the historic field of Molino del Rey; and at the

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top, elbowing the palace, the military academy whose schoolboys were defeated by the army of the United States.

One tires of "lives stranger than romance"—in the romances; but, seriously, it would be a confident novelist who ventured to invent a career like that of Diaz and date it in this century. It reads rather like a chapter from the Crusades than like anything we can realize as modern American. Probably no other ruler since the Lion Heart has run quite such a gamut

> "of most disastrous chances;
> Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
> Of being taken by the insolent foe."

Hero of more than fifty battles—and not by heliograph, but at the head of his men—ablaze with decorations when in full dress, but with not enough medals to cover one apiece the scars that earned them; leader of desperate charges and defender of forlorn hopes; half a dozen times prisoner, and as often escaping by the narrowest hazards; forty years in service, and almost all of it uphill on grades that might have daunted Sisyphus—it is a wonderful story between the orphan boy of Oaxaca and the head of modern Mexico. It would be impossible here to go into that career with any detail; but the barest outline is significant.

Porfirio Diaz was born in the city of Oaxaca, September 15, 1830, on the anniversary of the birth of Mexican independence. There has been confusion as to the locality, and in the city itself are a score of contradictory relations, so I have taken pains to be fortified over his own hand:

"It was in the city of Oaxaca, street of la Soledad, south side, No. 10, in which house is now a sugar-factory."

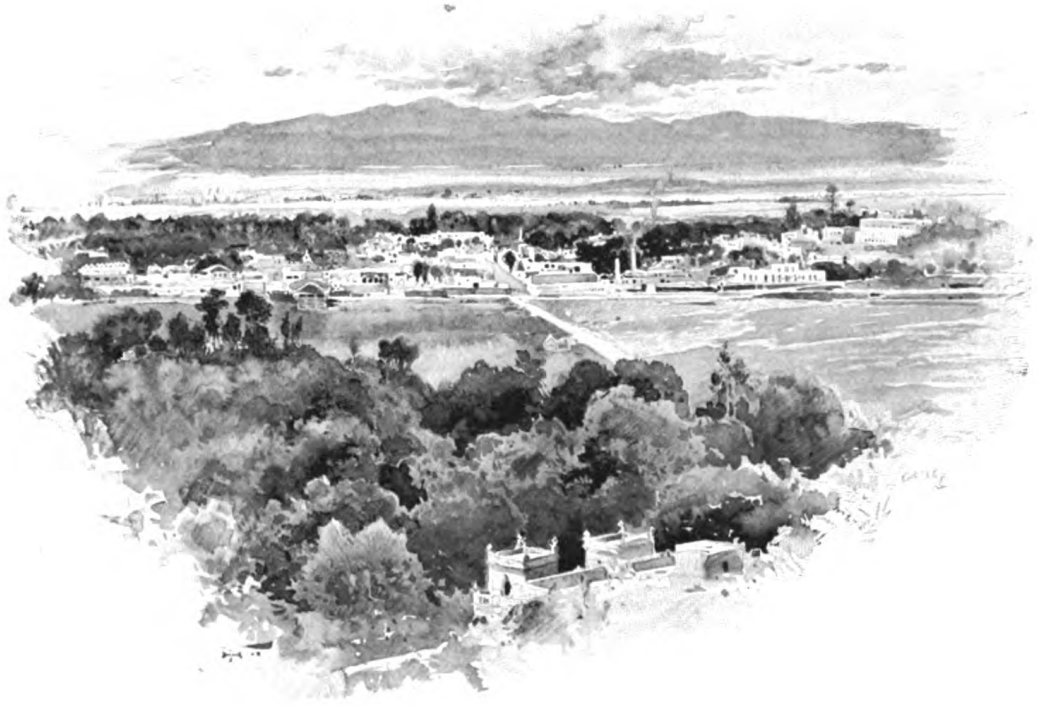
His father, Captain José Faustino Diaz, was of Asturian stock which came to Mexico in the first years of the Conquest. He died in 1833. Doña Petrona Mory, Porfirio's forceful mother, brought him the drop of aboriginal blood, her grandmother having been a Mixteca. She marked the boy out for the Church; and after finishing with the primary school at seven, taking his turn as errand-boy in a store, and going to the secondary school from eight to fourteen, he entered the seminary. The family had lost its modest fortune, and he supported himself by tutoring. Here he fell in the way of the great Zapotec, Juarez, then Governor of the state, who took a generous interest in the unguessed lad who was to mean so much to Mexico and to Juarez.

At seventeen Porfirio volunteered, with some of his comrades, for the war with the United States. To their grief they were not sent to the front, but served as a home militia—the redoubtable company of the "Better-than-Nothings," as ribald townsmen dubbed them.

Against his mother's hope, his patron's rage, and the scandal of the bishop, the young theologue soon decided to be a lawyer and not a priest. Thrown entirely on his own resources, he kept in the institute by taking pupils and by the slender help of the librarianship, secured for him by the Governor. Graduating from the four years' course, he entered the law-office of Juarez, becoming also professor of Roman law in his alma mater, and president of the law-club of Oaxaca.

His first taste of war was under Herrera, in revolt against the usurper Santa Anna. In the plebiscite Diaz was the only student who dared walk up to the tables and sign against the tyrant; and for this audacity had to fly for his life. In the revolution which ended in the expulsion of that strange cross of ass and wolf, whom one of the most naïve of Mexican folk-songs celebrates in "*La pata de Sant' Anna*," young Diaz became Jefe Politico (mayor) of Ixtlan. In this hamlet was the first fair scope for the military bent which had been visible even in his childhood. He drilled the half-naked Indians of his *jefatura* on Sundays, holding them by dances, a gymnasium, and the like artifices until he had a really valuable militia. When Garcia "pronounced" in Oaxaca, the boy Mayor of Ixtlan marched on that capital with his aborigines and induced the usurper to "take it back"; and upon Garcia's renewal of the pronunciamento, Diaz returned and took the city, and the small despot fled. For this service Diaz refused the pay proffered him. A little later he resigned his post as Mayor to become Captain in the National Guard at less than half the pay, and won his first laurels in crushing the rebellion of Jamiltepec. Badly wounded, he saw the weak point in the insurgent lines, and won the day. It was a week before he reached a doctor, and he carried the bullet more than a year.

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A VIEW FROM CHAPULTEPEC.

In 1858, when Cobos (Conservative) attacked Oaxaca, Diaz beat him off, pursued him, and whipped him again at Jalapa, fighting against heavy odds. As the war of the Reforma broadened, Juarez gave the young officer the important post of Jefe of Tehuantepec. In this remote corner, unaided by the beset government and sore pressed by the Conservatives (Church party), he not only held his own for two years in the field, but began to give earnest of administrative skill, straightening out the sorry tangle of public affairs in Tehuantepec, and trying his 'prentice hand at public education and "better government." In April, 1858, at the Hacienda de las Jicaras, he set the pattern of tactics always thereafter characteristic of him—the night march and the daybreak assault. In all his military career it was the case that the other man did not get up quite early enough.

In June of the next year he won the important action of the Mixtequilla and a lieutenant-colonelcy. Still weak from the operation to extract the bullet of Jamiltepec, he defended in Juchitan and then convoyed safely across the isthmus a store of munitions of war, obeying the spirit but breaking the letter of government instructions to destroy it before it should fall into the enemy's hands. In November, Alarcon having captured Tehuantepec, Diaz stormed it at dawn with three hundred men, and took it back for Mexico. In January, 1860, with five hundred raw troops, he met and routed Cobos's superior force near Mitla, leading the charge at the critical moment.

Oaxaca elected him a deputy to Congress; and when in June, 1861, Marquez attacked the national capital, Diaz hurried from the legislative halls, headed the defending forces, and defeated the revolutionists. For this he was made Chief of Brigade of Oaxaca. He pursued Marquez for two months, and August 13, 1861, attacked the rebels by night in Jalatlaco. It was a hand-to-hand fight, marked by another of the almost miraculous escapes

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which gave Diaz the name of an enchanted life, and was another victory for him.

But the other divisions of the army were not so successful; and President Juarez, whose greatness lay rather in steadfastness than in resource, seemed to lack the talent for unification. His sluggishness permitted the Church party to gain great headway, and at the same time his measures weakened and split the Nationalists. An unpaid army, increased taxes, forced loans, and the suicidal repudiation of the foreign debt not only crippled the government at home, but brought about its ears the armed intervention of France, England, and Spain. When the actual invasion began, in the spring of 1862, Juarez set the brigades of Mejia and Diaz to make front against the invaders, while he should gather forces in the interior. A magazine explosion practically wiped out Mejia's command, and Diaz was left to bear the brunt. His brother Felix, who was with him at the front, stood off a thousand zouaves with a handful of lancers until seventy-five per cent. of his men were slain and he was wounded and a prisoner. Watching his chance, he limped toward his pet horse, flung himself across its back, and escaped through a rain of lead. Porfirio covered the retreat of General Zaragoza on Puebla, checking the French at the hill of Aculzingo. During the siege of Puebla which followed, Diaz held the most exposed position, the road to Amazoc. In the splendid battle which gave Mexico one of her proudest anniversaries, the Cinco de Mayo (May 5, 1862), Diaz and his raw men met on level ground the trained European soldiers of Lorencez, withstood their charges, turned them, and chased them.

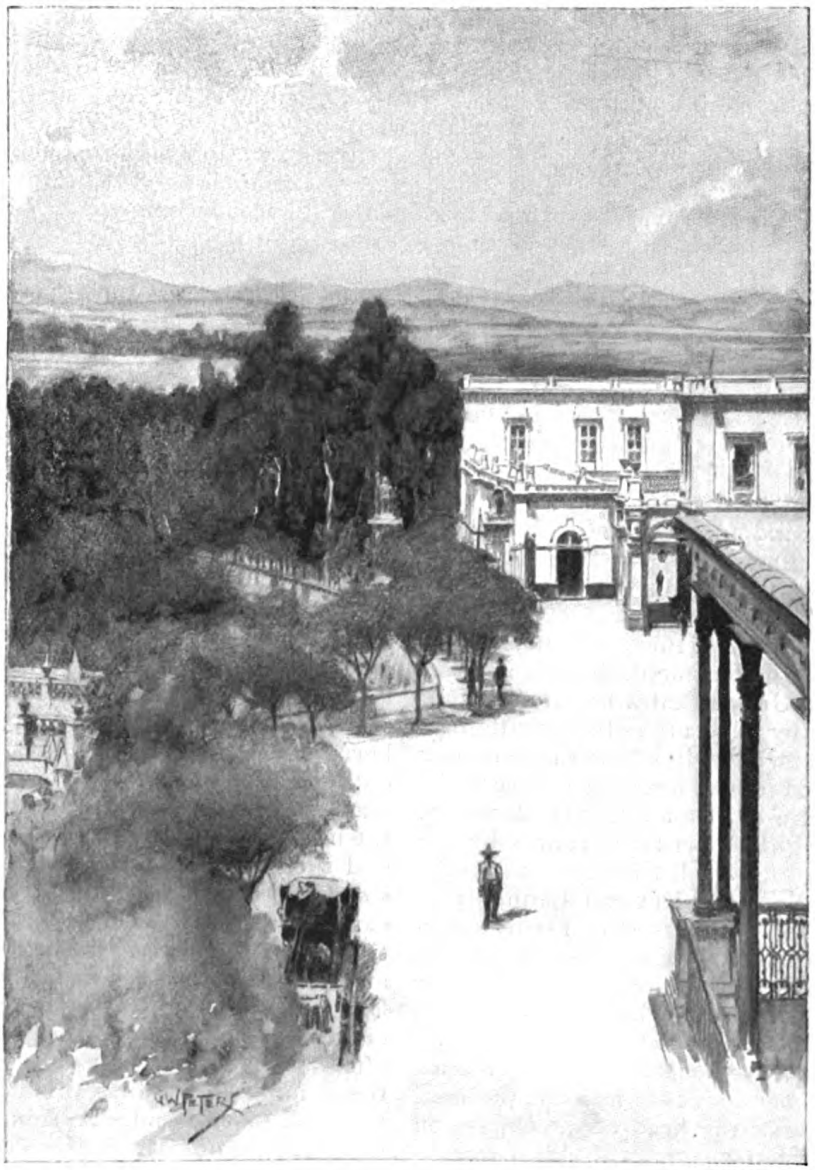
In January, 1863, the French general Forey laid siege to Puebla with an outnumbering force and by precise stages. In one of the many assaults on the corner held by Diaz the zouaves broke into the first court-yard of his stronghold, the Meson de San Marcos. Diaz ran back alone to the solitary field-piece which commanded the gate, chucked it full of cobble-stones in default of cannon-balls, and mowed down the foremost of the enemy; then, at the head of his reanimated men, whipped out the storming party and closed the breach. On May 17 the beleaguered city had to capitulate, but Diaz refused to take parole with the other officers, and soon made his escape.

At this juncture President Juarez offered to make him Secretary of War or commander of an army corps; but Diaz declined both honors on the ground that such promotion of so young a man would cause harmful jealousies. He covered the retreat of the national government from Mexico to San Luis Potosí, reorganized the army as commander-in-chief, and accepted command of the Army of the East, with jurisdiction from Puebla to Central America. Marching down from Querétaro with a small force, across the states of Mexico and Michoacan, under the very noses of the enemy, and capturing Tasco *en route*, he reached Oaxaca and established headquarters. His commission as General of Division, the highest rank in the Mexican army, came next. In three years the Nobody of Oaxaca had risen to be second only to the President of the republic, and almost the last hope of his country. The capital, the chief cities and posts, and nearly all the northern states were in the hands of the enemy; the very government was vagrant; but down in Oaxaca Diaz kept a "solid south." By a remarkable administrative ability he soon put his native state on a business basis, besides garrisoning its important points and gathering at his own elbow 3000 drilled men and the cash to handle them. As his strength there led the French to turn more toward the north, Diaz began to move up, until General Brincourt and a large force were sent to check him. In December, 1864, the largest campaign of the Intervention was aimed at him; and early in 1865 these vastly superior forces shut him up in Oaxaca. The self-made Mexican had already become of such consideration that Bazaine took the field against him in person; and after a vain attempt to bargain (with equal honors in the imperial army as an inducement), pressed the siege at once with vigor and a caution palpably bent on avoiding all slips. The beleaguered tightened their hungry belts, and ran the church bells into cannon-balls. At the beginning of the end, Diaz took his post at the howitzer in a church tower, and kept it hot till every man of the crew but one beside him was slain, and his officers came up and dragged him away.

After three weeks of hopeless resistance, Oaxaca capitulated. All the captured officers except three pledged themselves to stand neutral the rest of the war;

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and Diaz, with the two other stiff-necks, was dungeoned in Puebla. After tunnelling almost to freedom, and being thwarted in several other attempts to escape, pocketed on the Californian Gulf, and the desert state of Chihuahua were left him—had to clap his hat on the government and betake it to Saltillo, to Chihuahua,



THE MILITARY COLLEGE, CHAPULTEPEC.

Porfirio finally dodged the turnkey, scaled the prison wall, and got away—with a reward of $10,000 on his head.

The Mexican cause was desperate. The French and the traitors held practically all the country's area and resources. The stoic Juarez, almost without armies or territory—only the petty port of Guaymas, finally to Paso del Norte, on our frontier. Such deathless courage as his needed only a hint of success to make it contagious; but he was not of that untranslatable temper which the Spanish call *simpático*, and could not buoy up a people. The hopes of Mexico were at zero.

Diaz understood the need of the hour.

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It was no time to lay out a deliberate campaign. Swift, sharp blows that should, even if intrinsically trivial, electrify the numbed hopes of the Nationalists—that was what was called for. His escape from Puebla was September 20, and on the 22d, with a hasty handful of men, he surprised and captured the garrison of Tehuicingo. Next day he routed another Imperialist force, and acquired arms and horses to fight with. A week later he stole a march on the superior force of Visoso, who had come after him, whipped it, and got its cash-box. By littles gathering men and arms, he turned again on the pursuer, led him out into an ambuscade, and smashed his forces. The end of it was that Visoso came over bodily to his brilliant adversary, and did good service.

These minor but heart-warming affairs began to work like yeast among the despairing patriots; and as Diaz loomed larger in the south, the fugitive government and disjointed nation took heart of hope. Dwindled almost to the consequence of guerilla warfare, the one-sided struggle went on with new courage.

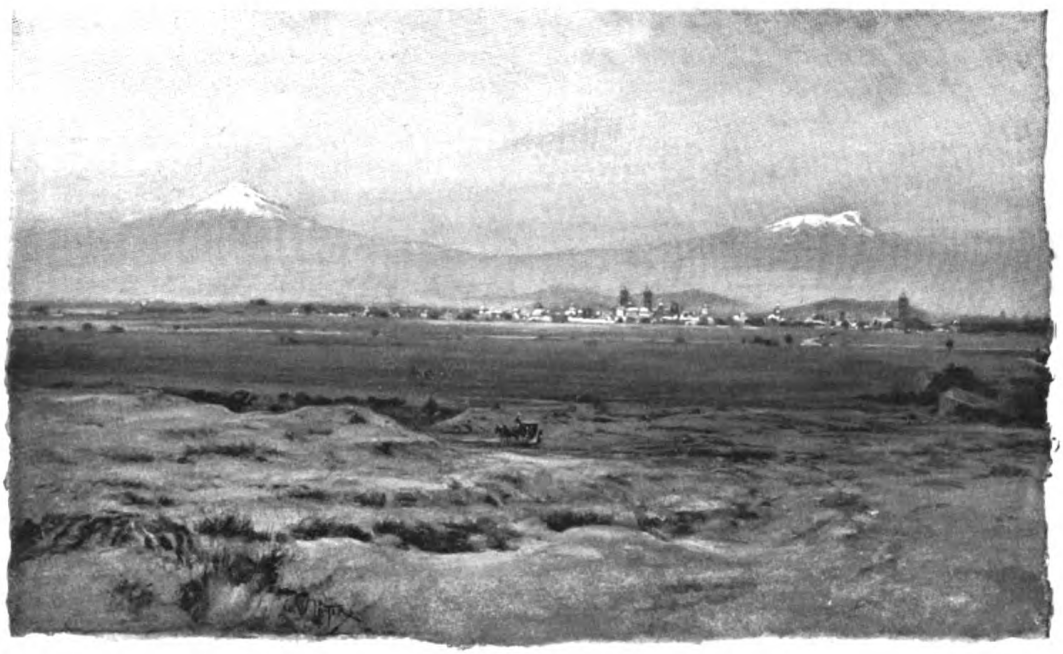
As the gathering climax of our civil war made clear the inevitable triumph of the Federal government, the moral pressure of the United States began to be felt seriously by the arch-Interventionist; while unofficial help of men and money commenced to leak over our border to the discomfiture of his tools. In January, 1866, brought to his tardy senses by the stiffness of Seward, Napoleon rang the death-knell of the Mexican Empire, proclaiming the withdrawal of his troops in a year. Though so basely deserted, Maximilian had still the forces to keep him for some time master of the field, while his plan of conciliation bade fair to bring him by a better road to success. Juarez could not be thought of as a compromise, being at once the head of the opposition and none too strong with his countrymen. Through Bazaine the Presidency was proffered to Diaz; but the gentleman later of Metz was dealing with a stranger. The Mexican did not even reply.

Seeing the French occupied in the north, Diaz began in the spring of 1866 to advance his fences, and won several minor engagements. After one of these, the baffled Imperialist Trujeque invited him to a parley, and when Diaz arrived in the enemy's camp he was fired on by men concealed in an adjacent building, but wheeled his horse like a flash and escaped.

In face of an enemy superior by numbers, discipline, and equipment, Diaz whetted his tactics. Seconded by his dashing brother Felix, he toled the enemy up and down the familiar hills of his boyhood, tired and tantalized and disgusted them—and in the hour of their weariness fell upon them like a cloud-burst. He juggled his small force with consummate dexterity, winning action after action by the precise diplomacy of a New Mexican acquaintance of mine who sold "half" his cattle in the morning on the east side of the mountain, and drove them around to the west side and sold "the rest" in the afternoon. Diaz dragged brush behind his troopers, to kick up the dust of a conquering host; popped up a handful of cavalry first on one hill and then on another—and conquered the bedeviled enemy almost as much by his ingenuity as by his desperate in-fighting. Of this picturesque campaign the famous battles of Miahuatlan and La Carbonera were most important. Oronoz, with a larger force and far better armed, doubled and surprised him through the carelessness of a captain. Diaz and thirty men stood off the attack till his cavalry could resaddle and his infantry fall in. He fought stubbornly until he saw his powder giving out, and then carried his little force in a mad charge upon Oronoz's centre, took the battery, turned it on the Imperialists, and though overwhelmed with numbers stood to the guns till his little reserve came and turned the field to a rout, capturing forty officers, the baggage-train, and the all-important arms. He drove Oronoz into a fortified position, intercepted the Austrian re-enforcements, and after withstanding four charges, turned them, and took their cannon, ammunition, and seven hundred carbines. Marching straight on Oaxaca, he took his native city from the invaders after a sharp siege. It was prophetic of the man that in this time of stress he founded the Oaxaca model school for girls—the forecast of that system which is working the greatest social change in Mexican history.

When the over-persuaded Emperor—already in motion to sail for Europe—returned to the capital to "stick it out," and took the field in person, the republican armies focussed on the north, and the distant Oaxacan was left to work out

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THE BATTLE-FIELD OF PUEBLA, WITH POPOCATEPETL IN THE DISTANCE.

his own salvation. Again Maximilian proffered him the Presidency—now with the condition of a free exit for the French arms. But Diaz quietly referred him to the wandering President.

Thrown entirely on his own resources for men, money, and arms—and even at times bled of his levies by the worried government—Diaz merely went at it the harder. Known for scrupulousness, he secured voluntary loans where forced loans had been hopeless. Gathering up what men and material he could, he besieged Puebla, with six field-pieces against her hundred. It was his third turn at Puebla, twice as besieged, now as besieger. In the three weeks of the investment he was everywhere, and survived not only the usual perils of the assault, but was dug out whole from under an adobe wall.

Learning that an army as large as his own was on its way to re-enforce the besieged, he ordered all the preparations for withdrawing. Not only the enemy but his own officers took him to be headed for Mexico, and both approved his wisdom under the circumstances. But though the Spanish calendar has no special associations with April 1, the date was *à propos*. That night his army kept their teeth on surprising news. Before dawn of April 2 (1867) Diaz made a feint on the south of the city, and followed with a desperate assault all along the line. He took it point by point, by hand; and at daylight had scored his greatest battle and redeemed Puebla.

Amid the reprisals of these embittered struggles Diaz had achieved an honorable distinction for humanity to his prisoners; and this became no small factor in his successes. Here at Puebla he pardoned the captured officers, who fully expected a fusillade, and among them the officious fellow who had added $1000 from his own pocket to the price set on Porfirio's head after his escape from this same city.

Marching up from his great victory, the hero of Puebla met the enemy's re-enforcements and ran them back to Mexico in "the Five Days' Battle." Shutting up Marquez in the capital, but unwilling to bombard that splendid city, Diaz put on the thumb-screws with patient deliberation. Escobedo finally overcame the far inferior force with which Maximilian had held out so long against him in Querétaro. June 19 (1867) the ill-fated Emperor and his two stanch generals were executed, and next day Mexico surrendered to Diaz. People noted that the victorious general came in unostentatiously, and fell to setting things in order, but that he was ready with a splendid demon-

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stration when the long-exiled President returned, July 15. His task done, Diaz resigned, and after serving for a few months, by request, in a reorganization of the army, retired quietly to private life.

His native city met him with open arms; and besides the highest civic honors gave him in fee simple the estate of La Noria. Here for a couple of years Diaz lived as a peaceful manufacturer of cane sugar and a man of family, having been married by proxy, on the day of his victory at Puebla, to Delfina Ortega y Reyes.

The Presidential campaign of 1867 was marked by new convulsions in Mexico. The *Progresistas* made Diaz their standard-bearer, but with the machine at his back Juarez was declared re-elected, and Diaz refused to contest. In 1871 the Indian President, who had held office since 1857, was again nominally elected. In behalf of the reforms promised under the Constitution of 1857, but never instituted, Diaz issued from Oaxaca the protest known as the "Pronunciamento of La Noria."

Juarez was already a changed man by failing health and growing blindness to the needs of the nation. July 18, 1872, death ended this strange, mute, stubborn, circumscribed, but great career. Lerdo de Tejada, in whom under Mexican laws rested the right of succession, was elected President in October. He offered Diaz high positions, but the Oaxacan went back to his sugar-making.

In 1874 the incumbent, a scholar and a gentleman, but neither a large ruler nor a large patriot, had the country by the ears, partly by mismanagement, partly by showing his design to capture a second term. Revolutions broke out all over the republic, and the famous "plan of Tuxtepec" was promulgated. Among the prominent Mexicans proscribed by Lerdo was his most dangerous rival; and selling off his property for a song, Diaz retired to the United States. In March, 1876, he crossed the Rio Grande from Brownsville, Texas, with forty men, and issued a pronunciamento. His forty soon multiplied by ten, and marching on the Lerdist garrison of Matamoros, he captured seven hundred prisoners and eighteen cannon; next beating the larger force of Fuero at Icamole. But finding it impossible to break through to the distant south, he returned to New Orleans, and sailed in disguise for Vera Cruz. At Tampico a lot of his Matamoros prisoners came aboard the steamer, and he was recognized. Slipping overboard by night in the shark-infested harbor, he started to swim ashore, but was overhauled and carried back. It was perhaps the most ticklish of all his personal hazards, many and great as they have been. But the purser took a hand, and deceived the captain by throwing overboard a life-preserver. Diaz lay for a week cooped inside the sofa on which the Lerdist officers sat for their nightly card games. At Vera Cruz he got ashore disguised as a sailor, and after many startling adventures came back to Oaxaca, where he rallied a force of 4000 men.

After the alleged re-election of Lerdo, against which even the president of the Supreme Court rose in revolt, General Alatorre was sent to run down Diaz. At Tecoac he caught him. The battle was long and sharp, but though outnumbered, Diaz won. He held his men in hand till the crisis, and then, leading the charge in person, broke Alatorre's army in two, and captured its artillery, baggage, and 3000 prisoners. From the field of Tecoac he marched on Mexico. Lerdo fled *viâ* Acapulco to the United States, "taking the cash," and on the 23d of November Diaz entered the capital amid general rejoicing. Five days later he assumed the provisional Presidency, and in April, 1877, was elected constitutional President of the republic. Lerdo promoted several uprisings, which were easily put down, and Iglesias, the Supreme Court claimant, returned from his hiding to private life.

This *coup* made the beginnings of Mexico as a prosperous and modern nation. For the first time in her history since the revolt from viceregal rule she had at the reins a hand strong enough and a head clear enough. Peace rose upon the wrack of fifty years of chaos, and progress followed after peace. Best of all, a national spirit began to be welded among the factions. When the question who could and should and would rule Mexico was taken out of the scramble, the lookers for Presidential lightning began to fall into line for more important things; while those blind enough still to fancy that the new man was just a man, and not the government of Mexico, found out their mistake.

There was singular businesslikeness in every step, and at the same time singular justice. Diaz knew a good man in friend or foe. When he could, he called to his side, and as readily, those who had been

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THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, MAIN TERRACE.

his chief enemies as his first friends. Those who would not lend a hand he merely kept where he could have an eye on them. All a *revolucionário* had to do to be *persona grata* was to turn his talents to the uplifting of Mexico; and this policy did wonders.

The internal policy which has in so few years won statesmen from contemptuous indifference to admiration began at once. Before one realized it, Diaz was binding his disjointed states by the railroad and the telegraph. In his first year the long arrears of public officials had been paid up. In five years he had more than doubled the national revenues, and not by exactions, but by putting the public business on a civil-service basis. Roads, bridges, light-houses, wharves, public buildings, began to rise as taxes went down. The military and civil codes were revised. The army was reorganized, and the best country police in the world, the *guárdias rurales*, were created. By them the curse of brigandage, which infested every trail and highway in Mexico, has been wiped out. Reformed diplomatic relations were established with the outer world. The national credit was raised from the dead. And throughout the length and breadth of the long-wasted country the public school began to rise. Primary instruction, normal schools, agricultural and industrial training, fairs, factories, and the development of the soil —by all such steps united Mexico began suddenly to come up out of her low estate.

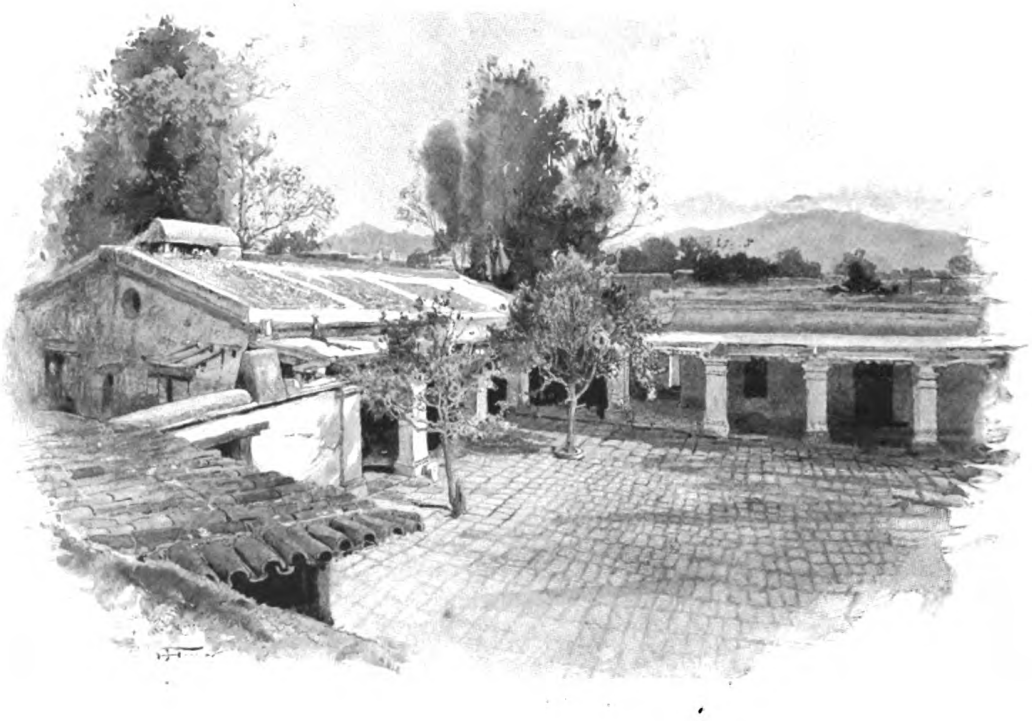
It was some time before she met much welcome; and the cool stand of Diaz in marking a dead-line along the frontier, and advising our General Ord that it must not be overstepped in pursuit of Indians or other things, had like to have made trouble. But a year after his election to the Presidency Diaz was officially recognized by our government, and Grant's visit to Mexico in 1880 did much to civilize our feelings toward the neighbor republic.

Then came the interregnum of Manuel Gonzalez, "El Mocho"—a man of superb courage and of his word, but little other morals—who brought progress to a standstill. In 1880 Diaz lost his wife and her babe—the heaviest blow that has ever reached him amid all his perils. He was for a time Secretary of Fomento under Gonzalez, Senator from Morelos, and Gov-

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ernor of Oaxaca — elected to the last office by a literally unanimous vote. In the spring of 1883 he married his present wife, and their wedding-trip was to the United States.

Without activity on his part, and by an overwhelming majority, he was re-



LA NORIA, OAXACA, PRESIDENT DIAZ'S RESIDENCE.

elected President to succeed Gonzalez, and was inaugurated December 1, 1884, with severe simplicity. Last year he took the oath which inaugurates his present (fifth) term, which has every promise of being his most successful one. The perfection of his remarkable system of public education, and of his hardly less masterly scheme of railroad and harbor development, is the ambition of this term, which is to be his last. And to the question first on our lips—"but when Diaz dies or has done?"—he has, I think, provided the answer. He has set the feet of his people in the paths of progress. He has given them to know, after fever, how good is the cool draught of peace. He has bound them not more to himself than to one another. And when he steps down from his romantic place he will leave a people apprenticed to self-government—a people not past mistakes, but unlikely to forget the main lesson, with an abundance of able men fit to be called to the head, and willing to wait to be called.

Yet by the very nature of things just such a career can befall but once in a country's life. Such men may return, but not again such opportunity. And among those who have gone before and those who shall come after him, history will reserve an undisputed place for the man who made the United States of Mexico; the second American who has won and worn the title, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

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THE WISDOM OF FOOLS.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

THE Rev. Silas Eaton was dead.

It was May, and the little orchard behind the parsonage was like a white and perfumed cloak flung on the shoulder of a bare hill-side which was, all the rest of it, rocky pasture. Under the trees, and in the shelter of the stone walls, the grass was growing green. The apple blossoms were just beginning to fall; in any breath of wind single petals, white, stained outside with crimson, came down in flurries like gusts of warm and aromatic snow. There was a stir of life everywhere. In the parsonage garden crown imperials had pushed their strong stalks through the damp earth, and peonies were reaching up long slender arms, each with its red curled fist of leaves, reluctant to expand until certain of the sun. The ground was spongy beneath the foot, and there were small springs bubbling up under every winter-bleached tuft of last year's grass. The air, full of the scent of earth and growing things, was warm and sweet, yet with an edge of cold—the sword of frost in a velvet scabbard.

Life—life: and in the upper chamber of the parsonage the master lay dead.

One of the children had put a bunch of apple blossoms on the table at the head of the bed. They were not appropriate—the soft rosy flowers beside the hard face there on the pillow; the face, with its thatch of gray hair over the narrow domelike brow, seamed and cut with wrinkles; the anxious, melancholy lips set in such icy and eternal indifference—the face of the religious egotist, stamped with inexorable sincerity, stern and cold and mean. Not a father's face. But his daughter had put her handful of snowy flowers on the pine table, their little gnarled black stems thrust tightly down into a tumbler of water. And then she went tiptoeing out of the silent room. She heard her mother's little light voice downstairs in the parlor, and Elder Barnes's low, respectful murmur in response. They were "making the arrangements." Esther's heart stood still, not with grief, but with misery at the strangeness of it all—her silent, meek, obedient mother saying what should or what should not happen to—father!

"And, Mr. Barnes, if it will not be a trouble, will you find out for me how much it would cost to send a telegram to my brother, in Mercer?"

Esther, leaning over the banisters in the upper hall, opened her lips with astonishment. A telegram! It gave the child a sense of the dreadful importance of this May day as nothing else had done. The thought of the expense of it came next, sobering that curious elation which is part of bereavement.

"Mother oughtn't to do that. It will cost—oh, it will cost at least a dollar!"

This fifteen-year-old Esther had a certain grim practicality, born of a childhood in a minister's family on $500 a year. A dollar! And that uncle in Mercer, whom she had never seen, who had quarrelled with her mother because she married her father, and who was so rich and powerful (according to a newspaper paragraph she had once read)—this uncle, who had had no connection with them in all these years—what was the use of wasting a dollar in telegraphing him? She meant to say so; and yet, when she went down stairs, after Elder Barnes had gone, and found her little mother standing at the window, looking blankly out at the garden, there was something in the mild, faded face that kept the girl silent. She came up and put her strong young arm about her, and kissed her softly.

"Mother, won't you lie down?"

"No, dear; I am not tired. Mr. Barnes has been very kind in telling me what must be done. I do hope everything will be as—*he* would wish."

They did not speak for a little while, and then Esther said, in a low voice, "Mother, I don't want to worry you, and—and perhaps it's very soon to speak of it, but have you thought at all of what is going to become of us?"

Her mother put up her hand with a sort of shiver. "No, no; not yet. We mustn't talk of that yet. Oh, Esther, he is dead! Poor Silas—poor Silas!" She caught her breath like a child, and looked up at her tall daughter in a frightened way.

Esther nodded. Then she said, hesitating: "You're going to get a crêpe veil, aren't you, mother, and a black dress?

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And I think I ought to have a black dress."

"We haven't any money for new clothes, Essie," Mrs. Eaton answered, tremulously.

"But I think we ought to wear black," Esther protested, tears springing to her eyes. "It isn't proper not to."

The other sighed with anxiety. "I don't see how we can. He would not wish us to waste the money."

They were very intimate, these two; for each had found the other a shelter from the fierce integrity which had ruled the family life. And now instinctively they nestled together, panting and chirping like two frightened birds, and saying to each other, "*He* would wish this, or that."

But he was dead, and the face of life was suddenly changed to them both. The withdrawal of the dominant righteous will of husband and father made an abrupt silence in their lives—a silence which was as overwhelming in its way as grief. To the mother it was as though having been borne helplessly along on some powerful arm, she had been suddenly set down on her own feet, and bidden to lead and carry others. Esther's frightened question, "What is going to become of us?" echoed in her ears like a crash of bewildering sound. She had no answer; all she knew was, that she must take care of the children; work for them; fight for them—poor little weak creature!—if necessary. She was thirty-five, this mother, but she looked much older. Once she must have been pretty; one knew that by the startled softness of her hazel eyes and the delicately cut pale lips; but her forehead, rounded like a child's, was worn and full of lines, and her whole expression so timid and anxious and deprecating that one only thought of what her life must have been to cut so deep a stamp on such gentle and vague material. It had been, since her marriage, a very uneventful life, its keenest excitement the making both ends meet on her husband's salary. Before that there had, indeed, been the keen and exciting experience of marrying in opposition to her father's command, and being practically disowned by her people. She was Lydia Blair, a girl of good family, gentle and dutiful, as girls were expected to be thirty years ago—one of those pleasant girls who let their elders and betters think for them, and are loved as one loves comfortable and inanimate things. And then, suddenly, had appeared this harsh, fiery, narrow New England minister, of another denomination, of another temperament—for that matter, of another class; and she had developed a will of her own and married him. Why? Everybody who knew her asked, "Why?" Perhaps afterwards she herself asked why—afterwards, when he became so intent upon saving his own soul that he had no time to win his children's love or to make love to his wife. By the time he came to die very likely he had forgotten he ever had made love to her. He called her "Mrs. Eaton," and he was as used to her as he was to his battered old desk or his worn Bible. But when he came to die he lay in his bed and watched her as he had not done these fifteen years; and once he said, when she brought him his medicine, "You've been a good wife, Mrs. Eaton"; and once, "You're very kind, Lily." But this was at the end, and the doctor said his mind was wandering. And then the end had come, in the spring night, towards dawn; and now he was lying still, as indifferent to the soft weather, the shower of apple blossoms, the two children whispering about the house, the wife staring, dry-eyed out into the sunshine—as indifferent as he always had been.

Well, well; he was a good man, they said; and now he had gone to find the God whom he had defamed and vilified under the name of religion, imputing to Him meanness and cruelty and revenge—the passions of his own poor human nature.

And may that God have mercy on his soul!

II.

Robert Blair came into the dining-room, holding the "dollar telegram" in his hand. His wife looked up at him, smiling.

"It is really shameful the way business pursues you! I am going to tell Samuel to burn all despatches that come here. Your office is the place for those horrid yellow papers."

"It isn't business this time, Nellie; it's death."

"Oh, Robert!"

"Oh," he hastened to explain, "it's nothing that touches us. My sister Lydia's husband is dead. You have heard me speak of my sister Lydia, haven't you?

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It was long before your day, you baby, that she married him. Ah, well, what a pretty girl she was!" He sat down, shook his head when the man offered him some soup, and opened his napkin thoughtfully. "Well, he's dead. He was a most objectionable person—"

Mrs. Blair looked at the butler's back as he stood at the sideboard, and raised her eyebrows; but her husband went on, a wrinkle like a cut deepening on his forehead:

"My father forbade it—did I never tell you about it?—but Lydia, who had always been a nonentity, suddenly acquired a will, and married him. My father never forgave her. She evidently didn't care for any affection that didn't include him, and cut herself off from all of us. Of course I'm sorry for her now; but I don't feel that I have anything to reproach myself with." He tapped the table with impatient fingers, and told the butler that he didn't want his claret *boiled*. "Haven't you any sense, Samuel? You're a perfect fool about wine; here, throw that out of the window, and get me a fresh bottle!"

Mrs. Blair was a beautiful young woman, who, two years before, had married this irascible, successful, dogmatic man, and (so Mercer said) could wind him round any one of her pretty jewelled fingers whenever she wanted to. He certainly was very much in love—and so was she, though her particular world never believed it, alleging that she was not indifferent to the loaves and fishes.

But the fact was Mrs. Blair took the loaves and fishes with a childlike delight which meant appreciation, certainly, but not avarice. She enjoyed her wealth, and her life, and herself, immensely and openly; and that was her charm to her husband, a man immersed in large affairs, sagacious, powerful, and without imagination. He was a cultivated man, because his forebears had been educated people, of sober, comfortable wealth; hence he had gone to college, like other young men of his class, and had travelled, and had acquired an intellectual, or rather a commercial knowledge of Art. But, until he married, every instinct was for power, and the making of money. After that, though the guiding principle remained the same, a sense of beauty did awaken in him. He never flagged in his fierce and joyous and cruel passion for getting; but he delighted in his wife—perhaps as one of his own enormous machines might have delighted in a ray of sunlight dancing across its steel shafts, and flickering through the thunderous whir of its driving wheels. He loaded the girl he married with every luxury; almost immediately she found she had nothing left to desire—from dogs to diamonds, houses, yachts, or pictures. She, poor child, realized no deprivation in seeing every wish fulfilled, and thought herself the luckiest and the happiest woman in the world. Her money, combined with a good deal of common-sense, gave her the power to interfere helpfully in the lives of less fortunate people. She called it Philanthropy, and found playing Providence to the halt, the maimed, and the blind a really keen interest. Her impulse was always to "manage"; and so, when her husband, frowning, and perhaps a little less satisfied with himself than usual, began to talk about his sister's affairs, Mrs. Blair was instantly interested.

"Of course her husband's death will make a difference in her income?" she said, as they went up stairs to the library. "A country minister's salary doesn't amount to much anyhow; but—"

"Well, she made her bed," he interrupted, sharply; "she ought to be willing to lie in it!"

"Oh, yes, of course; but now the man is dead, it's different. I know you want to do something for her, you are so generous."

He pulled her pretty ear at that, and told her she was a flattering little humbug. "What do you want, diplomat? You'll bankrupt me yet. Am I to build a palace for Lily? Look here, I wrote that West Virginia college president to-day and told him I'd give him the money he wanted. It's all your doing, but I get the name of a great educator."

"Oh, Robert, how good you are! I think that ought to silence the people that say you 'grind the face of the poor.' I saw that in the paper to-day. Beasts! and you are so generous! I tell you what I want; I want you to have them come here; your sister and the children—"

"You angel!" he said. "No; that's dangerous. We mightn't like the brats. The boy's name is Silas. I don't think I could stand a cub named Silas. But the girl wouldn't be so bad. As for Lily (we

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used to call her Lily when she was a girl), she is one of those gentle, colorless women, all virtue and no opinions, whom anybody could live with. Rather a fool, you know. But we'll have them come and make us a visit, if it won't bore you. If we like it, we can prolong it. Anyhow, I'll see that poor Lil has a decent income. You know, my father didn't leave her a cent. The old gentleman said he wouldn't have 'that hell-fire Presbyterian use any of his money for his damned heathen!' But I'll look after her now."

Thus it was that a home was prepared for Silas Eaton's widow; the offer of it came the day after the funeral, when she sat down to face the future. She had gone over her assets, in her halting, feminine way, counting up the dollars on her fingers, and subtracting the debts with a stubby lead-pencil on the back of an old envelope; and she had discovered that when all the expenses of the funeral were paid she would have in the bank $175. If she could manage to sell her husband's very limited library, she might add a few dollars to that sum; but very few.

One hundred and seventy-five dollars. She must go to some city, and go to work, so that Silas and Esther might be educated. She had gotten as far as that when her brother's letter came. He would have come himself, he said, but was detained by an annoying strike in one of his rolling-mills, and so wrote to ask her to come, with the children, and visit him for a little while; "then we'll see what can be done; but don't worry about ways and means, I will see to that."

She read the straightforward, kindly words, her heart beating so she could scarcely breathe. Then she covered her face with her hands, and trembled with excitement and relief. "Oh," she said; "the children won't be poor! Robert will take care of us."

III.

When Mrs. Eaton went to Mercer, the change in her life was absolute and bewildering. Robert Blair's enormous wealth was, at first, simply not to be realized. The subdued and refined magnificence of the house conveyed nothing to his sister's mind, because she had no standard of value. The pictures and tapestries implied not money, but only beauty and joy, for she had never dreamed of buying anything but food and clothes; so how could she guess that all the money of all her sixteen years on a minister's salary would not have purchased, say, the small glowing square of canvas that held in one corner a wonderful and noble and peasant name?

The first night in the great wainscoted dining-room, with a man bringing unknown dishes to her elbow, with candles shining on elaborate and useless pieces of silver, with the glow of firelight flickering out from under a superb chimney-piece of Mexican marble, and dancing about the stately and dignified room—the beauty and the graciousness and the wonder of it was an overwhelming experience, though she had not the dimmest idea of the fortune it represented—a fortune notorious and envied the land over. That she had had no share in it until now did not wound her in the least; she was grateful for the warmth and the comfort and the kindness, now they had come; she never harked back to the painful years of silence and forgetfulness.

Her brother and his wife watched her, amused and interested; her dazzled admiration of everything was half touching, half droll. But what a confession it was! Eleanor Blair realized this, and she said to herself, warmly, that she would make up to Robert's sister for the past. She was in her element in arranging her sister-in-law's future; she made a dozen plans for her in the first week; but her husband laughed and shook his head.

"Wait," he said; "time enough when we see how we get along."

But they got along very well. The children, after the first shy awkwardness had worn off, were really attractive. Silas, an eager brown-eyed boy of eleven, lovable, in spite of his name, made artless and pretty love to his pretty aunt, who found him a delightful plaything. "The serious Esther," as her uncle called her, was a friendly little creature, when one came to know her; her common-sense commended her to Mr. Blair, and her dressmaking and her education were an immediate interest to her aunt.

So it came about that the visit was prolonged, and the project of a little establishment of her own for Mrs. Eaton gradually given up. It was all very satisfactory as it was. The house was so

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big they were not in the way; and Mrs. Eaton's mourning kept her in the background in regard to society—which "was just as well," Mrs. Blair admitted, smiling to herself—but it made no difference in her usefulness. She was really quite useful in one way or another; she could write an intelligent note to a tradesman, or reply (by formula) to a begging letter; so, by-and-by, she was practically her sister-in-law's secretary, and certainly the Blairs had never had either a maid or a butler who could begin to arrange flowers for a dinner party as Mrs. Eaton did. She was silent, and rather vague, but always gentle, and ready and eager to fetch and carry for anybody. She so rarely expressed any opinion of her own that when she did, the two strong and good-natured people who made her life so easy for her could hardly take it seriously. She did, to be sure, decline to change her son's objectionable name, on the ground that it was his name, and so could not be changed; "and," Mrs. Blair complained once, "she won't let me send Esther to dancing-school. I asked her if she thought dancing was wrong, and she said, 'Oh, no; but Mr. Eaton did.' Isn't it funny?"

Robert Blair laughed, and said he would straighten that out. But, somehow, it was not straightened out. Esther teased, and Mrs. Blair was just a little impatient and sarcastic. But Esther did not go to dancing-school.

"I'm sorry to displease you, Eleanor," Mrs. Eaton said, shrinking as she spoke, like a frightened animal which expects a blow, "but—I can't allow it. Mr. Eaton would not have wished it."

Yet, negative as she seemed, the little quiet woman was keenly alive to the advantages of this full rich life for the children, and, indeed, for herself. Mere rest was such a luxury to her, for she had lived and worked as only a country minister's wife must. So, to feel no anxiety, to have delicate food, to know the touch of fine linen—in fact, to be comfortable meant more to her than even her brother, enjoying his generosity towards her, could possibly imagine.

So life began for his sister and her children in Robert Blair's beautiful great house in the new part of Mercer—the new part which is not offended by the sight of those great black chimneys roaring with sapphire and saffron flames, or belching monstrous coils of black smoke, threaded with showers of sparks—those chimneys and roofs which are not beautiful to look upon, but which have made the "new" part of Mercer possible. When Mrs. Eaton came to her brother's house, these unlovely foundations of his fortune were still for a month. There was a strike on, and Mercer was cleaner and quieter than it had been for many months—in fact, than it had been since the last strike. The clang and clamor of the machine-shops, the scream of the steel saws biting into the living, glowing rails, the thunderous crash of plates being tested in the hot gloom of the foundries, had all stopped.

"And, oh dear me," said Mrs. Blair, "what a relief it is! Of course it's very annoying to have them strike, and all that, but when one drives into town to get to the other side of the river, the noise is perfectly intolerable. And when the wind is in that direction, we can really hear the roar even out here."

She said this to her clergyman, who looked at her with a veiled sparkle of humor in his handsome eyes.

"So the puddlers shall starve to make a Mercer holiday," he said, good-naturedly.

"If they choose to strike, they must take the consequences," she replied, with some spirit. "Besides, they are the most ungrateful creatures! Well, I'm sure I don't know what we're coming to!"

"Something may be coming to us," her visitor said, with a whimsical look, but he sighed, and got up to take his leave. His charming parishioner sighed too, prettily, and said, with much feeling,

"Of course, Mr. West, if there are any cases that need help, you'll let me know?"

"But, Nellie," said Mrs. Eaton, who had been sitting silent, as usual, and quite overlooked by the other two, "is there any use in helping the people who are in trouble because they are out of work, and yet not letting them go to work?"

Mrs. Blair laughed, in spite of herself, the protest was so unexpected, and so absurd, coming from this meek source. "My dear," she said, "you don't understand; they can go to work if they want to."

"Well," Mrs. Eaton said, anxiously, "I should think, either they are wrong, and so you shouldn't help them, or they are right, and they ought to get what they want."

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Her sister stared at her, and then laughed again, greatly amused; but William West put on his glasses and gave her a keen look.

"Mrs. Eaton, don't you want to help us, on the Organized Relief Association?"

"Yes, sir," said Lydia Eaton, "if there's anything I can do."

"I don't want to steal your services away from any other parson," he said, pleasantly. "I suppose you belong to Mr. Hudson's flock? You are a Presbyterian, of course?"

"No, sir, I am not," she answered, the color rising in her face.

"Oh, then you do belong to me?" he said, smiling.

"I'm not an Episcopalian," she answered, with a frightened look.

"Then what on earth are you?" Mrs. Blair asked her, laughing.

"I'm not — anything," she said, her voice trembling; "but, Eleanor, please don't speak of it. The children must not know it. Mr. Eaton would want them to be members of his Church. So we must always go there."

There was an instant's awkward pause. Mrs. Blair looked very disapproving.

"Why, Lydia," she said, "do you mean you don't believe things? Why, I never had a doubt in my life!" she exclaimed, turning to the minister, who was silent.

Mrs. Eaton caught her breath, and looked at him too, her mild eyes full of pain. "Nobody ever asked me before. I am sorry, but I can't help it. The Bible says people go to hell; but God is good, so I don't believe the Bible. But Mr. Eaton would wish me to go to church."

The perfectly simple logic, so primitive as to stop at "the Bible says," was irresistibly funny; yet, to William West, infinitely touching. But he put the discussion aside, quietly.

"So you will come on our committee?" he said. "We shall be glad to have you."

But when he went away he laughed a little to himself. "The iron heel of Edwards, I suppose. But how direct! Two and two make four. She is incapable of understanding that they sometimes make five."

But Mrs. Blair did not dismiss it so lightly. She was annoyed at the protest about the strikers, and that impelled her to straighten out Mrs. Eaton's religious beliefs. There was some irritation in her voice as she began, but she was in earnest, and stopped in the middle of "proofs" to tell Samuel to say she was "not at home."

"But, Eleanor, you are," Mrs. Eaton protested, in a frightened way.

"My dear, that is a form of speech."

"But it makes Samuel tell a lie," she said, nervously.

"Oh, Lily, don't be silly," Mrs. Blair said, impatiently, and then jumped from hell to the strikers—though, as it happened, the distance between them was not so great, after all. "Really, now, Lydia, I don't think you ought to speak as you did before Mr. West about the men. In the first place, business isn't philanthropy, and Robert can't give in to them. And in the second place, they are behaving outrageously! I should think you would have more loyalty to Robert than to seem to uphold them."

"I only meant—" Mrs. Eaton began, breathlessly.

"Oh, my dear, you don't know what you mean," Mrs. Blair interrupted, laughing and good-natured again. "But just remember, will you, how kind Robert is. It seems to me he is always doing things for this ungrateful place! Look at the fountain in the square; that's the last thing."

"But wouldn't the men rather have had running water in the tenements?" Mrs. Eaton said; "there are only hydrants down in the back yards."

However, as that first year in Mercer slipped by there were very few such jars. The strike ended early in the fall, and there was nothing to call out any difference of opinion from Mrs. Eaton on that line.

"As for Lydia," Robert Blair said once, "you say 'go, and she goeth.' She has absolutely no will of her own."

This was, apparently, quite true. At all events, she had a genius for obedience, and a terror of responsibility. In the organized relief-work which Mrs. Blair's clergyman had proposed, obedience necessitated responsibility sometimes, and no one knew how the silent little creature suffered when she had to decide anything. But she did decide, usually with remarkable but very simple commonsense.

"And always on the supposition that two and two make four," Mr. West said to himself. He found her literalness a little aggravating, just at first, but it was

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very diverting. He used to put on his glasses and watch her anxious face when she talked to him or received his orders (for such his requests or suggestions seemed to her); and he would ask her questions to draw out her astounding simplicity and directness of thought, and find her as refreshing as a child. She used to sit up before him, saying "yes, sir," and "no, sir," and looking, with her startled eyes, like a little gray rabbit—for at the end of a year she took off her black dress, and wore instead soft grays that were very pretty and becoming. Her absolute literalness gave him much entertainment; but she never knew it. If she had guessed it, she would have been humbly glad to have been ridiculous, if it had amused him.

And so the first year and a half went by.

IV.

It was the next winter that she asked her first question.

"Mr. West," she said, after making notes of this or that case that needed looking after (for she was practically visitor for St. James now)—"Mr. West, I would like to ask you something."

"Do, my dear Mrs. Eaton," he answered, heartily.

"I would like to ask you," she said, her eyes fixed on his, to lose no shade of meaning in his reply, "do you think it would be right for one person to live on money that another person had stolen?"

"If they knew it was stolen, of course not!" he said, smiling. "Has a pickpocket offered to go halves with you?"

"No, sir," she answered, so gravely that her listener's eyes twinkled. She made no explanation, but went away with a troubled look. The next time she saw him she had another question:

"But suppose the person who lived on the money the other person stole needed it very much. Suppose they hadn't anything else in the world. Suppose their children hadn't anything else. Would it be their business to ask where it came from, Mr. West?"

"If it was their business to spend it, it would be," he told her. "Oh, my dear lady, the question of complicity is a pretty big one!" He sighed, thinking how little she realized that she was guessing at the riddle of the painful earth.

Again she went away, her face falling into lines of care. But William West never thought of the matter again. Indeed, he had no time to think of his quiet almoner; those were alarming days in Mercer. The echoes of that storm which shook not only the town, but the very State and nation, are still rolling and muttering in the dark places of the land.

Another strike had begun in October. As for the deep and far-reaching causes, the economic and industrial necessities, the vast plans of organizations and trusts, they have no place in this statement of the way in which one ignorant woman regarded their effects—a woman living quietly in her brother's house, doing her work, expending her little charities, trying to relieve the dreadful misery of those wintry days, with about as much success as a child who plays beside some terrific torrent, and tries to dam it with his tiny bank of twigs and pebbles. Robert Blair's sister had no economic or ethical theories; she had only an anguished heart at the suffering in that dreary mill town, a dreadful bewilderment at its contrast with the untouched luxury of her brother's house. That she should find a child in one of the tenements dying at its mother's barren breast, while her own children fared sumptuously every day; that a miserable man should curse her because her brother was robbing him of work, and warmth, and decency, even, while she must bless that same brother for what he was giving her, was a dreadful puzzle; that human beings struggled and fought to get into the great closed mills for the chance to stand half naked in the scorch of intense furnaces, reeking with sweat, taking a breathless moment to plunge waist deep into tanks of cold water; that they fought for the chance to stand where the crash of exploding slag or the accidental tipping of a ladle might mean death, and all for the sum of fourteen cents an hour—that these things should be, while she was clothed in soft raiment bought by wealth which these desperate beings had helped to create—meant to this ignorant woman that there was something wrong somewhere. It was not for her to say what or where. She had no ambition to reform the world. She did not protest against the "unearned increment," nor did she have views as to "buying labor in the cheapest market." She did not know anything about such phrases. The only thing that concerned her was whether she, living on her bro-

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ther's money, had any part or lot in the suffering about her? She grew nervous and haggard and more distrait and literal than ever. She wished she dared lay her troubles before the wise, gentle, strong man who, to her, was all that was good and great. But it did not seem to her right to criticise her brother to his clergyman. She never realized how amusing her simplicity might be, laid up against the enormous complexity of the industrial question; to her it was only: "If Robert is rich, and doesn't give his workmen enough to live on, are not the children and I stealing from the men in living on Robert's money?"

This little question, applied to the relations of capital and labor, is of course absurd; but she asked it all the same, this soft, negative, biddable creature. She had gone to take some food to a hungry household, and she went away burning with shame because she was not hungry! It had been a cold, bright November day; she went past one of the silent furnaces along the black cinder path to the river-bank, where the flat cones of slag were dumped; some of them were still warm. It was quiet enough here to think: After all, Robert's money did so much good; there was the great fountain in the square, and the hospital, and the free night school. And think of what he was doing for Essie and Silas! Oh, it surely wasn't her business to ask why he cut the men's wages down!

There was a flare of sunset flushing the calm blue of the upper heavens, and in the river, running black and silent before her, a red glow smouldered and brightened. Behind her, and all along the opposite bank, the furnaces were still. Oh, the misery of that black stillness! If only she could see again the monstrous sheets of flame, orange and azure, bursting with a roar of sparks from under the dampers of the great chimneys! It would mean work, and warmth, and food, to so many! By some unsuggested flash of memory the parsonage garden came swiftly to her mind. It must be lying chill in the wintry sunset; she could see the little house behind it, with its bare clean poverty; she wished she were back in it again with the two children! The beauty and the luxury of her brother's house seemed suffocating and intolerable; and yet would it feed the strikers if she should starve?—the vision of her own destitution without her brother's money was appalling. She sat down on a piece of slag, a little faint at the thought. Just then, from down below her, on the great heap of refuse, she heard voices.

"Come further up; they're hotter higher up," a woman said, shrilly.

Then a miserable little group came clambering over the great cones of cooling slag, and a child cried out, joyously, "This here one's hot, mammy!"

The woman, catching sight of Robert Blair's sister, though not recognizing her, said, harshly:

"You bet hangman Blair has a fire in his house to-day. Well, thank God, he 'ain't made no cut in slag, yet; we can get a bit of warmth here. I wish he may freeze in his bed!"

Lydia Eaton answered, stammering and incoherent, something about the cold weather; and then, she was so overstrained and nervous, she burst out crying. "Oh, won't you please let me give you this?" she said, and put some money into the woman's hand. She went away, stumbling, because her eyes were blurred with tears, and saying to herself,

"What *shall* I do?"

She almost ran into Mr. West on Baker Street, and stopped abruptly, putting her hands on his arm, and, in her agitation, shaking it violently, her whole face convulsed and terrified.

"Tell me—you know; you are good: whose fault is it? Robert's?—for—all this?"

He understood instantly, and was very gentle with her.

"My dear Mrs. Eaton, that is a very big question. It isn't any one man's fault. It seems strange, but the weather in India may be the reason we are all so wretched in Mercer. Your brother may be forced to make this cut by great laws, which, perhaps, you cannot understand."

"But *we* go on being warm," she said, "and it is cold. Oh, those little children had to get warm on the slag! Oh, sir, I don't believe the Saviour would have been warm while the children were cold?"

She looked at him passionately, abruptly applying the precepts of the Founder of his religion.

"Ah, well, you know," William West said, kindly, "this whole matter is so enormously complicated—" And then he stammered a little, for, after all, how could he explain to this poor little frightened,

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ignorant soul that we have learned how injurious to the race would be the literal application of the logic of the Sermon on the Mount? Nowadays the disciple is wiser than his master, and the servant more prudent than his Lord; we know that to feed the five thousand with loaves and fishes, without receiving some equivalent, would be to pauperize them. But of course Mrs. Eaton could not be made to understand. The clergyman quieted her somehow; perhaps just by his gentle pitifulness; or else her reverence for him silenced her. She did not ask him any more questions; and there was no one else to ask, except her brother, and just now it would have been hard to find the chance to ask Robert Blair anything.

The strike had slowly involved all the mills owned by a syndicate of which he was chairman. He had to go to South Bend, where the great smelting furnaces are; he was mobbed there, though with no worse results than the unpleasantness of eggs and cabbage stalks; still, the wickedness of those dreadful creatures was something too awful, Mrs. Blair said, crying with anger and fright over the newspaper account. At still another mill town a ghastly box reached him, labelled: "Starved by the Blair syndicate." Robert Blair paled and sickened at its contents, but he swore under his breath: "Let them starve their brats, if they want to; it isn't my business. There's work for them if they want it; but the curs would rather loaf! This country can go to the devil before I'll give in to them!"

He did not get back to Mercer until December. "I wouldn't let the fools keep me from you on Christmas," he told his wife, savagely, and caught her in his arms with a sort of rage. "Were you very lonely? You've been nervous—I can see it in your face. You are paler!" He ground his teeth: that those brutes should have made her paler!

"Of course I was lonely," she said, smiling, though her eyes were bright with tears, "and I've been frightened almost to death about you, too. Oh, that mob!"

"You little goose; didn't I tell you there was no danger? I always had two detectives. But I used to get anxious about you. I telegraphed the Mayor to detail an officer to be always about the house. Heaven knows what's going to be the end of this business, Nell! Well, sweetheart, may I have some dinner, or must I go and dress first?"

"No. You're dreadfully dusty, but I can't lose sight of you for a moment," she said, gayly. "Robert, I should have died if you hadn't been at home for Christmas!"

His sister and the children met him at the dining-room door—Silas, capering about with delight; Esther, prettier than ever, coming to hang on his arm, and rub her cheek against his shoulder, and say how glad she was to see him.

"Robert, it's perfectly disgusting," Mrs. Blair complained, "but a delegation insists upon seeing you to-night; they are coming about eight."

"Oh, confound it!" he said, frowning; "the strike, of course. A lot of parsons meddling with what they know nothing about."

"There are parsons, I suppose," she said, "but the Mayor is coming. Do get rid of them as soon as you can, so that I may have a little of you."

She looked so pretty as she sat at the head of her table, beseeching him, that he declared he would kick the delegation out if they staid over ten minutes; then he tossed a small white velvet box across the roses in the big silver bowl in the middle of the table, and watched her flash of joy as she opened it.

"It seems to me I have some more boxes, somewhere," he said, good-humoredly. "There, Essie! if your aunt Eleanor had packed me off to get into my dress-suit, I wouldn't have found this one in my pocket. Lydia, you sober old lady, can you wear that? As for you, Silas, you don't want any gewgaws, do you? We fellows think more of a bit of paper with three figures on it, hey?"

"There! there's the bell. It's your horrid delegation," Mrs. Blair cried. "Just let them wait till you finish dinner. And do get rid of them quickly. Mr. Hudson, Lydia's minister, will be there; tell him to wait a minute when the others have gone. I want to speak to him."

"I thought little Hudson had more sense," Robert Blair grumbled, rising and going into the library to meet a dozen of his fellow-citizens, some of them men with grave and startled faces, who from pity for the three thousand fools who were turning Mercer upside down, and from good-humored interest in the affairs of their powerful townsman, were begin-

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ning to feel the sting of personal alarm about their own concerns. These men were saying to each other what the newspapers had been saying for two months, that Robert Blair, for vanity or obstinacy or greed, was bringing alarming disaster not merely upon a few thousand desperate and hungry and unreasonable puddlers, but upon the respectable well-to-do business population of his city.

"And he's got to stop it!" the Mayor said, angrily.

"It would be a good job if somebody would blow him up with dynamite," said the Baptist deacon, who was the wealthiest merchant in town. "He'll swamp us all, if we don't look out."

As for the clergyman, he looked very miserable, for he had the expenses of his church and his own salary in mind, and between offending Mr. Blair and not protesting against the continuance of the strike, the poor little man was between the devil and the deep sea.

"Gentlemen," said Robert Blair, calm and hard ("as nails," the Baptist deacon said), "I appreciate the honor of your call, and I hope I have listened with proper courtesy and patience to what you had to say; but allow me to call your attention to certain facts which seem to contradict your assertions that you suspect that I am not acting for the public good in this matter of the strike. Mr. Mayor, if my wealth had been gained by the subversion of law and order, as you suggest, I am sure you could not have accepted any of it for your campaign—ah—*expenses*. For you, Mr. Davis, a church member, a deacon, if I mistake not, I need only remind you of your willingness to borrow, I will not say how many thousands, as the basis of your most successful business (though I would not be thought to underrate your own prudence and economy in paying your women clerks a little less than they can live on). And as for my worthy friend here, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, if my money were, as he has so delicately implied, 'blood-money,' I cannot think he would have accepted the contribution I had the privilege of making towards the alterations of his church. Gentlemen, you have felt it your duty to remonstrate with me upon my way of making money; so long as you are content to spend that money, I cannot believe that your remonstrances are based upon anything else than the inconvenience to yourselves of certain exigencies which I deeply regret, but which result from methods which commend themselves to me, and which, I observe, you apply in your own concerns: you all pay as little as you can for what you want; I pay as little as I can for labor. For your particular request that I submit to the demands of the strikers, I can only say that when Mr. Davis will give away in charity the fortune built upon the outcome of those methods; when his honor the Mayor will refund the—ah—*expenses* of his recent successful campaign and call it conscience-money; when the Rev. Mr. Hudson will give up improving his church—in fact, when you will all consent to buy your shirts or your potatoes in the dearest market—I will consent to alter the methods whereby I have had the honor of serving you. We will all reduce together. When we can do that, I will recognize a moral issue, as Mr. Hudson so admirably expresses it. Until then I will try to mind my own business. If it were not, perhaps, discourteous, I would recommend a like course of action to this committee. Gentlemen, I bid you good-evening."

He was pale with rage. He forgot his wife's message to the minister; he bowed, and stood with folded arms watching the withdrawal of the humiliated and angry delegation, "with their tails between their legs," the little clergyman said to himself, stung by the impudent injustice of it all.

Mr. Blair went into the drawing-room, breathing hard with the restraint he had put upon himself, for his coldly insolent words had been no outlet to his anger. "Don't talk about it," he said, violently. "I won't hear another word on the subject. Nell, I thought that little Hudson was not entirely a jackass, though he is a parson; he had the impertinence to say that 'Brother West' agreed with him. I don't believe it! But if it's true, why, then, West is a meddling idiot, like all the rest of these damned self-seeking philanthropists."

"Robert, *dear!* the children," murmured Mrs. Blair, nervously.

His face was dully red, and his blue, fierce eyes cut like knives; one felt an unspoken epithet applied to the children, who watched him furtively, with frightened glances, and moved about awkwardly, speaking to each other in undertones. A

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moment before, everything had been full of charm and graciousness; their pretty aunt sat, indolent and graceful, on a yellow sofa, leaning back against some ivory-satin cushions, with a great yellow-shaded lamp shining down on her delicate dark beauty; the flicker of the fire behind the sparkling brass dogs went leaping softly about the room, glowing on the walls, which were covered above the white wainscoting with yellow damask, on which the candle-light from the high sconces fell with a yellow shine; everything was golden and bright and rich, and the warm still air was delicate with the scent of violets. Then into it burst this violent and angry presence.

There is no embarrassment quite like the embarrassment of listening to a person for whom one has a regard making a fool of himself. Nobody spoke. Robert Blair tramped up and down, kicked a little gilded stool half across the room, caught his foot in a rug and stumbled a little, and then swore. Mrs. Blair's fox-terrier, Pat, shrunk under a table and looked at him, trembling.

"Silas," said Mrs. Eaton, "you and Esther must go up stairs."

"The trouble is," said her brother to his wife, "these men don't know what they are talking about; they don't know anything about the market; they don't know anything about the necessities of trade; all they know is their dividends; if *they* were cut, there'd be a howl! But they presume to dictate to us; to tell us the money is blood-money; all the same, they are ready enough to spend it on their own carcasses!"

Mrs. Eaton had closed the door on her children, and came and stood by a little silver-cluttered table, under the big yellow lamp. "I think Robert is quite right," she said.

The approval of this mild creature was like an edge laid against the tense thread of Robert Blair's anger. He burst into a laugh.

"Bless your heart, Lydia, I didn't know you were in the room. Well, my dear, I'm glad you approve of me."

"I don't, brother."

"Oh, you don't? Where are the chicks? Sent them out of the room because I used bad words? Well, I oughtn't to swear in the drawing-room, that's a fact. *Place aux Dames!* But after all, I only dropped the '*place*.'"

"Oh!" his wife said; and then, "you are very naughty;" and pouted, and pulled him down on his knees beside her.

"I thought it was very natural to be angry at the rug," Mrs. Eaton said, breathlessly; "I've often felt like speaking that way myself—"

"Do, Lydia, do!" Mr. Blair interrupted, with a laugh.

"—But Mr. Eaton would never have allowed the children to hear, and—"

"Come, now! Haven't I apologized? Don't rub it in. I'll give you something extra to put on the plate Sunday, because I did pitch into your man Hudson like the devil! I told him so long as he spent 'blood-money' for his darned improvements, he couldn't reproach me for earning it."

"Oh," Lydia Eaton said, her hands squeezed together—"oh no! He is quite different from—me. It is *you* who are spending the—blood-money on the improvements. If he were spending it on himself, like—like me, it would be different."

Her brother looked up at her from his footstool at his wife's feet, first amused, then bored.

"My dear Lily, I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about. I'm sorry if I stepped on your toes about your parson. He means well. Only he is a parson, so I suppose he can't help being rather ladylike in business matters. Do drop the subject; I am sick of the whole thing. How is your conservatory, Nell? Are those violets the result of your agricultural efforts?"

"I think, Robert," his sister said, in her low voice, that shivered and broke, "I must just say one thing more: I must give you back this beautiful thing you gave me at dinner. And I must go away with the children."

"What under the sun!" he began, frowning; then he got up and stood on the hearth-rug, his back to the fire. "Lydia, I hope you are not going to be a fool? What are you talking about? Sit down—sit down! You're as white as a ghost. Lily, I'm afraid you're a great goose. What's the matter?" He could not help softening as he looked at her. She stood there by the little tottering table, loaded with its dozens of foolish bits of silver, so tense and quivering that even his impatient eyes could not fail to see her agitation.

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"Robert, you have been so kind to us; you are so good to us—oh, I don't know how I can do it!" she broke into an anguished sob—"but I must. Mr. Eaton would never have let the children be supported on money that was not—that was not good."

There was silence; the clock in the hall chimed ten. Then Eleanor Blair, sitting up, pale and angry, said,

"Well, upon my word!"

Her husband looked at his sister with sudden kindness in his eyes. "Lily, you don't understand. When I said what I did to Mr. Hudson—of course, that has put it into your head—I didn't really mean it. In the first place, I'm an honest man (I'll just mention that in passing), and it is not your business nor his to judge my business methods. It isn't a pretty thing to look a gift-horse in the mouth, Lil."

"It isn't what you said to Mr. Hudson," she answered. "I've been thinking about it for nearly a year. Robert, you pay them so little, and I—I have all this." She looked about the beautiful room with a sort of fright: it seemed to her that the warm and stately walls hid human misery lying close outside—hunger and hatred, cold and sickness, and the terror of to-morrow. The impudent luxury of this enormous wealth struck her like a blow on the mouth.

"They," she said, with a sob, "are *hungry*. And I and the children have everything."

Her brother, divided between irritation and amusement, was touched in spite of himself.

"My dear Lily," he said, "you can't understand this thing. To put it vulgarly, you've bitten off more than you can chew. Look here, the men can go to work to-morrow if they want to; but they don't want to. I offer them work, and they can take it or leave it. Well, they leave it. It's their affair, not mine."

But she shook her head, miserably. "I don't understand it. If you were poor too, it would be different."

"Well, really!" said Mrs. Blair.

But Robert Blair was wonderfully patient.

"There's another thing you must remember, Lily; these people are far better off on what I am willing to pay them than they were in Europe, where most of them came from."

"But, Robert," she said, passionately, "because they could be worse off doesn't seem to be any reason why they shouldn't be better off. And—*it isn't kind.*"

"Kind?" Her brother looked at her blankly, and then, with a shout of laughter, "Lydia, you are as good as a play! No, my dear; I don't run my mills for kindness."

"But," she said, almost in a whisper, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you—"

Mrs. Blair made a gesture of disgust.

"—Oh, brother, I didn't mean to find fault with you. Only with myself. I—I haven't any right to spend money that I—don't know about."

"Well, anything more?" Robert Blair said, a little tired of her foolishness. "My dear, like the parson, you mean well; but you are a great goose."

As for his wife, she did not even answer Mrs. Eaton's tremulous "good-night."

V.

The husband and wife looked at each other; then Robert Blair flung his head back with a laugh.

"She is perfectly delicious!"

"She is perfectly ungrateful, and I believe she means it."

"Oh, nonsense! Lil hasn't mind enough to mean anything; and I'll tell you another thing: in spite of her quiet ways, she really has a good deal of worldly wisdom. She knows what it is to those two children to have me interested in them. Don't worry your little head—"

"Oh, I don't worry," she answered. "If she is going to presume to criticise you, I don't want her under my roof; the sooner she leaves the better!"

"Spitfire!" he told her, kissing her pretty hand, and forgetting all about his sister's absurdity, and the strike, and the men and women shivering in the tenements down in the miserable mill town.

But he remembered it all the next morning at the breakfast table, at which Mrs. Blair did not appear, preferring to be, at what she called the "brutal hour of eight," in her own room, with a tray, and her maid, and a novel. Lydia Eaton's white face was too striking to escape comment.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Blair said, kindly. "Are you ill, Lily?"

"It's what I told you last night, Robert," she said, nervously.

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The solemn Samuel, all ears, but looking perfectly deaf, brought a dish to his master's elbow. Robert Blair closed his lips with a snap. Then he said,

"Please make no reference to that folly before Eleanor."

But of course it was only a respite. The folly had to be repeated to Eleanor—discussed, argued, denounced, until the whole atmosphere of the house was charged with excitement.

Through it all Lydia Eaton came and went, and did her packing.

"Well," her sister-in-law said, contemptuously, "perhaps you'll tell me how you mean to *feed* Esther and Silas? You have a right to starve yourself, but I have some feeling for the children!"

"I am going to work," the other answered, trembling.

"Lydia," Mrs. Blair said, passionately, "next to your ingratitude to your brother, I must say your selfishness in ruining your own children is the most dreadful thing I ever heard of!"

But Mrs. Eaton's preparations went on. Not that there was so much to do; but she had to find rooms, and then she had to find work. It was the latter exigency which fanned Robert Blair's contemptuous annoyance, which refused to take the matter seriously, into sudden flames of rage, for his sister saw fit to apply at a shop for the position of saleswoman. Of course it came to his ears, and that night the storm burst on Mrs. Eaton's head. As for Robert Blair, when the interview was over, during which he spared Mrs. Eaton no detail of his furious mortification, he said, savagely, to his wife: "I wish you'd go and see if West cannot bring her to her senses. Get him to influence her to some decency. Tell him, if she's set in this outrageous ingratitude, I wish he would persuade her to let me send her East, to some other place, and let her work (and starve!) where she won't disgrace me. Think of it, Eleanor—that man Davis coming whining and grinning, and saying he 'would do what he could to give my sister a position as saleslady, but I knew the times were bad'! Damn him!"

"Good heavens, Robert! You don't mean to say she's been to Davis's? My dear, she is insane! Yes, I'll go and see Mr. West to-morrow."

She went. It was a raw, bleak morning; the thin, chill winter rain blurred the windows of her brougham, and the mud splashed up against the glass; the wheels sunk into deep ruts of the badly paved streets, and the uncomfortable jolt and sway of the softly padded carriage added to her indignation at her sister-in-law.

William West did not live in the new part of Mercer, with its somewhat gorgeous houses; nor yet in the old part, which was charming and dignified, and inclined to despise everything not itself; but in the middle section, near those rows of rotten and tumbling tenements, and within a stone's-throw of bleak and hideous brick blocks, known as "Company boarding-houses." He had come here to live shortly after a certain crash in his own life; a personal blow, which left him harder, and more silent, and more earnest. He had been jilted, people said, and wondered why, for a while, and then forgot it, as he, absorbed in his work, seemed also to forget it.

Mrs. Blair, her fox-terrier under one arm, stepped out of the carriage, frowning to find herself in this squalid street; but once inside the big, plain, comfortable house where William West lived all by himself, her face relaxed and took a certain arch and charming discontent; there was a big fire blazing in the minister's library, and the dignity and refinement of the room, the smell of leather-covered books, the gleam of pictures and bronzes, and a charming bit of tapestry hanging on the chimney-piece restored her sense of mental as well as physical comfort. When he entered, and dragged a big chair in front of the fire for her, and looked at her with that grave attention which seems like homage, and was part of the man, being called forth by his washer-woman as well as by Mrs. Robert Blair, she felt almost happy again, and assured that everything would come out right.

"Mr. West," she began, "you've got to help us; we're in such absurd difficulties! Will you?"

"Command me," he said, smiling.

"You haven't heard, then? It's Lydia—Mr. Blair's sister, you know. She has taken it into her head that"—the color came into Mrs. Blair's face—"that she won't let Robert support her, because she thinks he isn't treating the strikers properly. I'm sure I don't know what idea she has! But she won't accept his money. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

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William West's face sobered instantly. "I have not seen Mrs. Eaton for a fortnight," he said; "I had no idea—" He got up, frowning, the lines about his lips perplexed and anxious.

"I'm sure," the pretty woman went on, growing angrier as she spoke, "I don't care what *she* does—I've lost all patience with her — but to throw the children's future away! And it's so embarrassing for Robert." Then she told him fully the whole situation. "She keeps saying," Mrs. Blair ended, "that 'Mr. Eaton' wouldn't have allowed the children to be supported on money that '*wasn't good.*' Did you ever hear such impertinence?"

"Ah, well," he protested, good-naturedly, "I'm sure Mrs. Eaton does not mean to be impertinent; and I'm sure she does appreciate her brother's kindness. Only, she is trying to work out a great problem on an individual basis, which is of course very foolish. But the dear little lady must not be allowed— And yet—" He paused, frowning and perplexed.

"Ah, but, Mr. West, when she has the assurance to quote the Bible to her own brother—it seems to me that's rather impertinent! Fancy! something about 'doing unto others'—and 'being partaker' if she spent the money that had been 'wrung' from the strikers! Upon my word! 'Wrung!' As I said to my husband, 'upon my word, I never heard of such a thing.'"

"Neither did I," William West said, dryly. "We are all of us in the habit of taking our dividends, and not looking at the way they are earned. Mrs. Eaton is certainly unusual."

"Well, do you think you can influence her?" Mrs. Blair insisted. "I don't mean to stay with us; I don't think that would be possible or desirable now. But to let Mr. Blair give her an allowance, so that she can take care of the children. It is positively wicked to think how she is ruining the children!"

"Won't she take any money from your husband?"

"Not a cent, if you please! Not a penny. She keeps saying that if she can't feel that the source of the money is all right, she can't spend it." Mrs. Blair cuffed her dog prettily with her muff, and kissed his little sleek head. "Isn't she a goose, Pat, you darling?"

"Her principle would turn the world upside down," the clergyman said.

"That's just what I say!" cried Mrs. Blair.

"If we all said we would have nothing to do with the 'blood of the just person,' what would become of the railroads and the coal-mines and the oil trusts? What would become of our dividends from industrial stocks if we insisted on knowing that the workmen were honestly paid? How could we eat meat, if we looked into the slaughter-houses?"

Mrs. Blair looked puzzled.

"And she is going to work for her living?" He was profoundly moved. "Good heavens, out of the mouths of babes! What a primitive expression of social responsibility! But surely, Mrs. Blair, we must respect her honesty? As for her judgment, that's another matter."

Eleanor Blair's blank astonishment left her speechless for a moment; then she flung up her head haughtily.

"Mr. West, do you mean to say—" she began.

"My dear Mrs. Blair," he said, quietly, "I mean to say that little Mrs. Eaton, in her simple way, puts her finger right on the centre of this whole miserable question, in which, directly or indirectly, we are all involved: she has recognized our complicity. Of course she is going to work the wrong way—at least, I suppose she is. God knows! But what courage, —what directness!"

"Do I understand," Eleanor Blair said, rising, "that you approve of my sister-in-law's extraordinary conduct?"

"I approve of *her*," he said, smiling; "if you ask me whether I think she is doing right, I should say 'Yes,' because she is acting upon her conscience. Is she doing wisely? No; because civilization is compromise. We have either got to bow in the House of Rimmon, or go and live in the woods like Thoreau and eat dried pease. I'll tell her so, if you want me to. But as for attempting to influence her, I cannot do that. The place whereon we stand is holy ground."

Mrs. Blair picked up her dog and set her teeth; then she looked slightly beyond the clergyman, with half-shut eyes, and said,

"Will you be good enough to have my carriage called?"

VI.

"I never would have been brave enough," Mrs. Eaton said, meekly, to Mr. West, when the dreadful step was actual-

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ly taken, "I never could have done it, but I knew Mr. Eaton would have wished it; and, besides, I felt I was taking the food of those poor people."

"Well, no," he began, "that is really not reasonable—" But he stopped; this timid creature could not reason—she could only feel. "Fools," he said to himself, as he left her, "rush in where the political economist fears to tread. She is a fool, poor little soul, but—"

The winter had passed heavily away. Mrs. Eaton had succeeded in getting a place in Mr. Davis's shop—"where," the proprietor used to say, "having Robert Blair's sister for a saleslady is money in my pocket! She's better than a 'fire-and-water bargain sale.'" So she stood behind a counter and sold ribbon, and was stared at and whispered about. But she had very keen anxieties about food and clothes, and the children's discontent lay like a weight upon the mother's heart—which ached, too, with the pain of the second wrench from the affection and kindness of her family. Fortunately her peculiar logic did not lead her to reject the Baptist deacon's money, which was certainly much more doubtful than her brother's. By some mental process of her own, the fact that she worked for it seemed to make its acceptance moral. She had no leisure now to work for Mr. West; but the remembrance of his patience and gentleness always made a little pause of peace in her heavy thoughts. It was a hard, bleak life for this silent little creature; and the rector of St. James, himself a silent soul, watched her live it, and pondered many things.

The strike had broken in February. The men went back to their work—defeat, like some bitter wind, blowing the flames of resentment into fiercer heat, which "next time" would mean destroying victory.

"Will it be like Samson pulling down the temple upon himself?" William West wondered, depressed and hopeless.

It was night—a summer night; sweet and still over in the old-fashioned part of Mercer, where the fragrance of roses overflowed the high brick walls of the gardens. Here in the mill district it was not sweet, and all night long the mills roared and crashed, and the flames bursting out of vast chimneys flared and faded, and flared again.

William West was alone in his library. His sermon for the next morning had been finished early in the week; he had looked it over the last thing, and now the manuscript was slipped into its black velvet cover. He sat, his head on his hand, tapping with strong, restless fingers the arm of his chair. The old question, always more or less present in the mind of this man, was clamoring for an answer: How far are we responsible? Through how many hands must dishonest money, cruel money, mean money, pass to be cleansed? Is it clean when it comes to me—this dividend or that? Shall a man, or a railroad, or a trust deal iniquitously with one of these little ones, and I profit by it? Shall I trace my dollar to its source, and find it wet with tears and blood, and reject it? Or shall I decline to trace it, and buy my bread in innocence? Even the chief priests refused the thirty pieces of silver! Am I an accomplice? For that matter, is the Christian Church an accomplice? What does it say to the philanthropy of thieves? Priests used to go on pirate vessels to say mass in return for a share of the plunder. Nowadays—"I cover my eyes, but I hold out my hand," he said to himself.

Well—well! The Reverend William West, in his way, was doubtless as great a fool in asking unprofitable questions as was Lydia Eaton. That the existing order would be turned upside down by the introduction of the sense of personal responsibility there can be no doubt. Such an introduction would be the application to the complex egotism of the nineteenth century of the doctrines of a Galilean peasant, who was a communist and the Saviour of the world. It would be the setting forth in individual lives of the spirit of Jesus Christ, the most revolutionary element that could possibly be introduced into society. We are none of us ready for that.

At least William West was not ready; he had no intention of making himself ridiculous, no matter if he did ask himself unanswerable questions; he was not ready to throw away present opportunities and destroy his influence. Yet, as for Mrs. Eaton—

"Talk about martyrs!" he said to himself, as he sat there at midnight thinking of her, of her hard life, of her splendid foolishness.

"Well, there is one thing I could do for her. Why not? Good God, how selfish I am! I suppose she would think my

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money was clean? Yes, I could at least do *that*."

This was no new thought. It had been in his mind more or less for months. He only faced it that night more strenuously.

So it came about that by-and-by he rose, his face set, his mouth hard. He took a key from his watch chain, and opened a little closet in the side of the chimney and took out a box. He laid it on the table, and again sat down in his revolving-chair, and stared blankly ahead of him. Then he opened it. There were some letters in it, and a picture, and a crumbling bunch of flowers that looked as though they had once been pansies; he held them in his hand, a bitter sort of amusement in his eyes. The letters he put aside, as though their touch stung him. At the photograph he looked long and intently. Then he bent the card over in his hand, and it broke across the middle. Hastily he gathered these things together and went over to his fireplace. A fire had been laid during the cold spring rains, and the logs were dry and dusty. At the touch of a match, they sputtered and broke into a little roaring flame. William West put his handful of letters and the flowers and the picture gently down in the midst of it, and then stood and watched them burn. When there was only a white film left, on which the sparks ran back, widening and dying, he went over to his desk, and with a certain strong and satisfied cheerfulness, he began to write:

"MY DEAR MRS. EATON,—You and I have spoken more than once of your action in leaving your brother's house, and you know, I am sure, how profoundly I honor and respect your courage in acting upon your convictions. It is this respect which I am venturing to offer you in asking you to honor me by becoming my wife. My sincere regard and appreciation have been yours ever since I first knew you, and if you will consent to make a home for yourself and the children in my house, it will be a home for me, and you know what that will be for a lonely man. If you will consent, I shall be always,

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM WEST."

As he folded the sheet of paper and thrust it into the envelope there was a whimsical look in his eyes.

"A *love*-letter!" he said to himself; but his face was very gentle and tender.

However, the answer to the letter was all that the most ardent lover could desire.

AUTUMN ON WIND RIVER.

BY OWEN WISTER.

THE black pines stand high up the hills,
The white snow sifts their columns deep,
While through the cañon's riven cleft
From there, beyond, the rose clouds sweep.

Serene above their paling shapes
One star hath wakened in the sky,
And here in the gray world below
Over the sage the wind blows by,

Rides through the cottonwoods' ghost-ranks,
And hums aloft a sturdy tune
Among the river's tawny bluffs,
Untenanted as is the moon.

Far 'neath the huge invading dusk
Comes Silence awful through the plain;
But yonder horseman's heart is gay,
And he goes singing might and main.

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WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART VI.—AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

IT was worth nine thousand miles of steamship travel to be present in Cape Town at the opening of Parliament, which took place the day after my arrival, about the first of May, 1896. This solemn function of declaring a session open for legislative debate is one which has for me a peculiar fascination. The ceremonial in different countries reflects roughly the prevailing sentiment regarding legislation in general and Parliamentary dignity in particular. We waste little upon outward form in Washington, where doorkeepers, Senators, and spectators all wear the same dress, and the same appearance of being there strictly for the transaction of business. Congress opens with us about as mechanically as a meeting of railway directors, plus one prayer, to which very few listen, even if they happen to be within range of the chaplain's voice.

In Berlin the Kaiser opens a session of

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the Reichstag standing amidst emblems of war, dressed in the mediæval armor of a cuirassier, resting one hand upon the massive hilt of a long, significant sword. The members of the law-making body assemble not in their own house of parliament, but are commanded to appear in the castle of their war-lord, there to receive notice of what is expected of them. As the man of science can sometimes reconstruct the frame of a prehistoric animal by the discovery of a few bones, so may we sometimes construct a picture of society from being present at one such function as the opening of a parliament —and certainly no one public exercise is more indicative of English society to-day than the manner in which the Houses of Parliament at Westminster are opened in the name of Queen Victoria. There every stone speaks of traditions dear to an Englishman, and almost equally precious to us. The Speaker's wig and gown, silk stockings and knee-breeches; the sergeant-at-arms; the mace, symbolic of the people's majesty; the Peers in their historic robes; the display of black high hats; the associations clustering about that small piece of furniture denominated the Bar of the House—these and a dozen other adjuncts of the grand old English Parliament enjoy popular esteem amongst the most democratic, because they are familiar to us who have read the history of our race, and recall that nearly every throb in the English-speaking world has been directly or indirectly connected with language uttered at Westminster.

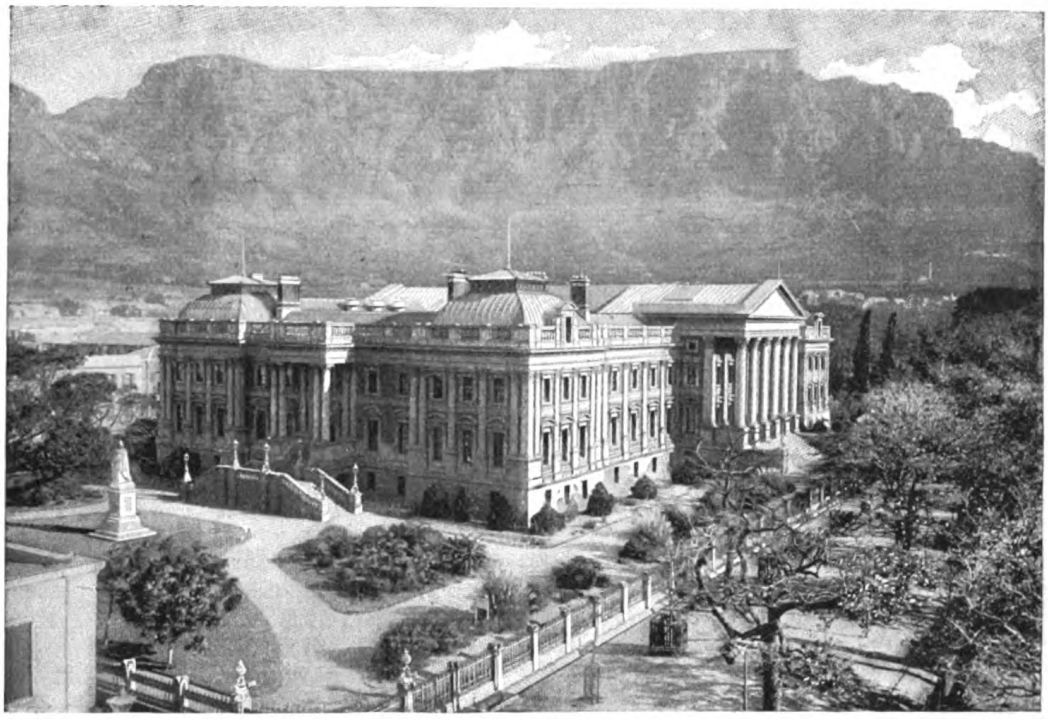
The liberty which Washington and Franklin strove to secure in America was the same liberty which Fox and Burke struggled for on the floor of the House of Commons, and the American Constitution of 1789 proved to be enduring because it was made by men in whose blood was the respect for law and hatred of injustice characteristic of Englishmen. The lesson of 1776 was learned by England, if possible, only too well; for to-day, so far from being the harsh mother of crown-governed colonies, she herself takes the lead in urging parliamentary government in her far-away provinces.

The Cape Colony is in every essential a republic. Every man above the social level of a pauper or a criminal or a tramp can vote for a representative in his Parliament, and there is consequently as complete popular representation as in England or the United States. The members of the government are, for the most part, men of business who have achieved political distinction. The Prime Minister is the virtual president of this republic; but he does not, as with us, hold office for a term of four years, but is called upon to retire the moment he ceases to represent a majority of the people. If anything, the legislative machinery of the Cape Colony is more democratic than that of the United States; for, in case the majority of our Senate and House of Representatives are opposed to the President they cannot turn him or his cabinet out of office in any other manner than by impeachment, whereas the Cape Colony may enjoy half a dozen different presidents and cabinets during one term of our republic's Chief Magistrate.

The Cape House of Parliament would be an ornament to any capital, for it is a substantial and very well proportioned building, excellently situated for architectural effect. Punctually at the hour named in my card of invitation the doors were opened, and I was ushered to a seat in the gallery, from which I had a good view of the notable people below. A portion of the Leicestershire regiment did the honors on the roadway leading from the Governor's residence, and of course the military band enlivened the waiting moments. It was naturally striking to me that this self-governing colony should require troops sent out from England while they had amongst their own citizens not only plenty of men, but such as would probably be better adapted for war purposes in this particular country and climate. Since I was in a republican government, I wondered why the guard of honor was not composed of local volunteers—for citizen soldiers would appear to be more in place than "Tommy Atkins" of six thousand miles away. However, the scarlet tunics and white helmets looked very bright and warlike, and all the colonists present no doubt felt grateful to their Queen for sending to them so much of strength and beauty at so trifling a cost to the colonial tax-payer.

There were many beautiful women on the floor of the House, for on this occasion the rights of members are subordinated to the convenience of their wives and daughters. The bonnets and dresses of the ladies suggested to me considerable wealth amongst the legislators of the

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THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

Cape, or else considerable extravagance on the part of their women. This is a matter upon which I trespass with some trepidation, for I had not the support of my wife's opinion; but to my unaided faculties it seemed as though every garment displayed had been made in the master workshops of Paris or London.

There was a throne at one end of the room ready for the Queen of England, should she come; and, indeed, for a moment it seemed as though a dream had come true, for there entered a lady whose proportions suggested to me somewhat those of her Gracious Majesty. Every lady on that vast floor at once rose to her feet in token of loyal respect, and remained standing for a period of time that seemed considerable; and this made known that we were paying royal honors to the wife of Sir Hercules Robinson, her Majesty's Governor at the Cape of Good Hope. Sir Hercules has been raised to the peerage since the time of my visit, but I adhere to his earlier title as the one by which he is most widely known.

When Lady Robinson had taken her seat in the front row nearest the throne, the ladies and gentlemen of her suite took seats on each side of her. In the second row behind the Governor's wife were the wives of cabinet ministers, and behind these sat the wives of members and officials of lesser degree. On seats to the right of the throne I noticed several rather showy uniforms representing the consuls of foreign powers. Floor and gallery were packed to a very uncomfortable degree—another indication of the great social importance of this function.

Exactly on the stroke of twelve there entered from behind the throne the sergeant-at-arms, a most dignified replica of him who enforces order in the House of Commons at Westminster. He strode majestically into the crowded house, bearing a mace nearly as large as himself. Had I seen him in any other part of South Africa I might have taken him for a native warrior armed with a war-club.

Then upon that great audience there fell the startling hush which opera-goers recognize as the prelude to an aria by a favorite prima donna. All eyes were strained in the direction of the throne, for it was now time to greet the personal representative of her Gracious Majesty the Queen of England. In walked Sir Hercules Robinson, dressed in a court uniform much ornamented by gold em-

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broidery. His cocked hat he wore upon his head, and this badge of sovereignty remained there as he mounted the steps of the throne, bowed three times, first to the right, then to the left, and then to the centre of the house. Of course all rose to their feet as he entered, and paid him the same honors they would have paid their Sovereign Lady had she been there. After making his three solemn bows, he took his seat in the royal arm-chair provided for him on the throne, keeping his head covered. In a chair on his right sat the highest military officer in the colony, General Goodenough; and on his left the highest representative of the navy.

When the audience had once more resumed its seats, there entered, also from behind the throne, a young man in knee-breeches and black dress of the period of Queen Anne, who carried in his hand what proved to be the Queen's speech. This was the Governor's private secretary. He also made three bows, all of them to the Queen's representative — the first, before he reached the throne; the second, on the first step of the throne; and the third, on the very edge of the royal platform. With admirable precision he measured his distance, and placed the manuscript in the viceroy's hand with an accuracy which nearly forced me into applause, even at such a time and in such a place.

The Governor slowly unfolded his manuscript, and read in clear measured tones the great document known as the Queen's speech. He spoke of the Jameson raid into the Transvaal in language which left nothing to be desired on the part of honest Africanders. There was much also to be said about the means of combating various other plagues more harmful even than Jameson. There was rinderpest poisoning thousands of cattle, a disease called scab infecting the sheep, while the crops were being everywhere ruined by swarms of locusts.

The whole ceremony occupied just half an hour, and the Governor retired as solemnly as he had entered.

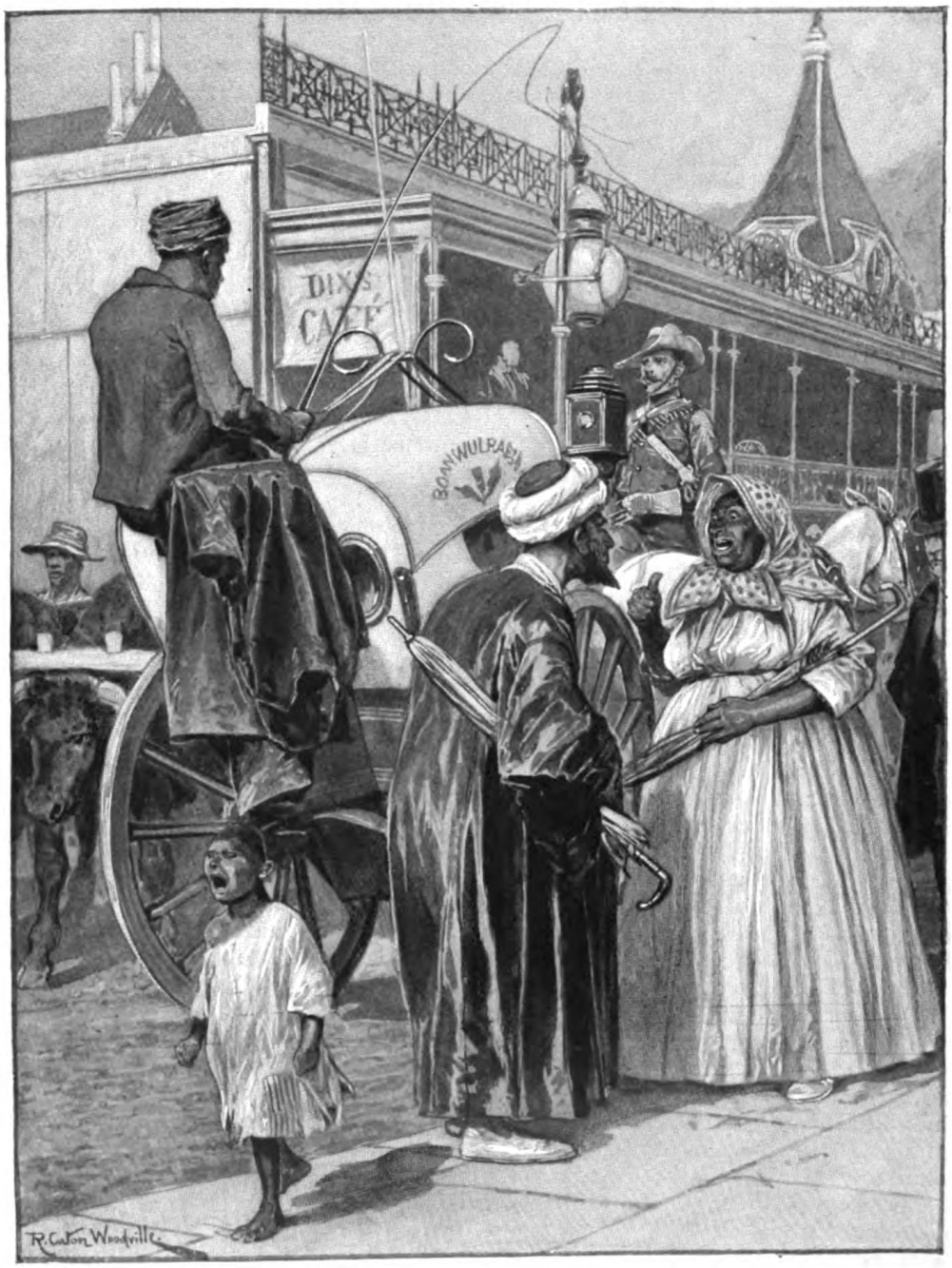
The British government treats its Governor so well that it is able to secure excellent men to fill this position. Sir Hercules Robinson receives a salary as large as that of our President, and has besides an official residence, not perhaps so large, but infinitely more comfortable.

The royal ceremony incident to the opening of the republican legislature at the Cape had its counterpart in a small dinner at Government House, where the whole number of guests was perhaps twelve. The livery of the servants I do not remember, except in so far as it was a dazzling combination of scarlet and gold and knee-breeches and white silk stockings and hair full of powder. There was of course a sentinel at the door, furnished presumably by the Leicestershire regiment. The gentlemen at table who were connected with the household of the Governor wore a court uniform especially prescribed by viceregal authority. One or two officers of the army were present in full-dress uniform, and had I not been an American I should have felt that the proper dress for me might also have been something with a courtly cut to it. Besides myself, the only unofficial persons present were Mr. Bryant Lindley, of New York, and his wife. Mrs. Lindley devotes the major part of her life to the education of the blacks in South Africa. Mr. Lindley's father was almost the first American missionary in South Africa, and was the only clergyman who regularly visited the farms of the Boers north of the Orange River some fifty years ago. The elder Lindley was looked upon by all Boers as their spiritual father, and it is no exaggeration to say that he christened and married more Boers in his time than any ten other clergymen. He was a famous athlete, horseman, and hunter, and could thrash any man south of the Zambesi. In all South Africa he is the only missionary I know of who is well spoken of by whites as well as blacks.

The son has taken after the father, for I found that in the Cape Colony he was esteemed not only as a most respectable man of business, but even more as a good shot, a good polo-player, and, indeed, a capital all-round sportsman. It was Lindley's father, as I have already remarked, who baptized President Kruger; and when an American citizen was sentenced to death for taking part in a movement to improve the government of the Transvaal, Bryant Lindley made the long journey to Pretoria at his own expense and used his influence with "Oom Paul" to good effect.

Cape Town is not only a healthy place to live in, but is surrounded by most charming suburbs, combining land and sea. There is an excellent railway ser-

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STREET SCENE IN CAPE TOWN.

vice in and out of the capital, and pretty much the whole Cape society lives out of town, somewhere about the base of the mysterious Table Mountain. The roads in all directions are of a character to make an American cyclist delirious with joy; they are, if possible, better than those of Central Park; and though I rode and drove about a great deal over them, I cannot recall a single stretch which was unlovely. There are huge trees; massive stone bridges arching over pretty streamlets; farm-houses of a Dutch pattern, with thatched roofs and whitewashed walls, looking exceedingly comfortable among garden shrubbery.

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Everything that we see at the Cape of Good Hope speaks of an earlier civilization built up by people who loved rest in security amidst pleasant surroundings. The Dutch settled this part of the world about the same time that they founded colonies along the Hudson River, say the middle of the seventeenth century. When they built a house they meant that it should last not merely their lifetime, but that of generations unborn. They planted trees in long straight avenues which are still the pride of the colony, and they built their bridges and highways with the obvious intention of making this neighborhood another Holland. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has shown his appreciation for Dutch taste by purchasing for his home one of the finest ancestral estates in the colony, where he lives, when he sojourns at the Cape, very much as might have done a governor of the old Dutch East India Company. Before the Jameson raid, Mr. Rhodes enjoyed great popularity amongst the Dutch Africanders, for he was always careful to treat their national characteristics with respect, and he was credited with an honest intention of making in South Africa a great Anglo-Dutch United States, where each nation might forget the jealousies born of allegiance to different flags, and all unite under the banner of Africa for the Africander.

The neighborhood of Cape Town is like one beautiful park, studded with the country-seats of those whose interests lie in the capital, and I only wonder that it is not overcrowded with people from Europe and America seeking for rest.

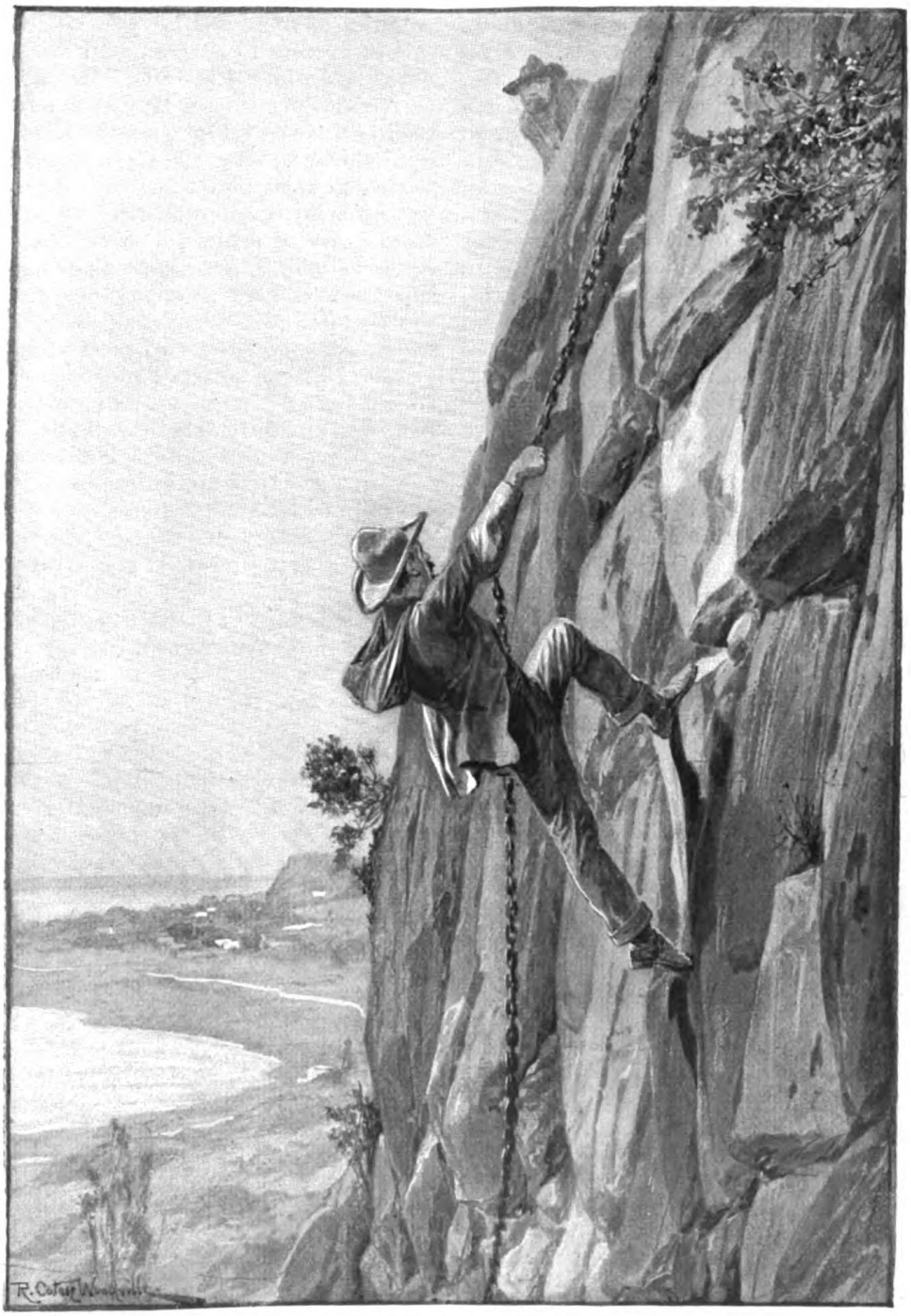
Of course I could not leave Cape Town without having ascended the Table Mountain, which is about three thousand feet high. My pilot on this occasion was a prominent member of the Cape legislature, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter. The two ladies made the three hours' climb seem very short to me, and when I expressed my surprise at the excellence of their walking powers, they assured me that all young ladies in South Africa were fond of out-door exercise. At the time I could think of but few American women of my acquaintance who would have enjoyed tramping up Table Mountain under the broiling sun. The view from the mountain is one of the grandest in the world. The harbor of Cape Town appears so close to the base of the great mountain that one is tempted to see if a stone will not reach the water. The air is so clear that we can easily follow every street of the city, and pick out all the public buildings. The whole top of this mountain is a vast sponge, saturated by the flow of an infinite number of springlets bubbling up mysteriously under our feet. The government was constructing a huge reservoir to collect all this water for the benefit of Cape Town. The huge dam was almost completed, and I was assured that this reservoir would give Cape Town the best water-supply of any city in the world.

There is another peak overhanging Cape Town, called "Lion's Head," not quite so high as Table Mountain, but considerably more difficult, if not dangerous, to ascend.

Sir James Sievewright, who is a member of the Cape ministry, afforded me a rare treat one day by taking me to his old Dutch plantation, a few miles out of Cape Town. Sir James talks broad Scotch, no matter whether he is talking English or Dutch; he is a man who cannot stretch his neck out of a railway window without being at once greeted by half the people on the platform. He knows every man of any political consequence between Cape Agulhas and the Zambesi River, and knows how to show a sympathetic interest in the domestic joys and sorrows of each one of his constituents. During the pleasant hours which I spent in the company of this Africander statesman there never passed us either Dutch or English colonist that Sir James Sievewright did not cheerily ask after this one's wife, or that one's sick child, or another's accident, or, in short, some matter of particular domestic interest. For every one he had a cheering smile and a word of sympathy. He is the very pattern for a father of his people; the man who, waking and sleeping, knows nothing but schemes for beneficent legislation.

Sir James Sievewright lives in a beautiful Dutch farm-house, surrounded by grounds raising an extraordinary variety of fruit. I saw growing on this one spot oranges and bananas, figs, peaches, apricots, plums, nectarines, mulberries, quinces, pomegranates, Cape gooseberries, cherries, strawberries, pears, apples, guava, and a delicious fruit called loquat. The torrid and the temperate zones have here united, and produced vegetation characteristic of both. There were the

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CLIMBING THE LION'S HEAD, CAPE TOWN.

aloe-cactus, the camphor-tree, weeping-willow, plane, oak, gums, *Sequoia gigantea* from Australia, various kinds of pines, chestnut, maple, ash, elm. Lombardy poplar, syringa, date-palm, Cape olive, India-rubber tree, and silver-trees. There were many more, but these are a few that remain in my memory. Of flowers, I noticed particularly hydrangeas, roses, verbena, moonflowers, chrysanthemums, violets, honeysuckles, rhododendrons, asters, pansies, carnations, zinnias, oleanders, myrtle.

An excellent young Scotch gardener

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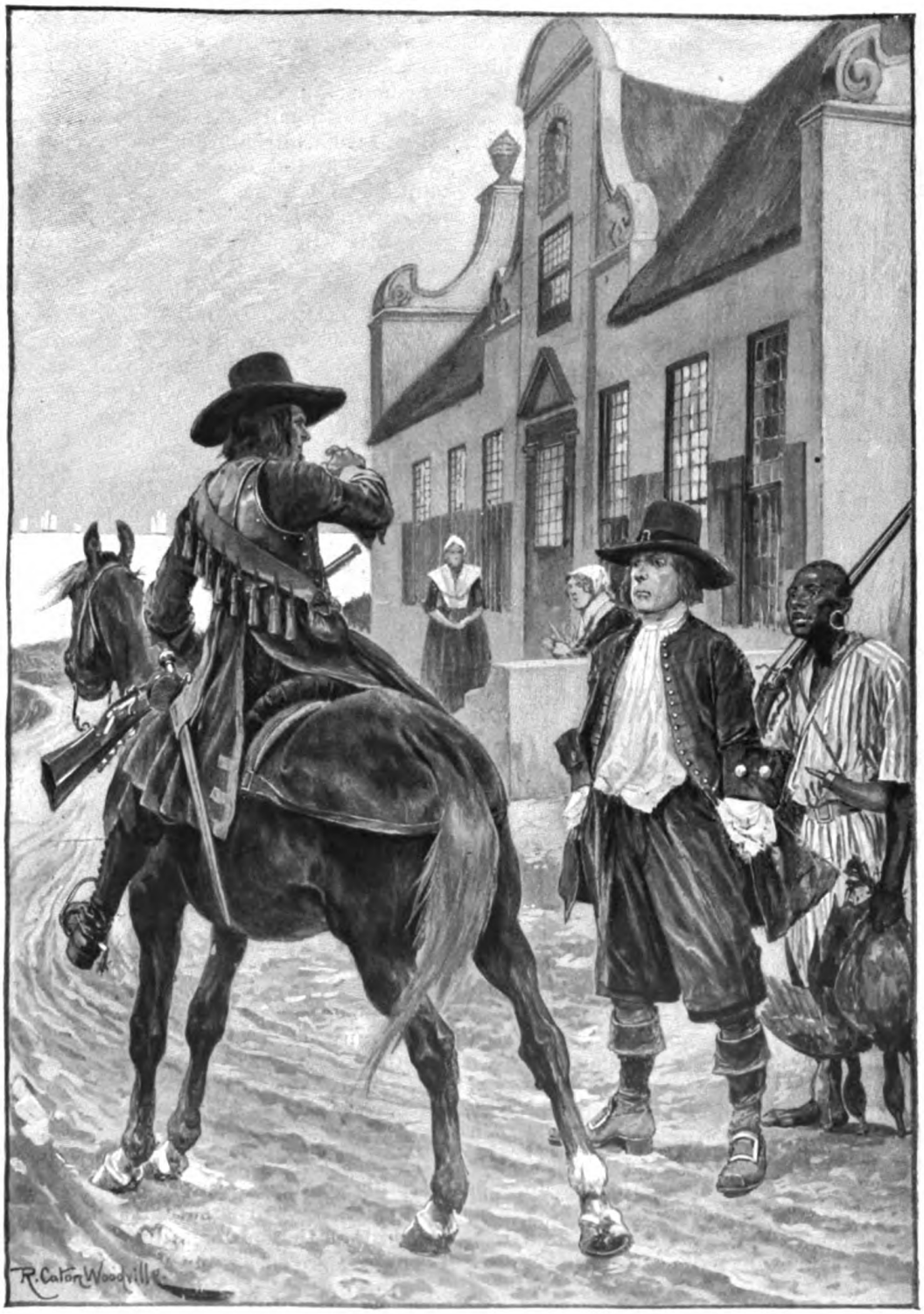
had charge of this place, and to give an illustration of the rate of wages here, let me add that he received £10 a month, together with food and lodging. In addition to this he received ten per cent. on everything sold off the place, principally wine and fruit. This seemed to me an exceedingly high rate of payment, and should certainly induce a large number of Scotch gardeners to try their luck in South Africa. Sir James Sievewright, like nearly every other South African whom I met, complained bitterly of negro labor, because of its uncertainty, and I was glad to hear that he traced this uncertainty largely to drink. He expressed a very strong hope that the Cape legislature would soon pass a law prohibiting the sale of liquor to natives; but he fully recognized the difficulties of such legislation, owing to the fact that many members of the Cape Parliament represent constituencies deeply interested in the manufacture and sale of brandy.

It seems strange to me that in Dundee people should import oranges from Malaga and sugar from the West Indies to make marmalade which they ship to South Africa and sell at a profit after paying a protective duty of twelve per cent., while here oranges grow in abundance, and so does sugar in Natal, and negroes can be counted by the millions needing for their improvement nothing so much as a little hard work six days in the week; and not only at the Cape of Good Hope, but all the way up through the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, I found something of the same anomalous conditions—people feeding on tinned provisions sent from California, Chicago, Denmark, or Dundee, while at their very doors was everything fitted for their sustenance. This state of things is so extraordinary, considering the enormous distance of the Cape from the places whence these canned provisions are brought, that we cannot believe that it can long survive. Railways connecting the farming country with the main lines to such centres of population as Johannesburg will do very much towards reducing the cost of living. The labor question was the one which, in and out of the legislative halls, absorbed most of the public interest; and it is a question perhaps more difficult to deal with at the Cape of Good Hope than anywhere else in South Africa. In the matter of drink, for instance, the other colonies have passed laws forbidding the sale of brandy to natives. In the Transvaal, Basutoland, Rhodesia, Natal, and other African territories the term native is readily understood to mean the black man of the place. But the Cape Colony was settled in 1650, and since that time there has been an immigration from Java and from India of coolies, who regard themselves as very much higher than negroes, the Indians from Bombay claiming all the rights and privileges of British subjects. Beyond these two races of colored people is a large population of half-breeds, so confusing to the ethnologist that it would be an extremely delicate task for a Cape policeman to know whether he was arresting a man containing more of white than of black blood. The secretary of the South African Temperance League indicated this as the most serious difficulty in the way of legislation for natives alone, and this difficulty I found to be present in the minds of nearly all the Cape Colonists with whom I spoke on the subject.

And it is a subject on which general legislation is very important, for to the black man it is demoralizing that in one colony the government should treat him as the equal of white men and give him strong drinks, while on the other side of the boundary he is treated as a child, forbidden to get drunk, and compelled to be in his hut, if not in his bed, by nine o'clock.

Slavery is a word covering all that is bad in the relation of the black man to the white. No Africander white man would be to-day bold enough to recommend slavery in the Cape Colony, least of all an Africander Boer: indeed, the African Dutchman has never defended slavery any more than the African Englishman, in spite of dishonest missionary reports to the contrary. But the most humanitarian of practical white farmers in South Africa are united, I believe, in thinking that reasonable means should be found for putting an end to the present unsatisfactory state of the relations between master and servant. The white man does not object to paying the negro the full market value of his labor; nor can he object to laws protecting the negro against unreasonable punishment. But if the white man pays for services and treats his servants well, the law should at least compel the service to continue for such a period of time as the nature of the employment may demand.

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OLD DUTCH HOUSES AT CONSTANTIA—A STRANGE FLEET IN SIGHT.

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White sailors find it no injustice that they should be compelled to serve for the whole of a voyage that may last perhaps one or more years, and yet the relation of a skipper to his crew is that which a white farmer should be able to have in regard to his black farm-hands.

While visiting the public library at Cape Town I was struck by the absence of colored people from the reading-room, and asked the librarian whether negroes were admitted. He said that they were admitted, and given every facility for using the library, but that in his experience they showed not the slightest capacity for benefiting by it.

In rare instances negro school-teachers had come to visit the library, but with apparently no ideas as to what they wished to read or ought to read. In fact, to him the idea that negroes should ever use a library seemed rather funny than otherwise—something for which he had no formulated answer, because it had never occurred to him that any one should be struck by the absence of negroes from an African library. And yet the Cape Colony pays large sums for negro education, and gives the franchise to every negro who in material status rises to the level of an ordinary white day-laborer.

Cape Town appeared to me an exceedingly well-managed place, so far as municipal government was concerned. The streets seemed very clean, although citizens of the place pronounced them outrageous—a fact which shows how fastidious they have been made by the excellent roads throughout the neighborhood. It is a most cosmopolitan city, not merely because of the Malays in their turbans and flowing silk robes, the blacks, Hindoos, and half-breeds jostling one another on the streets, but because of the many different kinds of white people passing through here on their way to the gold-fields of the Transvaal or the diamond-mines of Kimberley. Being a great seaport, one sees plenty of seafaring faces of many nations rolling up and down the main street; and being at the same time an important naval and military station for Great Britain, another picturesque element is made up of the gay uniforms of soldiers and sailors. The white police force have plenty of drunken and turbulent people to keep in order, and their task is not a light one, for obvious reasons. It struck me as though they did their work exceedingly well, and reflected great credit upon the chief of police; and I much fear that the guardians of the peace whom we so much admire in New York would have suffered by comparison with these policemen.

There are plenty of excellent cabs here, all painted white, and driven by men of every color, the brown being predominant. The most picturesque cabbies were perhaps those from the Dutch East Indies, especially when they wore huge turbans, or straw hats like the roof of a Chinese pagoda. The Cape cabby appears to think more of his trap than his colleague in London or New York, for I noticed here that the cabs were known by names printed on their sides in golden letters—names commemorating popular governors, steamships, and public men. For instance, one cab in which I drove was styled Sir James, in honor of Sir James Sievewright. Among others that I noticed were New York, Telegraph, Electric, Gold-finder, Victory, Happy Home, and the inevitable Snowdrop, whose driver, it is needless to say, was a jet-black negro.

New-Yorkers wonder, perhaps, what has become of the gaudy omnibuses which once plied up and down Fifth Avenue. Many of them are now in service at the Cape, taking people to and from the docks. It was odd to see painted on the sides of these 'buses the old familiar pictures representing Indians chasing buffaloes, or a scene on the Hudson River. And besides the American 'buses, I noticed here, as in other parts of South Africa, a large number of light American wagons, from the trotting-buggy to the comfortable family carriage whose roof partly shelters the driver.

The shops of Cape Town are as good as in any city of the world short of the three great capitals, and, for reasons which I could not fathom, the prices are lower than in London; yet the Colony taxes imports, and the goods have a journey of six thousand miles before reaching the consumer. No doubt good protectionists will assure me that it is because of the customs duties that the goods are so cheap, but I am more inclined to think that manufacturers accept smaller profits when shipping abroad, and make most by selling to people at their very doors. Those of us who travel about the country have often been struck by the fact that farm produce is cheaper

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CONVICTS AT WORK.

in New York than on the farm where it is raised, perhaps fifty miles out of town. In London, eggs which have come all the way from Hungary are sold for less than eggs laid within fifty miles.

I looked in vain for anything American connected with the railway service. Sir James Sievewright was himself of the opinion that American locomotives and trucks were eminently suited to the class of work required between Cape Town and Pretoria, a thousand miles away, but that there was one insurmountable objection, namely, that represented by the prejudices of English railway employees. At one time two Baldwin locomotives had been brought out from Philadelphia, and also a dozen freight-cars. So long as the American manager remained with them they worked very well, but when he re-

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turned to America the authorities discovered that everything began to go wrong; the workmen who had been accustomed to English machinery disliked any innovation, and took particular satisfaction in creating difficulties for the new engines. The authorities finally gave up the attempt to conquer this local prejudice, with the result that to-day the whole system of colonial railways in British South Africa is a duplicate of what is common in England. The run from Cape Town to Johannesburg or Pretoria occupies nearly three days, though the distance is only a thousand miles. This is the longest single run in South Africa, and once a week, at least, is made with all possible comfort, for then there is a dining-car attached to the mail-train. But on other days the traveller has to depend upon a series of eating-places, which may or may not be reached at the appointed hours; and old travellers know the discomfort occasioned by a train that is three hours late, and which brings them to a cold and very bad supper at an hour when they would like to be in bed and asleep. While I was at the Cape every train up country—that is to say, towards Johannesburg or Kimberley—was crowded with passengers every day, and since my visit they have commenced to run two trains daily the whole distance. The railways of South Africa are narrow-gauge, and were built apparently on the assumption that the travel never would be heavy, and that it was of small consequence how steep the grades were, so long as expenses were kept down. But aside from this matter of grade and gauge, the railways of the Cape Colony would be considered models of construction in any of our Western States, particularly with respect to the durable character of culverts and bridges. At all principal stations the platform is raised to the level of the carriage floor, and passengers step out as comfortably as they would at Charing Cross—a comfort highly appreciated by elderly people and ladies. The trains, of course, must travel slowly, say between fifteen and twenty miles an hour—a pace that would seem irritating were we not in South Africa, where, up to within the last few years, the only means of travel was represented by bullock-wagons, which went no farther in one day than the present railway trains in one hour. We must bear in mind, when speaking of Boers, that it is only within a year or so that they have had railway communication between their capitals and the sea, either at the Cape, Durban, or Delagoa Bay. The question, therefore, of railway speed is one that fades into utter insignificance compared with the vital one of having any railway at all. The Cape Colony, as the oldest and richest and best educated, naturally takes the lead in South Africa in all commercial enterprise, and has not merely provided her own people with a railway system, but also built the line through the Orange Free State. She would also cheerfully have extended her system over the Transvaal to Delagoa Bay, but for the Boer dislike of railways in general, and of English financiers in particular.

Should the mother-country at any moment withdraw her troops from the Cape, as she has done from other self-governing colonies, it would be by no means an unmixed evil. The Cape Mounted Rifles, and the Cape Highlanders, and the less famous but even more useful Cape Mounted Police, are all warlike bodies, excellently equipped, forming to-day the skeleton of a Cape army which should prove, in case of native insurrection or foreign invasion, more satisfactory than even the regulars of her Majesty.

For English regulars cannot be said to have gained new laurels by their deeds in South Africa, when we bear in mind such recent operations as the rout at Majuba Hill, and the deeper disgrace of Krugersdorp. This does not mean that the Englishman is lacking in normal bravery, but the Dutchman is also a brave man, and knows better how to fight under African conditions. British regulars in South Africa suffer under the same disadvantages which attached to the operation of British troops in America between 1776 and 1783. They all fought well, but their efforts were handicapped by ignorance.

The Jameson raid, while it has, commercially speaking, done nothing but evil, has, from another point of view, done South Africa this service, that, for the first time in its history, the whole of that country, representing a dozen different territories or governments, has at last awakened to a sense of interdependency. The quarrel of the Transvaal has been taken up and seriously discussed in Natal and the Orange Free State as well as in the Cape Colony, or at Delagoa Bay. There are Boers everywhere south of the

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A CAPE HIGHLANDER, VOLUNTEER BATTALION.

Zambesi, and where there are not Dutchmen there are Africanders of English if not Boer origin, who resent English interference as an attempt to curtail their rights of local self-government. The Jameson raid drew so sharply the line between Dutch and English that the large class of Africanders was for the moment lost sight of; but I am convinced that in the event of Germany or any other nation attempting to meddle with South African affairs, all white Africanders—Boer, English, American, French, and even German—would unite in the defence of what is destined to be the United States of South Africa.

It was my good fortune to meet representative Africanders not only of the Cape Colony, but also of the other states, and I was impressed by the strength and unity of their sentiments on this one vital point. Amongst themselves they have quarrels in plenty, touching differential railway rates, discriminating custom-house duties, and most irritating divergencies regarding the treatment of

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natives. If a stranger visited the Cape Colony alone, he might easily be persuaded that the bad feeling between these different states was so great as to preclude any practical effort towards federation. And hitherto, it must be confessed, the conditions have been very unfavorable, because of the geographical isolation in which stood the two Boer republics, which were shut off from the sea and separated from the coast ports by hundreds of miles, involving a fatiguing, costly, and dangerous journey in bullock-carts. It required several weeks for a journey which is now accomplished in a couple of days. Two years ago the man who had travelled to Pretoria and back was regarded as something of an African explorer, and the Transvaal Boer was regarded in Europe with as much curiosity as a native of New Guinea. To-day the citizens of the Transvaal read from day to day in their newspapers everything of importance which happened the day before in every town of South Africa, and every steamer to Europe carries probably one or more Boers eager to learn something of the outer world. Africanders at home can be unfriendly enough one towards another if they are citizens of different states, but the moment they meet abroad, or on a steamer's deck, they are fast friends, for no other reason than that they have had common interests in their childhood.

Englishmen have perhaps greater difficulty in taking a hopeful view of South Africa than Americans. We have but to recall, that which now seems so strange, that the United States, which commenced its colonial career of constitutional self-government as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, did not form one federation until the reign of George III. The Englishmen who founded the New England of 1620, so far from seeking strength in federation with their brother Englishmen of Virginia, persistently rejected all overtures to this end, and courted local independence as obstinately as the Boers of the Transvaal. Even the New England States amongst themselves formed no close union, and Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut — these as well as the rest sought to live for themselves alone, after a fashion quite as un-Christian and short-sighted as do to-day the governments of Natal and the Cape Colony. The thirteen American colonies of 1776 were for the most part peopled by white Protestant Englishmen, scattered thinly through a country peopled by natives infinitely more dangerous than those of Africa. It is no flattery to say that the white people of America, a hundred years ago, were in general better educated than the Transvaal Boers, for our ancestors established schools almost as soon as they did the inevitable church and jail.

Yet every schoolboy knows that the American Constitution was not adopted till 1789, and then only after lengthy and bitter debates on the part of delegates from the different States, which illustrated most clearly the suspicious attitude of each towards the rest. It took us, therefore, about fifteen years after the outbreak of war with England to feel the pressure necessary to federation. Throughout that war of seven years the student to-day can clearly see that the colonies owed their success less to the provisional government under which they lived than to the patriotism of a few men like Washington and Franklin. But above all were the colonists indebted for their victories to the monumental incapacity of the British military authorities, to say nothing of the advisers of George III.

The military virtues displayed at Majuba Hill in 1881, and at Krugersdorp in January of 1896, appear to be on a level with those displayed during the campaigns of Saratoga and Yorktown in 1777 and 1781 respectively. As to the political management of matters South African by the Queen's government in London, no parallel can be drawn between 1776 and 1896; but if the opinion of loyal and intelligent Africanders who know their country well is worth anything, then I have no hesitation in saying that the direct interference of the Colonial Office after the Jameson raid was a mistake almost equal to that of the raid itself. No doubt the intentions of Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Minister, were honorable, and dictated perhaps with sole reference to the happiness of the colonists themselves, but the result of his well-meant endeavors was to make worse a situation already bad enough. The Jameson raid was so domestic to South Africa that every Africander regarded it as peculiarly one for his people alone to settle. There appeared from his stand-point no reason why people in London should meddle in this affair, and certainly there

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was no general demand for help from the mother-country. The four principal white parliamentary states were amply able to cope with a dozen Jameson raids, and each felt it as more or less of an insult that a matter of this kind should have to be dealt with by an official six thousand miles away, who knew next to nothing of the country and its people. I might add that a London official at that time would have known worse than nothing, in the sense that so many influential people were pecuniarily interested on one side. Many influential English newspapers became exceedingly unjust for want of an opportunity to hear both sides.

Sir Hercules Robinson was then Governor at the Cape, as I have said, and in his capacity of High Commissioner had power to manage this delicate job. He had on the spot a council of eminent colonial statesmen, and besides that a legislature elected by the people, and one whose sympathy was with the Boer and Africander, rather than with the recently landed immigrant. Had a special tribunal been selected for the arbitration of a South African difficulty of this nature, it would have been difficult to collect men better qualified for the task, in the sense that on this occasion it was important to have judges not only free from local London prejudice, but familiar with the Africanders of all races. Sir Hercules Robinson has had long training and great experience in colonial matters, and impressed me strongly by the spirit of fairness in which he discussed the situation, and also by his practical businesslike manner. He has, of course, received a large share of abuse, such as falls to the lot of every man in a position of responsibility, but I think that in this case many honest people who attacked him did so as people often abuse the officer who happens to be compelled to carry out a disagreeable duty.

The Boers all over South Africa, and particularly Mr. Kruger, would have felt that they were in safe hands had this Jameson raid matter been left to the verdict of their fellow-Africanders, even in the Cape Colony. The London government need not have abdicated any of its rights of revision in case the final decision displeased it, and the High Commissioner at the Cape might have been secretly coached as to what was expected of him by his chief at the Colonial Office. But nearly every step taken by the English government since the Jameson raid has given not merely offence in the Transvaal, but has given no satisfaction amongst Africanders generally. The crime of Jameson was so clear, and of a nature so outrageous to self-governing communities, that it called for an immediate expression of the strongest indignation, at least from the Colonial Office; but instead of that the Boers were made to feel that they were dealing in this matter less with a benevolent protector than with a rather evasive solicitor. The feeling of every Africander was voiced by Sir Hercules Robinson, who expressed at once and unreservedly his abhorrence of the crime committed, and his determination to do all in his power in order to efface its bad impression. This was the feeling of such statesmen as Mr. Hofmeyer, Sir James Sievewright, and practically all of the important Africanders with whom I spoke on the subject. Had Mr. Chamberlain been in a position to hear and appreciate this public sentiment in South Africa, he would have spared himself many an effort which was meant to do good, but which failed because it was unsupported by the public sentiment of the country for which he desired to act.

Before the Jameson raid, Boers and English jogged along well enough side by side; intermarriage was frequent, and their jealousies were never so great but that they cheerfully united in opposition to a common enemy, whether that enemy was a Kaffir or a threat of foreign invasion. The railways were doing for the country a vast missionary work — teaching the Boers to respect, if not to like, the civilization of their neighbors. Had South Africa developed normally it is not too much for us to venture the statement that within ten years there would not have been a Boer in the Transvaal who did not speak English. To-day the imported Hollander manages all the difficult questions in the Transvaal; and he does so not because he is liked, but because the legislature of the Transvaal feels the need of a solicitor versed in the technicality of the law. We must now wait until the Boer has been made to feel that his interests are safe in the hands of his fellow-Africanders, be they English or Dutch. This is merely a matter of patience, tact, and time.

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"THE AIR WAS THICK AND HEAVY."

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THE SOLO ORCHESTRA.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE air was thick and heavy, as it sometimes is in the great city toward nightfall after a hot spell has lasted for ten days. There were sponges tied to the foreheads of the horses that wearily tugged at the overladen cross-town cars. The shop-girls going home fanned themselves limply. The men released from work walked languidly, often with their coats over their arms. The setting sun burned fiery red as it sank behind the hills on the other side of the Hudson. But the night seemed likely to be as hot as the day had been, for the leaves on the trees were motionless now, as they had been all the afternoon.

We had been kept in town all through July by the slow convalescence of our invalid; and with even the coming of August we could not hope to get away for another ten days yet. The excessive heat had retarded the recovery of our patient by making it almost impossible for her to sleep. That evening, as it happened, she had dropped off into an uneasy slumber a little after six o'clock; and we had left her room gently in the doubtful hope that her rest might be prolonged for at least an hour.

I had slipped down stairs, and was standing on the stoop, with the door open behind me, when I heard the shrill notes of the Pan-pipes, accompanied by the jingling of a set of bells and the dull thumping of a drum. I understood at once that some sort of wandering musician was about to perform, and I knew that with the first few bars the needful slumber of our invalid would be interrupted violently.

I closed the door behind me softly, and sprang down the steps, and sped swiftly to the corner around which the sounds seemed to proceed. If the fellow is a foreigner, I thought, I must give him a quarter and so bribe him to go away, and then he will return every evening to be bought off again, and I shall become a subscriber by the week to the concerts I do not wish to hear. But if the itinerant musician is an American, of course I can appeal to him, as one gentleman to another, and we shall not be troubled with him again.

When I turned the corner I saw a strange figure only a few yards distant—a strange figure most strangely accoutred. A tall, thin, loose-jointed man, who had made himself appear taller still by wearing a high peaked hat, the pinnacle of which was surmounted by a wire framework, in which half a dozen bells were suspended, ringing with every motion of the head. He had on a long linen duster, which flapped about his gaunt shanks encased in tight black trousers. Between his legs he had a pair of cymbals, fastened one to each knee. Upon his back was strapped a small bass-drum, on which there was painted the announcement that the performer was "Prof. Theophilus Briggs, the Solo Orchestra." A drumstick was attached to each side of the drum, and connected with a cord that ran down his legs to his feet, so that by beating time with his toes he could make the drum take part in his concert. The Pan-pipes that I had heard were fastened to his breast just at the height of his chin, so that he could easily blow into them by the slightest inclination of his head. In his left hand he held a fiddle, and in his right hand he had a fiddle-bow. Just as I came in sight he tapped the fiddle with the bow, as though to call the attention of the orchestra. Then he raised the fiddle—not to his chin, for the Pan-pipes made this impossible, but to the other position, not infrequent among street musicians, just below the shoulder. Evidently I had just arrived in time.

He was not a foreigner, obviously enough. It needed only one glance at the elongated visage, with its good-natured eyes and its gentle mouth, to show that here was a native American whose parents and grandparents also had been born on this side of the Atlantic.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you before you begin," I said, hastily, "but I shall be very much obliged indeed if you would kindly consent to give your performance a little further down this street—a little further away from this corner."

I saw at once that I had not chosen my words adroitly, for the kindly smile faded from his lips, and there was more than a hint of stiffness in his manner as he responded slowly.

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"I don't know as I quite catch your meaning," he began. "I ain't—"

"I'm sorry to have to ask you to go away," I interrupted, wishing to explain; "I'd like to hear your concert myself; but the fact is, there's a member of my family slowly recovering from a long sickness, and she's only just fallen asleep now for the first time since midnight."

"Why didn't you say so at first?" was Professor Briggs's immediate response, and the genial smile returned to his thin face. "Of course I don't want to worry no one with my music. And I'd just as lief as not go over to the other side of the city, if it will be any more agreeable to a sick person. I know myself what it is to have sickness in the house; there ain't no one knows what that is better than I do—no one don't."

"It is very kind of you, I'm sure," I said, as he walked back with me to the corner.

"Oh, that's all right," he returned. "It don't make any differ to me. Now you just show me which house it is, so I can keep away from it."

I pointed out the door to him.

"The third one from the corner, is it?" he repeated. "Well, that's all right. And I am much obliged to you for telling me about it, for I should have hated to wake up a sick person; and these pipes and this drum ain't exactly soothing to the sick, are they?"

Then the smile ripened to a laugh, and after I had thanked him once more and shaken hands, he turned back and walked away, accompanied by the bevy of children who had encircled us expectantly ever since I had first spoken to him.

Before daybreak the next morning a storm broke over the city, and the heavy rain kept up all day, cooling the streets at last and washing the atmosphere. With the passing of the hot wave sleep became easier for us all. Men walked to their offices in the morning with a brisker step, and the shop-girls were no longer listless as they went to their work. Our invalid improved rapidly, and we could count the days before we should be able to take her out of the city.

The rain-storm had brought this relief on a Thursday, and the skies did not clear till Friday evening. The air kept its freshness over Saturday and Sunday.

On the latter day, toward nightfall, I had taken my seat on the stoop, as is the custom of New-Yorkers kept in town during the summer months. I had brought out a cushion or two, and I was smoking my second after-supper cigar. I felt at peace with the world; and for the moment I had even dispensed with the necessity of thinking. It satisfied me to watch the rings of tobacco smoke as they curled softly above my head.

Although I was thus detached from earth, I became at last vaguely conscious that a man had passed before the house two or three times, and that as he passed he had stared at me as though he expected recognition. With his next return my attention was aroused. I saw that he was a tall, thin man, of perhaps fifty years of age, with a lean face clean-shaven, plainly dressed in black, and in what was obviously a Sunday suit, so revealing itself by its odd wrinkles and creases. As he came abreast of me he slackened his gait and looked up. When he caught my eye he smiled. And then I recognized him at once. It was Professor Theophilus Briggs, the Solo Orchestra.

When he discovered that I knew him again he stood still. I rose to my feet and greeted him.

"I thought this was the house," he began, "but I wa'n't sure for certain. You see, my memory ain't longer than a toad's tail. Still, I allowed I hadn't ought to disremember anything as big as a house—now had I?" And he laughed pleasantly. "And I thought that was you, too, setting up there on the porch," he went on, cheerfully. "And I'm glad it is, because I wanted to see you again to ask after the lady's health. Did she have her sleep out that evening? And how is she getting on now?"

I thanked him again for his considerate action the first time we had met, as well as for his kindly inquiries now, and I was glad to give him good news of our patient. Then I recognized the duties of hospitality, and I asked my visitor if he would not "take something."

"No, thank you," he returned—"that is, if there ain't no offence? Fact is, I've quit. I don't look on the wine when it is red now, for it biteth like an adder and it stingeth like a serpent, and I don't want any more snakes in mine. I've had enough of them, I have. Croton extra dry is good enough for me now, I guess; and I 'ain't no use now for a happy fam-

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ily of blue mice and green rats and yellow monkeys. I've had whole menageries of them, too, in my time,—regular Greatest Show on Earth, you know, and me with a season ticket. But it's like all these continuous performances, you get tired of it pretty soon,—leastways I did, and so I quit, and I don't touch a drop now."

"Sworn off?" I suggested, as I made room for him on the cushion by my side.

"Oh, no," he said, simply, as he sat down; "I hadn't no need to swear off. I just quit; that's all there was to it."

"Some men do not find it so very easy to give up drinking," I remarked.

"That's so too," he answered, "and I didn't either, for a fact. But I just had to do it, that's all. You see, I'd given drinking a fair show, and I'd found it didn't pay. Well, I don't like no trade where you're bound to lose in the long-run—seems a pretty poor way to do business—don't it? So I quit."

This seemed to call for a commonplace from me, and I was equal to the occasion: "It's easier to get into the way of taking a drop now and then than it is to get out of it."

"I got into it easy enough, I know that," he returned, smiling genially. "It was when I was in the army. After a man has been laying out in the swamp for a week or so, a little rum ain't such a bad thing to have in the house."

Then it was that for the first time I noticed the bronze button in his coat.

"So you were in the army?" I said, with the ever-rising envy felt by so many of my generation who lived through the long years of the civil war, mere boys, too young to take part in the struggle.

"I was a drummer-boy at Gettysburg," he answered; "and it wa'n't mighty easy for me, either."

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, it was this way," he explained. "Father, he was a Maine man, and he was a sea-captain. And when mother died, after a spell, father, he up and married again. Now that second wife of father's, she didn't like me; and I didn't like her either, not overmuch. I guess there wa'n't no love lost between us. She liked to make a voyage with father now and then, and so did I. We was both with him on a voyage he made about the time the war broke out. We cleared for Cowes and a market, and along in the summer of '62 we was in the Mediterranean. It was towards the end of that summer we come into Genoa, and there we got a chance at the papers, all filled chock-full of battles. And it didn't seem as though things was going any too well over here, either, and so I felt I'd like to come home and lend a hand in putting down the rebellion. You see, I was past fourteen then, and I was tall for my age,—'most as tall as I am now, I guess. I was doing a man's work on the boat, and I didn't see why I couldn't do a man's work in helping Uncle Sam, seeing he seemed to be having a hard time of it. And I don't mind telling you, too, that she had been making me have considerable of a hard time of it too; and there wa'n't no way of contenting her, she was so all-fired pernicketty. There was another ship in the harbor near us, and the captain was a sort of a kind of a cousin of mother's; and so I shipped with him; and we come straight home from Genoa to Portsmouth. And when I wanted to enlist they wouldn't have me, saying I was too young, which was all foolishness. So I went for a drummer-boy, and I was in the Army of the Potomac from Gettysburg to Appomattox."

"You were only a boy even when the war was over," I commented.

"Well, I was seventeen, and I felt old enough to be seventy," he returned, as a smile wrinkled his lean features. "At any rate I was old enough to get married the year after Lee surrendered, and my daughter was born the year after that,—she'd be nearly thirty now if she was living to-day."

"Did you stay in one of the bands of the regulars after the war?" I asked, wondering how the sailor-lad who had become a drummer-boy had finally developed into a Solo Orchestra.

"No," he answered. "Not but what I did think of it some. But after being at sea so long, and in the army, camping here and there, and always moving on, I was restless, and I didn't want to settle down nowhere for long. So I went into the show business. I'd always been fond of music, and I could play on 'most anything, from a fine-tooth comb to a church organ with all the stops you please. So I went out with the side-show of a circus, playing on the tumbleronicon."

"The tumbleronicon?" I repeated, in doubt.

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"It's a tray with a lot of wineglasses on it and goblets and tumblers, partly filled with water, you know, so as to give different notes. Why, I've had one tumbleronicon of seven octaves that I used to play the 'Anvil Chorus' on, and always got a double encore for it. I believe it's what they used to call the 'musical glasses'—but tumbleronicon is what it's called now in the profession."

I admitted that I had heard of the musical glasses.

"It was while I was playing the tumbleronicon in that side-show that I met the lady I married," he went on. "She was a Circassian Girl then. Most Circassian Girls are Irish, you know, but she wa'n't. She was from the White Mountains. Well, I made up to her from the start, and when the circus went into winter quarters we had a lot of money saved up, and we got married. My wife hadn't a bad ear for music, so that winter we worked up a double act, and in the spring we went on the road as Swiss Bell-ringers. We dressed up just as I had seen the I-talians dress in Naples."

Again I asked for an explanation.

"Oh, you must have seen that act?" he urged; "though it has somehow gone out of style lately. It's to have a fine set of bells, three or four octaves, laying out on a table before you, and then you play tunes on them, just as you do on the tumbleronicon. There's some tunes go better on the bells than on anything else —'Yankee Doodle,' and 'Pop goes the Weasel.' It's quick tunes like them that folks like to have you pick out on the bells. Why, Mrs. Briggs and I used to do a patriotic medley, ending up with 'Rally round the Flag,' that just made the soldiers' widows cry. If we could only have gone on, we'd have been sure of our everlasting fortunes. But Mrs. Briggs went and lost her health after our daughter was born, the next summer. We kept thinking all the time she'd get better soon, and so I took an engagement here in New York, at Barnum's old museum in Broadway, to play the drum in the orchestra. You remember Barnum's old museum, don't you?"

I was able to say that I did remember Barnum's old museum in Broadway.

"I didn't really like it there; for the animals were smelly, you know, and the work was very confining, what with two and three performances a day. But I had to stay here in New York somehow, for my wife wa'n't able to get away. The long and short of it is, she was sick abed nigh onto thirty years,—not suffering really all the time, of course, but puny, and ailing, and getting no comfort from her food. There was times I thought she never would get well, or anything. But two years ago she up and died suddenly, just when I'd 'most got used to her being sick. Women's dreadful uncertain —ain't they?"

I had to confess that the course of the female of our species was more or less incalculable.

"My daughter, she'd died the year before her mother; and she'd never been sick a day in her life,—took after me, she did," Professor Briggs went on. "She and her husband used to do Yankee Girl and Irish Boy duets in the vaudevilles, as they call them now."

I remarked that variety show, the old name for entertainments of that type, seemed to me more appropriate.

"That's what I think myself," he returned, "and that's what I'm always telling them. But they say vaudeville is more up-to-date,—and that's what they want now, everything up-to-date. Now I think there's lots of the old-fashioned things that's heaps better than some of these new-fangled things they're so proud of. Take a three-ringed circus, for instance,—what good is a three-ringed circus to anybody, except the boss of it? The public has only two eyes apiece, that's all—and even a man who squints can't see more than two rings at once, can he? And three rings don't give a real artist a show; they discourage him by distracting folk's attention away from him. How is he to do his best if he can't never be certain sure that the public is looking at him?"

Here again I was able to express my full agreement with the professor.

"I'd never do an act in a three-ring show, no matter what they was to give me," he continued. "And I've got an act nearly ready now that there's lots of these shows will be wanting just as soon as they hear of it. I"—here he interrupted himself and looked up and down the street, as though to make sure that there were no concealed listeners lying in wait to overhear what he was about to say—"I don't mind telling you about it, if you'd like to know."

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I declared that I was much interested, and that I desired above all things to learn all about this new act of his.

"Well," he began, "I think I told you awhile ago that my granddaughter's all the family I got left now? She's nearly eight years old, and as cunning a little thing as ever you see anywhere — and healthy too, like her mother. She favors me, just as her mother did. And she takes to music naturally—can't keep her hands off my instruments when I put them down —plays 'Jerusalem the Golden' on the pipes now so it would draw tears from a graven image. And she sings too—just as if she couldn't help it. She's a voice like an angel;—oh, she'll be a primy donny one of these days. And it was her singing gave me the idea of this new act of mine. It's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* arranged just for her and me. I do Uncle Tom and play the fiddle, and she doubles Little Eva and Topsy with a lightning change. As Little Eva, of course, she'll sing a hymn—'Wait till the clouds roll by,' or the 'Sweet by-and-by,' or something of that sort; and as Topsy she'll do a banjo solo first, and then for the encore she'll do a song and dance, while I play the fiddle for her. It's a great scheme, isn't it? It's bound to be a go!"

I expressed the opinion that it seemed to me a most attractive suggestion.

"But I've made up my mind," he went on, "not to bring her out at all until I can get the right opening. I don't care about terms first off, because when we make our hit we can get our own terms quick enough. But there's everything in opening right. So I shall wait till fall, or maybe even till New-Year's, before I begin to worry about it. And in the mean time my own act in the street goes. The Solo Orchestra is safe for pretty good money all summer. You didn't hear me the other evening, and I'm sorry,—but there's no doubt it's a go. I don't suppose it's as legitimate as the tumbleronicon, maybe, or as the Swiss bells,—I don't know for sure. But it isn't bad, either; and in summer, wherever there's children around, it's a certain winner. Sometimes when I do the 'Turkish Patrol,' or things like that, there's a hundred or more all round me."

"From the way the little ones looked at me the other evening, when I asked you to move on," I said, "it was obvious enough that they were very anxious to hear you. And I regret that I was forced to deprive myself also of the pleasure."

He rose to his feet slowly, his loose-jointed frame seeming to unfold itself link by link.

"I tell you what I'll do," he responded, cordially; "isn't your lady getting better?"

I was able to say that our invalid was improving steadily.

"Well, then," he suggested, "what do you say to my coming round here some evening next week? I'll give a concert for her and you, and any of your friends you like to invite. And you can tell her there isn't any of the new songs or waltzes or marches or selections from operas she wants I can't do. She's only got to give it a name, and the Solo Orchestra will play it."

Of course I accepted this proffered entertainment; and with that Professor Briggs took his leave, bidding me farewell with a slightly conscious air, as though he were accustomed to have the eyes of a multitude centred upon him.

And one evening, in the middle of the week, the Solo Orchestra appeared on the sidewalk in front of our house, and gave a concert for our special benefit.

Our invalid had so far regained her strength that she was able to sit at the window to watch the performance of Professor Briggs. But her attention was soon distracted from the Solo Orchestra itself to the swarm of children which encompassed him about, and which took the sharpest interest in his strange performance.

"Just look at that lovely little girl on the stoop opposite, sitting all alone by herself, as though she didn't know any of the others," cried our convalescent. "She's the most elfinlike little beauty I've ever seen. And she is as *blasée* about this Solo Orchestra of yours as though it was *Tannhäuser* we were listening to, and she was the owner of a box at the Metropolitan."

When the concert came to an end at last, as the brief twilight was waning, when the Solo Orchestra had played the "Anvil Chorus" as a final encore after the "Turkish Patrol," when Professor Theophilus Briggs, after taking up the collection himself, had shaken hands with me, when I went down to convey to him our thanks, when it was so plainly evident that the performance was over at

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last that even the children accepted the inevitable and began to scatter,—then the self-possessed little girl on the opposite side of the way rose to her feet with dignity. When the tall musician, with the bells jingling in his peaked hat, crossed the street, she took his hand as though he belonged to her. As he walked away, she trotted along by his side, smiling up at him.

"I see now," I said; "that must be his granddaughter, the future impersonator of the great dual characters Little Eva and Topsy."

OUR TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO BRAZIL AND THE RIVER PLATE REPUBLICS.

BY LIEUTENANT RICHARD MITCHELL, U.S.N.

LESS than fifteen years ago an American man-of-war, cruising in the Persian Gulf, came to anchor off the Arabian city of Muscat. In accordance with international custom, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, with the red flag of Arabia at the main. After waiting for more than an hour our flag was seen to flutter at the staff of the fort situated at the eastern entrance, and the salute was returned, gun for gun, but with the American flag floating *union down*. Such an affront could not pass unnoticed. A lieutenant with an aide was immediately despatched to the palace to demand of the Sultan that the flag should be hoisted properly and another salute fired. The Sultan, upon learning the details, expressed the deepest regret, promptly ordered the salute to be properly made, and declared that the officer should be bastinadoed as a salve to our wounded dignity, but explained that the officer, probably never having seen the flag, did not know how it should be hoisted. The flag used was borrowed from the English consul. Could such an unintentional affront happen to the English flag outside of the ice barriers of the Arctic or Antarctic Ocean? Probably not, and for the reason that the flag of England, by her immense commercial superiority, is known in every corner of the world. Beneath the trailing plumes from the smoke of her own Cardiff coal, flutters the cross of St. George from the peaks of thousands of steamers on every sea, guarded to-day by the most powerful navy the world has ever known. This maritime superiority demands mercantile houses in every land, and British merchants, whose rights are carefully maintained by trained diplomats, have crowded out competitors, and placed the products of British industry foremost in the markets of the world, filling to overflowing the coffers of the island empire. Ever watchful of her trade interests, her legislators have framed laws that render English manufacturers absolutely certain of their ability to place their goods advantageously in any foreign market. It was a great English company, carefully fostered by the parent government, that gave in return an empire to offset the loss of her western colonies, the highways to which empire, through the Mediterranean or around Good Hope, are as carefully guarded and patrolled as are her own public highways at home. The monetary value of such a policy is incalculable, and is an object-lesson to every nation on the globe. European nations have attempted to follow in her footsteps, but being less favorably situated, overshadowed by England's immense navy, or lacking in legislative foresight to grasp trade opportunities, have been left far behind by their formidable competitor. Only one great nation, centrally located with reference to the great trading nations of Europe, South America, and China, with its immense coast-line and commodious harbors on the east and west, and its teeming population of energetic and thriving merchants, farmers, and artisans, is in a position to compete successfully with her; yet, with an unaccountable prodigality of opportunities, allows these sources of national wealth to be acquired by others.

In the latter half of the fifties our commercial marine had reached its zenith, its decline dating from 1856. The transition from wood to iron in ship-building was the first severe blow it received, but the *coup-de-grace* was given by our civil war. England since 1860 has reaped a rich harvest in return for the $15,500,000 we obliged her to pay for letting loose on our

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commerce the *Sumter*, *Alabama*, *Florida*, and others, that drove our ships to seek safety under foreign flags or sank them in mid-ocean. At the commencement of the war our merchants were enjoying a lucrative commerce with Brazil and the River Plate Republics, but at the end our imports and exports had practically ceased, and England, Germany, Belgium, France, Russia, and Italy stepped in and took possession of the trade that we had abandoned. Our ships that but a few years before were encountered on every sea now vanished from the ocean. In 1869 the writer was attached to a frigate cruising to England, France, Spain, Italy, Brazil, a voyage of over thirteen months, during which we met one American flag—that of a small fruiter bound to the Levant.

Our lumber trade was seized by Russia, our cotton, preferred above all others, was superseded by inferior English grades bearing our New England stamps and trade-marks. For many years they furnished agricultural supplies, though far inferior to our own, as they are at the present day. Germany entered the trade with small wares and notions, expanding it to all kinds of manufactured articles. The opportunities for trade in the new South American markets were thoroughly appreciated by European nations. They heavily subsidized their steamship lines, and competed so closely that our one line from New York to Rio met the fate of its transatlantic brothers, and went out of existence. In 1872 there were seventy English steamers running to the east coast of South America, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company continuing its voyage through the straits to Valparaiso and Callao. In spite of this some of our lost trade was recovered. Raw products, such as kerosene, lumber, and resin, so manifestly belonged to us that the trade returned and met with little competition. So with agricultural products, agricultural implements, and machinery; but the following tables show how far we are from occupying our proper position.

TOTAL COMMERCE OF THE THREE REPUBLICS.*

Nation.	Total Exports.	Total Imports.	Total Commerce.
Argentina.	$101,248,825	$92,724,101	$193,972,926
Brazil	149,911,000	123,231,000	273,142,000
Uruguay...	33,479,511	23,800,370	57,279,881
Total....	$284,639,336	$239,755,471	$524,394,807

* There are no two reports that agree as to the imports and exports of the three countries. The above, if not absolutely correct, is not far wrong.

TOTAL COMMERCE WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Nation.	Exports to United States.	Imports from United States.	Total Commerce.
Argentina.	$7,675,270	$4,455,600	$12,130,870
Brazil	78,831,476	15,165,069	93,996,545
Uruguay...	2,699,648	1,262,001	3,961,649
Total....	$89,206,394	$20,882,670	$110,089,064

Comparing these tables, we see that the value of our exports or sales to the three republics amounts in round numbers to $21,000,000, which is but nine per cent. of the total export trade of $240,000,000, while the United States is a purchaser of nearly one-third of their total exports, or $89,000,000 out of a total of $285,000,000.

Are the merchants of the United States content to receive but $21,000,000 of the imports, and to permit a prize of $219,000,000 yearly to go to other countries, without an effort to compete? South America has long been the dumping-ground for the refuse manufactures of Europe. In six years' service on that coast I never bought an imported article on shore that I could not have duplicated at home with a better article for the same money. Our manufactures are better than the European, and the people of South America know it and want them; but before any marked improvement can be made there must be a radical change in our methods of placing them on the market. In this it would be well for our merchants and manufacturers to study German methods, that nation to-day being the most aggressive of all commercial nations. By means of commercial museums at home and the permanent exhibitions of the wrought-iron industries in South America, as well as by opening chambers of commerce at Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, and Montevideo, she has increased her trade two hundred per cent. in the last five years, her export trade being larger than ours and rapidly gaining ground. She transports her own goods and transacts business through her own banks. These goods are manufactured for special markets and adapted to foreign requirements, carefully noting the taste of the locality where she trades. Her credits are made on the most satisfactory terms. She sends capable and experienced agents abroad who are familiar with the language of her customers. That such is the correct method is evidenced by the yearly increase of her volume of trade.

Our merchants seem to regard our ministers and consuls as national trade agents, through whom they can distribute

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circulars, carefully written in English, with price-lists in our own money. One of our consuls in Brazil complains that merchants send circulars printed in *Spanish*, the would-be exporters evidently laboring under the impression that Spanish, not Portuguese, is the language of the country. Of course these circulars are not understood, and quickly find the waste-paper basket. Want of business houses, banking facilities, and direct communication all tend against us. On one occasion, while riding across the pampas of Uruguay in company with a merchant from Montevideo, and noting the miles upon miles of plain wire fencing with which the country seemed to be netted, I asked him where the wire came from, and he replied, "Belgium." And when I again asked why none came from the United States, he replied, "Because you have no agents or agencies, and probably do not care for the trade. The wire," he continued, "such as is sent to us, is very poor, can hardly stand the strain of setting up, and becomes rotten after a short period of use." Undoubtedly the United States could sell immense quantities of wire had they samples in the country, with energetic agents who could set up here and there a section of our wire with the Belgian and German fencing. It would quickly show its superiority. Barbed wire has no sale. The same may be said of Argentina and some of the pastoral provinces of Brazil. In 1893 Belgium sold to Argentina 12,000,000 kilos, Germany 7,000,000, and Great Britain 2,000,000. The United States sold none. In 1894 Belgium sold 17,000,000, Germany 9,000,000, England 1,800,000, and the United States *two hundred* kilos.

One of our consuls to Germany, Mr. Monaghan, who is untiring in his efforts to aid American manufacturers, reports that American barbed wire of excellent quality is entering Japan through German exporting houses, at a lower price than they can manufacture it. Yet the German prefers to take the trouble of exporting our wire rather than that we should do it ourselves, declaring that the trade in one article leads to another, and therefore it is to their advantage that the variety of our exports should not extend.

Years ago the water for watering cattle was "cinched" or hoisted to the surface of the wells by horses, but gradually windmills are going up on the estancias. Those I saw were almost invariably of European make. I inquired of this same gentleman where they came from, and pointing over to his own, he said, "That is American and the best in this country, costing me but little more than the others; but I knew all about them before I sent my order home, and could afford to wait. The others could not and would not buy on a trade circular. 'Twould be like buying a pig in the poke." This is true of engines—portable and stationary—machines, and motors. The Crocker Wheeler Electric Company are placing agencies in Spanish American countries, a proper step to take if they desire the trade.

Buenos Ayres, with its population of 665,000, Montevideo, ninety miles across the river, with 226,000 more, and Rio Janeiro, with over a half-million—centres of immense trade—are rich and rapidly increasing. The city of Montevideo contemplates the building of an immense harbor that shall convert her open roadstead into a protected basin, and another at Coronilla, at the mouth of the river, which is a natural port for the exportation of cattle. If these valuable contracts are given to English or German companies, all the material, engines, dredges, etc., will be supplied from England or Germany; if to American companies, then these will be furnished by America. The same may be said of hundreds of contemplated improvements under consideration in each of the three republics.

The Argentine Republic is ambitious to become an exporting country, but exports will be limited to agricultural and pastoral products, the lack of coal and iron preventing them from competing with America and Europe. In spite of their seventy millions of sheep, and of the fact that the famous sea-island cotton can be grown in Tucuman, Formosa, and Paraguay, they can never supersede the manufactured foreign article. Should petroleum ever be used in place of coal as fuel, they might partially succeed, but our trade with South America would greatly increase in value.

Twenty-five years ago, while attached to a small gunboat cruising on the Rio de la Plata, Paraná, and Uruguay rivers, we were obliged to lay in tinned milk and butter sufficient to last us until we retured to Buenos Ayres or, "The Mount," as the sailors call Montevideo; for, though we were constantly within sight of im-

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mense herds of cattle, dairy products were unknown. Then, as now, in the large cities, milch-cows were driven from door to door, and the milk was drawn in the presence of the purchaser—a satisfactory proceeding so far as adulteration was concerned. Occasionally on the chacras, or small farms, some milk was obtained, the cream of which was put into a bladder, tied at the end of a gaucho's lariat, and dragged for an hour or so over the pampas, until thick enough to make pats of butter for the table.

These methods are of the past. In the Argentina nearly enough cheese and butter are made to supply the home consumption. In the province of Buenos Ayres 500 tons of butter are manufactured monthly, which employs 90 separators, and 400,000 litres of milk. At Carcarañia, in the province of Santa Fe, the first successful creamery was established by an American — Major James — where fifty thousand dollars' worth of cheese and butter is carried in store, subject to immediate demand. He has greatly improved the breed of cattle in this section by importing Jerseys, increasing the pure breed as well as crossing them with natives. He has also a large number of hogs, which he feeds from the refuse of the creamery, and from which he manufactures sausages. Two years ago he had on his estancia 2000 head of improved cattle. His butter, cheese, and sausages have the same reputation in Buenos Ayres and Rosario that the productions of Deerfoot and other fancy farms have with us. The production of sugar in the western provinces is 30,000 tons in excess of her consumption. In 1895 Argentina exported to Brazil 450,000 live sheep, 120,000 head of cattle, and the increase in her exports of frozen sheep to Brazil and Europe was 2,000,000 carcasses. As a wheat-grower Argentina stands third. The soil is fertile and yields abundantly; but it is subject to blights from locusts and frosts. Twenty years ago the little wheat that was grown in Argentina and Uruguay was threshed beneath the hoofs of the half-wild horses of the pampas. Of agricultural implements there are in Argentina at present 67,000 ploughs, 14,000 harrows, 726 steam-threshers, and 1420 reaping-machines; while along the river front of Rosario, called the "Chicago of South America," are seen storage-houses for grain and elevators, beneath which are steamers and sailing-vessels loading for Brazil or Europe. In 1894 the value of wheat exported amounted to $2,000,000. The great market for Argentina's pastoral and agricultural products is Brazil, where she bids fair to crowd us out from the markets on the east coast. Grape-growing is in its infancy. In the exportation of hides, the dry go to the United States, and the salted to Europe.

But for every single product lost to us a new demand presents itself. The special breeding of cattle calls for separate herding, hence more fencing and a larger demand for wire. This is a direct result of dairy product; so, also, does it cause a greater demand for machinery. If cotton-growing should be successful, a market is created for cotton-gins, cotton-planters, etc.

An old California miner, who had travelled in South America and South Africa, told me that he had never seen richer mining-fields than he saw in the Andean provinces. These unworked mines were one of the causes of the boundary dispute between Chile and Argentina—the former state well knowing their location and future value to their fortunate possessors.

Uruguay and Brazil both offer the same inducements for railroad extensions to their mines. Argentina is one-third the area of the United States, and has but eight thousand nine hundred miles of railroads. American locomotives are much preferred to English, and, no doubt, by a combination of manufacturers of rolling stock, we could command the market.

Coal is a large factor in South American imports, which is almost entirely in English hands. Four-fifths of the coal which Brazil imports comes from England, and the value of the last year's importation to Argentina was $7,100,000. Under ordinary conditions coal can be shipped from the United States as cheap as if not cheaper than from England—the best route being from the West Virginian mines to Newport News, thence south. During the Chilian excitement coal for the use of our fleet was shipped to Montevideo, and stored by Mr. William D. Evans, an American coal-merchant. The coal was stored on one of the small islands in the roadstead, the United States paying for discharging the cargo, its storage, and again for lightering it to our men-of-war as needed. This was found very expensive. At that time England had a yearly

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contract for coal at forty shillings per ton. The contractor was obliged to have in his coal-shed a certain amount of coal on hand for the use of the English war-ships, which amount was frequently measured by order of the English admiral, and a forfeit exacted if the pile fell short of the amount agreed upon. In the event of war, a cable despatch would quickly make all on hand the property of England, and therefore could not be declared contraband. It has been the practice of English coal-merchants to frustrate the entrance of American coal in this market by dropping the price until the new-comer was driven out, then to resume the old prices. A strong syndicate that could stand the reduction of the price for a while, assisted by any coal owned by our government, would soon enter the market on equal terms, at least, with England. Her export of coal to Argentina almost equals in value that of her cotton goods, which in 1894 amounted to $8,000,000.

Slowly, but surely, Germany has encroached upon our sewing-machine trade. In 1893 the United States sold to Argentina 5564, and Germany 10,767—nearly double.

I have endeavored to show that our export trade with the three republics is confined now, or soon will be, to manufactures and some raw products, such as kerosene, resin, and lumber. The heaviest items in manufactured goods that are imported by them are cottons and woollens, sackcloth, men's garments, iron and its manufactures—notably wire fencing, agricultural implements, and machinery. Of the raw products mentioned our position in the market is satisfactory, but in manufactured articles we are far behind. How to obtain our share of this trade is a problem that our exporters must solve. There are some conditions that operate in our favor, but far more against us. The United States is the only one of the great commercial nations that has no department of commerce. We need that as much as a department of agriculture. The most important step looking to the extension of our foreign trade was the establishment of the Philadelphia museums. Although modelled from similar institutions in England, Germany, and France, they far exceed them in scope and utility; and the older institutions are watching them jealously, although admiring them without stint. They are of incalculable benefit both to the exporter and the importer. Professor Nelson, with his corps of energetic and able assistants, is untiring, with his immense supply of material and data, in furnishing detailed information to all who may approach him either in person or by letter. They are not a private enterprise for the benefit of a few, but a State and municipal organization. It is to be hoped that similar institutions will spring up in other parts of the country.

We are exceedingly fortunate in our ministers and consuls to these republics. The present minister to the Argentine Republic, the Hon. W. I. Buchanan, and our consuls to Rosario and Buenos Ayres, Mr. E. L. Baker and son, are in the most perfect touch with the people to whom they are accredited. The same may be said of Mr. Schramm, of Montevideo; our ministers to Uruguay and Brazil; and the consuls to Rio Janeiro, Bahia, Santos, Pernambuco, Pará, and Rio Grande do Sul. Through the efforts of Mr. Buchanan and his secretary, Mr. Fishback (at present Inspector of South American Consulates), the visit of our manufacturers and merchants was arranged and carried out, the result of which will be of great benefit to the nations concerned—opening new avenues of trade or expanding them on the old lines. The reports from the legations and consulates abound with valuable suggestions looking to the increase of our trade, which, if followed by our importers and exporters, will result in great benefit to themselves and the United States. It has always been our custom to speak disparagingly of our diplomatic and consular service, but other nations regard them differently. They certainly show a most commendable zeal where our interests are at stake, and many of them earn over and over again the insignificant salaries they draw. As the highest sea-pay of one of our admirals on a foreign station is exactly the same amount allowed as table-money for an English admiral, and the former finds it extremely difficult to live in the style befitting the representative of a powerful nation like the United States, so also do our ministers and consuls find themselves similarly placed; yet their duties are performed as well as if not better than those of their foreign colleagues.

One great advantage that the European merchants enjoy is regular steam connec-

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tions between them and the South American markets. Not only do they transport their own goods, but ours and those of the three southern republics as well. Of these European carriers, Great Britain, as usual, has the lion's share. She has thirty-six per cent. of the imports of Argentina, and the United States has nine per cent.—the two amounting to nearly one-half of the total imports. Of steamers entering from and clearing for the United States, averaging from sixty to seventy each year, not one carries the American flag. Several of the European lines are subsidized by Brazil. They are obliged to maintain a regular schedule of arrivals and departures, and to run at a high rate of speed. The three freight lines from New York to the east coast of South America, namely, the Norton, Prince, and Lamport and Holt, have done much to stimulate trade; but their arrivals and departures are irregular. The Red Cross line to North Brazil receives a subsidy from that government. Of the whole volume of trade to and from Brazil and the United States, valued at $94,000,000, only one-twentieth is carried on sailing-ships flying our flag.

When Admiral Benham cleared for action and lined up his squadron in front of the Brazilian rebel fleet, under Saldanha da Gama, demanding unrestricted trade with the only government that we as well as all other nations recognized as the lawful one, he freed but five of our ships, and incidentally one hundred European steamers and sailing-ships—these being the total number of ships arriving in the sixty days of blockade—yet of her total exports we had bought $79,000,000 out of $150,000,000, and of the whole commerce, amounting to $273,000,000, the total trade with the United States in imports and exports was $94,000,000. Of the coffee crop of 1894, amounting to 642,000,000 pounds, the United States took 424,000,000, or nearly sixty-six per cent. Of her total imports, $123,000,000, we supply less than one-twelfth. This would appear an excellent field for reciprocity based on the amount of our exports to Brazil, with the list of Brazilian articles benefiting by the treaty constantly increasing in proportion to the increase of our exports to Brazil. This should be followed by direct steamship lines, with liberal subsidies not to be withdrawn until the lines are well established.

At present all our business with these countries is transacted through foreign mercantile houses and banks. With a total trade of $110,000,000, there is hardly a distinctively American house in the three republics—not one in Buenos Ayres, and but one in Montevideo, connected with the leather trust here. All of our business must of necessity be transacted through foreign houses and banks, mostly English, who do not fail to exact a liberal percentage. An international American bank, with headquarters at Rio or Buenos Ayres and branches in the principal cities, would greatly facilitate trade. A business house modelled after the China and Japan Trading Company in the far East would be an excellent means of placing our goods in the hands of South American importers. A house of samples has been suggested, where our goods would be constantly on view. To this house should be attached American commercial agents of our large exporting firms. These agents should be thoroughly posted as to their own goods and those of their European competitors; should study the needs of the market, and keep the home office constantly informed of any fluctuations in the market by cable or direct steamship line. The tariff of the country wherein they operate should be carefully studied also, as well as the best and most advantageous methods of packing their wares for the long ocean voyage through the tropics. Above all, these agents should speak French and Spanish fluently, which are absolutely necessary to drum up trade.

Our system of credits is against us. The South American merchants are accustomed to an allowance of from thirty to sixty days from date of invoice, instead of drafts against bills of lading. The advantage of an American bank is that it could arrange for these credits. England's anxiety to increase her trade is evidence that such credits may be allowed with safety.

Americans should do business for Americans. It is said that "there is no sentiment in trade," which is true; for where sentiment clashes with individual interests, sentiment goes to the wall. Experience, however, shows that, with all things equal, Englishmen prefer to sell English goods; Frenchmen, French goods; and Germans, German goods. Unless there are weighty reasons against it, it is

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always understood that English houses get no share in a contract given to Germans, and *vice versa*.

The United States were never in a better position to strengthen our trade relations with South America than at present. The similarity of our governments and the change in our diplomatic policy towards them have strengthened the bonds of friendship between the north and the south. The rehabilitation of our navy has dispelled the idea that they held of us when, for twenty years, they saw nothing but the most antiquated armaments and old wooden hulks to represent our sea-power. We were looked down upon by Chile, Argentina, and Brazil—the first two especially—as they possessed a fleet of modern ships of the very latest design. The sudden appearance of thirteen white ships on the east and west coasts of South America after the *Baltimore* incident opened their eyes to the immense resources of the northern republic, showing them the advantage of our friendship and alliance.

Benham's action in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro in upholding the present government, and accentuating the fact that Mello's fleet had no recognized status, was extremely gratifying to the Brazilians. Unquestionably at that time we were their only friends. The men-of-war of other nationalities were desirous of re-establishing the monarchy, and upheld its representative, Saldanha da Gama, as far as possible.

So also in our stand regarding England's encroachment on Venezuelan soil. It has not only resulted in the eternal gratitude of the Venezuelan people, but of all the South American republics, who look upon us as their natural protector.

The present administration, by its clear-sighted foreign policy, has placed the United States high in the Council of Nations, and with no uncertain voice has proclaimed the Monroe doctrine as a principle of international law which the most powerful nation of Europe has conceded. The new administration comes into power pledged to protect our industries, and declares that there shall be no debasement of the currency nor impairment of the country's credit. Our navy is to be further strengthened, and the scheme of coast protection hastened to completion.

Trade, commerce, and naval power march hand in hand, being mutually dependent. Great Britain's powerful fleet, manned by 100,000 British sailors, is the fighting brother of her immense mercantile marine, that employs 155,000 more, only 30,000 of whom are foreigners. The world is lost in wonder that a small group of islands, not exceeding in extent one-half of our State of Texas, should hold sway over 500,000,000 human beings in all quarters of the globe. It was done by the valor of her sailors, the foresight of her merchants, and the skill of her diplomats. Not a market in the world was opened but her ships swarmed into its harbors, placing her articles first in the field, where, once established, they remained. Other countries may have opened the country to trade, as we did with Japan and Korea, or may have occupied the ground, as did Spain in South and Central America, the French and Portuguese in India, but no sooner was the market opened and proved favorable than her diplomats proceeded to grant every necessary concession to aid her ships and merchants, in this way gaining control of the market, if not actually occupying the country. We should, as far as possible, use her experience in shaping our future policy in the revival of our commerce and extension of our foreign trade. By these means we shall greatly add to our naval as well as mercantile power, and train up a body of seamen that in time of need will defend our Western continent against European encroachments.

BENEATH THE RAINBOW.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

IT is not Love that gives the clearest sight—
For out of bitter tears, and tears unshed,
Riseth the Rainbow of Sorrow overhead,
And 'neath the Rainbow is the clearest light.

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THE GREEN COLOR OF PLANTS.

BY D. T. MAC DOUGAL.

THE yearly miracle of the appearance of innumerable shades and hues of green in awakening vegetation exerts a mysterious influence, amounting to a fascination, over the human race—a fascination made strong by the inherited experience of untold generations of forest-dwelling ancestors, reaching backward across the entire present geologic period, and which grows in intensity as we creep from the creation to the millennium.

Our vague and emotional inherited interest in the annual revivification of the vegetable world becomes vividly intense and direct, however, when it is learned that the universal blush of green is due to the most important coloring substance in the world—*chlorophyl*. It is literally true that the existence of every living thing on the face of the globe is ultimately dependent upon the activity of plant-green.

The actual conditions are as follows: The elements which enter into the construction of protoplasm are carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, and phosphorus. These elements are found in the form of free gases or simple compounds in the soil and atmosphere, and cannot be used by protoplasm until built up into the form of complex compounds. The construction of compounds indispensable for the nutrition of plants and animals does not result from mere proximity of elements, since those most highly desirable are chemically inactive to one another, and will unite only under influence of energy from without. The substances are selected and absorbed in their elemental condition by the plants, and in the crucible of the cell, glowing with potentiality absorbed from sunlight, are fused together and made ready for assimilation by protoplasm.

The most important synthetic process is that which results in the formation of carbo-hydrates from carbon dioxide and water. If this process were carried on by means of energy furnished by the activity of protoplasm, the expenditure entailed would overbalance the benefits gained by the assimilation of the substances formed. It is clearly apparent, therefore, that the organism must receive energy from some external source, and must be able to convert this energy into the forms necessary to promote chemical synthesis. Sunlight is a universal source of energy, and green plants are the only organisms capable of converting its rays into available energy. The transformation is effected by means of chlorophyl.

It is true that a few of the lower forms, inclusive of the "sulphur" and "iron" bacteria among plants, and some of the lower forms among animals, are able to accomplish the construction of carbo-hydrates, but the total result of their activity is infinitely unimportant, and is doubtless at the cost of energy furnished by complex compounds derived from other plants and animals.

Animals and non-green plants are therefore dependent, directly or indirectly, upon the substances formed by the green plants for their food. This physiological characteristic has led a recent German writer to classify the fungi (mushrooms, toadstools, moulds, etc.) among animals —a classification that would work further privation to the vegetarian if seriously accepted.

The action of chlorophyl may best be understood when its physical properties are demonstrated. In order to do this, a solution of the substance is obtained by placing a gramme of chopped leaves of geranium or grass in a few cubic centimetres of alcohol for an hour. The solution will be a bright, clear green color; and when the vessel containing it is held in such a manner that the sunlight is reflected from the surface of the liquid, it will appear blood-red, due to its property of *fluorescence*—that of changing the wave-lengths of the violet end of the spectrum in such a manner as to make them coincide with those of the red end. It is by examination of light which has passed through a solution of chlorophyl, however, that the greatest insight into its physical properties may be obtained. If such a ray is passed through a prism and spread upon a screen, it may be seen that there are several intervals or dark bands in the spectrum. The rays which would have occupied these spaces have been absorbed by

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the chlorophyl and converted into heat and other forms of energy. This energy is directly available to the protoplasm containing the chlorophyl. As a necessary concomitant of its properties, chlorophyl is usually only to be found in organs exposed to the light. It would be not only useless but dangerous elsewhere, as it disintegrates in darkness into substances hurtful to the organism. It is found in greatest quantity in leaves, in layers of special cells beneath the epidermis. It is not distributed throughout the entire cell, but occurs in the masses of protoplasm which the botanist terms *chloroplasts*. The chloroplasts are sponge-like structures, and the chlorophyl is to be found in solution in an oil in the interstices of the protoplasmic sponge.

Chlorophyl is an extremely complex substance, and correspondingly unstable. Hence, as soon as the chemist extracts it from the plant in the attempt to make an analysis, disintegration sets in, and he is no longer dealing with chlorophyl, but with the substances derived from it by decomposition. Investigation upon the nature and activity of plant-green has been in progress more than a century, yet its exact chemical composition is unknown. It contains carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, magnesium, and phosphorus, but the proportions and arrangement of the atoms of each element in the molecule of chlorophyl have not been exactly ascertained.

The beautiful and striking colors of autumnal foliage are due in greater part to the substances formed by the disintegration of chlorophyl. The many thousand tints of green leaves are due to a number of causes. In some instances the outer layers of the cells of the leaf, or merely the walls of the cells, may contain coloring matter. The number and size of the chloroplasts, and consequently the amount of chlorophyl, may be greater in some leaves than in others. Besides, the chloroplasts may be moved about in the cell and their distance from the surface of the leaf altered, or they may be placed in lines perpendicular or broadside to the surface. In this manner the infinite and elusive variations of color, so fascinating to the lover of nature, are produced in vegetation. The color of a leaf may vary momentarily throughout the entire day, as, indeed, does that of the entire landscape before the puzzled artist.

The cell sap which bathes the chloroplasts in the leaves contains carbon dioxide absorbed from the air. When the sun shines upon a leaf the rays pass through the epidermis and penetrate the cells containing the chloroplasts. The chlorophyl converts a large proportion of the light into heat and other forms of energy. With this energy as a motive power the protoplasm of the chloroplast withdraws water and carbon dioxide from the surrounding cell sap, and combines them in such manner that a substance known as formic aldehyde is formed, and oxygen is liberated. In a second stage the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in six molecules of formic aldehyde are rearranged in one complex molecule, forming sugar, from which other carbo-hydrates are easily derived. Protoplasm may not be formed from sugar alone, since nitrogen is a very important constituent of living substances. It is probable that nitrogenous substances are sometimes formed by a variation in the earlier stages of the process described above, by which nitrogen is substituted for oxygen in the molecule of formic aldehyde. Such a substitution would result in the formation of hydrocyanic acid. The recent discovery of this deadly acid in the leaves of a tropical palm lends favor to the hypothesis. It may be formed in every green leaf, but, like the earlier substances in the synthesis of sugar, may undergo instant transformation, and thus escape detection.

The absorption of carbon dioxide from the air and the excretion of oxygen by vegetation is sufficient to balance the opposite process in animals, and hence the composition of the atmosphere remains unchanged.

On account of the great instability of chlorophyl it slowly disintegrates during the absorption of light. The disintegration is due particularly to the blue-violet rays. Ordinarily it is rebuilt as fast as broken down. If, however, chlorophyl and the leaf containing it are exposed to light of such intensity that the chlorophyl is decomposed faster than it can be rebuilt, then damage must ensue, which, if sufficiently extensive, will result in the death of the leaf. The intensity of the light which induces a maximum of activity in any plant, and which it may receive without damage, is determined by its specific constitution. The light falling on a plant in an open plain during twenty-four

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hours ranges from almost total darkness to the blaze of the noonday sun, and varies almost momentarily. As an adjustment to this condition, many plants are able to regulate the intensity of the light impinging on the chlorophyl-bearing masses of protoplasm by altering the position of the leaves, and consequently the angle at which the rays strike the cells. In others, in which this movement is not possible—such, for example, as the leaf-like duckweeds which float on the surface of the water—the intensity of the light is regulated by alterations in the position and distance of the chlorophyl from the surface of the organ. In many plants growing in the bright glare of the sun a thickened cuticle or a heavy coat of hairs serves as a protection. Still another and very efficient means of reduction of the intensity of the light is offered by the deposition of red or blue coloring matter in the cells or walls of the outer layers of the leaf. During the passage of light through these layers the blue-violet rays are absorbed, and the destructive power of those allowed to pass into the chlorophyl-bearing cells is much lessened. On the other hand, plants living in shaded places have the outer cells in the form of lenses, which collect the feeble rays and focus them upon the chloroplasts, thus making a much larger proportion of the energy present available for building up food.

It is a notable fact that plants thrive in an atmosphere containing a much larger proportion of carbon dioxide than is contained in the atmosphere at the present time. Normal air contains but one-twenty-fifth of one per cent. of this gas, and the food-forming power of the plant is greatest in an atmosphere containing two hundred times as much, seven to ten per cent. by volume. The power of using larger proportions of carbon dioxide was doubtless acquired in an earlier geologic period, and was adapted to the conditions then prevalent.

The botanist finds himself lost in a maze of conjecture if he endeavors to trace backward the development of plants and determine the point at which they gained the power to form chlorophyl. It is certain that the simpler ancestral forms, which consisted of undifferentiated masses of protoplasm, were not able to construct and maintain a substance so complex and unstable as chlorophyl. The advent of this substance into the living world marked the attainment of a comparatively advanced stage of development. A tinge of probability lends itself to the theory that the protoplasm of all simple organisms which existed in a far-distant age of the world's history was able to accomplish the synthesis of complex from simple compounds, and that the "sulphur" and "iron" bacteria are but remnants of this primitive physiological type.

Still another problem is to be found in the presence of chlorophyl in a number of the lower forms of animals—a fact which renders the task of making categorical distinctions between plants and animals still more difficult. The chlorophyl is not found in the organisms where the two kingdoms meet, but occurs in animals which have attained a comparatively high degree of development, such as the vorticella and the fresh-water sponges. It is supposed that the chloroplasts in these animals are descended from others derived from unicellular plants captured by the animals in an earlier stage of their development.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

EVERYBODY loves gold. If he says he loves silver, he loves it for the amount of gold it will bring. It has always been so, in primitive times, in civilized times, in all nations and tribes. Gold is such a rich, attractive metal; there is something satisfactory in its weight, in its fine grain, and its color is captivating. It was no doubt this admiration of it, the love for it as an ornament, so universal, that led to its use as money, as a standard of value in settling balances. Always it had this value, and long before it was coined it had this office. After it was coined it still went by weight. A certain value, of course, was attached to

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the gold daric, to the *stater* (standard) of Philip, but a payment of any considerable amount was weighed out. It is interesting to remember that the ancient Greek gold *stater* and the daric stood, as they stand now, for about the weight of an English pound or sovereign. Its purchasing power was then, of course, much greater, but the representative gold coin in all ages has been of about that size and weight.

These exquisitely beautiful gold coins of Greece and Persia and Macedonia were probably not circulated as we now use coin, carried about in the pocket, and passed from hand to hand in small daily transactions. They do not seem to have been made for that purpose, and immense quantities of them have been found that are unworn. The figures and faces on these were in high relief, and most delicately and artistically worked. They could not be piled one upon another, and their beauty would have been lost, as well as their intrinsic value, if they had been subjected to much rubbing. It is impossible to make our modern coins artistic and beautiful, because they must have smooth surfaces, machinelike regularity, and contain no fine lines that are not protected by heavy raised lines. It is probable therefore that the *stater* and the daric were hoarded, kept in public and private treasuries, and paid out in quantity. In times when there were no banks or safe deposits it was the practice to bury money, and large hoards of gold coins come to light from time to time.

One cannot help speculating upon the amount of gold that must have been coined before the Christian era, although coinage began only about five centuries before. There is every evidence that gold was plentiful in the ancient world, and that the hunger for it was as great as it is now. It was used more liberally than now for ornament and decoration. The early Pharaohs, in their southern raids, gathered gold from the Soudan, and they worked gold-mines in Punt, on the border of the present Abyssinia. The Chaldeans were in possession of it in large quantities very early; and when the Egyptians overran Mesopotamia, some sixteen hundred years B.C., they found an ostentatious luxury and a civilization in this direction eclipsing their own; they got an immense quantity of gold ornaments, gold bowls and plate, gold chariots, and chariots richly inlaid with gold and silver, gold horse-trappings, utensils of temples, and solid gold sheets covering doors, altars, enriching palaces, and buried in tombs. The amount of gold in use in the arts and used for barbaric display was enormous.

It is related that about 355 B.C. Philip of Macedon took Crenides, and named it Philippi. This gave him possession of gold-mines which Diodorus says yielded him an annual revenue of one thousand talents, or about $1,218,750 in our money; but it is added that the amount was vastly more. This mine is not worked or known now.

Where did all this gold come from? Where did the Jews get the enormous amounts that they contributed from time to time to their temples, and which they were forced to pay in ransoms and tributes? One time and another they were not only conquered and spoiled, but dispersed and utterly "cleaned out," and yet shortly after they produced gold in incredible sums. All the Old Testament has a golden hue. In the description of Eden, before Adam was put into it, gold is mentioned as something good — the river Pison "compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good." When Moses spoiled the Midianites, there was put into the treasury of the Lord, of jewels of gold, chains, bracelets, ear-rings, tablets, to the amount of 16,750 shekels. It is stated in Chronicles that David said he had laid up for the building of the Temple by his son Solomon one hundred thousand talents of gold and a thousand thousand talents of silver. Reckoning the Hebrew talent at $17,400, this would make the vast sum of $1,740,000,000 in gold. This amount is so large that some commentators have thought that some smaller talent than the Hebrew was here meant, but in most other places in the Old Testament the Hebrew talent is used. Again and again was the Jewish treasury plundered, and the rich men were stripped of all their money, but still treasure of gold was always forth-coming for the use of the Temple or for a ransom. In the Maccabees we read that Heliodorus demanded out of the Temple the two hundred talents of gold which was money laid up for the relief of widows and fatherless children. Menelaus stole out of the Temple vessels of gold, and gave some

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of them to Andronicus, and some he sold into Tyrus and the cities round about. Antiochus carried out of the Temple a thousand and eight hundred talents. Nicanor undertook to make so much money of the captured Jews as should defray the tribute of two thousand talents which the king was to pay to the Romans; and he proclaimed a sale of captive Jews at the rate of fourscore and ten bodies for one talent. It is pleasant to read that in the end Judas Maccabæus cut off the head of the ungodly Nicanor and hung it on a tower. "Thus went it with Nicanor," the rapacious plunderer of the Temple, and the chronicler rejoices in a good end of his story: "for as it is hurtful to drink wine *or* water alone, and as wine mingled with water is pleasant and delighteth the taste, even so speech finely framed delighteth the ears of them that read the story."

Altogether we get an impression in all ancient history of gold in such vast quantity that we must conclude that much of it which was used in ornament and coined is now buried in the earth. Much of it was hidden, and lost by the death of the owner. We like to read about the discovery of any of it, and even of the search for it. "A pot of gold!" What a stimulating phrase that still is! Many people would rather find it than make it. The delight in this metal is not less now than it was formerly, but yet a change has come over us, both in real life and in fiction. We do not hear so much of the miser who "gloats" over a bag of gold, liking to run his hands into it and let the coin thrill his skinny fingers. The miser is rather apt now to fondle his box of Bonds, Deeds, and Securities. Perhaps there is not living anywhere now a "Miss Kilmansegg with her Golden Leg," but no one, except an official keeper of a mass of it, ever looks at a piece of gold without a peculiar pleasure. Gold has played the mischief in the world quite as much as Love, but it keeps its fascination.

II.

The pastime of flying kites is not so much indulged in, except in Wall Street, as it might be with profit and pleasure. It is an inspiring if not a noble occupation, this attempt to put ourselves in connection with that which is above us—with regions beyond our reach. It is much more uplifting and inspiring than going in the other direction—that is, digging in the ground. Going into mines and seeking for hidden treasures with a spade has something sordid about it, something likely to give an earthly taint to character, however we may try to elevate it with legends and poetic myths. No one can see, dimly see, the gnomes and miners and dwarfs in Wagner's operas, poking about in the twilight of the underworld, through hours of grunting and ejaculation, without a feeling of disgust for the wearisome ignobility of it, and without a wish that total darkness would envelop them and their ugliness, and leave the listener alone with the heavenly music of the orchestra, which is sufficient to inspire terror and stir the inmost passions of the soul.

How different is the experience with a kite! Let me say, one of the new, sympathetic, ambitious box-kites! Take it out some crisp, stirring day upon a hill-top that commands a wide horizon, and perhaps purple mountains in the distance; a day when the atmosphere is electric, and there sweeps over the hill what mariners call a spanking breeze. How soon the kite catches the spirit of the adventure, and begins to struggle and dive one way and another and aspire! What a thrill its struggle for liberty and the higher life sends along the string to the hands of the flier; and what a tug and strife there is between aspiration and fettering conservatism! Gradually you yield, and let out yard after yard of line, and the glad Thing mounts and pulls harder, and struggles to break its earthly tie. Up it goes upon the wind out of the north that is blowing on your cheek, higher and higher into the thinner air, and always darting about and straining at the leash to escape. You let the cord slip rapidly through your fingers as the strain increases, until, instead of a salmon, you seem to have a whale on the line, raging to break it; when suddenly the mad thing changes its course, and instead of going south, starts due north, like a race-horse for the pole. So! It has struck a new region. Things are different up there. There are currents of which the earthworm knows nothing. If you are sensitive, you feel a little insignificant and ignorant in this experiment with high altitudes. The winds of the globe are not your little local breezes. The kite has not got its liberty yet, but it has an experience you can never have; in its bondage it is in a freer and more cosmopolitan position than you, who are

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planted on the ground so heavily that your imagination can scarcely soar like the kite. Yet you have a sort of longing for the quiet life in the sky, and you let the cord slip, and the kite goes away—not your way, but its own—in a current of freedom, always upward, and in a lonesome flight to another country. There are a thousand feet of line out, twelve hundred, fifteen hundred, and the strain is "awful"; seventeen hundred, till the kite is a mere pink stain in the blue empyrean. How it does pull! How nobly it struggles for liberty! Yet, is entire liberty good for it? Be consoled, O you mortal grubber and earthling; the kite would not rise at all but for the string that attaches it to earth; and if you cut the cord, it would wildly dash hither and thither, and, tossed in one current and another, speedily go to the ground in ruin. But to pull it in is not easy. The more string out, the more difficult it is to hold the captive and the less easy to call it down. (It is like trying to restrict the suffrage.) You have a fight on hand. On such a day as I have described, and with a kite so excited and so far off, it may take you an hour and a half of painful pulling and wrestling to coax the kite back from its wild flight and bring it fluttering to your feet. And in the end you are proud of your prowess and regain all your conceit. And you are just as ignorant as ever of what is up there on high. Your wind blows out of the north, and you fancy it is so all over the world.

Benjamin Franklin has been greatly commended for his experiment with the kite. But when he put it to a utilitarian purpose he no doubt substituted a scientific interest in it, which lessens the mere pleasure of playing with it. Franklin brought the heavens down to the earth. The real office of the kite is to take the earthly thought up to the heavens. If we insist that every pastime shall teach us something, why then let our kite broaden our views about the different currents and opinions in this world. Perhaps the American kite is the best kite, but it isn't much of a kite if it shows us that breezes all blow one way, and that the only ones worth our attention are those that are local and provincial. It might be a good thing in politics if a kite were now and again sent up from the dome of the Capitol in Washington, just to quicken aspiration, and give the venerable Senate some notion of the great currents of the world. Even if it did not teach anything there or elsewhere, kite-flying is a noble pastime which does no harm.

III.

New York city is the theatrical centre of the United States. It was not so formerly. Boston and Philadelphia were centres where solid stock companies flourished, in which reputations were made and lost. Chicago even now, for the West, aspires to such a position. But at this moment the New York verdict on any play, actor, or singer is the one that is sought and the one that is widely influential. If it condemns, the aspirant, who may have been encouraged elsewhere, usually retires; and if it approves, the very flimsiest performance gets a stamp that gives it a certain currency all over the country. A scratch company, made up of provincials and half-trained actors, with the New York label, is believed to have a greater chance of success than any other not so labelled. It is true that the good sense of the "provinces" (as they are called) turns down a good many of these companies, and does not give credit to the endorsement of the "metropolis," but the impression of the value of the New York verdict still prevails. It is useless to inquire how this came to be so, but it is not impertinent to ask upon what quality or qualifications it rests.

Carlyle, in his essay on the Nibelungen Lied, quoted some one else as saying that in poetry "the rude man requires only to see something going on; the man of more refinement wishes to feel; the truly refined man must be made to reflect." Apply this test to the common run of plays and audiences in New York. The New-Yorkers say that the theatre audiences are largely made up of country visitors. However this may be—and it is generally not so on "first nights"—what is the capacity of these audiences, as we commonly see them, for making a judgment on a play or an actor that ought to be accepted by the country at large? Granted, for the moment, that the best critics, the cosmopolitan observers, are gathered in New York, does their verdict in the newspapers "go," or is that of the mixed audience usually the one that prevails? And how large a portion of this audience "requires only to see something going on"? The play must be full of bustle, movement,

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effects, exaggerations even, rattle, bang, slam, the eye all the time occupied with changes and hustling, with the "spectacular," and the ear with things obvious, and that pass without demanding a moment of thought. If the play demands thought, would the audience like it? Look at recent plays in New York, and see how many come into this category, made for those who only want "something going on."

For the next class of intelligence, those who "wish to feel," are there not the melodramas, with slow music and low lights, and frail outcasts in snow-storms? How does a person "feel" as to these? Is this the sort of feeling that the poet thinks desirable? As to the plays that induce reflection, and the audiences that are so truly refined that they wish to be made to reflect—perhaps it is not well to push that point here. Undoubtedly the public has a right to be amused, and it may be that nothing is so good for the overworked and weary as wholesome nonsense. This is, however, another question, and quite aside from that on the value of the New York verdict on plays and actors. That it is so generally accepted is some evidence that it is founded in reason.

IV.

The growing practice in our public and private schools of introducing children and the youngest pupils into the life of the world by means of Literature is already bearing its expected fruits. The teachers are discovering—what some of them have known all along—that, in order to teach, the teacher must know something, that is, something beyond the mere ability to read a text-book and hear children recite from it. No one can open the mind of a child to interest in the great world of ideas (the long evolution of which makes our modern life what it is) who has not a mind open to it. The best key to this world is Literature—the literature of myth and fable, of history, of poetry; the literature descriptive of nature in all its aspects, and of men in their habits and customs—in short, of social evolution. Under good guidance the child will soon perceive that this study is not a dry task, but a most interesting investigation of life itself. Give to some children the alphabet and the ten numerals and a piece of chalk, and they will eventually work out for themselves a knowledge of the world; but most children need help, and need it at the beginning of life. And for this there is no substitute for the living teacher who knows this vital literature of which we speak. It was considered a great step in public education when Normal Schools were organized in order to teach teachers how to teach. Now another revelation has come—namely, that it is necessary to *educate* the teachers beyond the requirements of mere machine-work. The *how* to teach is necessary, for teaching is an art, doubtless; but, even with a good method, knowledge and cultivation are not less essential. This statement as to the qualification of teachers has led an audacious New York contemporary to the preposterous assertion that a Board of Education ought to know something about Education. But a consideration of this would lead us into what is called politics.

There is a great awakening all over the country in this matter of the education of young children and the introduction of literature into the beginning of school life. In its comments on the qualifications of teachers the Study hopes it is not misunderstood. It is on the side of the teachers, and the elevation and remuneration of the profession. The body of teachers are working against public ignorance, public apathy, and in many regions against public stinginess in regard to education. All the late reforms have come from the teachers themselves. With great heroism and devotion, and small pay, they have worked to improve and broaden primary education. Everywhere they are making experiments how best to develop the mind and make our schools both fruitful and enjoyable to teachers and to the taught. In illustration of this I quote a note recently received of an experiment in progress by two ladies in a school in one of our small seaboard cities. It may or may not be practicable elsewhere, but it will interest all teachers who are studying this problem. The writer says:

"The children are from eight to twelve years old; there are no text-books except the meagrest outlines, no arithmetics, no grammars. The children know how to read, and from this they start out and get all the information themselves, the teacher simply directing the study. In arithmetic a formula is written on the board, the terms given, and the child is made

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to work out each sum without assistance. If he or she takes a year, he or she gets no help. Every step is taken alone. At nine years old these children begin geometry—the one Herbert Spencer's father wrote and Spencer himself learned. You have no idea how beautifully the mind comes out, as the child takes the compass and draws the circle, and then draws the quarters and halves, etc., and proves what an angle is by actual experiment. In arithmetic he has no table but a rule and line; he knows twelve inches make a foot because he measures it; two pints a quart because he measures it; what part of an apple the fourth bears to the whole because he cuts up the apple and sees. Every inch of ground he has to fight for, and it is only his when he has conquered it.

"With history it is even more interesting: we have an outline, and we write the papers ourselves, filling up what is so sorely lacking in the history of America; for instance, the difference between the colonies, social and political, the character of the settlers here and their life at home before they came here. In these papers we describe the sort of homes they lived in, the food they ate, the state of education, religion, literature. The differences between Virginia and Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Maryland, are marked enough, but they are more subtle between Massachusetts and Connecticut, and New York and Pennsylvania; but when we finished our series on these States, eight-year-old children understood something of the philosophy of these things and the growth of the nation.

"When it comes to topics, we let them do their own work. Every day they are required to go to the library, read, and the next day in school write from memory what they have learned. Just now they have the French settlement in America, and I will send you some day what an eight-year-old child wrote about Champlain. Mind, they read no 'babyish' histories, but Bancroft, Parkman, and the *History of the Jesuits in America* from the old records. The fun of it is they do not dream they are getting information first hand, and through no doctored medium, but are under the impression that there is no other way of learning history. For literature, they hear Virgil every day; for they are required to remember the adventures and write them down for the mental exercises and to get mythology, and on Fridays we read Scott's poems aloud for a great treat. The children are not naturally at all remarkable—rather stupid, I should say—and they hear little about books at home, which is against them; but they have the power of concentration that is wonderful, and you can fairly see their minds working before your face and eyes. Problems, difficulties, opinions, all have to be worked out and developed and arrived at as if each one were a death-bed and must be met alone. We never point out a mistake, simply let the child discover it, and the awfulness of the single wrong step spoiling the whole fabric."

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record closes February 11, 1897.—The bubonic plague, which had broken out in Bombay, increased in consequence of famine among the natives, and threatened to spread among the Europeans. The deaths numbered thousands.

A national monetary conference met in Indianapolis January 12. It adopted resolutions supporting the single gold standard and favoring the retirement of all government notes.

The official attitude of the British government with regard to Turkey and Armenia was made known on January 21 by the issue of a blue book. The correspondence showed that Lord Salisbury, while discountenancing single-handed action on the part of Great Britain, has been engaged in a scheme by which the powers could enforce reforms without endangering the peace of Europe.

A decree authorizing reforms in Cuba and Porto Rico was signed at Madrid on February 5 by the Queen Regent of Spain. Meantime sharp fighting continues in the provinces which General Weyler reports to have been pacified.

OBITUARY.

January 22.—In England, Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the leading phonetic short-hand system of writing, aged eighty-four.

February 2.—At Madrid, Infanta Marie Louise Fernando, Duchess of Montpensier, aged sixty-five.—Baron Jean Marie Georges de Soubeyran, the French statesman, aged sixty-seven.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

BY HENRY GALLUP PAINE.

JOE PHYLE, commuter, sat despondently in the car that was carrying him to his daily grind in the city. The morrow would be his wife's birthday, the first one since their marriage, and he could not give her a present.

Phyle was managing clerk in a New York law-office, and in view of the meagreness of his salary he was permitted to attend to such law business on his own account as he could get and would not interfere with his duties to the firm.

After some years of waiting he had secured one client, Anatole Barrelle by name, a manufacturer of music-boxes. Phyle had celebrated the winning of his first case, which involved a contested will, by marrying the girl of his choice, only to find that he would have to win it all over again in a higher court. This he did, and his wife and he celebrated the occasion by moving to the country and going into debt for three hundred dollars' worth of furniture.

Since then Phyle had engaged in no further law business on his own account. His spare time had been entirely taken up in his efforts to collect from Barrelle. The property represented by the will had proved to be valueless, and owing to the hard times, his client claimed he had not sold enough music-boxes in a twelvemonth to pay his store rent.

Phyle believed him. So far as Phyle's personal taste was concerned, he could not understand why a man who had a single other want unsupplied should pay out good money for a music-box. Of course this did not render his own case any the less hard. By the strictest economy he figured that he might possibly be able to meet the instalments due on his furniture, and if he could not, and the dealer should remove it, they could go to boarding again in the city. But not to be able to buy his wife a birthday present was a heavy blow. In all the years of their engagement he had never allowed the day to pass without making her a handsome gift. To omit it, now that he had won her, seemed to be putting an intolerable slight upon her.

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. In his frequent visits to Barrelle's emporium Phyle had noticed that the stock consisted largely of furniture and bric-à-brac in great variety, whose only drawback was its tendency to break forth into melody at inopportune moments, if previously wound up. Phyle determined to go to his client and to demand the handsomest thing he had in the shop for a birthday present for Rebecca.

He did so. Barrelle looked thoughtful, and asked,

"How mooch I owe you?"

"Three hundred and forty dollars," replied Phyle.

"Vell, I tell you v'at," said Barrelle. "I pay you long, long ago, but I haf no money. If I haf no money, how I pay? I don' pay you, nor my lan'lor', nor my grocer, my butcher, nor nobody. Nex' veek I make an assignment." Phyle turned a pale Nile green. "Nefer fear. I pay you first. You say you van' a music-box on account. Vell, I pay you in full —if you take it out in trade—"

"But, my dear man, what can I do with three hundred and forty dollars' worth of music-boxes?" interrupted Phyle.

"Vell, v'at can you do vit'out it?" queried Barrelle. "Take it how you can get it. Leaf the selection to me. I gif you fine value. You haf done good vork for me; I do good vork for you. Then next week I make you my assignee."

"What is there in it for me?" asked Phyle. "*More* music-boxes?"

"Oh, you sell dem right avay!"

"Then I'll have to have more luck than you've had," said Phyle. "However, I suppose it's the best I can do. Send 'em along."

The next day, just after Phyle arrived home in the evening, a truck backed up to the door.

"Your birthday present, my dear," exclaimed Phyle. "I have kept it for a great surprise to you."

It was; but scarcely more so than it was to Phyle.

The driver unloaded, brought into the house, and got a receipt for:

1 music-box, 4 ft. ×2 ft. ×1 ft. 6 in.
6 gilt chairs, with music-boxes concealed in the seats.
1 musical cake-basket.
1 " bird-cage, with artificial songster.
4 " decanters.
1 " lady's work-box.
1 " cigar-safe.
1 " clock, which played a tune every fifteen minutes.
1 " card table.
1 " inkstand and pen-tray.
2 " lamps.
1 " photograph-album.

When Phyle had unpacked these chattels, and removed the brown paper and excelsior to the cellar, he and his wife viewed their acquisitions with conflicting emotions. Mrs. Phyle had arranged them tastefully about, the clock on the mantel-piece, flanked by the cigar-safe and the work-box; the album and one of the lamps stood on the card table in the centre of the room, the other lamp on an

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instalment table in the corner; the thirty-dollar inkstand and pen-tray adorned a desk that had come with a ten-dollar box of soap; the six gilt chairs had crowded the instalment chairs into the hall; the bird-cage hung from a lamp-bracket; the only place for the music-box was on the dining-room table; while the four decanters and the musical cake-basket decked the sideboard, emphasizing its cherry-stained incongruity. Mrs. Phyle's face was flushed with happy excitement.

"Oh, Joe!" she cried. "It's perfectly lovely, but I don't see how you ever could afford it."

"Afford it!" exclaimed her husband. "You'd better believe I couldn't afford three hundred and forty dollars' worth of parlor furniture! Don't you understand that this represents all the work I did for old Barrelle?"

"And you're not going to get any money at all?"

"Not unless I sell some of this."

"Joe Phyle, go right down stairs and bring back all that paper and excelsior, and do these things right up again. The string's in the waste basket." Mrs. Phyle's face had assumed a stern and determined air.

"What for?" demanded Joe, in amazement.

"What for?" repeated his wife. "So that we can sell them as new goods in—in—what do they call it out West?—in the original packages. Don't you see that if we once unpack them and set them around the house they'll have to go for second-hand? Hurry up, now. Some of the neighbors might come in and see them and spoil everything."

"But, my dear, you liked these, and I want you to keep them," protested Phyle.

"Keep them? Keep three hundred and forty dollars' worth of ridiculous parlor furniture when we can't afford to buy springs for the spare-room bed, when we have to grind the coffee with the rolling-pin, and cut the grass in the yard with a pair of shears? Not sell them, when the money they represent would pay all our debts, would buy us window-shades, a door-mat, and a lawn-mower, give me a tailor-made dress, you a new overcoat, and leave a balance in the bank for—for emergencies? Come, let's get to work!" Rebecca Phyle's eyes flashed.

"Pack them up again?" Joe faltered.

"Yes," she said; "these things must all be sold, and at once."

"That suits me," assented Joe; "but who'll buy them?"

"Why, *I* don't know. Who usually buys such things?"

"People with money to burn, I guess," said Joe; "and they're precious scarce now. If old Barrelle couldn't sell these, I don't see how I'm going to. I might pawn them."

"Pawn them? Joe Phyle, the idea of suggesting such a thing! You'd look pretty carrying these chairs into town day after day to pawn! How much would you get on them?"

"Oh, about one-third their value if I were in luck—say a hundred dollars."

"Let three hundred and forty dollars go for a hundred? Not with my permission!" declared Rebecca.

"Well, we might have an auction," suggested Joe.

"An auction? Why, you wouldn't get that. I've been to auctions, and I know," said Mrs. Phyle. "I'll not consent to such a sacrifice. Rather than do that I'll keep them and use them and enjoy them. I'll not sell my birthright for a mess of pottage!"

And so the Phyles found themselves saddled with three hundred and forty dollars' worth of tuneful furniture—more than that, in fact, for they learned, on looking at the invoice next morning, that Barrelle had generously allowed them the regular trade discount of forty per cent., so that their new possessions netted them, at retail prices, nearly five hundred and sixty-eight dollars.

On one thing Mrs. Phyle insisted—that the musical character of the goods should never be revealed.

"Of course you don't want people to know that you had to take all this stuff for a fee," she explained. "Why, if it ever got out, you'd never hear the last of it! Just think of what a joke you'd be for the comic papers! I could never hold up my head again. It'll be bad enough to imagine what the neighbors will think of us if they believe that we've *bought* all these gewgaws when we haven't got a carpet in the hall, and only three ingrain art squares for the whole house. But if they should ever discover that every blessed thing was a music-box in disguise, they'd think we were crazy; and when people think you're crazy, everything you do, no matter what it is, only convinces them of it more and more."

The musical insides of the furniture were so cleverly concealed that no one, unless of an abnormally inquisitive disposition, would have been likely to suspect their existence. The decanters were the only exceptions. So long as they were empty their character was plainly revealed by their works. Accordingly Joe purchased some department-store whiskey and poured enough in each one to hide the interior mechanism.

The new furniture proved to be a rather more expensive possession than they had anticipated, however. Joe and Rebecca were human, and it was not in human nature to live long in a house that showed such contrasts of luxury and poverty as the Phyles' without being tempted to bring everything—at least everything that showed—up to the higher standard. They just *had* to buy the door-mat, the window-shades, and the hall carpet, though they still struggled along without a coffee-mill, and cut the grass with the shears—at night.

In this way their sudden access of household goods did not excite comment—that is,

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"IT'S IN THE LAMP!"

of an unfavorable nature. The neighbors, reading in the papers that Phyle had been appointed receiver for Barrelle, regarded him as a prosperous and rising young lawyer, and he was promptly elected a school trustee, though not without some opposition on account of the formidable quartet of decanters in the dining-room.

This reputation for prosperity naturally involved other expenses; an increased contribution to the church, and subscriptions to the village improvement society and the local baseball nine, for example.

The consequence was that by spring the Phyles found themselves confronted by the Stalking Spectre of Debt. They were at least two months behind with all the local tradesmen, and they stood in constant fear of the appearance of the instalment wagon to remove their unpaid-for bedroom and kitchen furniture. Its advent would, of course, ruin their credit with the shopkeepers, who otherwise were glad enough to keep their customers sufficiently in their debt to prevent them from dealing at rival establishments.

Something must be done. A good many plans occurred to Joe and Rebecca, but an urgent invitation they received to spend the summer with Rebecca's parents on Long Island caused them to decide to lease their house for the season. The handsome furniture made the house an easy renter, and at summer-resort rates.

The new tenants desired immediate possession, and before the Phyles realized it they were out and the others were in; but not be-

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fore Rebecca had found time to make a mysterious trip to New York with Barrelle's invoice in her pocket and her musical work-box done up in a bundle under her arm.

Why did the Phyles say nothing to the new tenants of the masked batteries and mines of music contained in the parlor furniture, or of the tuneful ambuscades in the dining-room? Was it through forgetfulness or by design? Who can say? They may have become so used to ignoring the musical side of their furniture that it entirely slipped their minds. They may have thought that if nothing were said, nothing would be discovered. They each may have thrust the responsibility upon the other, and so both neglected it. The fact remains that the new tenants moved in totally ignorant of the hidden accomplishments of the inanimate objects by which they were surrounded.

The new tenants were no sooner comfortably settled than their waitress, who had been with them for four years, decided that she did not want to live in the country. She thought she had malaria: she did not know that it was the springless bed on which she slept that made her bones ache. At any rate, she left, and Ann Dooley, summoned in haste from a Newark intelligence office, took her place.

Ann Dooley was of an inquiring turn of mind, and one of the first things to arouse her curiosity was the contents of the four decanters on the sideboard, which she noticed while she was in the dining-room filling the lamps the afternoon of her arrival. She was not of a nature to allow an uncompleted task to stand in the way of her desire for information. Relinquishing her duties for the nonce, she took down the first decanter and smelt at it.

"I belave 'tis whushkey," remarked Miss Dooley. She tasted it. "And purty poor whushkey at that," she continued, with accurate diagnosis. She took down the second decanter. "Phwat's this? More whushkey"—smelling of it; "and poor whushkey"—tasting it. "But not so poor as that other, I don't t'ink"—tasting it again. She took down the third decanter, and poured some of its contents into a wineglass. "Sure that's betther," she said, as she drank it down. "Phwat 'll they be havin' in this?" She took down the fourth decanter, and poured forth into a tumbler. "Begorra," she exclaimed, "I began at the wrahng ind. Sure'n this is the bist av thim ahll."

"Ann," came a soft voice from the parlor, "if you have filled the lamps, light one and bring it in here; it's getting quite dark."

"Ahll right, mum; comin', mum." Ann scratched a match on the wainscoting and tried to light the lamp. She experienced some slight difficulty because she had omitted to open the extinguishers. However, a little of both the wicks was exposed and ignited, though with rather feeble results. "How'll I tur-r-rn it up, now?" said Ann, looking in every place but the right one. In this way she happened to strike the key-screw that wound the music-box in its interior. "Will it be by twishtin' this, I wonder?" and she suited the action to the word.

"Ann!"

"Comin', mum," and Ann started for the parlor table with the lamp in her hands. Slowly, if not over-steadily, she advanced. But what was that faint sound of music that smote upon her ear? It was the famous Corkonian jig, which who can hear and not dance? Not Ann. Unconsciously, without her volition, out went one foot, then the other, shake, double shake, shuffle, and heel left.

Her mistress watched with a strange fascination this weird Milesian who came toward her dancing a jig with a lighted lamp in her hands. She could scarcely credit her eyesight.

"Ann," she cried at length, as the dance grew wilder and the sense of danger brought her to her wits, "look out for that lamp! Stop dancing at once, and come here properly!"

"Shtop dancin', is it?" quoth Ann. "Aisier said than done. Sure 'tis the ould Corkonian they're playin'. Who cud help dancing? If it's wahlk ye want me to, shtop playin'. Shtop playin', I say!"

Ann's feet were flying faster and faster, while the now flaming lamp shook and smoked in her hands.

"Nobody's playing. It's all your imagination. *Stop dancing!*"

"They do be music; I hear it, and I can't shtop."

Crash! over went a chair. Ann's hair came down. Instinctively she raised her hands, still holding their flaring burden, to the side of her head, which brought the music-box against her left ear.

"Mother of Moses, it's in the lamp! It's bewitched, it is!" shrieked Ann, and with all her force she hurled it from her against the wall.

There was a blinding flash, a deafening report, an overpowering smell of oil, and smoke in volumes.

The two women rushed out and gave the alarm, but it proved to be a useless formality—there was no fire company in the village.

"If the furniture had only been insured!" Joe exclaimed, bitterly, as he broke the news to his wife.

"It was!" she sobbed. "Oh, J-J-Joe, will you ever forgive me?"

"It was? Forgive you? For what?"

"For p-p-pawning the work-box and insuring the f-f-furniture. I was af-f-fraid something might happen to it."

"*Afraid?*" cried Joe. "Rebecca, did you insure it at its wholesale or its retail value?"

"At its retail value."

"Well, my dear," said Joe, "I'll forgive you, but I hope you've got an *alibi*."

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AN ENVIED LOT.

EASTER-LILIES, sweet and rare,
In the arms of Phyllis fair.

Happy lilies! Ah, how blest,
Thus in Paradise to rest!

Jove! it makes me wish my past
In a hot-house had been cast,

Nurtured by a gardener,
Thus to be preferred by her.

Never moving, always still;
Dying at the slightest chill.

Easter-lilies, sweet and rare,
In the arms of Phyllis fair.

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A PREY OF THE GODS.

FOR many years, more than a baker's dozen, Mr. A. has been among the fortunate or unfortunate business men of our country whose "line" means an annual trip to Europe. As it happens, his acquaintances are such that his opportunities for buying goods dear to the feminine soul are exceptional. There is a bitter aggravation in this accident. Only one thing in the world does Mr. A. dislike as much as shopping for women, and that other thing is the idea of smuggling — amateur smuggling. In vain have sisters, cousins, and aunts, to say nothing of the wife of many a friend of his bosom, attacked his good-nature; and then, worsted in their assault toward obtaining this or that "little favor," have denied that he has the feelings of a man.

"No. I have no time to spend looking up mantua-makers, nor the face to bother my friends in Russia on your behalf," he has declared. "I tell you, also, for the thousandth time, my dear, that I will not go through the petty dishonesty of cheating our government on your account. What you ask me to get will cost you little less than in town here, if you add the impost. Duty paid is like a rainbow in the snow; it gets away with things remarkably fast." This is Mr. A.'s formula. He has lived up to it — brutally — until he married the lady who kindly became Mrs. A. Then was it noticed that there were symptoms of a modification of Mr. A.'s notions. Before long the yearly month or so on the Continent came around. Along with it came the question of what shall it profit a new-wed wife if her husband shall give her his whole heart and refuse to import silk stockings, lace, and furs for her embellishment and comfort? In a firmness tinged with regret the negatives were uttered. There was a sound in his voice as of one who would not willingly let his partner sorrow without hope. At least, she thought as much. She did not press on his notice a certain yearning—a secret known only to herself and another, not her spouse. The other was a lady of redoubtable shopping ability, a rampant bargainer, going to Europe the following week.

Mr. A. started, unsuspicious. But when he was preparing to return to the States he was confronted one morning with a receipted bill —a large bill—and a large box. In the box were a superb seal capote, muff, and dolman, bought at a dizzy bargain by the travelling conspirator, on Mrs. A.'s order. The agent of the plot was not returning to America. Mr. A. was to be loaded with the garments, and the responsibility of their delivery.

Now, undoubtedly, under ordinary circumstances of return, Mr. A. would have been for paying, not even thinking of wrangling over the mulct. To this day he declares this, almost tearfully. But it had not been a specially profitable trip; there was an unexpected expense to be made up almost on arrival; business was likely to be dull; and last came an utterly bewildering temptation. Of course it was of the Paradisiac kind—a woman's proposal. On board the *U*—— were some acquaintances, the wife and daughters of a friend, Mr. B. Mr. A. made himself agreeable. With the B.'s, day by day, was a most amusing and clever lady, Mrs. C., of Chicago. It is not odd that before the *U*—— was at Fire Island Mr. A. was on confidential terms enough with the party to confide to it the solicitude that his wife's clandestine purchase was giving him. Mrs. C. was more kind than conscientious. "My dear man, you will please allow me to wear those things ashore for you, exactly as I did my own last year! In the course of the afternoon you can call at Mrs. B.'s house for them. I'll send them over from the hotel." Mr. A. demurred—wavered—was lost. The B. party urged him to avail himself of their shrewd friend's offer. "Everybody did it." By careful manœuvres, Mrs. C. was duly invested. She wore them once or twice during the chilly October trip, to avoid suspicion. They fitted. The *U*—— was docked on a cold afternoon. The buxom Mrs. C. marched to her trunks attired in so rich a panoply that Mr. A. forgave his wife in reflecting how remarkably well she would look. Mrs. A. was in Albany.

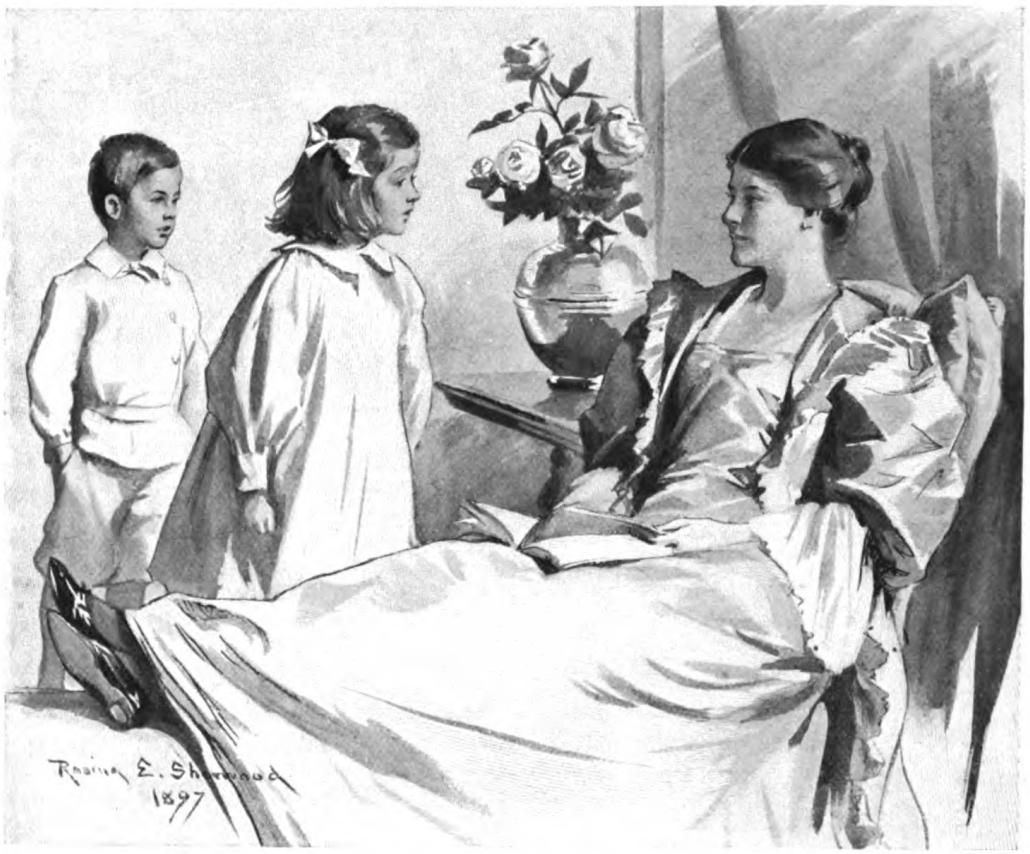
It must be confessed that Mr. A. was uneasy as the customs examination progressed. He had "declared" nothing. Mrs. C. had "declared" nothing. The B. family party were presently released and dismissed. Mrs. C. was not delayed much after them. In course of another quarter of an hour she too came to Mr. A. "All right! Call at Mrs. B.'s as soon as you can," was her whispered word of cheer as she started for her cab. At three o'clock Mr. A. called at the B. house. The furs had not arrived. At four he drove over to the hotel. No such person as Mrs. C. of Chicago was a guest at that house. No more was she one at any of the dozens of city hotels that he and a detective spent the next few days in visiting. He never saw her again! Mrs. A. never set eyes on her furs! Chicago and divers other Western cities knew not Mrs. C.! And as to the cardinal point of her introduction into the affair, the previous knowledge and, so to say, guarantee, tacit, of her on the part of the excellent and confounded B. family, lo! there had, indeed, been a mistake. Mrs. C. had impressed them as "being a *lady* in every way"; but they "had never meant" to give Mr. A. the idea that they really *knew* her at all *well*—as *a friend*. She appeared to be on *such* pleasant terms with *so many people* that they *knew*. But they had only met her in the hotel in Liverpool, two days before the *U*—— had sailed. She had seemed *so* nice!"

As for Mr. A., he has returned to first principles, and believes now intensely in the lines (slightly altered) of Ingoldsby:

"*Imprimis*, don't smuggle! If, bent to please beauty,
You *must* buy fine furs, purchase what has paid duty."

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

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AN EFFORT OF IMAGINATION.

"Mamma, Billy and I are playing we are two little children; won't you play you are our mother?"

A HINT TO VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, I love thee, and I would not ask
A fairer, warmer sun in which to bask.

For the companion of my days, I swear,
No one more welcome is there anywhere.

At home, abroad—afar across the seas—
With Afric, European, or Chinese—

It matters not a jot where thou art found,
Thou art the finest anywhere around.

And yet I'll tell thee, for my love for thee,
One simple truth, if I may speak so free:

I think mankind by thee would be less bored
If only thou wert not thine own reward!

And fewer'd place thee, Virtue, on the shelf,
Wouldst thou but give them something save thyself!

Most people—just like us—like you and me—
Are sometimes found to like variety;

And many a wight—I know it sounds not nice—
For change alone goes on a spin with Vice!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ART KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT the average colored person of the South knows about art matters is not as wide as a church door nor as deep as a well, but perhaps it will suffice. In any event, it sufficed in the instance here narrated.

A friend, who does a little work in water-colors and considerably more in oils, had occasion not a great while ago to move, rather suddenly, some of his pictures from the studio to the house of one of his patrons, and he called in a colored man to carry them. There were two water-colors and four oils, and by an inadvertence an oil was sent which was not yet dry. When the man came back for his pay, the painter inquired of him if he had carried a water-color over in the last load.

"Dat's jis what hit wuz, boss," he replied.

"How do you know it was a water-color?" inquired the artist, thinking perhaps he had stumbled on an undeveloped genius.

"'Caze, boss," he replied, "hit wuz wet."

Later examination showed that it *was* wet, and a pretty sight it was, too, after the rubbing the darky had given to it in transit.

W. J. LAMBTON.

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"By hilltops! Biggest rabbit tracks I ever see!"



"Here, Tige, s-s-sic 'em!"



"I'll wait till Tige drives him around."



"Ha! They're comin'!"



"Wow-w-w-w!"



"No, I hain't seen no escaped kangarooster from winter quarters, but I did see the all-fired-est biggest rabbit that ever growed!"

THE KANGAROOSTER.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

A VERY strong, and a very unusual, piece of fiction is *The Descendant*,[1] by an author who chooses to remain anonymous. The hero is an Ishmaelite who began life by cursing and hating everybody, from his father, whom he called a villain, to his mother, whom he called a fool. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. He hurled defiance at law and order, until he was brought to order by the power of the law. As a journalist and a writer upon "The Iconoclast," he had much of the power of Ibsen, and all Ibsen's audacity. He left nothing unassailed. He had a genius for upsetting and destroying. His lecture upon "Social Lies" set society ablaze. "Life is an apple," he cried, when he was twenty-six. "It has three stages: first, the rind, which is sour—cynicism; next, the pulp, which is sweet—optimism; and third, the core, which is rotten—pessimism. Well," he added, "I've tried the first. I skipped the second; and I'm pretty well into the third." He certainly skipped the second, and before he consumed his apple he existed entirely upon the core. Across his path, and into his life, came a woman quite as well and as powerfully drawn as he is. A wholesome young person, as her creator describes her, with a well-regulated nervous system and great power of self-absorption. When she expended herself she expended herself utterly. There was no half measure in her concentration. Her work demanded her time, and she yielded it; it demanded her vitality, and she yielded that as well. She was a woman both strong and tender, a woman in the beginning of her career as innocent and as impulsive as a child. The story of their association, a delicate subject, is handled with great delicacy. They were both the victims of adverse circumstances, and, perhaps, the fault was not altogether their own. They were both Descendants. And the laws of heredity cannot always be broken.

It is a tragic tale in which there is nothing light or humorous. It preaches degeneration as strongly as Nordau did; and it preaches despair. It is a deep study of the sad and serious sides of human affairs. As a story it is exciting, and it is what is called "thought-compelling." It is rarely dull. It is well considered, and it is well handled. It is bound to create no little comment. And the reading world will wonder who the unknown author can be.

IN strong contrast to the tragedy of the Descendant is a contemporary volume—*A Previous Engagement*[2]—which Mr. Howells calls "A Comedy." The element of comedy, especially the element of what is known as light comedy, pervades all the dramatic works which Mr. Howells has been producing of late seasons in his Theatre of Bric-à-Brac and upon his stage of Imaginative Style. There was, it is true, more of the sentiment of tears than of laughter in "Bride Roses," one of the best of Mr. Howells's little plays, which, unfortunately for his readers, he has never seen fit to present in book form; but "A Previous Engagement" is comedy pure and simple. There is a Leading Man, a Leading Lady, a Walking Gentleman, and a Second Lady, who is, as usual, of mature years. They hold a series of dialogues, all of them bright and sparkling; and the point of the plot turns upon what Mr. Howells himself once termed "hen-mindedness," as it is exhibited in the character of the heroine. "How should girls know their own minds?" asks Mrs. Winton. "They are brought up *not* to know their own minds. That is supposed to be pretty, and refined and delicate!" Philippa is delicate and refined and pretty, and although she has made up what she considers her mind in the first act, she does not confess it, even to herself, until the curtain falls.

We miss a number of familiar names and faces in the present drama. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Roberts have no parts assigned to them; but although Mrs. Roberts is not announced in the cast, in letters large or small, there are to be found many traces of that delightfully, inconsequent creature in the Leading Lady whose characteristic hen-mindedness is displayed in her scattering uncertainty as to whether she wants to wear Bride Roses, or to wreck her happiness upon the ground of A Previous Engagement.

The comedy may not be adaptable to the amateur or to the professional stage; but it is well worth reading.

A SISTER-PLAY written to be acted, and easily to be acted, is *Six Cups of Chocolate, A Piece of Gossip in One Act*,[3] which is, according to its title-page, "Freely Englished from A Kaffeeklatsch of E. Schmithof," by Miss Edith V. B. Matthews. Freely Englished is a good, and happy phrase. "The hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's,'" remarks the Fat Knight, of Mistress Ford, in the early part of the com-

[1] *The Descendant.* A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *A Previous Engagement.* Comedy. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. Square 32mo, Paper, 50 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Six Cups of Chocolate.* A Piece of Gossip in One Act. Freely Englished from a Kaffeeklatsch of E. Schmithof, by EDITH V. B. MATTHEWS. Square 32mo, Paper, 25 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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edy; Milton wrote of certain acts as being "English'd properly as acts of peace"; and Ben Jonson, in the Preface to Every Man Out of His Humour, spoke of a vain-glorious person who was "over-Englishing his travels."

The Six Cups of Chocolate are served to, and consumed by, six young women; a German girl, a French girl, a transplanted Southern girl, a Bostonian, a New-Yorker, and a New-Englander. The scene is a college town in one of the Eastern States, and the time is an early spring day at the end of this Nineteenth Century. The only male person in the cast is a college student, who is not audible or visible to the audience, but who is very much in evidence in the dialogue and in the plot; and who turns sour the whipped cream in the chocolate.

The Kaffeeklatsch is Englished very properly and rightly by Miss Matthews. Her girls are natural girls, who act and talk in a natural manner; and she exhibits no little skill in refraining from over-Englishing the broken English of the young lady from France. Six Cups of Chocolate should be a favorite beverage with those who are fond of playing, and seeing, parlor plays.

MR. S. R. KEIGHTLEY presents to us this month one more of his delightful swashbuckling soldiers of fortune whom we are always so glad to meet. The present hero, Mr. Anthony Dillon, like all the rest of his kind, tells, in the retirement of his old age, the tale of the experiences of his youth. He is an Irishman, this time, of good blood but poor in purse and in credit, who gives his sword to the King of France, and who fights the battles of the King of France at Tournay and Fontenoy when he is not fighting personal and private battles of his own in other parts of the world. That his sword is a long and a strong one, in a good strong hand, goes without saying. Behind the sword are a pair of steady, clear eyes, a burly frame, a fairly honest heart, and no fear. As he himself says, concerning one of his many antagonists, it is a sword with a man attached to it.

The weapon is rarely in its scabbard, and generally it is in the body of somebody else; and in the case of "The King's Favor" the hero makes justice peculiarly retributive by discarding his own sword, and pinning his villain to the wall with the sword of the father of the girl whom the villain had wronged, the instrument being borrowed for that particular occasion.

Unlike "The Crimson Sign" and "The Cavaliers," which have come lately from the same pen, the present book is not a continuous narrative, but a succession of detached reminiscences of varying length; a series of little tragedies in each of which different actors appear, although Mr. Dillon is always in the centre of the stage, and never without his sword in his hand.

Of these tales the most sad and touching, perhaps, is that which gives its name to the volume, *The Last Recruit of Clare's*;[4] while the most complete is "The Knees of Fate," with which the volume closes. There is very little of the element of the tragic in this story. It is melodrama from beginning to end, and it gives Master Anthony an opportunity to perform heroic deeds, of a very surprising character, in defence of Madame de Pompadour.

The hero says, in his brief prelude, that no man has ever borne a greater share of the vicissitudes of life, and with more cheerfulness and serenity, than has he himself. He was brought up in a school where the sword, and not the pen, was put into the hands of the growing lad. He does not pretend to have acquired the tricks and the graces of style possessed by the makers of books; but he feels that it is in him to set forth matters clearly, and this he assuredly does. While we cannot agree with him, always, in his statements that he hated none without a cause, envied none his good fortune, and followed the voice of honor and truth always, like a lover and a gentleman, we must admit his sincerity and his cheerfulness. And we part from him with regret.

AFTER the great and unqualified success of "Black Diamonds," noticed in these columns some months ago, one turns, naturally, with considerable interest to another work by the same author, who is so little known on our side of the world. Maurus Jókai is the most productive, as he is the most popular, of Hungarian novelists, and it is claimed for him, by his fellow-countrymen, that when Hungarian romantic literature became almost extinct he virtually revived it. *The Green Book, or Freedom Under the Snow*,[5] is longer and more serious than Black Diamonds, which is a love-story of Hungary in the present time. The later book pictures, in a graphic and occasionally in a lurid manner, high life and low life in Russia at the close of the first quarter of the century. The period is not very remote, and many of the actual characters who figure in Jókai's pages were dominant in the political history of their nation and are fresh in the memories of readers still living, although their names, Feodorovna, Ryleiff, Krizsanowski, Araktscieff, and the like, some real, some imaginary, are trying to English-reading eyes and to English-speaking tongues, and are often confusing to English-thinking minds. General Kutusoff seems almost too good to be true, notwithstanding the fact that he was that Prince of

[4] *The Last Recruit of Clare's.* Being Passages from the Memoirs of Anthony Dillon, Chevalier of St. Louis, and late Colonel of Clare's Regiment in the Service of France. By S. R. KEIGHTLEY. With Four Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *The Green Book; or, Freedom Under the Snow.* A Novel. By MAURUS JÓKAI, author of "Black Diamonds." Translated by Mrs. WAUGH. [*The Odd Number Series.*] 16mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Smolensk, who was a Russian Field Marshal in the Napoleonic wars.

Pushkin, or Pooshkin, Puschkin, or Pouschin, or Pouchekine, the hero of the tale, is drawn from life. He is the famous Russian poet who is grouped among that small but immortal band of men, like Burns, Shakspere, Molière, and Cervantes, whose writings have become part of the household language of his own land. He was born—with negro blood in his veins—at St. Petersburg in 1799, and he led a wild and romantic life. Banished, when quite a youth, to Odessa, for the writing and spreading of poems, too liberal in their tendency to suit the tastes of the powers that were, in Russia, he studied Italian, Spanish, and English, particularly the works of Byron, upon whom he based his own style, until he was recalled to Moscow, upon the accession of Nicholas I., in 1825, when Jókai leaves him, happy in the arms of his wife, and in the favor of his sovereign, sparing us the tragedy of his taking off. Ten or a dozen years later he was killed in a duel, fought in defence of his wife's honor, with d'Anthès, the husband of his wife's sister.

The story is well translated; and experts in both languages, who are familiar with both versions, declare that the English rendering adheres closely to the letter of the original, except when certain coarse or redundant passages are suppressed or softened. It is to be regretted, however, that Mrs. Waugh, who under the pen-name of Ellis Wright has turned into our language a number of important foreign works, should permit herself, more than once, to jump suddenly and without reason from the present tense to the past, and then immediately back again. Such successive sentences as the following, "The stag makes a side spring and dies.... and the hounds dashed furiously on," are annoying blunders on otherwise good, clean, well Englished pages.

The significance of the title of the work is found in a speech of Araktscieff—a Russian general and Minister of War, and the organizer of the military colonies in Russia between 1822 and 1825—to the effect that the machinators "are everywhere, and yet nowhere to be traced. They give each other rendezvous at balls, concerts, orgies, etc., and so contrive to give our spies the slip. Why, they actually keep a register, a thoroughly parliamentary hand-book, in which the conferences of every district and province are entered, concerning the organizing of a systematic revolution throughout Russia; the best form of constitution; what is to become of the dynasty; how the Empire is to be partitioned; and whether to be represented by landed proprietors or the people. And this protocol it is which contains a fully named register of the conspirators, who hold the threads of the net in their hands throughout the whole land, from the shores of the Black Sea to the Arctic Pole. Among themselves they call it the 'Green Book.'" Pushkin is a contributor and a subscriber to the Green Book, and we follow him and the other conspirators to balls and orgies, where the author and the translator treat us to unusually vivid descriptions, scenes, and dialogues.

The work is timely in a day when Russia and her affairs occupy so much of public attention the world over; and, no doubt, it will be as widely read as was the story of the romantic owner of the Hungarian coal-mines, who lived among his own Black Diamonds.

In a chapter "Concerning a Graceful Carriage," which forms part of a neat little volume entitled *Beauty and Hygiene*,[6] we are told by the unnamed author, that "just as the painter would sketch, in lines conforming with the undeviating rules of his art, the figure which he is about to endow with all the charms of form and color before he mixes the paints which are to give the golden sheen to the hair, the rosy bloom to the cheeks, and the living lustre to the eye, so the woman who would unite in her person the charms of grace and beauty, must first bring the lines of the bony frame-work of her body into harmony with the law of its construction." And he, or she, closes with a statement to this effect: "That the cultivation of a graceful carriage is a moral as well as a social duty it would not be difficult to prove. Apart from hygienic considerations, there are other important reasons why grace of bearing should be cultivated. Can the habitually lounging attitude," he, or she, adds, "the shuffling gait or the headlong rush be changed by training to an attitude and movements of dignity and grace, without the character undergoing a corresponding alteration during the process?" To be "good-looking" used to be defined as "looking good." From the foregoing it must be inferred that one cannot be good-looking unless one is good in heart and in deed.

The author of "Beauty and Hygiene," who is, perhaps, a Spaniard, asserts that the beauty of the women of Spain is so remarkable as to arouse in the mind of the visitor to that land of romance, and present-day turmoil, not only a feeling of admiration but a sentiment of curiosity as to the causes, original and actual, of a physical characteristic which, from its prevalence, the author believes may be regarded as national. In the volume in question are embodied the results of a personal investigation into these causes, made, we are told, under circumstances which were exceptionally favorable; and he, or she, here set down the arts employed to preserve beauty in a land where beauty had its source not in vanity, but in a high sense of duty, and at a time when the favor of beauty won the best reward of valor, and when it was as much the duty of women to be beautiful as it was the duty of men to be brave.

[6] *Beauty and Hygiene.* 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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The unbeautiful and the inexperienced masculine reviewer cannot, of course, say how far the kernels of the black cherry coated, separately, with a mixture of the whites of eggs and pulverized sugar, and then dried in the sun, as they are consumed by Castilian dames of high degree, are likely to be effective as a cure for corpulence; nor can he speak, as an authority, upon the power of the essence of rosemary and other ingredients to prevent the hair from turning gray. But in regard to the matter of the advice which the work contains as to the proper care of the hair itself, and of the eyes, the ears, the teeth, and the hands, he can safely say that that advice contains not a little of the essence of common-sense, sugar-coated with a fair amount of literary grace and style.

ONE of the most interesting and the most curious of the many interesting and valuable chapters in Mr. George Haven Putnam's *Books and their Makers During the Middle Ages*[1] is that which relates to "The Book-Trade in the Manuscript Period." We all know something, or rather, we are all supposed to know something, about Books, and about the Makers of Books, when the Making of Books began; but the history of the selling and the buying of books, before the invention of printing, is a matter with which even the ordinarily well-informed reader of books, in the present day, is not apt to be familiar. We remember, or we ought to remember, when Longfellow's "Norman Baron" lay a-dying, that by his bed a monk was seated, who in solemn tones repeated many a prayer and paternoster, from the missal on his knee; but has it ever occurred to any of us before to ask how this sacred missal passed from the hands of the monks of the monastery, into the hands of the early collectors; to inquire who were the dealers; what prices were paid; what like were the catalogues; and how many middlemen were concerned in the transaction?

Mr. Putnam has gone very deeply and very thoroughly into this branch of his subject, as he has gone deeply and thoroughly into the consideration of everything connected with the production and the distribution of literature, from the time of the fall of the Roman Empire until the close of the Seventeenth Century of our Christian Era; and he states the peculiar fact that in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries the manuscript trade, in London, concentrated itself in Paternoster Row, the street which became afterwards, and still remains, the very centre of the British trade in printed books.

It is not possible in so short a space to do anything like justice to the importance of Mr. Putnam's work, or to give a summary of the contents of his two large volumes. He declares that he has not undertaken the impossible task of making a history of literary production, or even a record of all the factors which controlled literary production; he has merely attempted to present a study of certain conditions in the history of the manifolding and distribution of books by which the productiveness and effectiveness of literature were very largely influenced and determined, and under which the conception of such a thing as literary property gradually developed. And he closes with some two hundred pages concerning The Beginnings of Property in Literature, and The Development of the Idea that Property in Literature could exist at all, which should be studied, carefully, by every one who makes books or who reads them, and by all those who believe that book-makers have a right to the possession of the result of the productions of their own brains.

Mr. Putnam has been so closely identified with the question of copyright, and he was so active an agent in procuring our existing International Copyright Law, that anything he may say upon the subject must be of value to those who are interested in the matter, to the roots and to the very beginnings of which he goes. It seems that Saint Columba, the apostle of Caledonia, did, according to tradition, in the year of our Lord 567, make a clandestine and hurried copy of the Psalter of the Abbot Finnian. Finnian objected on the ground that a copy made without permission belonged by moral rights to the owner of the original, and was itself the offspring of that original; in which he was upheld by a just judge, King Dermatt, who decreed that "To every cow belongs her calf, and consequently to every book its copy." The pirate protested, and succeeded in arousing the clans against the monarch, who was ultimately dethroned; and so for thirteen centuries, or more, has the fight gone on.

"The manuscript which had been the object of this strange conflict of copyright, a conflict which developed into a civil war," says Mr. Putnam, "was afterwards venerated as a kind of national military and religious palladium. Under the name of *Cathac*, or the fighter, the Latin Psalter said to have been transcribed by Columba, was enshrined in the base of a portable altar as the national relic of the O'Donnell clan." And he adds that as late as 1867 it belonged to a baronet of that name, who exhibited it in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

Mr. Putnam's work has an admirable and complete index. It exhibits enormous care, research, and scholarship. It is entertaining as well as instructive. And if its author has not performed what he calls an impossible task in presenting a complete history of literary production, he has succeeded in acomplishing something very near to it. His book, as a book of reference and as literature, will be a great boon to scholars for many years to come. And it will always rank very high in the long list of Books about Books.

[1] *Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages.* By G. HAVEN PUTNAM. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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A HUNT-BREAKFAST ANECDOTE.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIV MAY, 1897 No. DLXIV

'CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

THERE was a time when to burlesque drag-hunting and to jeer at those who rode across country to the scent of aniseseed was the popular business of the daily press and the pleasure of many of its readers. We are all familiar with those self-satisfied individuals who regard their earthly mission fulfilled in heaping opprobrium upon every human endeavor with which they have no sympathy or that is beyond their comprehension. And of these were they who ridiculed the pioneer drag-hunters, and, in the present day, are busily slandering football.

Probably drag-hunting, of all, has endured the most scoffing. In those tentative days of its American existence, and that is not much over a dozen years ago, the announcement of a meet was greeted in mockery, and the appearance of a pink coat hailed by derisive salutations. Some newspaper comment of that trying period will provide amusing reading for sportsmen, and mayhap, furnish a salutary hint to those dear timid creatures that shudder at the mere thought of vigorous bodily exercise.

The following excerpt from a Boston daily paper is a fair example of the reception given drag-hunting fifteen years ago:

"The gratifying success of the ninnies of Newport in chasing the agile aniseseed-bag over hill and dale has stimulated sixty swell young men of Beacon Hill to form a club for the encouragement of that exciting and dangerous sport. A British swell is aiding and abetting them by establishing a pack of hounds in this city, and all the arrangements and accessories of the club are to be quite too utterly English. The daring riders after the hounds will array themselves in scarlet coats, white knee-breeches, and top-boots, and a professional English huntsman will be imported to give proper tone and spirit to the chase, and keep the young men from riding down the dogs in their eagerness to catch up with the aniseseed-bag or the poor devil of a fox. They will probably hire some farmer's boy in Berkshire to catch a fox and send him here in a box by express, and the animal, already frightened out of his wits, will be turned loose in the suburbs, to get away if he can from a pack of intelligent hounds and a rout of empty-headed puppies on horseback. But for the dogs, Reynard would have some show to get away, for the bold riders would never know him from a singed cat if they met him on the road. One of the duties of the English huntsman will be to identify the fox when caught, and thus prevent the Beacon Street nimrods from falling into the mortifying error of cutting off the tail of one of the hounds to exhibit as a trophy of the noble sport. The fox and the hounds will be entitled to public sympathy, the former because of the cowardly persecution to which he will be subjected, and the latter because of the mortification which any self-respecting dog must experience when he finds himself engaged in such a proceeding with such a crowd. The only redeeming feature connected with the whole business is the determination of the high-toned hybrids to distinguish themselves from sensible Americans by dressing as much like guys as possible. The club will be taken for a circus parade when it turns out in full uniform, but unfortunately the circus men have no redress."

And this from the American Athens!

Here is another which scorns adolescent satire, and takes up the subject in a furioso of patriotism that suggests a second "tea party."

"Speaking of the organization of a hunting-club in Boston whose members propose to array themselves in scarlet coats, with white knee-breeches and top-boots, the Albany *Journal* says: Anglomania can go no further than this, and all Yankeedom would look on with applause if the sturdy farmers of Lexington and Concord would repeat a little feat of theirs of a hundred years ago, and drive the 'redcoats' back through Cambridge into Boston.

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The pastime, however manly and exhilarating, is essentially feudal, and particularly out of accord with our social system."

The particular sting with which all the shafts of criticism hurled at riding to hounds have been pointed lies in the accusation of Anglomania. That it is a fad pure and simple, and an unworthy imitation of British institutions, was the avowed and favorite reason for fault-finding. It might occur to the thoughtful that so healthful a diversion, even though a fad and borrowed, were well worthy of encouragement. But the fact is that the primal incentive to riding to hounds in this country may not be so attributed. It is true, of course, that it came originally to us from England, and that is equally so of all our sport save baseball and lacrosse; but to reach the reason of its transplantation one must seek deeper than the mere superficial causes which are usually responsible for "fads." A fad is the transient beguilement of the capricious and the leisured. Some play is necessary to mankind as the relaxation of a fatigued brain, and has been since the world began. 'Cross-country riding was not introduced into the United States as a "fad," nor has it been pursued as a relief from *ennui*. It was sought as a healthful recreation and a needful stimulus by men who were doing too much head and too little body work.

'Twas not because of the English precedent, but because of the American need.

I have already, under another caption, traced the history of fox-hunting in this country (*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1895), and shown that the first organized attempt at that sport was made so long ago as 1766 by the Gloucester Fox-hunting Club (Pennsylvania), which sprung from the Schuylkill Fishing Company "of the State in Schuylkill," founded in 1732, and still existing as the oldest sporting club in the world. There is a record, too, of a pack of fox-hounds having been maintained at Hempstead, Long Island, in 1770, of which an Englishman, John Evers, was master, and to which George Washington was a subscriber.

And on November 19, 1781, the Brooklyn Hunt posted a notice, signed by Charles Loosely, that the hounds would "throw off on the estate of Denise Denise, Esq., at the Narrows (now Fort Hamilton), near the ferry, at 9 A.M., and one guinea given for a strong bag fox."

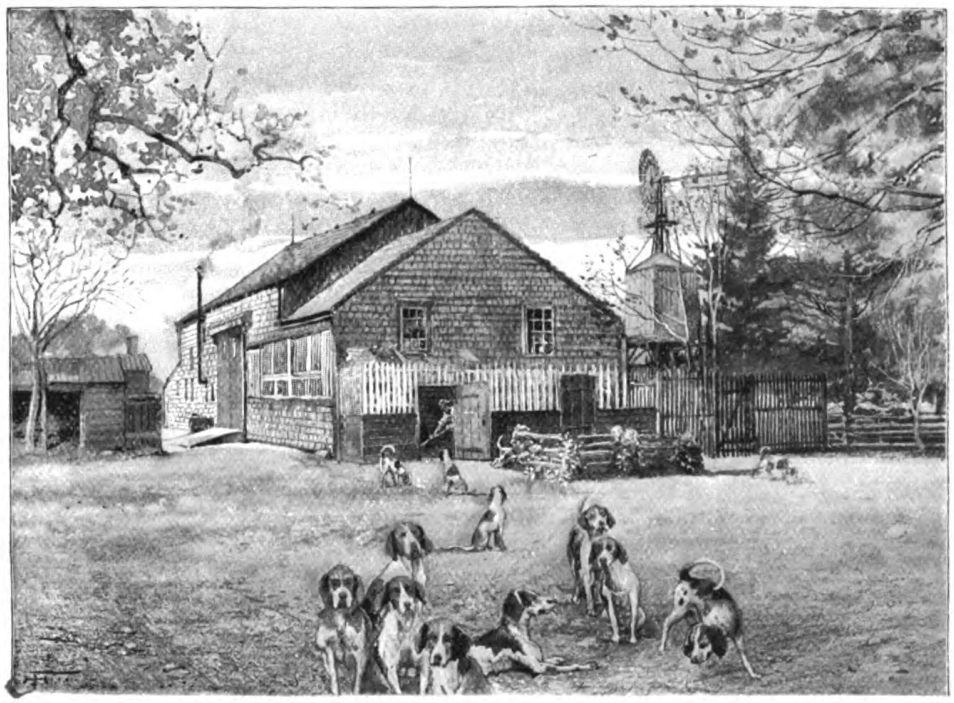
Denise Denise was the great-grandfather of that present-day rare sportsman Mr. H. L. Herbert, and the old Denise mansion was fortified by the American forces prior to the battle of Long Island. It was partially destroyed by a broadside from Lord Howe's flag-ship, *Asia*, when she entered the Narrows, but the battery was in shape to take a lively part in the battle some days after.

The great struggle for independence provided larger game, and fox-hunting on Long Island was abandoned for about one hundred years, but in Pennsylvania and in some of the Southern States it revived again immediately on the close of the Revolutionary war.



MR. A. BELMONT PURDY ON THE DOCTOR.

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THE MEADOW BROOK KENNELS.

Although the theme of my present story is drag-hunting, it should be borne in mind that the original *motif* for riding across country in the United States was the chase of the fox, and the earliest histories of the two are therefore inseparable.

It was about 1873-4 that "Jo" Donohue, who was somewhat of a character in New Jersey, and a sportsman with a reputation of more than local extent, maintained, at Hackensack, a few couple of fox-hounds that had seen better days. Physical disability prevented Mr. Donohue from being a horseman, but that deficiency was more than equalized by a loudly voiced enthusiasm and a rooted determination to be in at the death, be the run never so devious. It is rather difficult to obtain authentic history of this period, but tradition tells of this inveterate fox-hunter casting his hounds from the most accessible coverts, and then, in his chaise, driving desperately after them over the country.

The environment of Hackensack was not so populous in those days as now, nor had fences and town lots raised the town to its present dignity.

It happened in the course of a few months that Mr. A. Belmont Purdy, a skilful young horseman who came naturally by his sporting blood, heard of Mr. Donohue's original method of fox-hunting, and went out to Hackensack to view the sport. Mounted on a riding-school hack, Mr. Purdy's first experience in following the hounds was not entirely satisfactory, and might have dampened the ardor of a less zealous sportsman.

But Mr. Purdy saw the possibilities of good sport, even if he did not conquer the prejudices of his mount to the vicissitudes of 'cross-country going. The first visit led to a second, and that to an almost regular attendance, accompanied by Mr. Augustus Clason, both of whom were mounted on no better hunters than the New York riding-academies afforded.

Now whether because the Donohue buggy had, like its famous prototype, the wonderful "one-hoss shay," come to the end of its usefulness, or whether the ardor of its owner had run its natural course, certain it was that as the hunting spirit waxed strong in Mr. Purdy, it seemed to wane in Mr. Donohue. So it came about that in the year following Mr. Purdy's initiation into the mysteries of New Jersey fox-hunting the

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only enthusiastic patron of the Hackensack hunt was Mr. Purdy himself. From enthusiastic patronage to actual support was, under the circumstances, a not unnatural sequence, and thus it happened that the grotesquely assorted job lot of hounds, tall and short, fat and thin, changed ownership, and Mr. Purdy inaugurated his first mastership, with Mr. Charles Scott as a willing, if inexperienced, coadjutor.

Before this memorable day a few New-Yorkers had succumbed to the 'cross-country riding contagion spread abroad by Mr. Purdy, and made occasional excursions to the fox-hunting purlieus of Hackensack, but with the rental of a tiny plot of land, the acquisition of the hounds, and construction of a kennel suitable to the accommodation of their several peculiarities, the attendance from the city became regular and larger. Some of the men kept horses in the vicinity of the kennels, others hired for the day, and of the most persistent followers were Messrs. F. Gray Griswold, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., James Gordon Bennett, Charles G. Peters, Robert Center, Harry Blasson, William E. Peet, and Elliott Zborowski. The meets became fixtures on the calendars of the sporting world, and the runs were chronicled and described in the daily newspapers.

Thus the little hunt prospered, not without the indefatigable energy of Mr. Purdy and the loyalty of his friends, and Thanksgiving day of 1876, when a large New York contingent attended, went into history as the gala meet of this first period of New Jersey fox-hunting. There was no pretence to correct form, the hounds practically hunted themselves, and the field rushed and straggled and was lost to the view of those in the first flight; but it was a jolly day, and no serious mishaps were recorded.

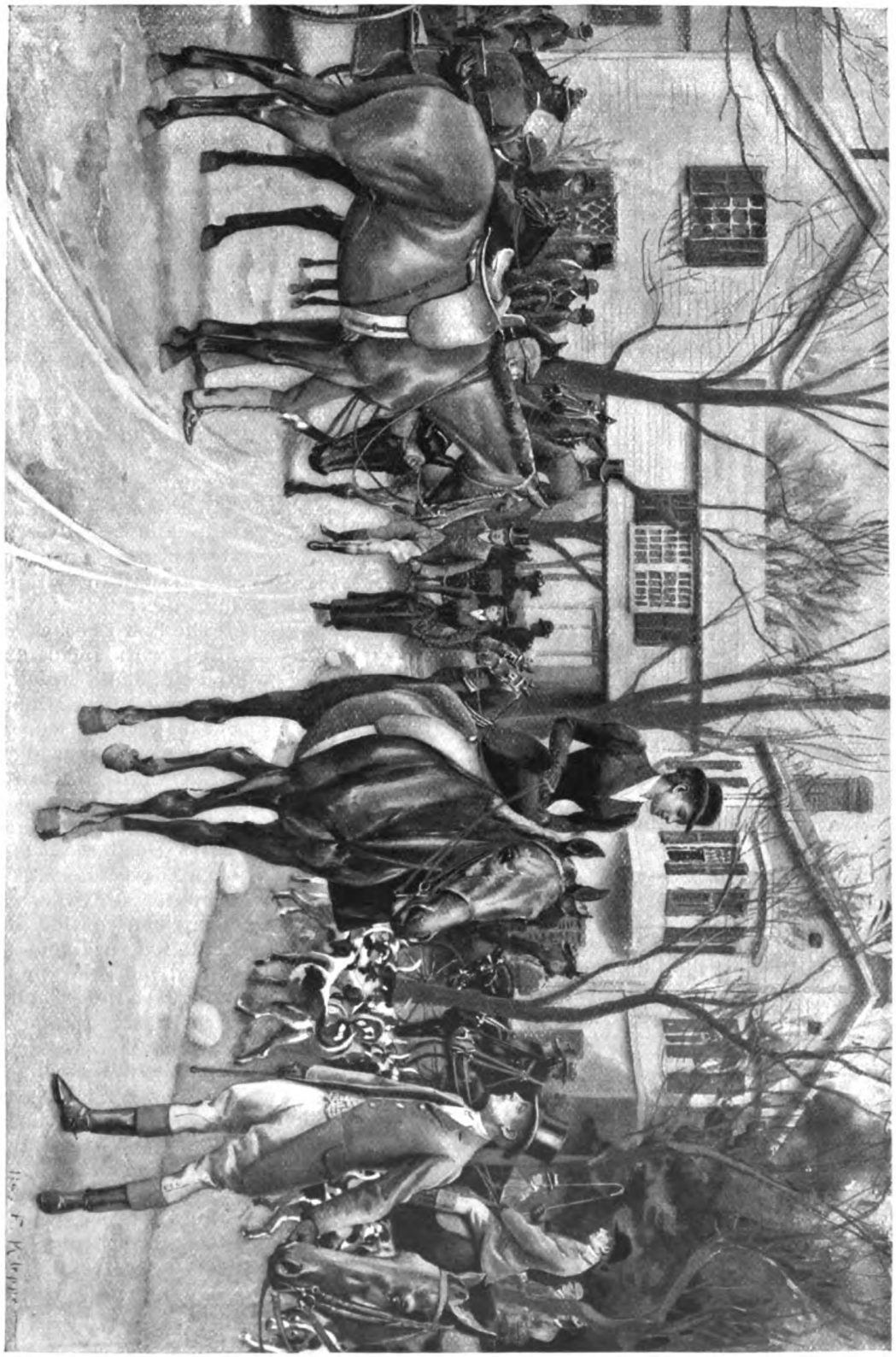
Good fun, however, was not the end and all of the ambitions of this loyal fox-hunting crew, and as time wore on it became apparent that little else was to be had in the country around Hackensack, and with so motley a collection of hounds as those relics of "Jo" Donohue's mastership. A decrease in the size of the fields gave evidence that better sport must be provided if hunting was to attain its measure of support, and after much discussion of ways and means a meeting of Messrs. Purdy, Center, Griswold, and Peet was finally held, at which it was determined to give up the Hackensack country and the old hounds, and to purchase and establish a new pack on Long Island. Each of these four subscribed two hundred and fifty dollars, and Mr. Griswold, who was going to England, was commissioned to buy the new hounds, and he did secure a very good lot—in Ireland, I believe. A lease had been obtained of an old farm-house on the eastern edge of Hempstead Plains, the identical house which is now the home of the Meadow Brook Club, and there, in the summer of 1877, was established the Queens County Drag-Hounds, with Mr. Griswold as master.

A prospectus proclaiming the hopes of the hunt and inviting subscriptions having elicited gratifying response, the first meet was held in October of that same year, and attracted not only the sportsmen of the vicinity, but all the farmers and horse-raisers and general country folk, who came on horseback, on wheels, and afoot, to view the first run of America's first drag-hounds. Among those present at this meet whose names are intimately associated with American hunting were F. Gray Griswold, who hunted the hounds himself, A. Belmont Purdy, Elliott Roosevelt, Elliott Zborowski, William Jay, Charles G. Peters, Alfred Gardner, Augustus Clason, William E. Peet, George Allen, Charles G. Franklyn, William C. Sanford, John Sanford, Frank Payson, Hermann Oelrichs, Dr. James Green, and Lloyd Brice. Of the women there were Miss Lucy Oelrichs (now Mrs. Henderson), Mrs. Forbes-Morgan, and Miss Payson.

It was indeed an auspicious beginning for the new hunt, and for two years its life flowed on most successfully, marred by no serious accidents, and embarrassed only temporarily by such petty annoyances as the opposition of some good Quakers, whom Mr. Alfred Gardner diplomatically mollified, and the threatened intervention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which Mr. Purdy eventually prevented by convincing Mr. Bergh, the society's sponsor, that his pathetic portrayal of the expiring agonies of Reynard was unnecessarily lachrymose,—for the very good reason that no fox was hunted at all!

But in 1879 an unaccountable change came over the spirit of the hunting dreams

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A MEET AT THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT CLUB.

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of Long Island. Subscriptions decreased, the number of regular riders grew despairingly smaller, and eventually the pack was transferred to Westchester County, primarily because of Mr. Zborowski's generous offer of support if the hounds were moved to his vicinity. And so, thereabouts and subsequently at New Rochelle, Mr. Griswold hunted for several fairly successful seasons.

It was not to be supposed that the sportsmen of Long Island would remain inactive after once having breathed the spirit of the chase, and in the very next year (1880), the sporting blood in Mr. Purdy again asserted itself. He secured a pack of hounds from Ireland at his own expense, established the Meadow Brook Hunt, and quartered it in the old house of the departed Queens County Hunt. The luxury of a huntsman and a whip was now for the first time enjoyed, with the result of some very excellent sport. For a year Mr. Purdy paid the expenses of the hounds out of his own pocket; then he succeeded in enthusing a number of the old hunting set, and finally, in 1881, the Meadow Brook Hunt was incorporated as a club, with William R. Travers as president, and William Jay, August Belmont, Jun., Winthrop Rutherford, H. L. Herbert, Frank Appleton, William and John Sanford, H. B. Richardson, Elliott Roosevelt, Stanley and Richard Mortimer, warmly supporting him.

Mr. Purdy served his mastership, and when he retired had the satisfaction of knowing that he, more than any other man in this country, was responsible for starting hunting well on its successful career. He was succeeded in turn by Messrs. F. R. Appleton, E. D. Morgan, August Belmont, Jun., R. W. Stuart, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., F. Gray Griswold, and Ralph Ellis, the present master, and although this is a rare lot of sportsmen, no one of them filled the post with more sportsmanship or retired from office with more honor than Meadow Brook's first master, Mr. Purdy. Such is the history of the Meadow Brook Hunt, and the story of that club is practically the story of the early days of American drag-hunting.



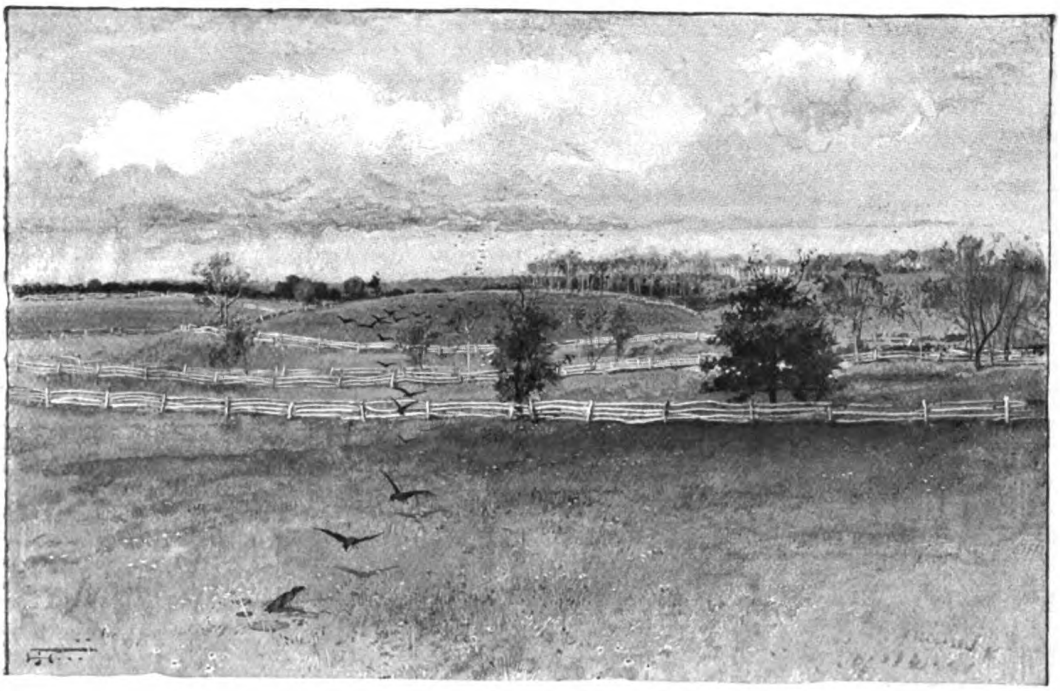
PUNCH, OWNED BY MR. P. F. COLLIER.

The first years were filled with incidents and accidents which, viewed now from our longer experience, seem very amusing. It was hard, in fact it was impossible, to get good horses. At the Bull's Head sales-stable a horse was called a hunter and sold as such when considered unfit for driving or riding, and the first imported hunters came to grief over the post and rails of Meadow Brook and the stone walls of Westchester, because in their own country they had been trained to plough their knees through the thorn hedges that there obtain.

There were reasons enough why drag-hunting was slow in attaining popularity among even those accustomed to riding, and none more cogent than the demands on both horse and rider when in the field.

In England substantially every enclosure has a gate, to the salvation of that very large percentage of men and women who attend the covert-side for the

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A BIT OF MEADOW BROOK'S "BIG COUNTRY."

excitement of the cast-off and the exhilaration of a short run, and who never jump unless obliged to do so.

But the situation over here is different. There are no gates to the enclosures in the hunting country of the United States, and there is no escape from fencing save by jumping. It is not cause for wonder that in the early days there were few who rode straight,—and if you do not ride straight, there is no use in riding at all.

After a time we began buying our hunters in Canada, and importing only the young and unschooled from England and Ireland, and now we raise more hunters than we import.

So, although in a very much more limited way, are we breeding hounds. Generally speaking, we cannot raise the class of hound that is found in the best English kennels, probably because the endeavor is not seriously undertaken; for where the experiment has been made earnestly and understandingly, the results are highly satisfactory.

Mr. Mather, master of the Radnor Hunt, has in his kennels English hounds, American bred, from the Belvoir stock, that have given better satisfaction after foxes than the imported. And undoubtedly others would meet with equal success were they to bring as much skill and patience to bear upon the effort.

The lack of incentive to hound-breeding may be accounted for, however, by the fact of there being so comparatively little fox-hunting done in the United States. There are really only a few localities where the fox is ever hunted, and but three where Reynard is the sole object of riding to hounds, viz., in the South, where the character of the country is quite dissimilar to that elsewhere, and American hounds used exclusively; in the Genesee Valley, New York; and in Pennsylvania, where the Radnor and the Rose Tree hunts are the most notable.

I should fail of my mission as a historian of American drag-hunting did I neglect saying something of the famous horses that figured so prominently in the early days.

Probably the name of Tanglefoot, whose tanned hide hangs now in the Meadow Brook club-house, bestirs more memories than that of any other hunter, both because of his early association and his performances. He was a red roan gelding, bought about 1879 by Mr. Purdy, and subsequently became the property of the Meadow Brook Club. For thirteen years

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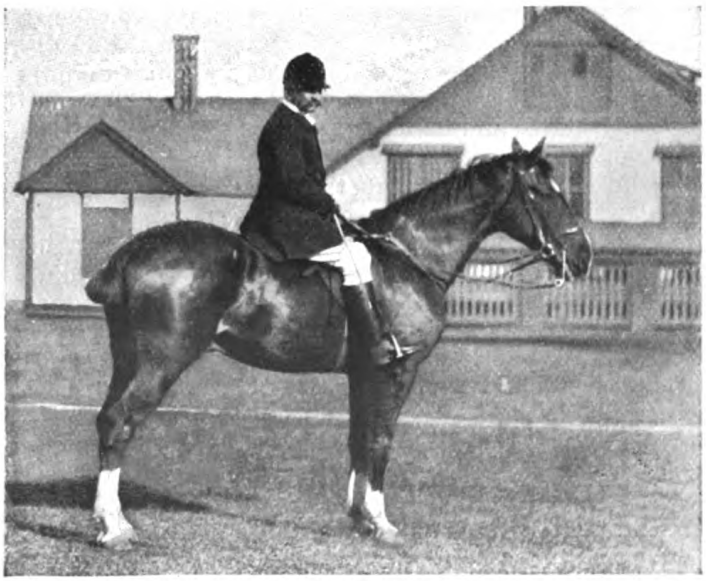
he was hunted with the Meadow Brook hounds, dying in 1895, after two years of service in the club wagon. His was an original way of jumping, and left his rider no excuse for complaint of torpid liver; he would stand on his hind legs like a goat, and clear a 5 foot 6 post-and-rails without difficulty, and although not precisely of the rocking-chair type of mount, was always a safe and willing one.

Another of the old-time horses now larking in the "happy hunting-grounds" was Hempstead, who died two years ago, after many seasons of active service. He was a brown gelding, coarsely bred, but one of the greatest jumpers ever known over a timber country. He was bought at Bull's Head by Mr. Winthrop Rutherford, and first schooled by him; subsequently he was owned by Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. E. D. Morgan, and lastly by Mr. F. Gray Griswold, who hunted him for several years. In the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden in 1886, Hempstead cleared 6 feet 8 inches.

Leo was yet another famous hunter; a big 17 hands 1 chestnut gelding, and seven-eighths thoroughbred. He was the property of Mr. F. Gebhard, although ridden mostly by Mr. Griswold and Mr. Zborowski; schooled some in Westchester, but hunted chiefly on Long Island. For two or three years he was the winner of high-jumping contests at Madison Square Garden, and in 1888 tied with Filemaker at 6 feet 9⅞ inches.

Of the veteran hunters now alive, Punch is the most venerable and surely the most notable. He is a Canadian-bred black gelding, now twenty-four years old, and still a brilliant performer in the field. Originally he was bought by Mr. Ernest La Montagne, who sold him to Mr. J. D. Cheever, who sold him to Mr. P. F. Collier, who has hunted him regularly for the past ten years; and the old horse has always been in the first flight, and never made a mistake. A remarkable record indeed. He has won a greater number of high-jumping prizes (probably fifty first prizes) than any horse in America, has many times cleared 6 feet 6 inches, and on Thanksgiving day, 1896, he carried a woman in a 25-mile run over a big line of country without a fault.

Another ancient and trusty performer, who died last December, was Transport, a 17-hand black gelding with white socks and face, and the property of Mr. H. L. Herbert. He had his first run with the Meadow Brook hounds in 1888, and went through sixteen seasons, with only one fall, over the Meadow Brook, Essex, and Monmouth countries. In the green hunter class in 1888 at the New York Horse Show he jumped 6 feet 6 inches, and in 1890 he reached that height three times and cleared 6 feet 9 within one hour. In 1894 he won the championship of the heavy-weight class.



TRANSPORT, WITH MR. H. L. HERBERT UP.

Gray Harry is remembered as the best horse of his day across wall and timber country. He was owned and hunted originally by Mr. Griswold, and was sold finally to Mr. John Sanford, about 1880, for the then long price of $1600.

Fox, owned in 1879 by Mr. Herbert, shares the reputation of Transport for steadiness in the field. He was a brown gelding, only 14 hands 1, and was hunted several seasons in Westchester, carrying 165 pounds without having had a

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DIRECTING WHERE TO RUN THE DRAG.

single fall, despite his trick of jumping on and off the big stone walls, after the fashion of Irish hunters in clearing banks. A number of times he was ridden out from New York fifteen miles to the meet, hunted ten miles, and ridden back to town again the same day. He was in hard service at polo and hunting for twelve years.

Arion, a thoroughbred chestnut gelding, owned by Mr. Griswold, and hunted many years by both him and Mr. Zborowski over timber and wall country, was considered one of the very best of his day, until a fetlock joint, broken five years ago in a run on Long Island, necessitated his destroyal.

Carmelite made his earliest appearance in the hunting-field in 1880 as the property of Mr. August Belmont, Jun., and revealed on the very first day the jumping possibility which subsequently placed his name with the most famous. On that first day's run, which crossed the old Jerome Park race-track, Carmelite turned himself and his rider over at the three-foot-high track rails; but later in the day jumped a stiff picket fence which subsequent measurement proved to be 5 feet 4 inches high. He is still alive, but has not been hunted for three or four years.

There are innumerable stories to be told of the horses, and many mirth-provoking incidents of the pioneer days of drag-hunting, that would not, perhaps, interest the general reader; but as a matter of record I must add a short list of other great hunters and their owners: Apollo and Shipmate, Mr. E. W. Roby; Mohawk, Mr. Elliott Roosevelt; Hobson's Choice

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and Laurelwood, Mr. H. L. Herbert; Majestic, Mr. P. F. Collier; Filemaker and Phantom, Mr. Alexander Dongan; Ontario, Mr. S. S. Howland; Hampton, Mr. Charles Carroll; The Doctor, Mrs. A. Belmont Purdy; Retribution, Mrs. J. L. Kernochan; Dutchman, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg; Brunette, Miss Roby; Presto, Mr. August Belmont, Jun.; and Falstaf, Mr. C. G. Peters.

Before the incorporation of the Meadow Brook Club, even before the hunting spirit languished thereabouts and Mr. Griswold had taken the erstwhile Meadow Brook pack to Westchester, hunting had begun in that other settlement of Long Island where sportsmen were scattered from Far Rockaway to what is now Cedarhurst. The beginning, in 1878, was unpretentious, with hounds brought from Virginia, and Mr. Louis Neilson as the master of a pack which at best furnished but primitive sport. The kennels were located at Lawrence, in a stable, with no attempt at the "real thing," and the hounds were indeed a most indifferent lot, all American-bred and not very well broken. Any kind of mount served the hunting purpose of these Rockaway enthusiasts, from a carriage-horse to a saddle-horse, but pluck and sportsmanship ruled, and from this humble beginning sprung the Rockaway Hunting-Club, with its handsome home and spacious kennels at Cedarhurst, about four miles east of where the first pack was housed.

It was a remarkable first run that this remarkable first pack had. The drag had been laid to the very door of the barn in which the hounds were locked; when all the members were mounted and ready, the doors were thrown open, and out dashed the hounds; instead of taking up the aniseseed line, they scattered over the country, while every one shouted and galloped about in a most amusing and unsuccessful attempt to head them. On another occasion, that the same difficulty of getting started together might be avoided, the hounds were brought out strung together on a long rope; but this time they broke away on the scent before having been released, and every horseman was pressed into service to disentangle the rope and extricate the hounds, that were hung up on fences and wound around trees in a choking endeavor to follow the aniseseed.

From this raw beginning, however, there was developed in time some of the best 'cross-country riders and steeple-chase jockeys in the country—to wit, Messrs. Foxhall Keene, J. D. Cheever, René and Albert La Montagne, John E. Cowdin, Leonard Jacob, Jun., Farley Clark, and J. S. and Eben Stevens. Of the women who, over the Rockaway country and elsewhere, at this time and much later, rode straight, were—Miss Mabel Metcalf (now Mrs. Harris Fahnestock), one of the most skilful of America's famous 'cross-country horsewomen, Mrs. Edgerton Winthrop, Jun., who, as Miss Emily Heckscher, was a daring rider; Mrs. John E. Cowdin, who did her riding as Miss Gertrude Cheever; Miss Hildegarde Oelrichs (now Mrs. William Jay), Miss Lucy Work (now Mrs. Cooper Hewitt), Mrs. Borden Harriman, Mrs. E. Robbins Walker, Miss Gerta Pomeroy, Miss Kate Cary of Westchester, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mrs. J. L. Kernochan, Mrs. A. Belmont Purdy and Miss Mabel Roby of Meadow Brook, Miss Fitzhugh of Genesee, and the Misses Cassatt of Radnor.

Mr. Neilson served as master for about a year, when the hounds were taken in charge by Mr. J. D. Cheever. With more money and better horses, Mr. Cheever put the hunting on a workmanlike basis, and showed good sport with fast galloping and lively runs. Meanwhile Mr. Griswold, finding the interest in Westchester subsiding and the stone walls severe upon the knees of his horses, had returned to Long Island, and established himself at Queens, near the western edge of the Hempstead Plains, where for a time he hunted a part of the present Meadow Brook country. Meanwhile, too, the informal hunting at Rockaway prospered.

It was about the winter of 1881 that a consolidation between the Queens and the Rockaway hounds resulted in the organization of the Rockaway Hunting-Club, with kennels at Bayswater, about a quarter-mile from the railway station at Far Rockaway, Mr. Griswold as master, and an old farm-house renovated into a picturesque and rollicking little club *rendezvous*. The country then hunted by Mr. Griswold extended over a radius of about eighty miles, running from Far Rockaway to Glen Head upon the north shore of Long Island, and south to what is now called Seaford. The farms in the "midland" of this area are unsurpassed for clean fencing and great going; most

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A WESTCHESTER STONE WALL.

of the post-and-rails will not break, and to be well mounted and to go at this fencing at a good clip is exhilarating beyond description. The man who cannot place his horse right must be a "duffer" indeed, as there is good "take-off" and safe landing all the time, and the holes and ditches, with few exceptions, can be seen through the rails.

The land near Bayswater, being very attractive for summer residence because of its proximity to the ocean, was soon cut into building-lots, and the club so cramped for room that a move was made to Cedarhurst. Here, in 1888, Mr. René La Montagne was elected master, and a new pack of ten couples bought in England of the Earl of Pembroke. Mr. Griswold, on retiring, took his Queens hounds with him, and settling at East Williston, hunted that neighborhood until, several years later, he became the master of Meadow Brook.

With the new pack and master, life rolled on merrily and prosperously for the Rockaway Club, the same grand country furnishing continuous sport, and new members giving substantial impulse to the subscription list. In 1890 Mr. Farley Clark succeeded Mr. La Montagne. He had an excellent stable of hunters, and mounted hunt servants with the best, thereby giving fast and stiff runs, and opening some new country that had not before been hunted. Mr. John E. Cowdin followed as master in 1892, and two years later the honor (and worry) were again visited upon Mr. La Montagne, who this time employed a hired huntsman and whip, which proved a partially satisfactory way of showing fair sport. This year Mr. Eben Stevens is the master. But the fact is that Rockaway hunting seems doomed; the country around Cedarhurst is rapidly building up, and it looks as if the hounds must soon seek new kennels or be disbanded. There is no lessening in the enthusiasm of the members nor in their love for the sport, but the realization is growing that their country is becoming a too-popular suburban residence, and that the time is near when the aniseeed-

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bag must make way for the Queen Anne cottage and the kitchen-garden.

There is little difference, in fact no practical difference, between the fencing of the Meadow Brook and Rockaway countries. It is invariably post-and-rails, ranging in height from three to six feet, with the average at about four feet, and most of it stiff and strong, as farmers keep up their pastures better than in the old days, and rotting rails are repeatedly replaced by sound ones. Ditches are very scarce, but often one comes across a furrow quite deep and close to the fence, for what purpose no one beyond its maker has ever discovered, which makes a bold jump if it happens to be upon the take-off side. Wire has crept in to a considerable extent, and a knowledge of the country is quite necessary nowadays to safe riding.

Some of the back country is beautiful to the eye and stirring to the blood, with its picturesque woodlands and the farms which nestle near by, and where the small enclosures and stiff fencing call for clever and frequent jumping. Rockaway in these days must go far for its good galloping across meadow, but Meadow Brook has great stretches of such going, dotted here and there with the handsome country houses, for whose building the sport is really responsible. Indeed, hunting has done much for this section of Long Island. It has immeasurably enhanced the value of land, has brought new people, new ideas of healthful living, new methods, and made this one of the most attractive suburban residence sections around New York. It has given new life to the country, which for many years slumbered, and has been a material benefit to the farmers, who find a readier market for their grain and garden-truck. Beyond that, it has created a desire for a wholesome out-of-door life, and led to polo, golf, and other commendable athletic endeavors. Socially speaking, it has added brilliancy to the surroundings of Meadow Brook and Rockaway, whose club-houses and the houses of the members are astir with hunt breakfasts, dinners, and dances from the time hunting begins in October until it ends with the coming of snow. Sometimes the sport is carried far into December, and is always renewed the latter part of February or first of March for a short spring season.

The first 'cross-country riding done in Westchester was after the Queens County hounds, brought over from Long Island by Mr. Griswold, and quartered at Castle Inn, New Rochelle. For a season or so, supported by Elliott Zborowski and some other leading spirits of that day, the pack was hunted by Mr. Griswold, and then went back to Long Island, where it was consolidated with the Rockaway hounds, as already related.

From that time, about 1881, there was no hunting in Westchester until, in 1885, a pack of harriers was imported by Mr. James M. Waterbury, and by him given to the Country Club, then located at Pelham. To this pack the Country Club loaned its name and provided stabling and kennels, but the hounds were supposed to be maintained by an uncertain subscription list, and were hunted by different members of the club, who, in an informal way, were annually chosen at the hunt dinner.

Such a haphazard method, of course, proved very unsatisfactory, so that when the Country Club moved from Pelham to near Westchester town, the hunting members organized an independent club—although the old harrier livery, green coats faced with canary, was retained—called it the Westchester Hunt, and moved the kennels to the neighborhood of White Plains. New hounds were bought—mostly from the Meadow Brook, which now had about thirty-five couples in its kennels—the quality of the hunt improved throughout, and Mr. T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., the first master, had an immediate and flattering success. Mr. N. C. Reynal succeeded Mr. Havemeyer, after the latter had served several years, and the pack continued to show good sport; but, alas, there came a cessation of interest, which last year caused the sale of the hounds, and to-day the only hunting in Westchester is done by Mr. William Iselin's superb pack of beagles. Of the names most closely identified with Westchester hunting are Messrs. T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., James M. Waterbury, Major Cooley, De Lancey Kane, Edward C., Howard, and Robert Potter, Charles Pelham Clinton, Laurence Jacob, N. C. Reynal, and William Iselin.

The Westchester country, as its name suggests, consists of Westchester County from the New York city line to the Byram River, and from the waters of Long Island Sound on the east to the banks of the Hudson River on the west. No more

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THE MYOPIA HUNT CLUB HOUSE.

picturesque section lies near New York, and none is more accessible. From end to end it is a grass country, with very little woodland and still less of plough. You seldom come across running water. Back from the towns there are dairy-farms and orchards, separated from one another, and subdivided again and again, by loosely piled stone walls. Toward the city line, and along the low foot-hills that run down to the Long Island Sound shore, the country is broken up into small hillocks, or hummocks, as they are called, and the rock crops out in great abundance. The enclosures in these parts are very small, and the going rough and trappy; but along the backbone of the country, the beautiful "divide," or highland, which occupies all the middle space between the Sound and the Hudson, the enclosures are larger and less stony, and the fences more regular and clean.

Here is the stone-wall country in its perfection; the most picturesque, enjoyable, and withal the safest (when understood) for both horse and rider. And this is the country where you want the most careful of horses—steady, quick of eye, and sure of foot. No steeple-chaser is desired here. A cool-headed, wary hunter is what you should have. One that can do four feet and a half, and do it whenever called upon, will carry you safely across nearly all this country. Occasionally some obstacle more formidable will loom directly in your way, and then a supreme effort is necessary, or mayhap, with an element of luck to favor you, you may, somewhere along the stone wall, find an easier place. Do not try the gap; it is sure to have loose bowlders on the other side just where you want to land; but try rather where the hill rises to its highest, where the going is certain to be firm, and where the builder of the wall was least inclined to haul up many stones.

Look out for that apple-orchard just ahead, and dodge it if you can see your way clear to get around—for the boughs are low, and are sticking out just on a level with your eyes, and, what is more, they won't break. Here the pulling, steeple-chasing brute is not a pleasant nor a safe mount to the best of horsemen. Now you are in an open pasture again, with the stone wall showing clearly against the sky, and that little place where the sun shines through the small stones on top inviting you to try just there.

In no country with which I am familiar, on either side of the Atlantic, is there more need of judgment in riding, and none where a knowledge of the land's features will help you so much. And who will say that the exercise of judgment and the quest of local knowledge do not add to the joys of a good run?

Drag-hunting in New Jersey virtually grew out of the Montclair Equestrian Club, which so long ago as 1876 gave the residents of this attractive New York suburb a taste of 'cross-country riding. For a time paper-chases supplied the wish for something more exhilarating than road-

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riding, but eventually the hunting of the Long Island and Westchester sportsmen aroused a spirit of emulation, and Mr. Henry Munn got a pack of hounds from Montreal, and christened them the Essex County Hunt. From this beginning the form rapidly improved and the field increased, until, under the mastership of Mr. Charles Pfizer, Jun., the Essex became one of the best turned out and most liberally supported hunts in the country. Latterly, the establishment of the Monmouth County Hunt by Mr. P. F. Collier, and the Lakewood Hunt by Mr. George Gould, has drawn somewhat on the fields of the Essex, but Mr. George P. Messervy, who took the hounds this last season, owing to Mr. Pfizer's illness, has shown that there is to be had as good sport as ever in the Essex country.

Some of our best 'cross-country performers and cleverest polo-players have ridden to these New Jersey packs, the notable names coming to me at the moment of writing being, Messrs. Charles and Henry Munn, Benjamin Nicoll, John Dallet, T. Powers Farr, Douglas Robinson, and W. B. Lord.

More than in any other section where drag-hunting obtains, New Jersey packs have had the sympathy of the farmers—apropos of which I think a letter I received some little time ago from one of the cleverest and best-informed 'cross-country riders in the country will be interesting reading. Maybe, too, it will furnish food for thought as well as illustrate the sporting spirit of the New Jersey farmer.

"MY DEAR WHITNEY,—It has chanced that I got a couple of runs in New Jersey last week with two private packs, and I was very much impressed with the reception given us upon both occasions by the farmers and village folk. Everybody, from the ticket-agent at the railroad to the 'yokel' in the field, took a lively interest in our movements. If you got in a tight place there was always some farmer or his boy to show you a way out, and all wanted to know 'if we had got the fox.' On Saturday's run with Mr. Collier's hounds a large dog-fox was turned down after a good fast run over heavy going, with lots of banks, ditches, and running water, and he took across a winter-wheat field, hounds in full cry. When we all 'paddled up' at this enclosure and started to find a way around, the farmer who owned it almost begged us to go across it, pulling out the rails to let us through. We did not go, however—but imagine this on Long Island!

"On Tuesday, with Mr. Pfizer's hounds, I was startled, when clearing a fence, to hear a cry of encouragement apparently from the sky, and on looking back saw several men in trees cheering us on and wishing us good sport.

"What does it mean? Are private packs better run and less damage done down there, or are our Country Clubs with their Hunting Committees too much on the make, and not in touch with the farmer? Every one makes fun of Jersey, but when I saw the Jersey mud on my boots being brushed away by the servant the next day, I felt that after all there was the place near New York where sport levelled all ranks, and that the farmer and the sportsman were hand and glove all in for the love of it, and that smiles and good feeling beat money and bluff.

Yours for more smiles and less bluff,

—— ——."

Some swampy land and a greater variety of fencing mark the difference between the hunting countries of New Jersey and Long Island. There are some of the Long Island post-and-rails, but a great many of the New Jersey fences are constructed of loose stones to a height of about two feet, to which are added posts and rails, making a total height of about four feet. There is wire in this country too, though not so much of it as on Long Island, and, especially down Morristown and Red Bank way, the Virginia zigzag or snake fence. But the most formidable though happily not the usual fence of New Jersey is a post-and-rail variety topped by a sapling rider, which makes a big jump, and a bold one; for a sapling more quickly than a stout rail will turn a horse over.

In New England the Myopia stands as the pioneer and representative drag-hunting club. For five or six years beginning 1873–4 about a dozen Boston men had on holidays and Saturdays been going out to Winchester, some ten miles to the north, to play baseball and cricket. They had rendezvoused at an old-fashioned wayside inn, more imposingly recorded, however, as the Arlington Hotel, and near here one of the friends of this little sporting clan who owned land at Winchester built a small club-house and leased it to them. That was the beginning of the Myopia Club. Some of the members, being fond of horses, suggested adding steeple-chasing and racing, and so in 1880 the club held its first race-meet at Beacon Park. The next year a meet was given at Clyde Park, Brookline—a half-mile trotting-track which was then the site of

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a road-house. Twenty years previously this track had been built and used by a few Boston horsemen as a running-track, but was entirely effaced from the memory of the present generation. This meeting brought it into view again, and gave the impulse which in 1882 started the Country

From the time Mr. Hugh A. Allan in 1882 purchased for the club ten couples of English hounds, until 1889, only wild foxes were hunted, but in that year, because the country was so rocky and so dotted with large swamps, and carried scent so poorly that it was almost impossible to run



THE ELKRIDGE HUNT CLUB HOUSE.

Club—the first of its kind in America. In this year (1882) it was decided to still further add to the sports of the club by securing fox-hounds and attempting the experiment of hunting the country around Winchester and Lexington; so, as the Myopia Club in a body had joined in forming the Country Club, the men interested in hunting appropriated the old house at Winchester, built kennels, and took the name of Myopia Hunt Club.

The good hunting country about Winchester and Lexington being limited, hounds were taken to John Gibney's farm at Hamilton, in Essex County, and hunted thereabouts during September and October, returning to Lexington and Brookline in November. In 1883 a move was made to the Country Club, which had offered the use of house, stables, and kennels, but in 1886 a lease was taken of the Gibney farm, kennels erected, the old barns rearranged for stabling, and the Myopia Club took up the quarters it rented until 1891, and then purchased.

During all these years many improvements have been made and the buildings gradually added to, until now, although rather old-fashioned, rambling, and patchy, they are very comfortable, decidedly picturesque, and amply suited to the requirements of the club.

down and kill a wild fox, it was decided to establish a drag. Fox-hunting had necessitated giving practically the entire day to the chase, time which very few of the men could spare from their vocations, and this, together with the desire to go faster, popularized drag-hunting, which allowed business men to pass most of the day in the city, and in two hours of the afternoon to get a good gallop with plenty of jumping, and yet to return to town in time for dinner.

Therein lies the real explanation of the success of drag-hunting. Nine out of every ten in America who ride to hounds are men whose days are filled with professional or commercial cares and worries. Lawyers, men of letters, bankers, brokers, merchants, whatever they may be, must spend the greater part of the day at their desks; these love the sport, or, if not, at least they yearn to get out into the air and sunshine, but they cannot often take an entire or even half a day out of their busy lives for recreation. Hence the drag-hunt—which is advertised to and does start at a certain hour, and that gives an exhilarating gallop, with no loss of time at the covert-side. One may leave New York, for instance, at 3.30, get to a point twenty miles away, have a run which, if hounds are kept in sight,

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GOING TO THE MEET.

will furnish exercise and excitement in plenty, and return to town in time for dinner.

For a short time Myopia tried to maintain half its pack on drag and the other half on wild foxes; but that was more than the country could stand, and in 1890 the fox-hounds were given up for all time. Mr. Allan was Myopia's first master, followed by Messrs. John E. Peabody, Frank Seabury (whose term of office extended from May, 1883, to March, 1893), R. M. Appleton, who succeeded Mr. Seabury and still holds the mastership. The club's original members were John S. and Hugh A. Allan, James H. Blake, Charles E. Cotting, Sidney Chase, Charles H. Dalton, Edward B. and Henry C. Haven, Augustus Hemenway, Pierre Jun. and John R. Humbert, Charles C. Jackson, James and Prescott Lawrence, George Lee, Charles J. Morse, Henry M. Martin, Hugh K. Norman, George A. Nickerson, Francis Peabody, Jun., Charles A. and Frederick H. Prince, Joshua M. Sears, Frank Seabury, Eugene V. R. Thayer, George H. Warren, William F. and Charles G. Weld.

The Myopia country is principally old pasturage, and has more or less the appearance of a rocky plantation. It is very rough and very rocky. The enclosures are of fair size, but usually so rough they look as though one could hardly cross safely faster than a walk; yet when hounds are running the pace is that of a steeple-chase, and safe crossing seems the working of a miracle; but this has been done for many years with few accidents, and therefore the going must be good. There is very little plough, few ditches, but a fair amount of timber. Wall predominates, being often blind on both the take-off and landing sides, and though the jumps are not so very high, every run will cross one or two of four feet six inches, and you should have a horse equal to clearing that height clean if you wish him to get over the rough walls with whole legs.

Some of the going is very awkward. There is but a narrow space by which you can enter the pastures, and only a narrow space through which you can escape, consequently a deal of single-file galloping ensues, which is again the order in getting through the swamps and big woods. You need a careful, clever jumper in the Myopia country, one that will take off at a fair distance, and land a safe distance on the other side of these walls, the ground before which is apt to be covered with

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brush, loose stones, and small "grips." As in New Jersey, the New England farmers have shown a kindly disposition towards the hunt clubs, making a sort of holiday of the hunting days, turning out with their families to see the hounds go by, while the small boys watch for the "drag man" much as later in the season they keep a sharp lookout for Santa Claus.

'Cross-country riding in Maryland, the home of the Elkridge Hunt Club, was the vogue so far back that I have been unable to find a definite commencement. It began with fox-hunting, and fox-hunting and the settlement of the State were practically simultaneous. It seems as though Reynard was the earliest object of chase. Yet there was no organized attempt at the sport, and the Elkridge Club was not a permanent institution until 1878. The early days of the club belong properly to fox-hunting history, and were commented upon in the paper already referred to as appearing in this Magazine last year. It was good sport they had, with hounds of stoutest strains if not handsome, and horses that had plenty of good blood in their veins. A hunt in those days was no mere turning out in livery for the countrymen's wonder, but a hunt in very fact, which frequently extended over several days and led the followers into neighboring counties. The first master was Mr. Murray Hanson, and the first president General George S. Brown, a rare good sportsman, who held the office up to the time of his death. Its second president was Mr. Edward J. Jackson, and its masters since Mr. Hanson have been Messrs. W. T. Frick, Alexander Brown, T. Swann Latrobe, and Gerard T. Hopkins. Samuel E. George is the present master.

In 1880 the membership had so increased that the club decided to move from Howard to Baltimore County, not far from the city, on property generously placed at its disposal by President Brown. Here a cozy little farm-house was converted into a club-house, fitted up with lockers, where, in true Southern style, each man kept his own liquid refreshment; pictures of hunting scenes hung around the walls; kennels were constructed; an old barn was fitted with stalls; and a field laid off with three or four modest jumps to lark over.

So the club prospered, giving good sport, and evincing extreme consideration for the farmers, who were invariably and promptly paid for all damage done. Incidentally, once the president and master were instructed to settle for an "Alderney calf"; but whether hounds mistook it for a fox or a bibulous hunter mistook it for a deer is not recorded.

Until 1887 hunting the fox was the sole sport of the Elkridge; but as the club grew many of its new members were of the non-riding element, and these desired enlargement into a country club, with all the sports that these modern breathing-spots of nineteenth-century life provide. In conformance with this wish a very charming place was finally secured five miles out from Baltimore, on Charles Street, and the Elkridge passed from a mere hunting to a fully developed country club with all the up-to-date features. From this time, too, began this club's drag-hunting history, although there has never ceased to be a pretence of wild-fox hunting when occasion offered.

But they have experienced here as elsewhere the same difficulty of giving the time needful to fox-hunting.

The country of the Elkridge is very beautiful to see and comfortable to ride over; the going is good, and the fencing is not so formidable but a fairly good hunter can negotiate it without difficulty.

Chief of the drag-hounds of more recent establishment are Mr. P. F. Collier's, at Eatontown (New Jersey); Mr. George Gould's, at Lakewood (New Jersey); and the Richmond County Hunt, on Staten Island. Mr. S. S. Howland until last year maintained a pack at Annapolis and in the vicinity of Washington, but is not now hunting his hounds. All these are first-class packs, turned out in first-class form, and all are essentially drag-hunts. Attempts have been made within the past two years to establish fox-hunting at Monmouth (Mr. Collier's) and at Meadow Brook, but it was found that hounds kept for drag-hunting are not useful afterwards for fox-hunting, and it became necessary at Meadow Brook, where the desire to hunt the genuine fox still rules, to establish a pack of American hounds to hunt through the wild parts, and continue the English hounds for drags. It is found, too, that the sympathies of the farmer are sooner enlisted by fox than by drag hunting—no doubt because of the natural human fondness for legitimate sport.

The cost of drag-hunting, as in fox-hunting, is largely a question with the in-

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dividual who wishes to hunt. He can make it as expensive as he chooses by keeping a large stable of high-priced horses, or he can get a great deal of good sport with one or two horses.

The annual cost of a pack of drag-hounds of about thirty couples, maintained in such form as the Meadow Brook, for instance, would be from $6000 to $8000.

And thus we conclude the history of drag-hunting in the United States.

Drag-hunting may require less skill on the part of the hounds, but in no way does it lessen the demands on the pluck and skill of the man who follows straight. 'Cross-country riding is a sport of great merit, and has won recognition despite the ridicule and the prejudice with which it was at first greeted, and that now has been silenced. It has played a part, and a most important one, in our comparatively recent conversion to a healthful out-of-door life. Its spectacular and decorative adjuncts have brightened country life; its vigorous exercise brushed the cobwebs from care-laden, busy brains, to leave a fresher mind for the struggle with the worries of this work-a-day world.

And what greater recommendation can any branch of human endeavor attain?

"WHERE NEITHER MOTH NOR RUST DOTH CORRUPT."

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

IF, peradventure, in the years to be
You come, O Child, to narrower needs of me
As the world widens to you—even although
Life touch you with indifference as you go—
No longer hand in hand and heart to heart,
Should we be borne apart,
Thrust far asunder in the hurrying press,
Even so I shall not fare companionless.
I 'mid the last late loiterers wandering slow,
With wearied, equable pace,
The solace of the sunset on my face—
The sunset spacious and low—
With tired feet in the dew,
Lifting mine eyes where you
Far in the forefront of the pageant ride,
Mailed in the splendors of your strength and pride,
You—yet another you,
Yourself as verily—leans his cheek to mine,
Lilts inarticulate eloquence divine
With babbling call and coo . . . .

The small down-vestured head,
Golden and faint,
Pale as the aureole of a child saint,
Dear as a tender thought of one long dead;
The innocent eyes; the sweet
Impetuous little feet;—
These, though the world went mourning for your sake,
Not the sheer tomb could take . . . .

The sweet eyes plead; the fluttering hands implore;
The frail arms cling as fondly as before
The strange years worked their will.

Child of my heart, though change and time divide
Me and your later semblance, you abide.
However time may devastate or fulfil,
Safe, incorruptible, shall my treasure hide,
Borne on my breast, light-pattering at my side,
The fair ghost linger still.

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THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART VIII.

"And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn and comfort and command;
And yet a spirit too and bright
With something of an angel-light."
—WORDSWORTH.

WHEN Barty had been six months in England, poor Mr. Gibson's affairs went suddenly smash. My father saved him from absolute bankruptcy, and there was lamentation and wailing for a month or so in Conduit Street; but things were so managed that Mr. Gibson was able to keep on the "West End firm," and make with it a new start.

He had long been complaining of his cashier, and had to dismiss him and look out for another; but here his daughter came in and insisted on being cashier herself (to her mother's horror).

So she took her place at a railed-in desk at the back of the shop, and was not only cashier and bookkeeper, but overseer of all things in general; and was not above seeing any exacting and importunate customer whom the shopmen couldn't manage.

She actually liked her work, and declared she had found her real vocation, and quite ceased to regret Tavistock Square.

Her authority in the emporium was even greater than her father's, who was too fond of being funny. She awed the shopmen into a kind of affectionate servility, and they were prostrate as before a goddess, in spite of her never-failing politeness to them.

Customers soon got into a way of asking to see Miss Gibson, especially when they were accompanied by husbands or brothers or male friends; and Miss Gibson soon found she sold better than any shopman, and became one of the notables in the quarter.

All Mr. Gibson's fun came back, and he was as proud of his daughter as if she'd been proposed to by an earl. But Mrs. Gibson couldn't help shedding tears over Leah's loss of caste—Leah, on whose beauty and good-breeding she had founded such hopes; it is but fair to add that she was most anxious to keep the books herself, so that her daughter might be spared this degradation; for no "gentleman," she felt sure, would ever propose to her daughter now.

But she was mistaken.

One night Barty and I dined at a little cagmag he used to frequent, where he fared well—so he said—for a shilling, which included a glass of stout. It was a disgusting little place, but he liked it, and therefore so did I.

Then we called for Mrs. Gibson and Leah, and took them to the Princess's to see Fechter in *Ruy Blas*, and escorted them home, and had supper with them; a very good supper (nothing ever interfered with the luxuriously hospitable instincts of the Gibsons), and a very merry one. Barty imitated Fechter to the life.

"I 'av ze garrb of a *lacquais*—you 'av ze sôle of *wawn!*"

This he said to Mr. Gibson, who was in fits of delight. Mr. Gibson had just come home from his club, and the cards had been propitious; Leah was more reserved than usual, and didn't laugh at Barty, for a wonder, but gazed at him with love in her eyes.

When we left them, Barty took my arm and walked home with me, down Oxford Street and up Southampton Row, and

* Begun in October number, 1896

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talked of *Ruy Blas* and Fechter, whom he had often seen in Paris.

Just where a little footway leads from the Row to Queen Square and Great Ormond Street, he stopped and said,

"Bob, do you remember how we tossed up for Leah Gibson at this very spot?"

"I should think I did," said I.

"Well, you had a fair field and no favor, old boy, didn't you?"

"Oh yes; I've long resigned any pretensions, as I wrote you more than a year ago; you may go in and win—si le cœur t'en dit!"

"Well, then, your congratulations, please. I asked her to marry me as we crossed Regent Circus, Oxford Street, on the way home; a hansom came by, and scattered and splashed us. Then we came together again, and just opposite Peter Robinson's she asked me if my mind was quite made up—if I was sure I wouldn't ever change. I swore by the eternal gods, and she said she would be my wife. So there we are, an engaged couple."

I must ask the reader to believe that I was equal to the occasion, and said what I ought to have said.

Mrs. Gibson was happy at last; she was satisfied that Barty was a "gentleman," in spite of the kink in his birth; and as for his prospects, money was a thing that never entered Mrs. Gibson's head; and she loved Barty as a son—was a little bit in love with him herself, I believe; she was not yet forty, and as pretty as she could be.

Besides, a week after, who should call upon her over the shop—there was a private entrance of course—but the Right Honorable Lady Caroline Grey and her niece, Miss Daphne Rohan, granddaughter of the late and niece of the present Marquis of Whitby!

And Mrs. Gibson felt as much at home with them in five minutes as if she'd known them all her life.

Leah was summoned from below, and kissed and congratulated by the two aristocratic relatives of Barty's, and relieved of her shyness in a very short time indeed.

As a matter of fact, Lady Caroline, who knew her nephew well, and thoroughly understood his position, was really well pleased; she had never forgotten her impression of Leah when she met her in the park with Ida and me a year back, and we all walked by the Serpentine together—a certain kind of beauty seems to break down all barriers of rank; and she knew Leah's character both from Barty and me, and from her own native shrewdness of observation. She had been delighted to hear from Barty of Leah's resolute participation in her father's troubles and in his attempt—so successful through her—to rehabilitate his business. To her old-fashioned aristocratic way of looking at things, there was little to choose between a respectable West End shopkeeper and a medical practitioner or dentist or solicitor or architect—or even an artist, like Barty himself. Once outside the Church, the Army and Navy, or a Government office, what on earth did it matter *who* or *what* one was, or wasn't? The only thing she couldn't stand was that horrid form of bourgeois gentility, the pretension to seem something better than you really are. Mrs. Gibson was so naïvely honest in her little laments over her lost grandeur that she could hardly be called vulgar about it.

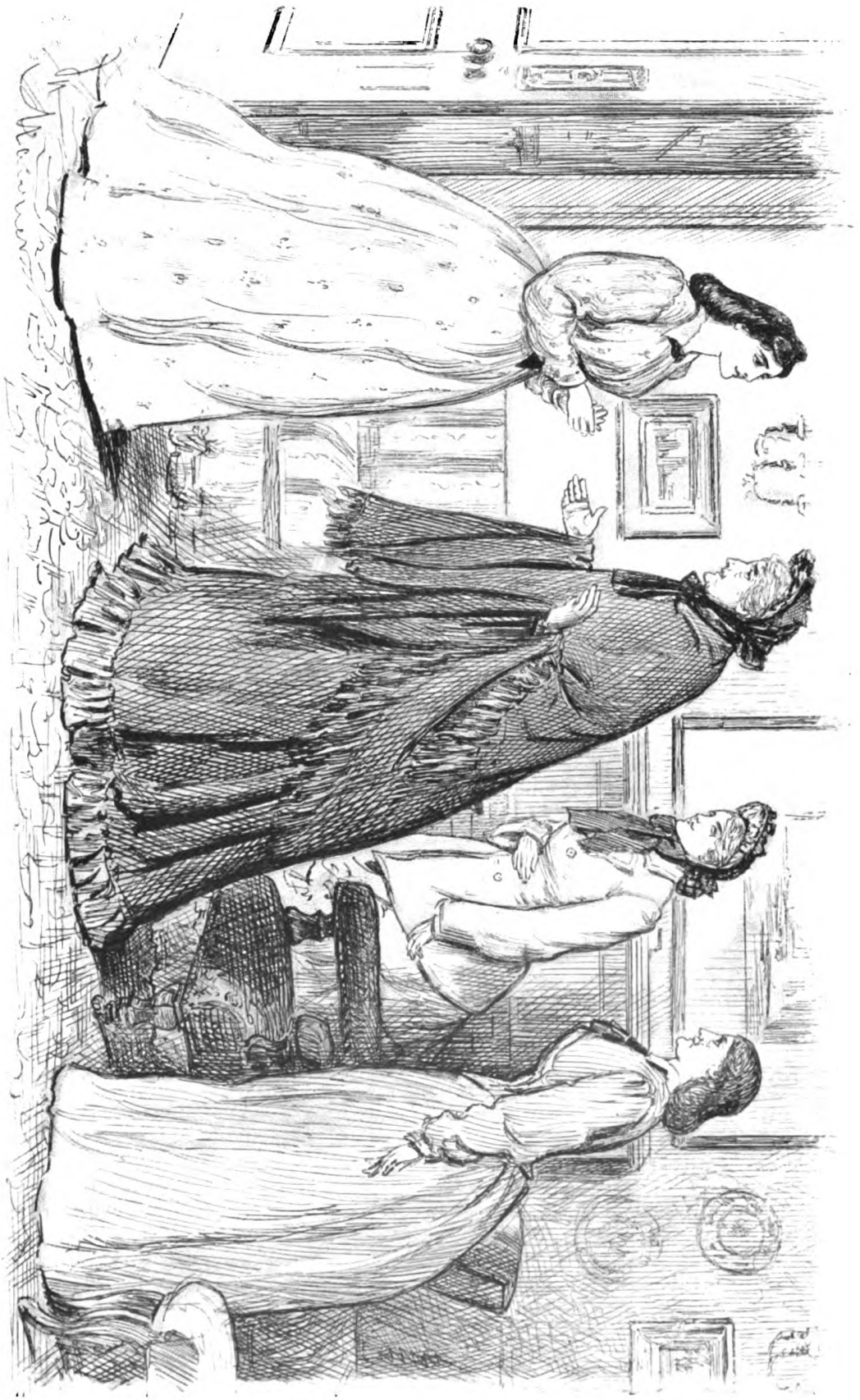
Mr. Gibson didn't appear; he was overawed, and distrusted himself. I doubt if Lady Caroline would have liked anything in the shape of jocose familiarity; and I fear her naturalness and simplicity and cordiality of manner, and the extreme plainness of her attire, might have put him at his ease almost a trifle too much.

Whether her ladyship would have been so sympathetic about this engagement if Barty had been a legitimate Rohan—say a son of her own—is perhaps to be doubted; but anyhow she had quite made up her mind that Leah was a quite exceptional person, both in mind and manners. She has often said as much to me, and has always had as high a regard for Barty's wife as for any woman she knows, and has still—the Rohans are a long-lived family. She has often told me she never knew a better, sincerer, nobler, or more sensible woman than Barty's wife.

Besides which, as I have been told, the ancient Yorkshire house of Rohan has always been singularly free from aristocratic hauteur; perhaps their religion may have accounted for this, and also their poverty.

This memorable visit, it must be remembered, happened nearly forty years ago, when social demarcations in England were far more rigidly defined than at present; then, the wife of a coster-

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"LEAH WAS SUMMONED FROM BELOW."

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monger with a donkey did not visit the wife of a coster-monger who had to wheel his barrow himself.

We are more sensible in these days, as all who like Mr. Chevalier's admirable coster-songs are aware; old Europe itself has become less tolerant of distinctions of rank; even Austria is becoming so. It is only in southeastern Bulgaria—and even of this I am not absolutely sure—that the navvy who happens to be of noble birth refuses to work in the same gang with the navvy who isn't; and that's what I call real "esprit de corps," without which no aristocracy can ever hope to hold its own in these degenerate days.

Noblesse oblige!

Why, I've got a Lord Arthur in my New York agency, and two Hon'bles in Barge Yard, and another at Cape Town; and devilish good men of business they are, besides being good fellows all round. They hope to become partners some day; and, by Jove! they shall. Now I've said it, I'll stick to it.

The fact is, I'm rather fond of noble lords: why shouldn't I be? I might have been one myself any day these last ten years; I might now, if I chose; but there! Charles Lamb knew a man who wanted to be a tailor once, but hadn't got the spirit. I find I haven't got the spirit to be a noble lord. Even Barty might have been a lord—he, a mere man of letters—but he refused every honor and distinction that was ever offered to him, either here or abroad—even the Prussian order of Merit.

Alfred Tennyson was a lord, so what is there to make such a fuss about? Give me lords who can't help themselves, because they were born so, and the stupider the better; and the older—for the older they are the grander their manners and the manners of their womankind.

Take, for instance, that splendid old dow, Penelope, Duchess of Rumtifoozleland—I always give nicknames to my grand acquaintances; not that she's particularly old herself, but she belongs to an antiquated order of things that is passing away—for she was a Fitztartan, a daughter of the ducal house of Comtesbois (pronounced County Boyce); and she's very handsome still.

Have you ever been presented to her Grace, O reader?

If so, you must have been struck by the grace of her Grace's manner, as with a ducal gesture and a few courtly words she recognizes the value of whatever immense achievements yours must have been to have procured you such an honor as such an introduction, and expresses her surprise and regret that she has not known you before. The formula is always the same, on every possible occasion. I ought to know, for I've had the honor of being presented to her Grace seven times this year.

Now this lofty forgetting of your poor existence—or mine—is not aristocratic hauteur or patrician insolence; it is *bêtise pure et simple*, as they call it in France. She was a daughter of the house of Comtesbois, and the Fitztartans were not the inventors of gunpowder, nor was she.

But for a stately magnificent Grande Dame of the ancient régime, to meet for the seventh time, and be presented to—for the seventh time—with all due ceremony in the midst of a distinguished conservative crowd—say at a ball at Buckingham Palace—give me Penelope, Dowager Duchess of Rumtifoozleland!

(This seems a somewhat uncalled-for digression. But, anyhow, it shows that when it pleases me to do so, I move in the very best society—just like Barty Josselin.)

So here was Mr. Nobody of Nowhere taking unto himself a wife from among the daughters of Heth; from the class he had always disliked, the buyers cheap and the sellers dear—whose sole aim in life is the making of money, and who are proud when they succeed and ashamed when they fail—and getting actually fond of his future father and mother in law, as I was!

When I laughed to him about old Gibson—John Gilpin, as we used to call him—being a tradesman, he said:

"Yes; but what an *unsuccessful* tradesman, my dear fellow!" as if that in itself atoned or made amends for everything.

"Besides, he's Leah's father! And as for Mrs. Gilpin, she's a *dear*, although she's always on pleasure bent; at all events, she's not of a frugal mind; and she's so pretty and dresses so well—and what a foot!—and she's got such easy manners, too; she reminds me of dear Lady Archibald! that's a mother-in-law I shall get on with.... I wish she didn't make such a fuss about living over the

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shop; I call that being above one's business in every way."

"Je suis au-dessus de mes affaires," as old Bonzig proudly said when he took a garret over the Mont de Piété in the rue des Averses.

Barty's courtship didn't last long—only five or six months—during which he made lots of money by sketching little full-length portraits of people in outline and filling up with tints in water-color. He thus immortalized my father and mother, and Ida Scatcherd and her husband, and the old Scatcherds, and lots of other people. It was not high art, I suppose; he was not a high artist; but it paid well, and made him more tolerant of trade than ever.

He took the upper part of a house in Southampton Row, and furnished it almost entirely with wedding-gifts; among other things, a beautiful semi-grand piano by Érard—the gift of my father. Everything was charming there and in the best taste.

Leah was better at furnishing a house than at drawing and music-making; it was an occupation she revelled in.

It is not perhaps for me to say that their cellar might hold its own with that of any beginners in their rank of life!

Well, and so they were married at Marylebone Church, and I was Barty's best man (he was to have been mine, and for that very bride). Nobody else was there but the family, and Ida, whose husband was abroad; the sun shone, though it was not yet May—and then we breakfasted; and John Gilpin made a very funny speech, though with tears in his voice; and as for poor Maman-belle-mère, as Barty called her, she was a very Niobe.

They went for a fortnight to Boulogne. I wished them joy from the bottom of my heart, and flung a charming little white satin slipper of Mrs. Gibson's; it alighted on the carriage—*our* carriage, by-the-way; we had just started one, and now lived at Lancaster Gate.

It was a sharp pang—almost unbearable, but, also, almost the last. The last was when she came back and I saw how radiant she looked. And as for Barty, he was like

> "the herald Mercury,
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill!"

and he had shaved off his beard and mustache to please his wife.

"From George du Maurier, Esqre., A.R.W.S., Hampstead Heath, to the Right Honble. Sir Robert Maurice, Bart., M.P.:

"MY DEAR MAURICE,—In answer to your kind letter, I shall be proud and happy to illustrate your biography of Barty Josselin; but as for editing it, *vous plaisantez, mon ami; un amateur comme moi!* Who'll edit the editor? *Quis custodiet?* . . . .

"You're mistaken about Malines. I only got back there a week or two before he left it. I remember often seeing him there, arm in arm with his aunt, Lady Caroline Gray, and being told that he was a *monsieur anglais, qui avait mal aux yeux* (like me); but in Düsseldorf, during the following winter, I knew him very well indeed.

"We, and the others you tell me you mention, had a capital time in Düsseldorf. I remember the beautiful Miss Royce they were all so mad about, and also Miss Gibson, whom I admired much the most of the two, although she wasn't quite so tall—you know my craze for lovely giantesses.

"Josselin and I came to London at about the same time, and there again I saw much of him, and was immensely attracted by him, of course—as we all were, in the very pleasant little artistic clique you tell me you describe; but somehow I was never very intimate with him—none of us were, except perhaps Charles Keene.

"He went a great deal into smart society, and a little of the guardsman still clung to him, and this was an unpardonable crime in those bohemian days.

"He was once seen walking between two well-known earls, in the Burlington Arcade, arm in arm!

"Z—— (to whom a noble lord was as a red rag to a bull) all but cut him for this, and we none of us approved of his swell friends, guardsmen and others. How we've all changed, especially Z——, who hasn't missed a levée for twenty years, nor his wife a drawing-room!

"Josselin and I acted in a little French musical farce together at Cornelys's; he had a charming voice and sang beautifully, as you know.

"Then he married, and a year after I did the same; and though we lived near each other for a little while, we didn't meet very often, beyond dining together

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once or twice at each other's houses. They lived very much in the world.

"It will be very difficult to draw his wife. I really think Mrs. Josselin was the most beautiful woman I ever saw; but she used to be very reserved in those early days, and I never felt quite at my ease with her. I'm sure she was sweetness and kindness itself; she was certainly charming at her own dinner table, where she was less shy.

"Millais's portrait of her is very good, and so is Watts's; but the best idea of her is to be got from Josselin's little outlines in 'The Discreet Princess,' and these are out of print. If you have any, please lend them to me, and I will faithfully return them. I have more than once tried to draw her in *Punch*, from memory, but never with success.

"I used to call her '*La belle dame sans merci*.'

"I've often, however, drawn Josselin, as you must remember, and people have recognized him at once. Thanks for all his old sketches of school, etc., which will be very useful.

"I wish I had known the Josselins better. But when one lives in Hampstead one has to forego many delightful friendships; and then he grew to be such a tremendous swell! Good heavens!—*Sardonyx*, etc. I never could muster courage even to write and congratulate him.

"It never occurred to any of us, either in Düsseldorf or London, to think him what is called *clever;* he never said anything very witty or profound. But he was always funny in a good-natured, jovial manner, and made me laugh more than any one else.

"As for satire, good heavens! that seemed not in him. He was always well dressed, always in high spirits and a good temper, and very demonstrative and caressing; putting his arm round one, and slapping one on the back or lifting one up in the air; a kind of jolly, noisy, boisterous boon companion; rather uproarious, in fact, and with no disdain for a good bottle of wine or a good bottle of beer. His artistic tastes were very catholic, for he was prostrate in admiration before Millais, Burne-Jones, Fred Walker, and Charles Keene (with the last of whom he used to sing old English duets). Oddly enough, Charles Keene had for Josselin's little amateur pencillings the most enthusiastic admiration—probably because they were the very antipodes of his own splendid work. I believe he managed to get some little initial letters of Josselin's into *Punch* and *Once a Week;* but they weren't signed, and made no mark, and I've forgotten them.

"Josselin didn't really get his foot in the stirrup till a year or two after his marriage.

"And that was by his illustrations to his own *Sardonyx*, which are almost worthy of the letter-press, I think; though still somewhat lacking in freedom and looseness, and especially in the sense of tone. The feeling for beauty and character in them (especially that of women and children) is so utterly beyond anything else of the kind that has ever been attempted that technical considerations no longer count. I think you will find all of us, in or outside the Academy, agreed upon this point.

"I saw very little of him after he bought Marsfield; but I sometimes meet his sons and daughters, *de par le monde.*

"And what a pleasure that is to an artist of my particular bent you can readily understand. I would go a good way to see or talk to any daughter of Josselin's; and to hear Mrs. Trevor sing, what miles! I'm told the grandchildren are splendid—chips of the old block too.

"And now, my dear Maurice, I will do my best; you may count upon that, for old-times' sake, and for Josselin's, and for that of '*La belle dame sans merci*,' whom I used to admire so enthusiastically. It grieves me deeply to think of them both gone—and all so sudden!

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"P.S.—Very many thanks for the Château Yquem and the Steinberger Cabinet; *je tâcherai de ne pas en abuser trop!*

"I send you a little sketch of Graham-Reece (Lord Ironsides), taken by me on a little bridge in Düsselthal, near Düsseldorf. He stood for me there in 1860. It was thought very like at the time."

When the Josselins came back from their honey-moon and were settled in Southampton Row, many people of all kinds called on the newly married pair; invitations came pouring in, and they went very much into the world. They were considered the handsomest couple in London that year, and became quite the fashion, and were asked everywhere,

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"BETWEEN TWO WELL KNOWN EARS."

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and made much of, and raved about, and had a glorious time till the following season, when somebody else became the fashion, and they had grown tired of being lionized themselves, and discovered they were people of no social importance whatever, as Leah had long perceived; and it did them good.

Barty was in his element; the admiration his wife excited filled him with delight; it was a kind of reflected glory, that pleased him more than any glory he could possibly achieve for himself.

I doubt if Leah was quite so happy; the grand people, the famous people, the clever worldly people she met made her very shy at first, as may be easily imagined.

She was rather embarrassed by the attentions many smart men paid her, as to a very pretty woman, and not always pleased or edified. Her deep sense of humor was often tickled by this new position in which she found herself, and which she put down entirely to the fact that she was Barty's wife.

She never thought much of her own beauty, which had never been made much of at home, where beauty of a very different order was admired, and where she was thought too tall, too pale, too slim, and especially too quiet and sedate.

Dimpled little rosy plumpness for Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin, and the never-ending lively chatter, and the ever-ready laugh that results from an entire lack of the real sense of humor, and a laudable desire to show one's pretty teeth.

Leah's only vanity was her fondness for being very well dressed; it had become a second nature, especially her fondness for beautiful French boots and shoes —an instinct inherited from her mother. For these, and for pretty furniture and hangings, she had the truly æsthetic eye, and was in advance of her time by at least a year.

She shone most in her own home—by her great faculty of making others at home there too, and disinclined to leave it. Her instinct of hospitality was a true inheritance; she was good at the ordering of all such things—food, wines, flowers, waiting, every little detail of the dinner table, and especially who should be asked to meet whom, and which particular guests should be chosen to sit by each other. All things of which Barty had no idea whatever.

I remember their first dinner party well, and how pleasant it was. How good the fare, and how simple; and how quick the hired waiting; and the wines, how— (but I won't talk of that); and how lively we all were, and how handsome the women. Lady Caroline and Miss Daphne Rohan, Mr. and Mrs. Graham-Reece, Scatcherd and my sister; G. du Maurier (then a bachelor) and myself—that was the party, a very lively one.

After dinner, du Maurier and Barty sang capital songs of the quartier latin, and told stories of the atelier, and even danced a kind of cancan together—an invention of their own—which they called "*Le dernier des Abencerrages.*" We were in fits of laughter, especially Lady Caroline and Mrs. Graham-Reece. I hope D. M. has not forgotten that scene, and will do justice to it in this book.

There was still more of the bohemian than the guardsman left in Barty; and his wife's natural tastes were far more in the direction of bohemia than of fashionable West End society, as it was called by some people who were not in it, whatever it consists of; there was more of her father in her than her mother, and she was not sensitive to the world's opinion of her social status.

Sometimes Leah and Barty and I would dine together and go to the gallery of the opera, let us say, or to see Fechter and Miss Kate Terry in *The Duke's Motto*, or Robson in *Shylock* or *The Porter's Knot*, or whatever was good. Then, on the way home to Southampton Row, Barty would buy a big lobster, and Leah would make a salad of it, with innovations of her own devising which were much appreciated; and then we would feast, and afterwards Leah would mull some claret in a silver saucepan, and then we (Barty and I) would drink and smoke and chat of pleasant things till it was very late indeed, and I had to be turned out neck and crop.

And the kindness of the two dear people! Once, when my father and mother were away in the Isle of Wight, and the Scatcherds in Paris, I felt so seedy I had to leave Barge Yard and go home to Lancaster Gate. I had felt pretty bad for two or three days. Like all people who are never ill, I was nervous and thought I was going to die, and sent for Barty.

In less than twenty minutes Leah drove up in a hansom: Barty was in

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"LE DERNIER DES ABENCERRAGES."

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Hampton Court for the day, sketching. When she had seen me and how ill I looked, off she went for the doctor, and brought him back with her in no time. He saw I was sickening for typhoid, and must go to bed at once and engage two nurses.

Leah insisted on taking me straight off to Southampton Row, and the doctor came with us. There I was soon in bed, and the nurses engaged, and everything done for me as if I'd been Barty himself—all this at considerable inconvenience to the Josselins.

And I had my typhoid most pleasantly. And I shall never forget the joys of convalescence, nor what an angel that woman was in a sick-room, nor what a companion when the worst was over; nor how she so bore herself through all this forced intimacy that no unruly regrets or jealousies mingled in my deep affection and admiration for her, and my passionate gratitude. She was such a person to tell all one's affairs to, even dry business affairs! such a listener, and said such sensible things, and sometimes made suggestions that were invaluable; and of a discretion! a very tomb for momentous secrets.

How on earth Barty would have ever managed to get through existence without her is not to be conceived. Upon my word, I hardly see how I should have got on myself without these two people to fill my life with; and in all matters of real importance to me she was the nearest of the two; for Barty was so light about things, and couldn't listen long to anything that was at all intricate. Such matters bored him, and that extraordinary good sense which underlies all his brilliant criticism of life was apt to fail him in practical matters; he was too headstrong and impulsive, and by no means discreet.

It was quite amusing to watch the way his wife managed him without ever letting him suspect what she was doing, and how, after his raging and fuming and storming and stamping—for all his old fractiousness had come back—she would gradually make him work his way round—of his own accord, as he thought—to complete concession all along the line, and take credit to himself in consequence; and she would very gravely and slowly give way to a delicate little wink in my direction, but never a smile at what was all so really funny. I've no doubt she often got me to do what she thought right in just the same way—*à mon insu*—and shot her little wink at Barty.

In due time, namely, late in the evening of December 31, 1862, Barty hailed a hansom, and went first to summon his good friend Dr. Knight, in Orchard Street, and then he drove to Brixton, and woke up and brought back with him a very respectable middle-aged and motherly woman, whose name was Jones; and next morning, which was a very sunny, frosty one, my dear little goddaughter was ushered into this sinful world—a fact which was chronicled the very next day in Leah's diary by the simple entry:

"Jan. 1.—Roberta was born and the coals came in."

When Roberta was first shown to her papa by the nurse, he was in despair, and ran and shut himself up in his studio, and, I believe, almost wept. He feared he had brought a monster into the world. He had always thought that female babies were born with large blue eyes framed with long lashes, a beautiful complexion of the lily and the rose, and their shining flaxen curls already parted in the middle. And this little, bald, wrinkled, dark red, howling lump of humanity all but made him ill. But soon the doctor came and knocked at the door, and said:

"I congratulate you, old fellow, on having produced the most magnificent little she I ever saw in my life—bar none; she might be shown for money."

And it turned out that this was not the coarse unfeeling chaff poor Barty took it for at first, but the pure and simple truth.

So, my blessed Roberta, pride of your silly old godfather's heart and apple of his eye, mother of Cupid and Ganymede and Aurora and the infant Hercules, think of your poor young father weeping in solitude at the first sight of you, because you were so hideous in his eyes!

You were not so in mine. Next day (you had improved, no doubt) I took you in my arms and thought well of you, especially your little hands, that were very prehensile, and your little feet turned in, with rosy toes and little pink nails like shiny gems; and I was complimented by Mrs. Jones on the skill with which I dandled you. I have dandled your sons and

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daughters, Roberta; and may I live to dandle theirs!

So then Barty dried his tears, if he really shed them—and he swears he did—and went and sat by his wife's bedside, and felt unutterably, as I believe all good men do under similar circumstances; and lo!—proh!—to his wonderment and delight, in the middle of it all, the sense of the north came back like a tide, like an overwhelming avalanche. He declared he all but fainted in the double ineffability of his bliss.

That night he arranged by his bedside writing materials, chosen with extra care, and before he went to bed he looked out of window at the stars, and filled his lungs with the clean, frozen, virtuous air of Bloomsbury, and whispered a most passionate invocation to Martia, and implored her forgiveness, and went to sleep, hugging the thought of her to his manly breast, now widowed for quite a month to come.

Next morning there was a long letter in bold, vigorous Blaze:

"MY MORE THAN EVER BELOVED BARTY,—It is for me to implore pardon, not for *you!* Your first-born is proof enough to me how right you were in letting your own instinct guide you in the choice of a wife.

"Ah! and well now I know her worth and your good fortune. I have inhabited her for many months, little as she knows it, dear thing!

"Although she was not the woman I first wanted for you, and had watched so many years, she is all that I could wish, in body and mind; in beauty and sense and goodness of heart and intelligence, in health and strength, and especially in the love with which she has so easily, and I trust so lastingly, filled your heart—for that is the most precious thing of all to me, as you shall know some day, and why; and you will then understand and forgive me for seeming such a shameless egotist and caring so desperately for my own ends.

"Barty, I will never doubt you again, and we will do great things together. They will not be quite what I used to hope, but they will be worth doing, and all the doing will be yours. All I can do is to set your brains in motion—those innocent brains that don't know their own strength, any more than a herd of bullocks which any little butcher-boy can drive to the slaughter-house.

"As soon as Leah is well enough you must tell her all about me—all you know, that is. She won't believe you at first, and she'll think you've gone mad; but she'll have to believe you in time; and she's to be trusted with any secret, and so will you be when once you've shared it with her.

("By-the-way, I wish you weren't so slipshod and colloquial in your English, Barty—guardsman's English, I suppose—which I have to use, as it's yours; your French is much more educated and correct. You remember dear M. Durosier at the Pension Brossard? He taught you well. You must read, and cultivate a decent English style, for the bulk of our joint work must be in English, I think; and I can only use your own words to make you immortal, and your own way of using them.)

"We will be simple, Barty—as simple as Lemuel Gulliver, and the good Robinson Crusoe—and cultivate a fondness for words of one syllable; and if that doesn't do, we'll try French.

"Now listen, or rather read:

"First of all, I will write out for you a list of books, which you must study whenever you feel I'm inside you—and this more for me than for yourself. Those marked with a cross you must read constantly and carefully at home; the others you must read at the British Museum.

"Get a reading-ticket at once, and read the books in the order I put down. Never forget to leave paper and pencil by your bedside. Leah will soon get accustomed to your quiet somnambulism; I will never trouble your rest for more than an hour or so each night, but you can make up for it by staying in bed an hour or two longer. You will have to work during the day from the pencil notes in Blaze you will have written during the night, and in the evening, or at any time you are conscious of my presence, read what you have written during the day, and leave it by your bedside when you go to bed, that I may make you correct and alter, and suggest—during your sleep.

"Only write on one side of a page, leaving a margin, and plenty of space between the lines; and let it be in copy-books, so that the page on the left-hand side be left for additions and corrections

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from my Blaze notes, and so forth; you'll soon get into the way of it.

"Then, when each copybook is complete—I will let you know—get Leah to copy it out; she writes a very good, legible business hand. All will arrange itself. . . .

"And now get the books and begin reading them. I shall not be ready to write, nor will you, for more than a month.

"Keep this from everybody but Leah; don't even mention it to Maurice until I give you leave—not but what he's to be thoroughly trusted! You are fortunate in your wife and your friend—I hope the day will come when you will find you have been fortunate in your

MARTIA."

Here follows a list of books, but it has been more or less carefully erased; and though some of the names are still to be made out, I conclude that Barty did not wish them to be made public.

Before Roberta was born, Leah had reserved herself an hour every morning and every afternoon for what she called the cultivation of her mind—the careful reading of good standard books, French and English, that she might qualify herself in time, as she said, for the intellectual society in which she hoped to mix some day; she built castles in the air, being somewhat of a hero-worshipper in secret, and dreamt of meeting her heroes in the flesh, now that she was Barty's wife.

But when she became a mother there was not only Roberta who required much attention, but Barty himself made great calls upon her time besides.

To his friends' astonishment, he had taken it into his head to write a book. Good heavens! Barty writing a book! What on earth could the dear boy have to write about?

He wrote much of the book at night in bed, and corrected and put it into shape during the daytime; and finally Leah had to copy it all out neatly in her best handwriting; and this copying out of Barty's books became to her an all but daily task for many years—a happy labor of love, and one she would depute to no one else: no hired hand should interfere with these precious productions of her husband's genius. So that most of the standard works, English and French, that she grew to thoroughly master were of her husband's writing—not a bad education, I venture to think!

Besides, it was more in her nature and in the circumstances of her life that she should become a woman of business and a woman of the world rather than a reader of books—one who grew to thoroughly understand life as it presented itself to her; and men and women, and especially children; and the management of a large and much-frequented house; for they soon moved away from Southampton Row.

She quickly arrived at a complete mastery of all such science as this—and it is a science—such a mastery as I have never seen surpassed by any other woman, of whatever world. She would have made a splendid Marchioness of Whitby, this daughter of a low-comedy John Gilpin; she would have beaten the Whitby record!

She developed into a woman of the world in the best sense—full of sympathy, full of observation and quick understanding of others' needs and thoughts and feelings; absolutely sincere, of constant and even temper, and a cheerfulness that never failed—the result of her splendid health; without caprice, without a spark of vanity, without selfishness of any kind—generous, open-handed, charitable to a fault; always taking the large and generous view of everything and everybody; a little impulsive perhaps, but not often having to regret her impulses; of unwearied devotion to her husband, and capable of any heroism or self-sacrifice for his sake; of that I feel sure.

No one is perfect, of course. Unfortunately she was apt to be somewhat jealous at first of his singularly catholic and very frankly expressed admiration of every opposite type of female beauty; but she soon grew to see that there was safety in numbers, and she was made to feel in time that her own type was the arch-type of all in his eyes, and herself the arch-representative of that type in his heart.

She was also jealous in her friendships, and was not happy unless constantly assured of her friends' warm love—Ida's, mine, even that of her own father and mother. Good heavens! had ever a woman less cause for doubt or complaint on that score?

Then, like all extremely conscientious

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"SARDONYX."

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"RATAPLAN, RATAPLAN,
I'M A CELEBRATED MAN."

people who always know their own mind and do their very best, she did not like to be found fault with; she secretly found such fault with herself that she thought that was fault-finding enough. Also, she was somewhat rigid in sticking to the ways she thought were right, and in the selection of these ways she was not always quite infallible. *On a les défauts de ses qualités;* and a little obstinacy is often the fault of a very noble quality indeed.

Though somewhat shy and standoffish during the first year or two of her married life, she soon became *joliment dégourdie*, as Barty called it; and I can scarcely conceive any position in which she would have been awkward or embarrassed for a moment, so ready was she always with just the right thing to say—or to withhold, if silence were better than speech; and her fit and proper place in the world as a great man's wife—and a good and beautiful woman—was always conceded to her with due honor, even by the most impertinent among the highly placed of her own sex, without any necessity for self-assertion on her part whatever—without assumption of any kind.

It was a strange and peculiar personal ascendency she managed to exert with so little effort, an ascendency partly physical, no doubt; and the practice of it had begun in the West End emporium of the "Universal Fur Company, Limited."

How admirably she filled the high and arduous position of wife to such a man as Barty Josselin is well known to the world at large. It was no sinecure! but she gloried in it; and to her thorough apprehension and management of their joint lives and all that came of them, as well as to her beauty and sense and genial warmth, was due her great popularity for many years in an immense and ever-widening circle, where the memory of her

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is still preserved and cherished as one of the most remarkable women of her time.

With all this power of passionate self-surrender to her husband in all things, little and big, she was not of the type that cannot see the faults of the beloved one, and Barty was very often frankly pulled up for his shortcomings, and by no means had it all his own way when his own way wasn't good for him. She was a person to reckon with; and incapable of the slightest flattery, even to Barty, who was so fond of it from her, and in spite of her unbounded admiration for him.

Such was your mother, my dear Roberta, in the bloom of her early twenties and ever after; till her death, in fact—on the day following his!

Somewhere about the spring of 1863 she said to me:

"Bob, Barty has written a book. Either I'm an idiot, or blinded by conjugal conceit, or else Barty's book — which I've copied out myself in my very best handwriting—is one of the most beautiful and important books ever written. Come and dine with me to-night—Barty's dining in the City with the Fish-mongers; you shall have what you like best—pickled pork and pease pudding, a dressed crab and a Welsh rabbit to follow, and draught stout; and after dinner I will read you the beginning of *Sardonyx*—that's what he's called it—and I should like to have your opinion."

I dined with her as she wished. We were alone, and she told me how he wrote every night in bed, in a kind of ecstasy—between two and four, in Blaze—and then elaborated his work during the day, and made sketches for it.

And after dinner she read me the first part of *Sardonyx;* it took three hours.

Then Barty came home, having dined well, and in very high spirits.

"Well, old fellow! how do you like *Sardonyx*?"

I was so moved and excited I could say nothing--I couldn't even smoke. I was allowed to take the precious manuscript away with me, and finished it during the night.

Next morning I wrote to him out of the fulness of my heart.

I read it aloud to my father and mother, and then lent it to Scatcherd, who read it to Ida. In twenty-four hours our gay and genial Barty—our Robin Goodfellow and Merry Andrew—our funny man—had become for us a demi-god; for all but my father, who looked upon him as a splendid but irretrievably lost soul, and mourned over him as over a son of his own.

And in two months *Sardonyx* was before the reading world, and the middle-aged reader will remember the wild enthusiasm and the storm it raised.

All that is ancient history, and I will do no more than allude to the unparalleled bitterness of the attacks made by the Church on a book which is now quoted again and again from every pulpit in England—in the world—and has been translated into almost every language under the sun.

Thus he leaped into fame and fortune at a bound, and at first they delighted him. He would take little Roberta on to the top of his head and dance "La Paladine" on his hearth-rug, singing:

> "Rataplan, Rataplan,
> I'm a celebrated man—"

in imitation of Sergeant Bouncer in *Cox and Box.*

But in less than a year celebrity had quite palled, and all his money bored him—as mine does me. He had a very small appetite for either the praise or the pudding which were served out to him in such excess all through his life. It was only his fondness for the work itself that kept his nose so constantly to the grindstone.

Within six months of the *Sardonyx* Barty wrote *La Quatrième Dimension*, in French, which was published by Dollfus-Moïse frères, in Paris, with, if possible, a greater success; for the clerical opposition was even more virulent. The English translation, which is admirable, was by Scatcherd.

Then came *Motes in a Moonbeam*, *Interstellar Harmonics*, and *Berthe aux grands Pieds*, within eighteen months, so that before he was quite thirty, in the space of two years, Barty had produced five works—three in English and two in French—which, though merely novels and novelettes, have had as wide and far-reaching an influence on modern thought as the *Origin of Species* that appeared about the same time, and which are such for simplicity of expression, exposition, and idea that an intelligent

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ploughboy can get all the good and all the pleasure from them almost as easily as any philosopher or sage.

Such was Barty's début as a man of letters: this is not the place to criticise his literary work, nor am I the proper person to do so; enough has been written already about Barty Josselin during his lifetime to fill a large library—in nearly every language there is. I tremble to think of what has yet to follow!

Sardonyx came of age nearly twelve years ago: what a coming of age that was the reader will remember well. I shall not forget its celebration at Marsfield; it happened to coincide with the birth of Barty's first grandchild, at that very house.

I will now go back to Barty's private life, which is the sole object of this humble attempt at book-making on my part.

During the next ten years Barty's literary activity was immense. Beautiful books followed each other in rapid succession—and so did beautiful little Bartys, and Leah's hands were full.

And as each book, English or French, was more beautiful than the last, so was each little Barty, male or female. All over Kensington and Campden Hill—for they took Gretna Lodge, next door to Cornelys the sculptor's—the splendor of these little Bartys, their size, their beauty, their health and high spirits, became almost a joke, and their mother became almost a comic character in consequence—like the old lady who lived in a shoe.

Money poured in with a profusion few writers of good books have ever known before, and every penny not wanted for immediate household expenses was pounced upon by Scatcherd or by me, to be invested in the manner we thought best: nous avons eu la main heureuse!

The Josselins kept open house, and money was not to be despised, little as Barty ever thought of money.

Then every autumn the entire smalah migrated to the coast of Normandy, or Picardy, or Brittany, or to the Highlands of Inverness, and with them the Scatcherds and the chronicler of these happy times—not to mention cats, dogs, and squirrels, and guinea-pigs and white mice, and birds of all kinds, from which the children would not be parted, and the real care of which, both at home and abroad, ultimately devolved on poor Mrs. Josselin—who was not so fond of animals as all that—so that her life was full to overflowing of household cares.

Another duty had devolved upon her also, that of answering the passionate letters that her husband received by every post from all parts of the world—especially America—and which he could never be induced to answer himself. Every morning regularly he would begin his day's work by writing "Yours truly—B. Josselin" on quite a score of square bits of paper, to be sent through the post to fair English and American autograph-collectors, who forwarded stamped envelopes, and sometimes photographs of themselves, that he might study the features of those who loved him at a respectful distance, and who so frankly told their love; all of which bored Barty to extinction, and was a source of endless amusement to his wife.

But even *she* was annoyed when a large unstamped or insufficiently stamped parcel arrived by post from America enclosing a photograph of her husband, to which his signature was desired, and containing no stamps to frank it on its return journey!

And the photographers he had to sit to!. and the interviewers, male and female, to whom he had to deny himself! Life was too short!

How often has a sturdy laborer or artisan come up to him as he and I walked together, with,

"I should very much like to shake you by the hand, Mr. Josselin, if I might make so bold, sir!"

And such an appeal as this would please him far more than the most fervently written outpourings of the female hearts he had touched.

They of course received endless invitations to stay at country houses, all over the United Kingdom, where they might have been lionized to their hearts' content, if such had been their wish; but these they never accepted. They never spent a single night away from their own house till most of their children were grown up—or ever wanted to; and every year they got less and less into the way of dining out, or spending the evening from home—and I don't wonder; no gayer or jollier home ever was than that they made for themselves, and each other, and their intimate friends; not even at Cornelys's next door was better music to be heard; for Barty was friends with all

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the music-makers, English and foreign, who cater for us in and out of the season; even *they* read his books, and understood them; and they sang and played better for Barty—and for Cornelys, next door—than even for the music-loving multitude who filled their pockets with British gold.

And the difference between Barty's house and that of Cornelys was that at the former the gatherings were smaller and more intimate—as became the smaller house—and one was happier there in consequence.

Barty gave himself up entirely to his writing, and left everything else to his wife, or to me, or to Scatcherd. She was really a mother to him, as well as a passionately loving and devoted helpmeet.

To make up for this, whenever she was ill, which didn't often happen—except, of course, when she had a baby—he forgot all his writing in his anxiety about her; and in his care of her, and his solicitude for her ease and comfort, he became quite a motherly old woman, a better nurse than Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Gibson—as practical and sensible and full of authority as Dr. Knight himself.

And when it was all over, all his amiable carelessness came back, and with it his genius, his schoolboy high spirits, his tomfooling, his romps with his children, and his utter irresponsibility, and absolute disdain for all the ordinary business of life; and the happy genial temper that never seemed to know a moment's depression or nourish an unkind thought.

Poor Barty! what would he have done without us all, and what should we have done without Barty? As Scatcherd said of him, "he's having his portion in this life."

But it was not really so.

Then, in 1870, he bought that charming house, Mansfield, by the Thames, which he rechristened Marsfield; and which he —with the help of the Scatcherds and myself, for it became our hobby—made into one of the most delightful abodes in England. It was the real home for all of us; I really think it is one of the loveliest spots on earth. It was a bargain, but it cost a lot of money; altogether, never was money better spent—even as a mere investment. When I think of what it is worth now! Je suis homme d'affaires.

What a house-warming that was on the very day that France and Germany went to war! We little guessed what was to come for the country we all loved so dearly, or we should not have been so glad.

I am conscious that all this is rather dull reading. Alas! Merry England is a devilish dull place compared to foreign parts — and success, respectability, and domestic bliss are the dullest things to write—or read—about that I know—and with middle age to follow too!

It was during that first summer at Marsfield that Barty told me the extraordinary story of Martia, and I really thought he had gone mad. For I knew him to be the most truthful person alive.

Even now I hardly know what to think, nor did Leah—nor did Barty himself up to the day of his death.

He showed me all her letters, *which I may deem it advisable to publish some day:* not only the Blaze suggestions for his books, and all her corrections; things to occupy him for life—all, of course, in his own handwriting; but many letters about herself, also written in sleep and by his own hand; and the style is Barty's —not the style in which he wrote his books, and which is not to be matched—but that in which he wrote his Blaze letters to me.

If her story is true—and I never read a piece of documentary evidence more convincing—these letters constitute the most astonishing revelation ever yet vouchsafed to this earth.

But her story cannot be true!

That Barty's version of his relations with "The Martian" is absolutely sincere, it is impossible to doubt. He was quite unconscious of the genesis of every book he ever wrote. His first hint of every one of them was the elaborately worked out suggestion he found by his bedside in the morning—written by himself in his sleep during the preceding night, with his eyes wide open, while more often than not his wife anxiously watched him at his unconscious work, careful not to wake or disturb him in any way.

Roughly epitomized, Martia's story was this:

For an immense time she had gone through countless incarnations, from the lowest form to the highest, in the cold and dreary planet we call Mars, the outermost of the four inhabited worlds of our system; where the sun seems no bigger than an orange, and which, but for its moist, thin, rich atmosphere and pecul-

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iar magnetic conditions, that differ from ours, would be too cold aboveground for human or animal or vegetable life. As it is, it is only inhabited now in the neighborhood of its equator, and even there during its long winter it is colder and more desolate than Cape Horn or Spitzbergen — except that the shallow, fresh-water sea is frozen only for a few months at either pole.

All these incarnations were forgotten by her but the last; nothing remained of them all but a vague consciousness that they had once been, until their culmination in what would be in Mars the equivalent of a woman on our earth.

Man in Mars is, it appears, a very different being from what he is here. He is amphibious, and descends from no monkey, but from a small animal that seems to be something between our seal and our sea-lion.

According to Martia, his beauty is to that of the seal as that of the Theseus or Antinous to that of an orang-outang. His five senses are extraordinarily acute, even the sense of touch in his webbed fingers and toes; and in addition to these he possesses a sixth, that comes from his keen and unintermittent sense of the magnetic current, which is far stronger in Mars than on the earth; and far more complicated, and more thoroughly understood.

When any object is too delicate and minute to be examined by the sense of touch and sight, the Martian shuts his eyes and puts it against the pit of his stomach, and knows all about it, even its inside.

In the absolute dark, or with his eyes shut, and when he stops his ears, he is more intensely conscious of what immediately surrounds him than at any other time, except that all color-perception ceases; conscious not only of material objects, but of what is passing in his fellow-Martian's mind—and this for an area of many hundreds of cubic yards.

In the course of its evolutions, this extraordinary faculty—which exists on earth in a rudimentary state, but only among some birds and fish and insects, and in the lower forms of animal life—has developed the Martian mind in a direction very different from ours, since no inner life apart from the rest, no privacy, no concealment, is possible except at a distance involving absolute isolation; not even thought is free; yet in some incomprehensible way there is, as a matter of fact, a really greater freedom of thought than is conceivable among ourselves: absolute liberty in absolute obedience to law—a paradox beyond our comprehension.

Their habits are as simple as those we attribute to the cave-dwellers during the prehistoric periods of the earth's existence. But their moral sense is so far in advance of ours that we haven't even a terminology by which to express it.

In comparison, the highest and best of us are monsters of iniquity and egoism, cruelty and corruption; and our planet (a very heaven for warmth and brilliancy and beauty, in spite of earthquakes and cyclones and tornadoes) is a very hell through the creatures that people it—a shambles, a place of torture, a grotesque and impure pandemonium.

These exemplary Martians wear no clothes but the exquisite fur with which nature has endowed them, and which constitutes a part of their immense beauty, according to Martia.

They feed exclusively on edible moss and roots and submarine sea-weed, which they know how to grow and prepare and preserve. Except for heavy-winged bat-like birds and big fish, which they have domesticated and use for their own purposes in an incredible manner (incarnating a portion of themselves and their consciousness at will in their bodies), they have cleared Mars of all useless and harmful and mutually destructive forms of animal life. A sorry fauna, the Martian —even at its best—and a flora beneath contempt, compared to ours.

They are great engineers and excavators, great irrigators, great workers in delicate metal, stone, marble, and precious gems (there is no wood to speak of); great sculptors and decorators of the beautiful caves, so fancifully and so intricately connected, in which they live, and which have taken thousands of years to design and excavate and ventilate and adorn, and which they warm and light up at will in a beautiful manner by means of the tremendous magnetic current.

This richly parti-colored light is part of their mental and moral life in a way it is not in us to apprehend, and has its exact equivalent in sound—and vice versa.

They have no language of words, and do not need it, since they can only be isolated in thought from each other by a distance greater than that which any vocal

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sound can traverse; but their organs of voice and hearing are far more complex and perfect than ours, and their atmosphere infinitely more conductive of phonal vibrations.

It seems that everything which can be apprehended by the eye or hand is capable of absolute sonorous translation: light, color, texture, shape in its three dimensions, weight, and density. The phonal expression and comprehension of all these are acquired by the Martian baby almost as soon as it knows how to swim or dive, or move upright and erect on dry land or beneath it; and the mechanical translation of such expression by means of wind and wire and sounding texture and curved surface of extraordinary elaboration is the principal business of the Martian life—an art by which all the combined past experience and future aspirations of the race receive the fullest utterance. Here again personal magnetism plays an enormous part.

And it is by means of this long and patiently evolved and highly trained faculty that the race is still developing towards perfection with constant strain and effort—although the planet is far advanced in its decadence, and within measurable distance of its unfitness for life of any kind.

All is so evenly and harmoniously balanced, whether aboveground or beneath, that existence is full of joy in spite of the tremendous strain of life, in spite also of a dreariness of outlook on barren nature which is not to be matched by the most inhospitable regions of the earth; and death is looked upon as the crowning joy of all, although life is prolonged by all the means in their power.

For when the life of the body ceases, and the body itself is burned and its ashes scattered to the winds and waves, the infinitesimal, imponderable, and indestructible something *we* call the *soul* is known to lose itself in a sunbeam and make for the sun, with all its memories about it, that it may there receive further development, fitting it for other systems altogether beyond conception; and the longer it has lived in Mars, the better for its eternal life in the future.

But it often, on its journey sunwards, gets entangled in other beams, and finds its way to some intermediate planet—Mercury, Venus, or the Earth; and putting on flesh and blood and bone once more, and losing for a space all its knowledge of its own past, it has to undergo another mortal incarnation—a new personal experience, beginning with its new birth—a dream and a forgetting—till it awakens again after the pangs of dissolution, and finds itself a step further on the way to freedom.

Martia, it seems, came to our earth in a shower of shooting-stars, a hundred years ago. She had not lived her full measure of years in Mars; she had elected to be suppressed, through some unfitness, physical or mental or moral, which rendered it inexpedient that she should become a mother of Martians, for they are very particular about that sort of thing in Mars: we shall have to be so here some day, or else we shall degenerate, and become extinct; or even worse!

Many Martian souls come to our planet in this way, it seems, and hasten to incarnate themselves in as promising unborn though just begotten men and women as they can find, that they may the sooner be free to hie them sunwards with all their collected memories.

According to Martia, most of the best and finest of our race have souls that have lived forgotten lives in Mars. But Martia was in no hurry; she was full of intelligent curiosity, and for ten years she went up and down the earth, revelling in the open air, lodging herself in the brains and bodies of birds, beasts, and fishes, insects and animals of all kinds—like a hermit-crab in a shell that belongs to another—but without the slightest inconvenience to the legitimate owners, who were always quite unconscious of her presence, although she made what use she could of what wits they had.

Thus she had a heavenly time on this sunlit earth of ours—now a worm, now a porpoise, now a sea-gull or a dragon-fly; now some fleet-footed, keen-eyed quadruped that did not live by slaying—for she had a horror of bloodshed.

She could only go where these creatures chose to take her, since she had no power to control their actions in the slightest degree; but she saw, heard, smelt and touched and tasted with their organs of sense, and was as conscious of their animal life as they were themselves. Her description of this phase of her earthly career is full of extraordinary interest, and sometimes extremely funny—though quite unconsciously so, no doubt. For instance, she tells how happy she once was when she inhabited a small brown Pomeranian

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dog called "Schnapfel," in Cologne, and belonging to a Jewish family who dealt in old clothes near the Cathedral; and how she loved them and looked up to them—how she revelled in fried fish and the smell of it—and in all the stinks in every street of the famous city—all except one, that arose from Herr Johann Maria Farina's renowned emporium in the Julichs Platz, which so offended the canine nostrils that she had to give up inhabiting that small Pomeranian dog forever, etc.

Then she took to man, and inhabited man and woman, and especially child, in all parts of the globe for many years; and finally, for the last fifty or sixty years or so, she settled herself exclusively amongst the best and healthiest English she could find.

She took a great fancy to the Rohans, who are singularly well endowed in health of mind and body, and physical beauty, and happiness of temper. She became especially fond of the ill-fated but amiable Lord Runswick — Barty's father. Then through him she knew Antoinette, and loved her so well that she determined to incarnate herself at last as their child; but she had become very cautious and worldly during her wandering life on earth, and felt that she would not be quite happy either as a man or a woman in western Europe unless she were reborn in holy wedlock—a concession she made to our British prejudices in favor of respectability: she describes herself as the only Martian philistine and snob.

Evil communications corrupt good manners, and poor Martia, to her infinite sorrow and self-reproach, was conscious of a sad lowering of her moral tone after this long frequentation of the best earthly human beings—even the best English.

She grew to admire worldly success, rank, social distinction, the perishable beauty of outward form, the lust of the flesh and the pride of the eye—the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—and to basely long for these in her own person!

Then when Barty was born, she loved to inhabit his singularly well-constituted little body better than any other, and to identify herself with his happy child life, and enjoy his singularly perfect senses, and sleep his beautiful sleep, and revel in the dreams he so completely forgot when he woke—reminiscent dreams, that she was actually able to weave out of the unconscious brain that was his: absolutely using his dormant organs of memory for purposes of her own, to remember and relive her own past pleasures and pains, so sensitively and highly organized was he; and to her immense surprise she found she could make him feel her presence even when awake, by means of the magnetic sense that pervaded her strongly, as it pervades all Martian souls till they reincarnate themselves among us and forget.

And thus he was conscious of the north whenever she enjoyed the hospitality of his young body.

She stuck to him for many years, till he offended her taste by his looseness of life as a guardsman (for she was extremely straitlaced); and she inhabited him no more for some time, though she often watched him through the eyes of others, and always loved him, and lamented sorely over his faults and follies.

Then one memorable night, in the energy of her despair at his resolve to slip that splendid body of his, she was able to influence him in his sleep, and saved his life; and all her love came back tenfold.

She had never been able to impose a fraction of her will on any being, animal or human, that she had ever inhabited on earth until that memorable night in Malines, when she made him write at her dictation.

Then she conceived an immense desire that he should marry the splendid Julia, whom she had often inhabited also, that she might one day be a child of his by such a mother, and go through her earthly incarnation in the happiest conceivable circumstances; but herein she was balked by Barty's instinctive preference for Leah, and again gave him up in a huff.

But she soon took to inhabiting Leah a great deal, and found her just as much to her taste for her own future earthly mother as the divine Julia herself, and made up her mind she would make Barty great and famous by a clever management of his very extraordinary brains, of which she had discovered the hidden capacity, and influence the earth for its good—for she had grown to love the beautiful earth, in spite of its iniquities—and finally be a child of Barty and Leah, every new child of whom seemed an improvement on the last, as though practice made perfect.

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Such is, roughly, the story of Martia.

There is no doubt—both Barty and Leah agreed with me in this—that it is an easy story to invent, though it is curiously convincing to read in the original shape, with all its minute details and their verisimilitude; but even then there is nothing in it that the author of *Sardonyx* could not have easily imagined, and made more convincing still.

He declared that all through life, on awaking from his night's sleep, he always felt conscious of having had extraordinary dreams—even as a child—but that he forgot them in the very act of waking, in spite of strenuous efforts to recall them. But now and again, on sinking into sleep, the vague memory of those forgotten dreams would come back; and they were all of a strange life under new conditions—just such a life as Martia had described — where arabesques of artificial light and interwoven curves of subtle sound had a significance undreamt-of by mortal eyes or ears, and served as conductors to a heavenly bliss unknown to earth—revelations denied to us here, or we should be very different beings from what we most unhappily are.

He thought it quite possible that his brain in sleep had at last become so active through the exhausting and depleting medical régime that he went through in Malines that it actually was able to dictate its will to his body, and that everything might have happened to him as it did then and afterwards, without any supernatural or ultranatural agency whatever—without a Martia!

He might, in short, have led a kind of dual life, and Martia might be a simple fancy or invention of his brain in an abnormal state of activity during slumber; and both Leah and I inclined to this belief (but for a strange thing which happened later, and which I will tell in due time). Indeed, it all seems so silly and far-fetched, so "out of the question," that one feels almost ashamed at bringing this Martia into a serious biography of a great man — un conte à dormir debout! But you must wait for the end.

Anyhow, the singular fact remains that in some way inexplicable to himself Barty has influenced the world in a direction which it never entered his thoughts even to conceive, so far as he remembered.

Think of all he has done.

He has robbed Death of nearly all its terrors; even for the young it is no longer the grisly phantom it once was for ourselves, but rather of an aspect mellow and benign; for to the most sceptical he (and only he) has restored that absolute conviction of an indestructible germ of Immortality within us, born of remembrance made perfect and complete after dissolution; he alone has built the golden bridge in the middle of which science and faith can shake hands over at least one common possibility — nay, one common certainty for those who have read him aright.

There is no longer despair in bereavement—all bereavement is but a half parting; there is no real parting except for those who survive, and the longest earthly life is but a span. Whatever the future may be, the past will be ours forever —and that means our punishment and our reward, and reunion with those we loved. It is a happy phrase, that which closes the career of *Sardonyx*. It has become as universal as the Lord's Prayer!

To think that so simple and obvious a solution should have lain hidden all these æons, to turn up at last as though by chance in a little illustrated story-book! What a nugget!

Où avions-nous donc la tête et les yeux?

Physical pain and the origin of evil seem the only questions with which he has not been able to grapple. And yet if those difficulties are ever dealt with and mastered and overcome for us, it can only be by some follower of Barty's methods.

It is true, no doubt, that through him suicide has become the normal way out of our troubles when these are beyond remedy. I will not express any opinion as to the ethical significance of this admitted result of his teaching, which many of us still find it so hard to reconcile with our conscience.

Then, by a dexterous manipulation of our sympathies that amounts to absolute conjuring, he has given the death-blow to all cruelty that serves for our amusement, and killed the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious sport, and made them ridiculous with his lusty laugh; even the bull-fights in Spain are coming to an end, and all through a Spanish translation of *Lifeblood*. All the cruelties of the world are bound to follow in time; and this not so much because they are cruel as because they are ridiculous

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and mean and ugly, and would make us laugh if they didn't make us cry.

And to whom but Barty Josselin do we owe it that our race is on an average already from four to six inches taller than it was thirty years ago, men and women alike; that strength and beauty are rapidly becoming the rule among us, and weakness and ugliness the exception?

He has been hard on these; he has been cruel to be kind, and they have received notice to quit, and been generously compensated for in advance, I think! Who in these days would dare to enter the holy state of wedlock unless they were pronounced physically, morally, and mentally fit—to procreate their kind—not only by their own conscience, but by the common consent of all who know them? And that beauty, health, and strength are a part of that fitness, and old age a bar to it, who would dare deny?

I'm no Adonis myself. I've got a long upper lip and an Irish kink in my nose, inherited perhaps from some maternally ancestral Blake of Derrydown, who may have been a proper blackguard! And that kink should be now, no doubt, the lawful property of some ruffianly cattle-houghing moonlighter, whose nose (which should have been mine) is probably as straight as Barty's. For in Ireland are to be found the handsomest and ugliest people in all Great Britain, and in Great Britain the handsomest and ugliest people in the whole world.

Anyhow I have known my place. I have not perpetuated that kink, and with it, possibly, the base and cowardly instincts of which it was meant to be the outward and visible sign—though it isn't in my case—that my fellow-men might give me a wide berth.

Leah's girlish instinct was a right one when she said me nay that afternoon by the Chelsea pier—for how could she see inside me, poor child? How could Beauty guess the Beast was a Prince in disguise? It was no fairy-tale!

Things have got mixed up; but they're all coming right, and all through Barty Josselin.

And what vulgar pride and narrownesses and meannesses and vanities and uglinesses of life, in mass and class and individual, are now impossible!—and all through Barty Josselin and his quaint ironies of pen and pencil, forever trembling between tears and laughter, with never a cynical spark or a hint of bitterness.

How he has held his own against the world! how he has scourged its wickedness and folly, this gigantic optimist, who never wrote a single line in his own defence!

How quickly their laugh recoiled on those early laughers! and how Barty alone laughed well because he laughed the last, and taught the laughers to laugh on his side! People thought he was always laughing. It was not so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

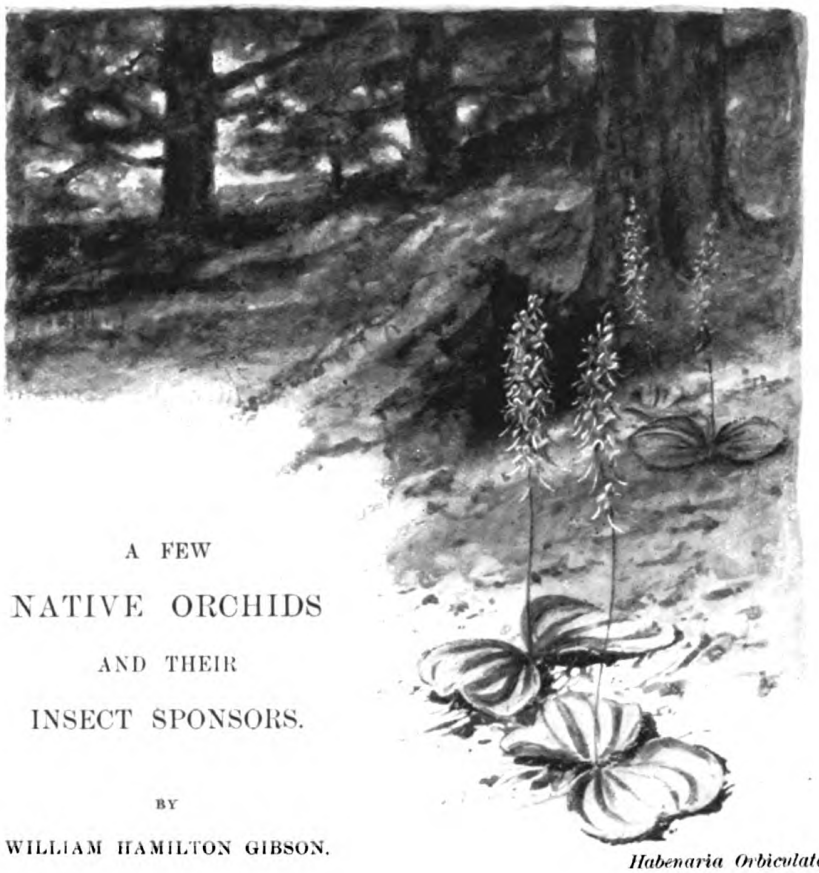
BENEDICITE.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

"ALL Green Things on the earth, bless ye the Lord!"
So sang the choir while ice-cased branches beat
The frosty window-panes, and at our feet
The frozen, tortured sod but mocked the word,
And seemed to cry like some poor soul in pain,
"Lord, suffering and endurance fill my days;
The growing green things will their Maker praise—
The happy green things, growing in warm rain!"

"So God lacks praise while all the fields are white!"
I said; then smiled, remembering southward far,
How pampas-grass swayed green in summer light.
Nay, God hears always from this swinging star,
Decani and Cantoris, South and North,
Each answering other, praises pouring forth.

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Habenaria Orbiculata.

A FEW NATIVE ORCHIDS AND THEIR INSECT SPONSORS.

BY

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

IN a previous paper,* to which the reader is referred as a helpful preliminary to the following, I discussed the general subject of the fertilization of flowers, briefly outlining the several historical and chronological steps which ultimately led to Darwin's triumphant revelation of the divine plan of "cross-fertilization" as the mystery which had so long been hidden beneath the forms and faces of the flowers.

In the same paper I presented many illustrative examples among our common wild flowers possessing marvellous evolved devices, mechanisms, and peculiarities of form by which this necessary cross-fertilization was assured.

Prior to Darwin's time the flower was a voice in the wilderness, heard only in faintest whispers, and by the few. But since his day they have bloomed with fresher color and more convincing perfume. Science brought us their message. Demoralizing as it certainly was to humanity's past ideals, philosophic, theologic, and poetic, it bore the spirit of absolute conviction, and must be heard.

What a contrast this winged botany of to-day to that of a hundred years ago! The flower now no longer the mere noncommittal, structural, botanical specimen. No longer the example of mere arbitrary, independent creation, reverently and solely referred to the orthodox "delight of man." The blossom whose unhappy fate was bemoaned by the poet because, forsooth, it must needs "blush unseen," or "waste its sweetness on the desert air," is found alone in that musty *hortus siccus* of a blind and deluded past. From the status of mere arbitrary creation, however "beautiful," "curious," "eccentric," hitherto accepted alone on faith—"it is thus because it is created thus: what need to ask the reason why?"—it has become a part of our inspiring heritage, a reasonable, logical, comprehensible *result*, a manifestation of a beautiful divine scheme, and is thus an ever-present witness and prophet of divine care and supervision.

* "The Welcomes of the Flowers," March, 1894.

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The flower of to-day! What an inspiration to our reverential study! What a new revelation is borne upon its perfume! Its forms and hues, what invitations to our devotion! This spot upon the petal; this peculiar quality of perfume or odor; this fringe within the throat; this curving stamen; this slender tube! What a catechism to one who knows that each and all represent an affinity to some insect, toward whose vital companionship the flower has been adapting itself through the ages, looking to its own more certain perpetuation!

The great Linnæus would doubtless have claimed to "know" the "orchid," which perhaps he named. Indeed, did he not "know" it to the core of its physical, if not of its physiological, being? But could he have solved the riddle of the orchid's persistent refusal to set a pod in the conservatory? Could he have divined why the orchid blossom continues in bloom for weeks and weeks in this artificial glazed tropic—perhaps weeks longer than its more fortunate fellows left behind in their native haunts—and then only to wither and perish without requital? Know the orchid?—without the faintest idea of the veritable divorce which its kidnapping had involved!

Thanks to the new dispensation, we may indeed claim a deeper sympathy with the flower than is implied in a mere recognition of its pretty face. We know that this orchid is but the half of itself, as it were; that its color, its form, however eccentric and incomprehensible, its twisted inverted position on its individual stalk-like ovary, its slender nectary, its carefully concealed pollen—all are anticipations of an insect complement, a long-tongued night-moth perhaps, with whose life its own is mysteriously linked through the sweet bond of perfume and nectar, and in the sole hope of posterity.

And the flower had been stolen from its haunt while its consort slept, and had awakened in a glazed prison—doubtless sufficiently comfortable, save for the absence of that one indispensable counterpart, toward whom we behold in the blossom's very being the embodied expression of welcome.

Blooming day after day in anticipation of his coming, and week after week still hoping against hope, we see the flower fade upon its stalk, and with what one might verily believe to be evidences of disconsolation, were it not that the ultra-scientist objects to such a sentimental assumption with regard to a flower, which is unfortunate enough to show no sign of nerves or gray matter in its composition. Who shall claim to *know* his orchid who knows not its insect sponsor?

To take one of our own wild species. Here is the *Arethusa bulbosa* of Linnæus, for instance. Its pollen must reach its stigma—so he supposed—in order for the flower to become fruitful. But this is clearly impossible, as the pollen never leaves its tightly closed box unless removed by outside aid, which aid must also be required to place it upon the stigma. This problem, which confronted him in practically every orchid he met, Linnæus, nor none of his contemporaries, nor indeed his followers for many years, ever solved.

Not until the time of Christian Conrad Sprengel (1735) did this and other similar riddles begin to be cleared up, that distinguished observer having been the first to discover in the honey-sipping insect the key to the omnipresent mystery. Many flowers, he discovered, were so constructed or so planned that their pollen could *not* reach their own stigmas, as previously believed. The insect, according to Sprengel, enjoyed the anomalous distinction of having been called in, in the emergency, to fulfil this apparent default in the plain intentions of nature, as shown in the flower. Attracted by the color and fragrance of the blossom, with their implied invitation to the assured feast of nectar, the insect visited the flower, and thus became dusted with the pollen, and in creeping or flying out from it conveyed the fecundating grains to the receptive stigma, which they could not otherwise reach. Such was Sprengel's belief, which he endeavored to substantiate in an exhaustive volume containing the result of his observations pursuant to this theory.

But Sprengel had divined but half the truth. The insect *was necessary*, it was true, but the Sprengel idea was concerned only with the *individual* flower, and the great botanist was soon perplexed and confounded by an opposing array of facts which completely destroyed the authority of his work—facts which showed conclusively that the insect could *not* thus convey the pollen as described, because the stigma in the flower was either not yet

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ready to receive it—perhaps tightly closed against it—or was past its receptive period, even decidedly withered.

This radical assumption of fertilization in the individual flower, which lay at the base of Sprengel's theory, thus so completely exposed as false, discredited his entire work. The good was condemned with the bad, and the noble volume was lost in comparative oblivion—only to be finally resurrected and its full value and significance revealed by the keen scientific insight of Darwin (1859). From the new stand-point of evolution through natural selection the *facts* in Sprengel's work took on a most important significance. Darwin now reaffirmed the Sprengel theory so far as the necessity of the insect was concerned, but showed that all those perplexing floral conditions which had disproved Sprengel's assumption, instead of having for their object the conveying of pollen to the stigma of the *same* flower, implied its *transfer* to the stigma of *another*, cross-fertilization being the evident design, or evolved and perpetuated advantage.

This solution was made logical and tenable only on the assumption that such evolved conditions, insuring cross-fertilization, were of distinct advantage to the flower in the competitive struggle for existence, and that all cross-fertilized flowers were thus the final result of natural selection.

The early ancestors of this flower were self-fertilized; a chance seedling at length, among other continual variations, showed the singular variation of ripening its stigma in advance of its pollen—or other condition insuring cross-fertilization — thus acquiring a strain of fresh vigor. The seedlings of this flower, coming now into competition with the existing weaker self-fertilized forms, by the increased vigor won in the struggle of their immediate surroundings, and inheriting the peculiarity of their parent, showed flowers possessing the same cross-fertilizing device. The seeds from these, again scattering, continued the unequal struggle in a larger and larger field and in increasing numbers, continually crowding out all their less vigorous competitors of the same species, at length to become entire masters of the field, and the only representatives left to perpetuate the line of descent.

Thus we find in almost every flower we meet some astonishing development by which this cross-fertilization is effected, by which the transferrence of the pollen from one flower to the stigma of another is assured, largely through the agency of insects, frequently by the wind and water, occasionally by birds. In many cases this is assured by the pollen-bearing flowers and stigmatic flowers being entirely distinct, as in cucumbers and Indian-corn; perhaps on different plants, as in the palms and willows; again by the pollen maturing and disseminating before the stigma is mature, as already mentioned, and *vice versa*.

From these, the simplest forms, we pass on to more and more complicated conditions, anomalies of form and structure—devices, mechanisms, that are past belief did we not observe them in actuality with our own eyes, as well as the absolutely convincing demonstration of the intention embodied: exploding flowers, shooting flowers, flower-traps, stamen embraces, pollen showers, pollen plasters, pollen necklaces, and floral pyrotechnics —all demonstrations in the floral etiquette of welcome and *au revoir* to insects.

From the simplest and regular types of flowers, as in the buttercup, we pass on to more and more involved and unsymmetrical forms, as the columbine, monk's-hood, larkspur, aristolochia, and thus finally to the most highly specialized or involved forms of all, as seen in the orchid—the multifarious, multiversant orchid ; the beautiful orchid ; the ugly orchid ; the fragrant orchid ; the fetid orchid; the graceful, homely, grotesque, uncanny, mimetic, and, until the year 1859, the absolutely non-committal and inexplicable flower ; the blossom which had waited through the ages for Darwin, its chosen interpreter, ere she yielded her secret to humanity.

And what is an orchid? How are we to know that this blossom which we plucked is an orchid? The average reader will exclaim, "Because it is an air-plant"—the essential requisite, it would seem, in the popular mind. Of over 3000 known species of orchids, it is true a great majority are air-plants, or epiphytes —growing upon trees and other plants, obtaining their sustenance from the air, and not truly parasitic; but of the fifty-odd native species of the northeastern United States, not one is of this character, all growing in the ground, like other plants. It is only by the botanical struc-

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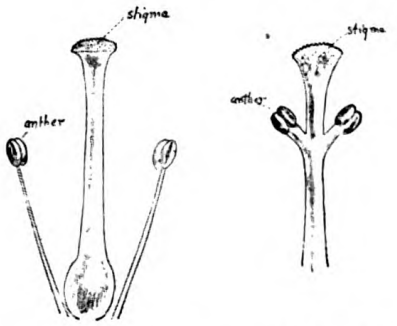


FIG. 1.—THE BOTANICAL DISTRIBUTION OF AN ORDINARY FLOWER AND OF THE ORCHID.

ture of the flowers that the orchid may be readily distinguished, the epiphytic character being of little significance botanically.

A brief glance at this structural peculiarity may properly precede our more elaborate consideration of a few species of these remarkable flowers.

The orchids are usually very irregular, and six-parted. The ovary is one-celled, and becomes a pod containing an enormous yield of minute, almost sporelike seeds (Fig. 3), in some species, as in the vanilla pod, to the number of a million, and in one species of the maxillaria, as has been carefully computed, 1,750,000.

The pollen, unlike ordinary flowers, is gathered together in waxy masses of varying consistency, variously formed and disposed in the blossom, its grains being connected with elastic cobwebby threads, which occasionally permit the entire mass to be stretched to four or five times its length, and recover its original shape when released. This is noticeable specially in the *O. spectabilis*, later described. The grains thus united are readily disentangled from their mass when brought into contact with a viscid object, as, for instance, the stigma.

But the most significant botanical contrast and distinction is found in the union of the style and stamens in one organ, called the column, the stigma and the pollen being thus disposed upon a single common stalk. The contrast to the ordinary flower will be readily appreciated by comparison of the accompanying diagrams (Fig. 1).

When, therefore, we find a blossom with the anthers or pollen receptacle united to a stalk upon which the stigma is also placed, we have an orchid.

The order is further remarkable, as Darwin first demonstrated in his wonder-

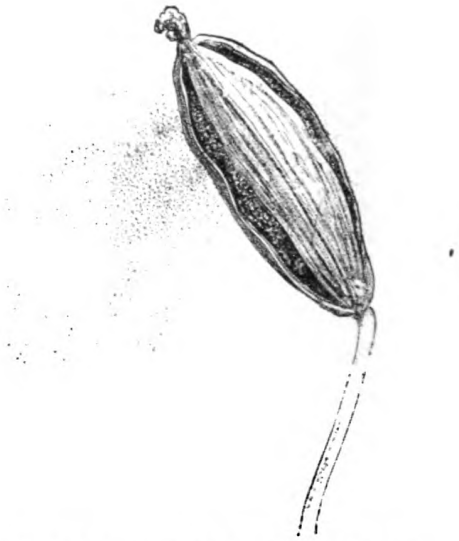


FIG 3.—THE RESULT OF THE BEE'S VISIT.
Moccasin Pod (Cypripedium) splitting.

ful volume *The Fertilization of Orchids*, in that the entire group, with very few exceptions, are absolutely dependent upon insects for their perpetuation through seed. They possess no possible resource for self-fertilization in the neglect of these insect sponsors.

Many of our common wild flowers, as perfectly and effectually planned for cross-fertilization as the orchids, *do* retain the reserve power of final *self*-fertilization if unfertilized by foreign pollen.

But the orchid has lost such power, and in the progress of evolution has gradually adapted itself to

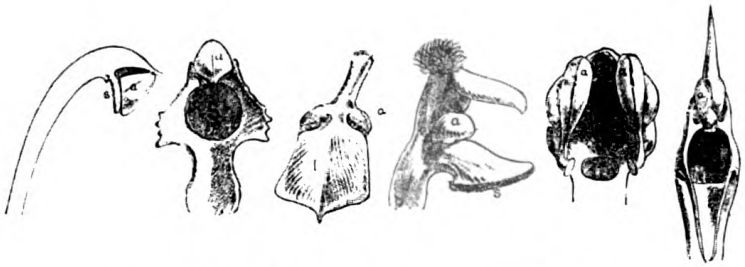


FIG. 2.—THE "COLUMN" IN VARIOUS ORCHIDS.
a, Anther. *s*, Stigma.

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the insect, often to a particular species of insect, its sole sponsor, which natural selection has again gradually modified in relation to the flower.

The above work by Darwin was mostly concerned with foreign species, generally under artificial cultivation, and so startling were the disclosures concerning these hitherto sphinxlike floral beings that a most extensive bibliography soon attested the widespread inspiration and interest awakened by its pages.

But it is by no means necessary to visit the tropics or the conservatory for examples of these wonders. Our own Asa Gray, one of Darwin's instant proselytes, was prompt to demonstrate that the commonest of our native American species might afford revelations quite as astonishing as those exotic species which Darwin had described.

During a period of many years the writer has devoted much study to our native species of orchids from this evolutionary stand-point of their cross-fertilization tendencies. Of the following examples, selected from his list, some are elaborations of previous descriptions of Gray and others, though pictorially and descriptively the result of direct original study from nature; others are from actual observation of the insects at work on the flowers; and others still, original demonstrations based upon analogy and the obvious intention of the floral construction, the action of the insect—its head or tongue—having been artificially imitated by pins, bristles, or other probelike bodies.



ARETHUSA BULBOSA.

How many an enthusiastic flower-hunter has plucked his fragrant bouquet of the beautiful Arethusa, in its sedgy haunt, without a suspicion of the beautiful secret which lay beneath its singular form! Indeed, how many a learned botanist, long perfectly familiar with its peculiarities of shape and structure, has been entirely content with this simple fact, nor cared to seek further for its interpretation! But

> "All may have the flower now,
> For all have got the seed."

With Darwin as our guide, and the insect as our key—an *open sesame*—the hidden treasure is revealed. It is now quite possible, as Darwin demonstrated, to look upon a flower for the first time and from its structure foretell the method of its intended cross-fertilization; nay, more, possibly the kind, or even the species, of insect to which this cross-fertilization is intrusted.

Let us look at our Arethusa. The writer has never happened to observe an insect at work upon this flower, but the intention of its structure is so plain that by a mere examination we may safely prophesy not only what must happen when the insect seeks its nectar, but with equal assurance the kind of insect thus invited and expected. I have indicated

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a group of the orchids in their usual marshy haunt, and in Fig. 4, separately, a series of diagrams presents sections of the flower, natural size and duly indexed, which renders detailed description hardly necessary. The column is here quite elongated, forked at the tip, the space between

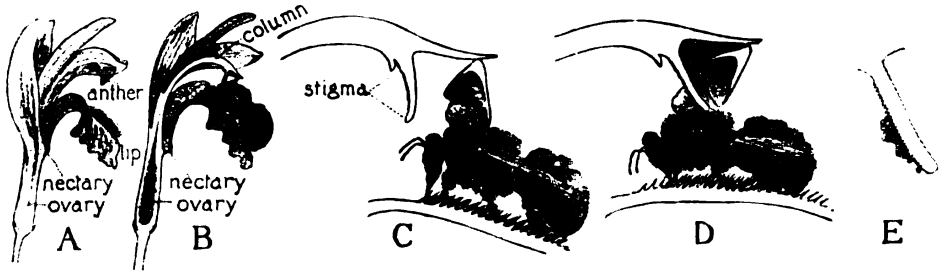


FIG. 4.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF ARETHUSA.

the forks occupied by the anther, which is hinged to the upper division. This anther lid is closed tightly, with the sticky mass of pollen hidden behind it in the cavity. The stigma is on the external inner side of the lower division, and thus distinctly separated from the pollen. The "lip" is extended forward as a hospitable threshold to the insect. And to what insect might we assume this invitation of color, fragrance, nectar, and threshold to be extended?

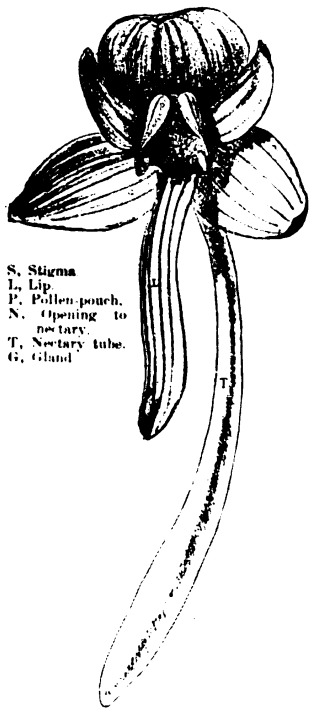


FIG. 5.—HABENARIA ORBICULATA.
A single flower enlarged.

Let us consider the flower simply as a device to insure its own cross-fertilization. The insect is welcomed; it must alight and sip the nectar; in departing it must bear away this pollen upon its body, and convey it to the *next* Arethusa blossom which it visits, and leave it upon its stigma. These are the conditions expressed; and how admirably they are fulfilled we may observe when we examine flower after flower of a group, and find their nectaries drained, their anther cells empty, and pollen upon all their stigmas. The nectar is here secreted in a well—not very deep—and the depth of this nectar from the entrance is of great significance among all the flowers, having distinct reference to the length of the tongue which is expected to sip it. In the Arethusa, it is true, the butterfly or moth might sip at the throat of the flower, but the long tongues of these insects might permit the nectary to be drained without bringing their bodies in contact with the stigma. Smaller insects might creep into the nectary and sip without the intended fulfilment. It is clear that to neither of such visitors is the welcome extended. What, then, are the conditions embodied? The insect must have a tongue of such a length that, when in the act of sipping, its head must pass beyond the anther well into the opening of the flower. Its body must be sufficiently large to come in contact with the anther. Such requisites are perfectly fulfilled by the humblebee, and we may well hazard the prophecy that the Bombus is the welcomed affinity of the flower.

The diagrams (Fig. 4) sufficiently illustrate the efficacy of the beautiful plan involved. At B the bee is seen sipping the nectar. His forward movement thus far to this point has only seemed to press the edge of the anther inward, and thus keep it even more effectually closed. As the bee retires (C), the backward motion opens the lid, and the sticky pollen is thus brought against the insect's back, where it adheres in a solid mass. He now flies to the next Arethusa blossom, enters it as before, and in retiring slides his back against the receptive viscid stigma, which retains a portion of the pollen, and thus effects the cross-fertilization (D). Professor Gray surmised that the pollen was withdrawn on the insect's

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head, and it might be so withdrawn, but in other allied orchids of the tribe Arethusæ, however, in which the structure is very similar, the pollen is deposited on the thorax, and such is probably the fact in this species. In either case cross-fertilization would be effected. Nothing else is possible in the flower, and whether it is Bombus or not that effects it, the method is sufficiently evident.

Having thus had one initiation into this most enticing realm of riddles, each successive orchid whose structure we examine from this stand-point becomes a most interesting, perhaps a fresh, problem, whose assumed solution may often be verified by studying the insect in its haunts. Darwin thus foretold the precise manner of the cross-fertilization of *Habenaria mascula*, and also the insect agent, simply by the structural prophecy of the flower itself.

Suppose, for example, an unknown orchid blossom to be placed in our hands. Its nectary tube is five inches in length, and as slender as a knitting-needle. The nectar is secreted far within its lip. The evolution of the long nectary implies an adaptation to an insect's tongue of equal length. What insect has a tongue five inches long, and sufficiently slender to probe this nectary? The sphinx-moth only. Hence we infer the sphinx-moth to be the insect complement to the blossom, and we may correctly infer, moreover, that the flower is thus a night-bloomer. Examination of the flower, with the form of this moth in mind, will show other adaptations to the insect's form in the position of pollen and stigma, looking to the flower's cross-fertilization. In some cases this is effected by the aid of the insect's tongue; in others, by its eyes.

In our own native orchids we have a remarkable example of the latter form in the *Habenaria orbiculata*, whose structure and mechanism have also been admirably described by Asa Gray.

All orchid-hunters know this most exceptional example of our local flora, and the thrill of delight experienced when one first encounters it in the mountain wilderness, its typical haunt, is an event to date from—its two great, glistening, fluted leaves, sometimes as large as a dinner-plate, spreading flat upon the mould, and surmounted by the slender leafless stalk, with its terminal loose raceme of greenish-white bloom.

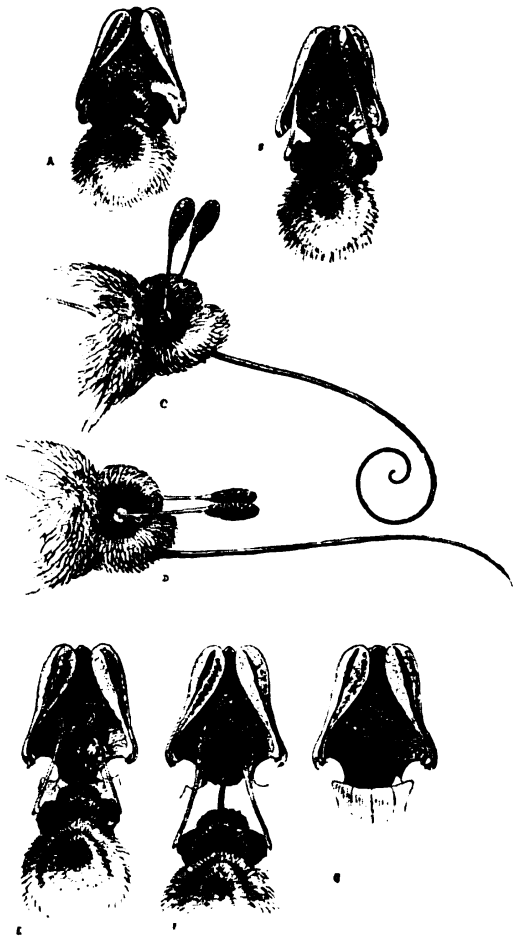


FIG. 6 — CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF HABENARIA ORBICULATA (SPHINX-MOTH).

A single blossom of the species is shown in Fig. 5, the parts indexed. The opening to the nectary is seen just below the stigmatic surface, the nectary itself being nearly two inches in length. The pollen is in two clublike bodies, each hidden within a fissured pouch on either side of the stigma, and coming to the surface at the base in their opposing sticky discs as shown. Many of the group Habenaria, or Platanthera, to which this flower belongs, are similarly planned. But mark the peculiarly logical association of the parts here exhibited. The nectary implies a welcome to a tongue two inches long, and will reward none other. This clearly shuts out the bees, butterflies, and smaller moths. What insect, then, is here implied? The sphinx-moth again, one of the lesser of the group. A larger individual might sip the nectar, it is true, but its longer tongue would reach the base

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ORCHIS SPECTABILIS.

of the tube without effecting the slightest contact with the pollen, which is of course the desideratum here embodied, and which has reference to a tongue corresponding to the length of the nectary. There are many of these smaller sphinxes. Let us suppose one to be hovering at the blossom's throat. Its slender capillary tongue enters the opening. Ere it can reach the sweets the insect's head must be forced well into the throat of the blossom, where we now observe a most remarkable special provision, the space between the two pollen discs being exactly adjusted to the diameter of the insect's head.

What follows this entrance of the moth is plainly pictured in the progressive series of illustrations Fig. 6. A represents the insect sipping; the sticky discs are brought in contact with the moth's eyes, to which they adhere, and by which they are withdrawn from their pouches as the moth departs (B). At this time they are in the upright position shown at C, but in a few seconds bend determinedly downward and slightly toward each other to the position D. This change takes place as the moth is flitting from flower to flower. At E we see the moth with its tongue entering the nectary of a subsequent blossom. By the new position of the pollen clubs they are now forced directly against the stigma (E). This surface is viscid, and as the insect leaves the blossom retains the grains in contact (F), which in turn withdraw others from the mass by means of the cobwebby threads by which the pollen grains are continuously attached. At G we see the orchid after the moth's visit—the stigma covered with pollen, and the flower thus cross-fertilized.

In effecting the cross-fertilization of one of the younger flowers its eyes are again brought into contact with this second pair of discs, and these, with their pollen clubs, are in turn withdrawn, at length perhaps resulting in such a plastering of the insect's eyes as might seriously impair its vision, were it not fortunately of the compound sort.

In another allied example of the orchids—the Showy Orchid—we have, how-

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ever, what would appear a clear adaptation to the head of a bee, though one which might also avail of the service of an occasional butterfly. A group of this beautiful species is shown in my illustration. A favored haunt is the dark damp woods, especially beneath hemlocks, and with its deep pink hood and pure white lip is quite showy enough to warrant its specific title, "spectabilis." An enlarged view of the blossom is seen in Fig. 7, and in Fig. 8 a still greater enlargement of the column.

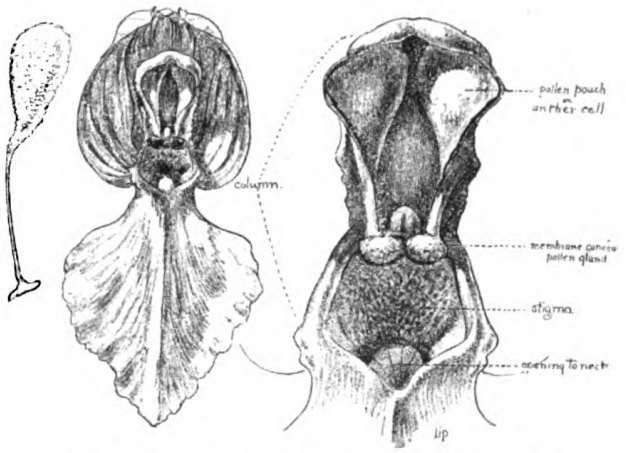


FIG. 7.—THE FLOWER AND COLUMN OF ORCHIS SPECTABILIS. ENLARGED

I have seen many specimens with the pollen masses withdrawn, and others with their stigmas well covered with the grains. Though I have never seen an insect at work upon it in its haunt, the whole form of the opening of the flower would seem to imply a bee, particularly a bumblebee. If we insert the point of a lead-pencil into this opening, thus imitating the entrance of a bee, its bevelled surface comes in contact with the viscid discs by the rupture of a veil of membrane, which has hitherto protected them. The discs adhere to the pencil, and are withdrawn upon it (Fig. 9). At first in upright position, they soon assume the forward inclination, as previously described. The nectary is about the length of a bumblebee's tongue, and is, moreover, so amply expanded at the throat below the stigma as to comfortably admit its wedge-shaped head. The three progressive diagrams (Fig. 10) indicate the result in the event of such a visit.

The pollen discs are here very close together, and are protected within a membraneous cup, in which they sit as in a socket. As the insect inserts his head at the opening (A) it is brought against this tender membrane, which ruptures and exposes the viscid glands of the pollen masses, which become instantly attached to the face or head, perhaps the eyes, of the burly visitor. As the insect retreats from the flower, one or both of the pollinia are withdrawn, as at B. Then immediately follows a downward movement, which exactly anticipates the position of the stigma, and as the bee enters the next flower the pollen clubs are forced against it, as in the previous example.

In the case of a smaller bee visiting the flower, the insect would find it necessary to creep further into the opening, and thus might bring its thorax against the pollen-glands. In either case the change of position in the pollinia would insure the same result.

We have thus seen adaptation to the thorax, the eyes, and the face in the three examples given. And the entrance of the flower in each instance is so formed as to insure the proper angle of approach for the insect for the accomplishment of the desired result. This direct approach, so necessary in many orchids, is insured by various devices — by the position of the lip upon which the insect must alight; by the narrowed entrance of the throat of the flower in front of the nectary; by a fissure in the centre of the lip, by which the tongue is conducted, etc.

Many other species allied to the above possess similar devices, with slight variations; and there is still another group whose structure is distinctly adjusted to the *tongues* of insects—

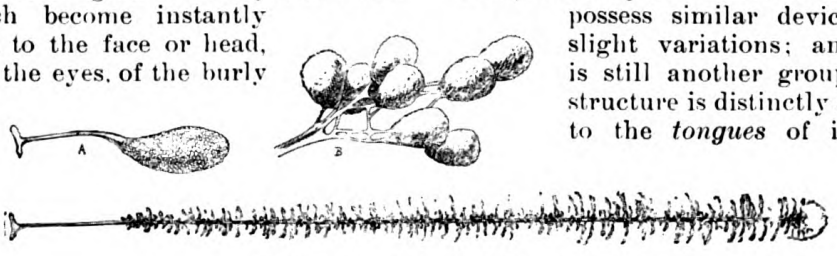


FIG. 8.—ORCHIS SPECTABILIS.
A, Pollinium. B, Webby connection between grains. C, Stretched to four times its length.

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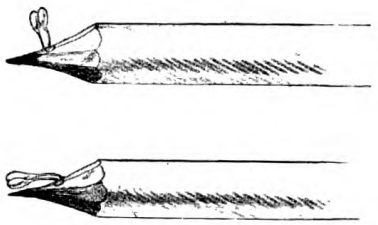


FIG. 9.—POSITION OF POLLEN OF ORCHIS SPECTABILIS WITHDRAWN ON PENCIL.

adaptations not merely of position of pollen masses, but even to the extent of a special modification in the entrance to the flower and the shape of the sticky gland, by which it may more securely adhere to that sipping member.

In the common pretty Purple-fringed Orchid, whose dense cylindrical spikes of plumy blossoms occasionally empurple whole marshes, we have an arrangement quite similar to the *H. orbicularis* just described, with the exception that the pollen-pouches are almost parallel, and not noticeably spread at the base (Fig. 11). In this case the eyes of sipping butterflies occasionally get their decoration of a tiny golden club, but more frequently their tongues.

If, however, the butterfly should approach directly in front of the flower, as in a larger blossom he would be most apt to do, he might sip the nectar indefinitely and withdraw his tongue without bringing it in contact with the viscid pollen discs. But in the dense crowding of the flowers, over which the insect flutters indiscriminately, the approach is oftenest made obliquely, and thus the tongue brushes the disc on the side approached, and the pollen mass is withdrawn. But an examination of this orchid affords no pronounced evidence of any specific intention. There is no unmistakable sign to demonstrate which approach is preferred or designed by the flower, and this dependence on the insect's tongue or eye would seem to be left to chance.

In another closely allied species, however, we have a distinct provision which insures the proper approach of the tongue—one of many similar devices by which the tongue is conducted directly to one or the other of the pollen discs.

This is the Ragged Orchid, a near relative of the foregoing, *H. psycodes*, but far less fortunate in its attributes of beauty, its long scattered spike of greenish-white flowers being so inconspicuous in its sedgy haunt as often to conceal the fact of its frequency. Its individual flower is shown enlarged at Fig. 12—the lip here cut with a lacerated fringe (*H. lacera*). The pollen-pouches approach slightly at the base, directly opposite the nectary, where the two viscid pollen-glands stand on guard. Now were the opening of the nectary at this point unimpeded, the same condition would exist as in the *H. psycodes*—the tongue might be inserted between the pollen discs and withdrawn without touching them. But here comes the remarkable and very exceptional provision to make this contact a certainty—a suggestive structural feature of this flower of which I am surprised to find no mention either in our botanies or in the literature of cross-fertilization, so far as I am familiar with its bibliography. Even Dr. Gray's description of the fertilization device of this species makes no mention of this singular and very important feature. The nectary here, instead of being

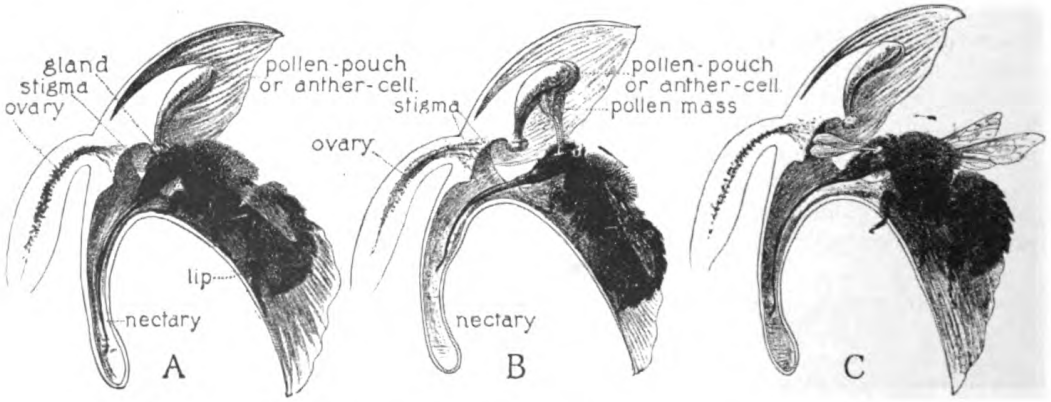


FIG. 10.—THE CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF ORCHIS SPECTABILIS.

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freely open, as in other orchids described, is abruptly closed at the central portion by a firm protuberance or palate, which projects downward from the base of the stigma, and closely meets the lip below.

The throat of the nectary, thus centrally divided, presents two small lateral openings, each of which, from the line of approach through the much-narrowed entrance of the flower, is thus brought directly beneath the waiting disc upon the same side. The structure is easily understood from the two diagrams Figs. 12 and 13, both of which are indexed.

The viscid pollen-gland is here very peculiarly formed, elongated and pointed at each end, and it is not until we witness the act of its removal on the tongue of the butterfly that we can fully appreciate its significance.

I have often seen butterflies at work upon this orchid, and have observed their



FIG. 11.—THE PURPLE-FRINGED ORCHID.

tongues generously decorated with the glands and remnants of the pollen masses.

The series of diagrams Fig. 14 will, I think, fully demonstrate how this blossom utilizes the butterfly. At A we see the insect sipping, its tongue now in contact with the elongated disc, which adheres to and clasps it. The withdrawal of the tongue, B, removes the pollen from its pouch. At C it is seen entirely free and upright, from which position it quickly assumes the new attitude shown at D. As the tongue is now inserted into the subsequent blossom this pollen mass is thrust against the stigma, E, and a few of the pollen grains are thus withheld upon its viscid surface as the insect departs, F.

In this orchid we thus find a distinct adaptation to the tongue of a moth or butterfly.

Another similar device for assuring the

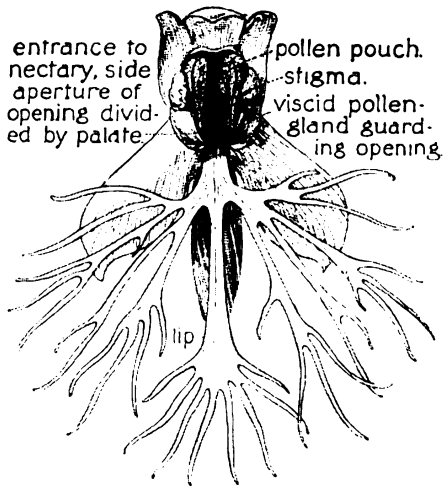


FIG. 12.—THE RAGGED ORCHID (FRONT SECTION).

necessary side approach is seen in *H. flava* (Fig. 15), a yellowish spiked species, more or less common in swamps and rich alluvial haunts.

Professor Wood remarks, botanically, "The tubercle (or palate) of the lip is a remarkable character." But he too has failed to note the equally remarkable palate of the ragged orchid, just described, both provisions having the same purpose, the insurance of an oblique approach to the nectary. In *H. flava* this "tubercle," instead of depending from the throat, grows *upward* from the lip, and, as we look at the flower directly from the front, completely hides the opening to the nectary, and an insect is compelled to insert its tongue on one side, which direction causes it to pass directly beneath the pollen disc, as in *H. lacera*, and with the same result.

Of all our native orchids, at least in the northeastern United States, the Cyp-

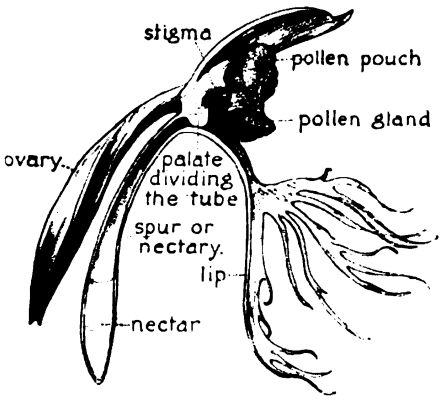


FIG. 13.—THE RAGGED ORCHID (PROFILE SECTION).

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THE RAGGED ORCHID (HABENARIA LACERA)

ripedium, or Moccasin-Flower, is perhaps the general favorite, and certainly the most widely known. This is readily accounted for not only by its frequency, but by its conspicuousness. The term "moccasin-flower" is applied more or less indiscriminately to all species. The flower is also known as the ladies'-slipper, more specifically Venus's-slipper—as warranted by its generic botanical title—from a fancied resemblance in the form of the inflated lip, which is characteristic of the genus. We may readily infer that the fair goddess was not consulted at the christening.

There are six native species of the cypripedium in this Eastern region, varying in shape and in color—shades of white, yellow, crimson, and pink. The mechanism of their cross-fertilization is the same in all, with only slight modifications.

The most common of the group, the *C. acaule*, most widely known as the moccasin-flower, whose large, nodding, pale crimson blooms we so irresistibly associate with the cool hemlock woods, will afford a good illustration.

The lip in all the cypripediums is more or less saclike and inflated. In the present species, *C. acaule*, however, we see a unique variation, this portion of the flower being conspicuously baglike, and cleft by a fissure down its entire anterior face. In Fig. 16 is shown a front view of the blossom, showing this fissure. The "column" (B) in the cypripedium is very distinctive, and from the front view is very non-committal. It is only as we see it in side section, or from beneath, that we fully comprehend the disposition of stigma and pollen. Upon the stalk of this column there appear from the front three lobes—two small ones at the sides, each of which hides an anther attached to its under face—the large terminal third lobe being in truth a barren rudiment of a former stamen, and which now overarches the stigma. The relative position of these parts may be seen in the under view.

The anthers in this genus, then, are two, instead of the previous single anther with its two pollen-cells. The pollen is also quite different in its character, being here in the form of a pasty mass, whose entire exposed surface, as the anther opens, is coated with a very viscid gluten.

With the several figures illustrating the cross-fertilization, the reader will readily anticipate any description of the process, and only a brief commentary will be required in my text.

I have repeatedly examined the flowers of *C. acaule* in their haunts, have observed groups wherein every flower still retained its pollen, others where one or both pollen masses had been withdrawn, and in several instances associated with them I have observed the inflated lip most outrageously bruised, torn, and battered, and occasionally perforated by a large hole. I had observed these facts in boyhood. The inference, of course, was that

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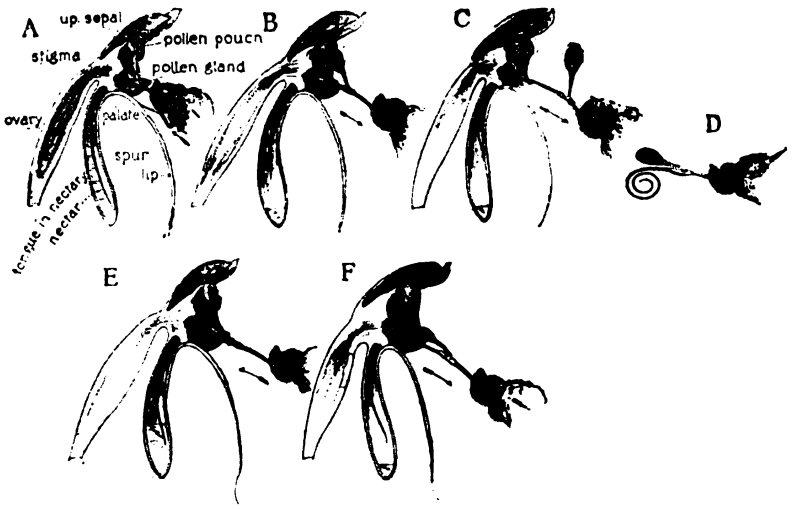


FIG. 14.—THE RAGGED ORCHID (H. LACERA) AND THE BUTTERFLY'S TONGUE—CROSS-FERTILIZATION.

some insect had been guilty of the mutilation; but not until I read Darwin's description of the cross-fertilization of this species did I realize the full significance of these telltale evidences of the escape of the imprisoned insect. Since that time, many years ago, I have often sat long and patiently in the haunt of the cypripedium, awaiting a natural demonstration of its cross-fertilization, but as yet no insect has rewarded my devotion.

At length, in hopelessness of reward by such means, I determined to see the process by more prosaic methods. Gathering a cluster of the freshly opened flowers, which still retained their pollen, I took them to my studio. I then captured a bumblebee, and forcibly persuaded him to enact the demonstration which I had so long waited for him peaceably to fulfil. Taking him by the wings, I pushed him into the fissure by which he is naturally supposed to enter without persuasion. He was soon within the sac, and the inflexed wings of the margin had closed above him, as shown in section, Fig. 17. He is now enclosed in a luminous prison, and his buzzing protests are audible and his vehemence visible from the outside of the sac. Let us suppose that he at length has become reconciled to his condition, and has determined to rationally fulfil the ideal of his environment, as he may perhaps have already done voluntarily before. The buzzing ceases, and our bee is now finding sweet solace for his incarceration in the copious nectar which he finds se-

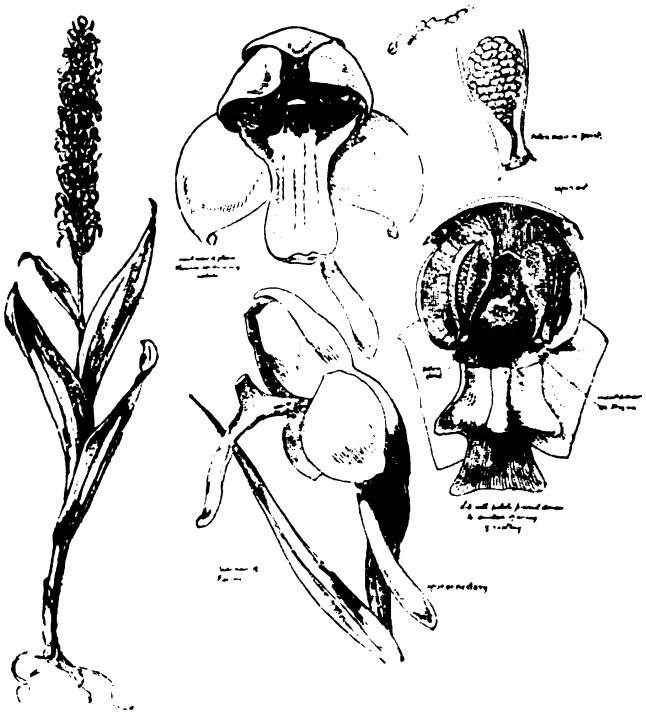


FIG 15.—THE YELLOW ORCHID (H FLAVA).

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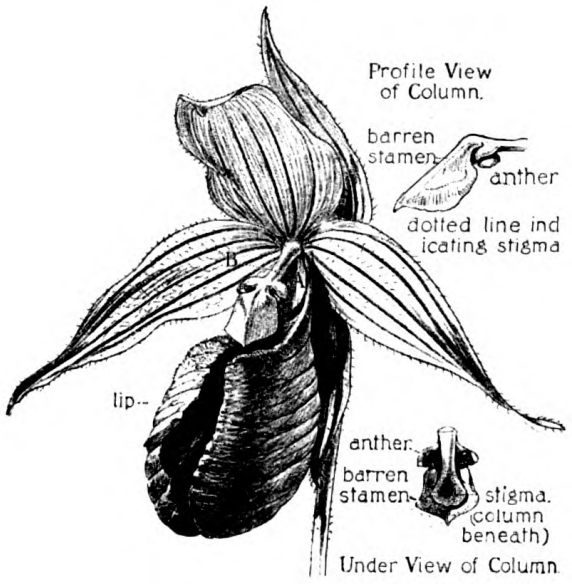


FIG. 16.—MOCCASIN-FLOWER (CYPRIPEDIUM ACAULE).

creted among the fringy hairs in the upper narrowed portion of the flower, as shown at Fig. 18 A. Having satiated his appetite, he concludes to quit his close quarters. After a few moments of more vehement futile struggling and buzzing, he at length espies, through the passage above the nectary fringe, a gleaming light, as from two windows (A). Toward these he now approaches. As he advances the passage becomes narrower and narrower, until at length his back is brought against the overhanging stigma (Fig. 18 B). So narrow is the pass at this point that the efforts of the bee are distinctly manifest from the outside in the distension of the part and the consequent slight change in the droop of the lip. In another moment he has passed this ordeal, and his head is seen protruding from the window-like opening (A) on one side of the column. But his struggles are not yet ended, for his egress is still slightly checked by the narrow dimensions of the opening, and also by the detention of the anther, which his thorax has now encountered. A strange etiquette this of the cypripedium, which speeds its parting guest with a sticky plaster smeared all over its back. As the insect works its way beneath the viscid contact, the anther is seen to be drawn outward upon its hinge, and its yellow contents are spread upon the insect's back (Fig. 18 C), verily like a plaster. Catching our bee before he has a chance to escape with his generous floral compliments, we unceremoniously introduce him into another cypripedium blossom, to which, if he were more obliging, he would naturally fly. He loses no time in profiting by his past experience, and is quickly creeping the gauntlet, as it were, or braving the needle's eye of this narrow passage. His pollen-smeared thorax is soon crowding beneath the overhanging stigma again, whose forward-pointed papillæ scrape off a portion of it (Fig. 18 B), thus insuring the cross-fertilizing of the flower, the bee receiving a fresh effusion of cypripedium compliments piled upon the first as he says "good-by." It is doubtful whether in his natural life he ever fully effaces the telltale effects of this demonstrative *au revoir*.



FIG. 17.—THE BEE IMPRISONED IN THE LIPS OF CYPRIPEDIUM.

Such, with slight modifications, is the plan evolved by the whole cypripedium tribe. Darwin mentions bees as the implied fertilizers, and doubtless many of the smaller bees do effect cross-fertilization in the smaller species. But the more ample passage in acaule would suggest the medium-sized Bombus as better adapted—as the experiment herewith pictured from my own experience many times would seem to verify, while a honey-bee introduced into the flower failed to fulfil the demonstration, emerging at the little doorway above without a sign of the cordial parting token.

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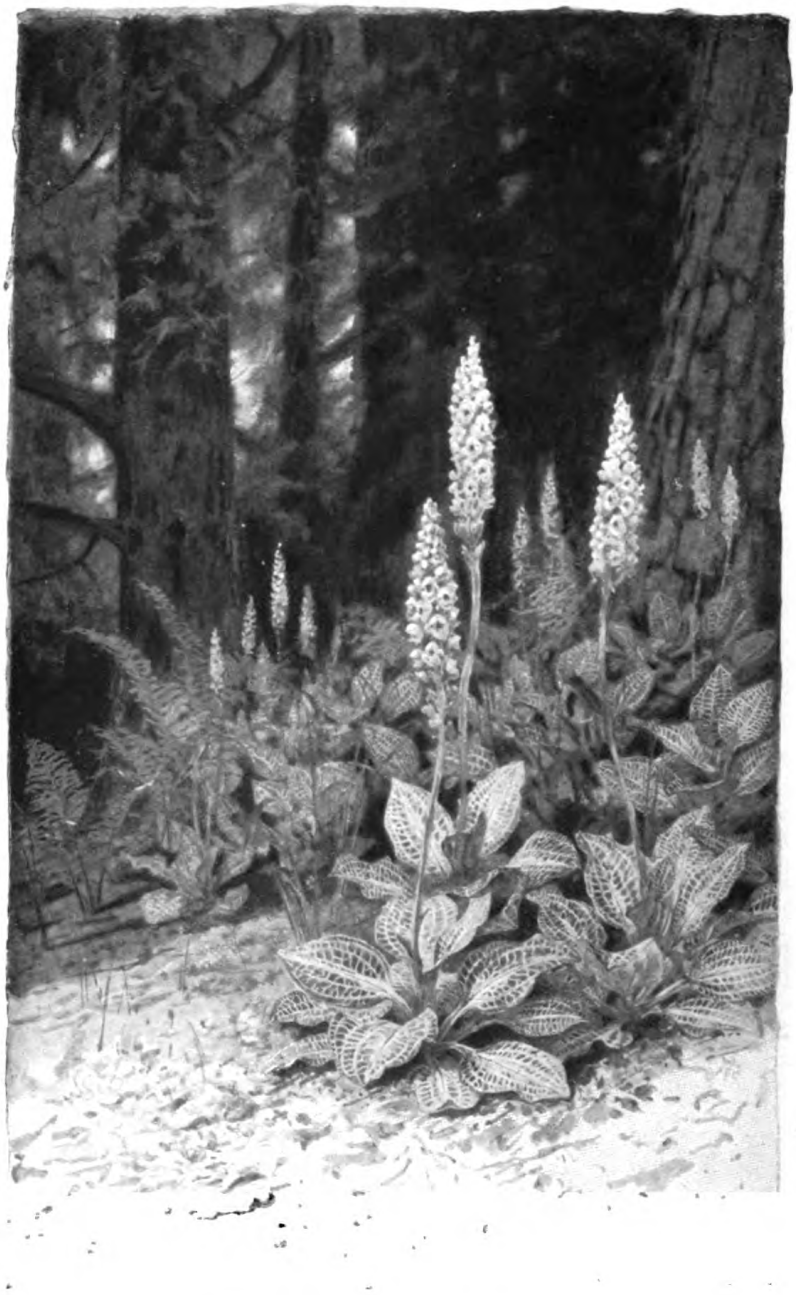
CYPRIPEDIUM ACAULE.

Occasionally I suppose a fool bumble-bee is entrapped within the petal bower and fails to find the proper exit, or it may be—much less a fool—having run the gauntlet once too often, decides to escape the ordeal; hence the occasional mutilated blossom already described.

One of the most beautiful of our orchids, though its claims to admiration in this instance are chiefly confined to the foliage, is the common "Rattlesnake-Plantain," its prostrate rosettes of exquisitely white reticulated leaves carpeting many a nook in the shadows of the hemlocks, its dense spikes of yellowish-white blossoms signalling their welcome to the bees, and fully compensating in interest what they may lack in other attractive attributes.

The single flower is shown enlarged in Fig. 19—A, a young blossom, with analyses B and C, the latter indexed; D, an older blossom, with similar analyses (E and F). Both sorts are to be found upon every spike of bloom, as the inflorescence begins at the base and proceeds upward.

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GOODYERA, OR PERIAMIUM PUBESCENS.

As we look into the more open flower we observe a dark-colored speck, which, by analysis, proves to be the lid of the anther. This portion is further shown enlarged in Fig. 20, A. If we gently lift it with a pin, we disclose the pollen masses in the cavity (B) thus opened (C, profile section), the two pairs united to a common viscid gland at the base, this gland again secreted behind a veil of moist membrane, as also shown at B. This membrane is, moreover, very sensitive to the touch. Below the flattened tip of the column, and at a sharp inward angle, is the stigma. In the freshly opened flower (Fig. 19, A) the column inclines forward, bringing the anther low down, and its base directly opposite the V-shaped orifice in the lip, which also is quite firmly closed beneath the equally converging upper hood

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of the blossom. The entrance is thus much narrowed. If we insert a pin in this V-shaped entrance it comes in contact with the sensitive membrane below the anther, and it is immediately ruptured, as shown at Fig. 20, D. The sticky gland is brought into immediate contact, and clasps the pin, which, now being withdrawn, brings away the pollen, as in E and F. Thus it is naturally removed on the tongue of its sipping bee.

The further demonstration will be better shown by profile sections (Fig. 21). Nectar is secreted in the hollow of the lip indicated, somewhat as in the cypripedium. If we now imitate with a probe the habit of the insect and the action of its tongue, we may witness a beautiful contrivance for cross-fertilization. We will suppose the

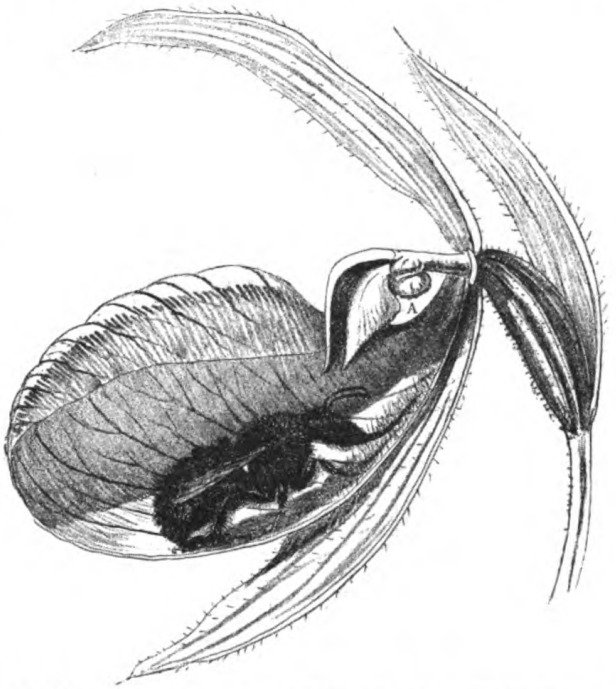


FIG. 18 A.—CYPRIPEDIUM ACAULE, OR MOCCASIN-FLOWER—THE BEE SIPPING NECTAR.
A, The exit from the sac.

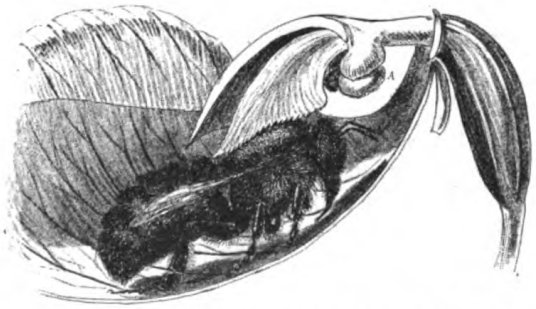


FIG. 18 B.—THE BEE PASSING BENEATH THE STIGMA.

bee to be working at the top of the spike. He thrusts his tongue into the narrow opening (G). The membrane protecting the pollen-gland, thus surely touched, ruptures as described, and the exposed gland attaches itself to the tongue, being withdrawn as at H, and located on the insect's tongue, as in F, Fig. 20. The bee leaves this flower cluster and flies to another, upon which it will usually begin operation at the bottom. The flower thus first encountered is an old bloom, as in Fig. 19, D. Its sepals are more spreading, the lip slightly lowered, and the column so changed as to present the plane of the stigma, before out of sight, in such a new position as to invariably receive the pollen. The tongue of a bee entering this flower conveys the pollen directly against the stigmatic surface (I), which retains its disentangled fecundating grains, as at J, and the flower's functional adaptations are fulfilled.

In the allied Spiranthes, or "Lady's-Tresses," a somewhat similar mechanism prevails, by which fertilization is largely effected by the changed position or angle of the stigma plane.



FIG. 18 C.—A BEE RECEIVING POLLEN PLASTER ON HIS THORAX.

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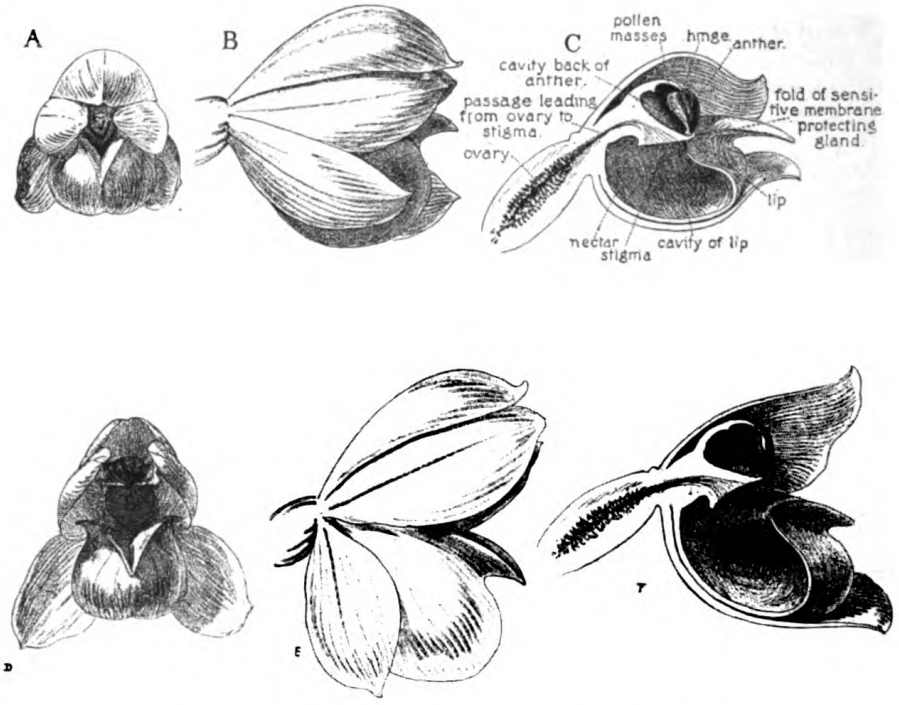


FIG. 19.—RATTLESNAKE-PLANTAIN—THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

And thus we might proceed through all the orchid genera, each new device, though based upon one of the foregoing plans, affording its new surprise in its special modification in adaptation to its insect sponsor—all these various shapes, folds of petals, positions, colors, the size, length, and thickness of nectary, the relative positions of pollen and stigma, embodying an expression of welcome to the insect with which its life is so marvellously linked. Occasionally this astounding affinity is faithful to a single species of insect, which thus becomes the sole sponsor of the blossom, without whose association the orchid would become extinct. A remarkable instance of this special adaptation is seen in the great Angræcum orchid of Madagascar, described by Darwin; and inasmuch as this species glorifies Darwin's faith in the truth of his theory, and marks a notable victory in the long battle for its supremacy, it affords an inspiring theme for my closing paragraphs.

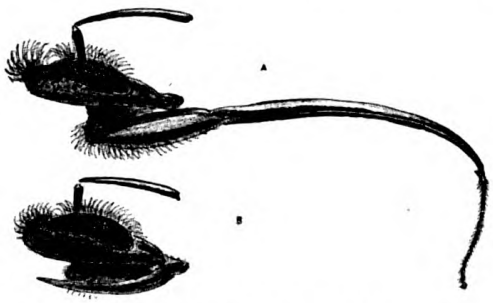
Among the host of sceptics—and were they not legion?—who met this evolutionary and revolutionary theory with incredulity, not to say ridicule or worse, was one who thus challenged its author shortly after the appearance of his *Fertilization of Orchids*, addressing Darwin from Madagascar substantially as follows: "Upon your theory of evolution through natural selection all the various contrasting structural features of the orchids have direct reference to some insect which shall best cross-fertilize them. If an orchid has a nectary one inch long, an insect's tongue of equivalent length is implied; a nectary six inches in length likewise implies a tongue six inches long. What have you to say in regard to an orchid which flourishes here in Madagascar possessing a long nectary as slender as a knitting-needle and eleven inches in length? On your hypothesis there must be a moth with a tongue eleven inches long, or this nectary would never have been elaborated."

Darwin's reply was magnificent in its proof of the sublime conviction of the truth of his belief: "The existence of an orchid with a slender nectary eleven inches in length, and with nectar secreted at its tip, is a conclusive demonstration

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of the existence of a moth with a tongue eleven inches in length, *even though no such moth is known.*"

Many of us remember the ridicule which was heaped upon him for this apparently blind adherence to an untenable theory. But victory complete and demoralizing to his opponents awaited this oracular utterance when later a disciple of Darwin, led by the same spirit of faith and conviction, visited Madagascar, and was soon able to affirm that he had caught the moth, a huge sphinx-moth, and that its tongue measured eleven inches in length.



THE TONGUE OF A BUMBLEBEE.
A, Extended. B. Folded beneath the head.

Here we see the prophecy of the existence of an unknown moth, founded on the form of a blossom. At that time the moth had not been actually seen at work on the orchid, but who shall question for a moment that had the flower been visited in its twilight or moonlight haunt the murmur of humming wings about the blossom's throat would have attested the presence of the flower's affinity, for without the kiss of this identical moth the Angræcum must become extinct. No other moth can fulfil the conditions necessary to its perpetuation. The floral adaptation is such that the moth must force its large head far into the opening of the blossom in order to reach the sweets in the long nectary. In so doing the pollen becomes attached to the base of the tongue, and is withdrawn as the insect leaves the flower, and is thrust against the stigma in the next blossom visited. This was clearly demonstrated by Darwin in specimens sent to him, by means of a probe of the presumable length and diameter of the moth's tongue. Shorter-tongued moths would fail to remove the pollen, and also to reach the nectar, and would thus soon learn to realize that they were not welcome.

The Angræcum also affords in this long pendent nectary a most lucid illustration of the present workings of natural selection. The normal length of that nectary should be about eleven inches, but in fact this length varies considerably in the flowers of different plants, this tendency to variation in all organic life being an essential and amply demonstrated postulate of the entire theory of natural selection. Let us suppose a flower whose nectary chances to be only six inches in length. The moth visits this flower, but the tip of its tongue reaches the nectar long before it can bring its head into the opening of the tube. This being a vital condition, the moth fails to withdraw the pollen; and inasmuch as the pollen is usually deposited close to the head of the moth, this flower would *receive* no pollen upon its

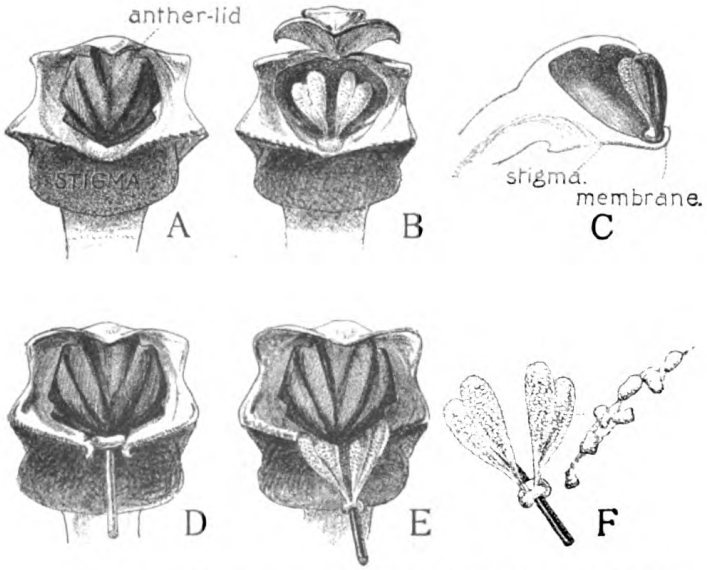


FIG. 20.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE RATTLESNAKE-PLANTAIN, SHOWING FRONT VIEW.

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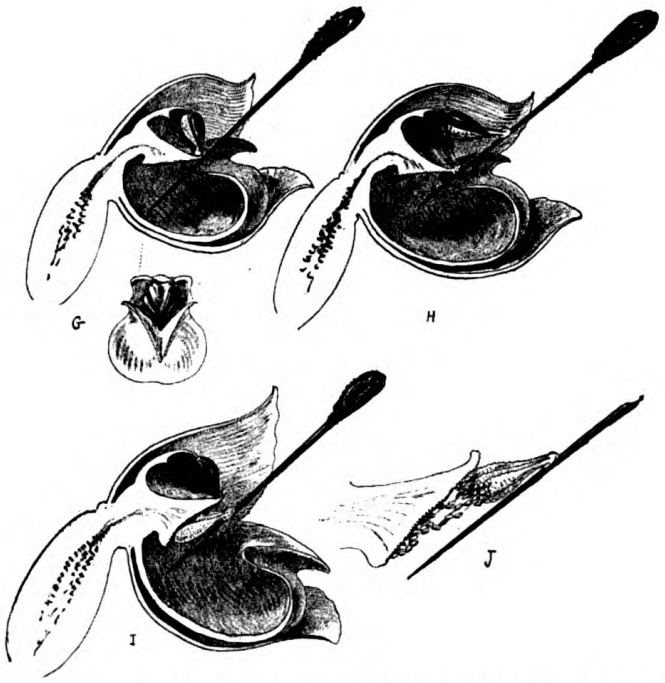


FIG. 21 —CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE RATTLESNAKE-PLANTAIN, SHOWING SIDE SECTIONS.

stigma. This particular blossom would thus be both barren and sterile. None of its pollen would be carried to other stigmas, nor would it set a seed to perpetuate by inheritance its shorter nectary.

Again, let us suppose the variation of an extra long nectary, and the writer recently saw a number of these orchids with nectaries thirteen inches in length. The moth comes, and now must needs insert its head to the utmost into the opening of the flower. This would insure its fertilization by the pollen on the insect's tongue; and even though the sipper *failed* to reach the nectar, the pollen would be withdrawn upon the tongue, to be carried to other flowers, which might thus be expected to inherit from the paternal side the tendency to the *longer* nectary. The tendency toward the perpetuation of the short nectary is therefore stopped, while that of the longer nectary is insured.

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART VII.—THE WHITE MAN'S BLACK MAN.



ONE of the chief obstacles in the way of employing the native African as a laborer lies in the difficulty most white men find in understanding his character. The following stories illustrate, better than anything else I know, the extraordinary jumble of incongruities entering into his apparently simple composition.

The stories were taken, word for word, from the lips of a native on the African east coast, between Durban and the mouth of the Zambesi River. For their correctness I am indebted to a distinguished student of African language and folk-lore, the Reverend Henri Junot, who has for many years lived a life of Christian self-denial in Portuguese East Africa. The native laborer is beautifully typified by the story of "Mr. Rabbit."

THE ROMANCE OF MR. RABBIT.

ONE fine day Mr. Antelope went to visit Mr. Rabbit, in his own house. Said Mr. Rabbit to Mr. Antelope: "Let us amuse ourselves."

Said Mr. Antelope to Mr. Rabbit: "How shall we amuse ourselves?"

Said Mr. Rabbit: "I will show you." So Mr. Rabbit took a big iron pot; filled it with water; put it on the fire so as to make the water boil. Said Mr. Rabbit to Mr. Antelope: "Now you get inside of the pot!"

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Said Mr. Antelope: "Oh, indeed! But suppose you get in first!"

So Mr. Rabbit got into the pot while the water was still cool. Mr. Antelope put the lid on the pot while the water still was cold. Mr. Rabbit sat himself down comfortably inside the pot. After a while he said: "Now, Mr. Antelope, take off the lid." Mr. Antelope took off the lid, and Mr. Rabbit stepped out.

Said Mr. Rabbit to Mr. Antelope: "Now it is your turn. Jump in!"

Mr. Antelope sprang into the pot. Then Mr. Rabbit put the lid on again, and lighted the fire (for Mr. Antelope had let the fire go out). The water now commenced to boil. Mr. Antelope made a great noise—he screamed very loudly.

Said Mr. Rabbit: "The fact is, Mr. Antelope, I want your wee little horns!"

Mr. Antelope died. Mr. Rabbit took his little horns; commenced to wash them, to polish them, to rub them with grease, to spread them out in the sun. When that was done, he commenced to make a meal off the flesh of Mr. Antelope. He ate the whole of it, so that not a bit remained. Then he took a mat, and spread it on the ground, and placed near by his supply of grease. He then polished the little horns with grease, and he polished them again and again, and then he commenced to blow upon them like a trumpeter, making noises sounding like, "Pfongopfongo, pfongopfongo, pfongopfongo!"

Then all the beasts of the neighborhood started on a run towards him, and when they came to him they asked, "Where does this trumpet sound come from?"

Said Mr. Rabbit: "From the master of trumpets over yonder, in the village of the chief."

Away then they all ran in great haste, and arrived at the village of the chief.

Mr. Rabbit then began once more to blow upon his little horns: "Pfongopfongo, pfongopfongo!"

Then once more all the beasts of the neighborhood returned, and said: "Whereabouts is this noise?"

Said Mr. Rabbit: "Over there, at the village of the chief; there is where the noise started!"

They then ran away; but they said to the hippopotamus: "You, old fellow, you hide yourself here, and you can then find out what is the matter." And so the hippopotamus hid himself.

Mr. Rabbit then commenced: "Pfongopfongo, pfongopfongo!"

The hippopotamus then said to him: "Aha! Aha! You are the one who is deceiving the children of the chief! I shall go and tell on you!..."

Said Mr. Rabbit: "No, no! Do not tell on me. Please don't tell on me. I will teach you to play upon the trumpets." Then he handed the little horns to the hippopotamus.

The hippopotamus tried the horns, but the only sound he could make sounded like, "Pff, pff!"

Said Mr. Rabbit to him: "Come here, and I will cut away your lower lip. It is too long; it keeps you from blowing properly." So he cut off the lower lip of the hippopotamus, and then the hippopotamus began again to blow into the little horns. But he made no other sounds than "Pff, pff!"

Said Mr. Rabbit to him: "Your upper lip is too long." And he cut that one off too.

Then the hippopotamus became angry, and said to Mr. Rabbit: "And so that is the way you are killing me while you pretend to give me lessons! I shall swallow your trumpets!" And the hippopotamus swallowed them.

Said Mr. Rabbit: "I shall find you again, later on; for I have cut off your lips, and your teeth stick out as though you were saying, 'Boa'; I shall know you again without any trouble."

Then Mr. Hippopotamus went away to his own home.

Then Mr. Rabbit made himself a bow and some arrows; and he watched and watched and watched, trying to get a shot at Mr. Hippopotamus.

The turtle-dove saw him, and she went and told Mr. Hippopotamus: "Goo! Goo! Here comes Mr. Rabbit, who wants to kill you!"

Then Mr. Hippopotamus ran away and went into the water.

But Mr. Rabbit followed, and watched and watched and watched.

Then Mr. Rabbit killed the turtle-dove, whose feathers he scattered over the ground. He picked up the bird, burned it at the fire, cooked it, ground up its flesh, and mixed it with sand. Then he went back, and watched and watched and watched, hoping to get a shot at Mr. Hippopotamus.

But the feathers all cried out: "Goo!

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Goo! Mr. Rabbit wants to kill you!" And then Mr. Hippopotamus hurried back to the river and went into the water.

Then Mr. Rabbit picked up the feathers of the turtle-dove, and when he arrived at his house he burned them, ground them up, and mixed them with sand. Then he went back, and watched and watched and watched, to get a shot at Mr. Hippopotamus.

Only one feather remained, and that cried out: "Goo! Goo! Mr. Rabbit wants to kill you!"

Mr. Rabbit hunted long for that one feather. He found it at last, went home, burned it, ground it up, and scattered the ashes over the ground. Then again he went out, and watched and watched and watched, to get a shot at Mr. Hippopotamus. He shot Mr. Hippopotamus; then shot him again, and Mr. Hippopotamus died. Mr. Rabbit then skinned him, cut open his body, and took out his little horns, which he washed and rubbed and polished with grease, and then exposed in the sunshine. Then he brought the flesh into his kitchen, and started again for the river, in order to once more wash his trumpets. When he came back he found that part of the meat was cooked. He ate it, and placed some more on the fire. He then hopped away to the river with his trumpets, his knife, and his hatchet.

While he was away there came in the badly smelling civet-cat, who at once ate up the meat, and then went away.

Mr. Rabbit came back. When he was still far away he stopped his nose, because the smell of the civet-cat was in his house. He did not even take the trouble to go to the fire, for he saw that the meat had been stolen. And because of the bad smell left behind, he knew that it was the civet-cat that had played him this trick. Off then he went, and visited the hollow trunks of trees such as civet-cats like. Mr. Rabbit was the chief of the civet-cats, for he had conquered them in war. There were a great many hollow trunks. "How do you do? Good-morning to you, civet-cats."

To which they answered: "Good-morning to you, Mr. Rabbit."

He arrived at the tree of the civet-cat that had stolen his meat, and said to her: "How do you do, Mrs. Civet-cat? You have eaten up my meat! I shall be on the lookout for you to-day!"

The civet-cat became frightened, and hid herself at the bottom of her hollow tree.

Mr. Rabbit took up his hatchet and began to cut the tree. When it fell to the ground he took some grass and stuffed it into the openings at both ends. Then he commenced to chop the trunk of the tree just at the middle, and made a hole into the hollow trunk. He then lighted the grass at both ends, and the tree commenced to burn.

Then the civet-cat cried out, "I am dying!"

Mr. Rabbit waited for her at the hole which he had made in the middle of the trunk. He held his hatchet in his hands, and when the civet-cat tried to run out, he killed her.

Then said Mr. Rabbit to the other civet-cats: "Take off the skin."

They did as they were ordered, stretched it out, and gave it to him. Then they ate of the flesh of their sister.

After this Mr. Rabbit took the skin and the trumpet, the knife and the hatchet. He walked a long time, and at last came to a place where there were a great many men. He said to them: "Buy my civet-cat skin!"

They said to him: "All right!" and they gave him two little goats.

He agreed to the bargain. Then he went off and began to drink beer. He drank much—very much—so much that he became drunk. Then he killed one of the little goats and ate it up. The second little goat he ate also. Then a long time passed away. After that he commenced to steal. He took his little horn trumpets and climbed to the top of a hill, and he called out: "Ntee! Ntee! The army is com-i-i-i-i-ing! Run away! Run away!"

All the women who were in the fields gathering ground-nuts and pease ran away for fear of the enemy. They ran away to hide in the swamps.

But Mr. Rabbit staid where he was, and stole the ground-nuts and the pease. He even went so far as to steal more than he could eat, and he went and stored this up in a hiding-place, and there he, little by little, ate it until he had eaten up every bit of it. After he had finished it all, Mr. Rabbit commenced again to cry out: "Ntee! Ntee! Ntee! The army is com-i-i-i-i-ing! Run away! Run away!"

The women in the fields once more ran away.

He then stole everything he wished,

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took them to his hiding-place, and ate them all up to the very last scrap.

Pretty soon people began to say to one another: "Mr. Rabbit is deceiving us. Let us get some black-tree gum." They collected a great lot of it; a very big lot indeed. Then they went out into the fields and made out of the black-tree gum a figure of a woman. They made hands and feet, and nose and ears, and eyes and hair—a full figure of a woman.

Then Mr. Rabbit commenced again to call out: "Ntee! Ntee! Ntee! The army is com-i-i-i-i-ing! Run away!"

The women all ran away. Mr. Rabbit ran after them. But the black-tree gum woman staid where she was. When Mr. Rabbit came up to her he called out to her: "Go away, woman!" But the black-tree gum woman said nothing and did not go away.

Mr. Rabbit said to her: "Go away or I will beat you!" He came up close to her and gave her a blow with his fist. That hand went deep into the tree gum and stuck fast there. Then Mr. Rabbit screamed out: "Let go of me or I'll kill you!" Then he struck her with his other fist, and that too stuck fast. He then kicked her with one foot; it stuck fast to the black-tree gum. The other stuck fast also. He then screamed out: "I shall bite you with my teeth!" There too he was caught tight, and hung helpless, swaying his body from side to side.

At that moment there arrived the people who had made the black-tree gum woman, and found Mr. Rabbit all stuck tight to the black-tree gum. They cried out: "Ha! ha! So it's you, Mr. Rabbit—you are the one who has been cheating us!"

He answered them: "Let me free!"

They did set him free from the black-tree gum figure, and said to him: "We are going to kill you!"

Said Mr. Rabbit to them: "Do not kill me on the ground. Kill me on the back of the chief!"

So they went into the village, and spread a mat on the ground. The chief laid himself down upon the mat, and Mr. Rabbit placed himself on the chief's back.

A very strong warrior took a spear and tried to pierce it through Mr. Rabbit. But Mr. Rabbit sprang up into the air with all his might; he made a very big spring, and ran away as fast as he could.

But the very strong warrior had killed the chief—so the people of the village killed the man who had killed their chief! That is all!

Now let me tell another African tale, fresh from the lips of a black savage. It is almost the only native story I could find having any moral point to it—speaking of morality from our point of view.

THE SKY COUNTRY.

THERE was once upon a time a young and pretty girl who was sent by her mother to fetch water. But on the way she broke her water-jug; and when she saw it all smashed to pieces, she was afraid of getting a scolding. So she started off, and climbed up her (magic) thread in order to get to the Sky Country.

She came to a place where lived an old, a very old woman, who lived in a house that had fallen to ruins.

This old woman called the young girl and said to her: "Come here, child, and let me give you some good advice about the journey you are making."

The young girl came to the old woman, for this young girl was gentle and obedient.

The old woman said to her: "When you shall have gone away from here, you will soon come to the place where there lives a black ant. If she climbs into your ear, do not take her out, for she is the one who will guide you and teach you the customs of the people who live in the Sky Country; and also what you must answer the chiefs of the country when they question you."

The young girl went away, and sure enough the black ant climbed up into her ear, and the young girl made no objection. She came at last to the village which is in the Sky Country.

Said the black ant to the young girl: "Sit down there outside the door of the village."

She sat down. The masters of the houses noticed her and asked her: "Where do you come from?"

She answered: "I have come from home."

They then asked her: "What do you want?"

She answered: "I have come to seek a child."

They said to her: "Come into the house."

She went in. Then they gave her sev-

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eral tasks to do; gave her a basket and sent her into the fields. "Go and gather some green corn," they said.

Said the black ant in her ear: "Gather the whole stalk of green corn."

She did as she was bid.

Then the black ant said: "Put the ears in the basket."

She placed them in, head downwards, and filled up the basket to the very top. Then she returned to the house. Those who had sent her saw that she had gathered well.

Then the black ant told her to grind the corn, but to set apart some that was not ground. She poured into the pot the ground corn, and added a little of the corn that was not ground. She set the pot on the fire, and the water was soon boiling. Then, when the corn meal had arrived at the right condition, she mixed in with it some of the uncooked corn, to make it better. The masters of the huts saw that she had done her work well, and they thanked her.

Next day they said to her: "We are going to show you a beautiful house where there are a great many children."

And sure enough, when she entered, there she saw two rows: one all red and the other all white.

They said to her: "You may choose a child."

The young girl wanted to pick out a child from the row that was all red. But the black ant that lived in her ear advised her to choose from the side that was all white. She chose a child, and it happened to be a very beautiful one.

Then she went back to her own home. The black ant left her at the place where they had first met; and when they parted he said to her, "Good-by, sister!"

She carried away with her lots of beautiful things: pieces of clothing and precious jewels belonging to the child.

When she reached her own village, her mother was away in the fields. So she went into the house and hid herself. When the people returned from the fields, her mother said to the younger daughter: "Go to the house and fetch the pots." When she had gone in and started up the fire, she saw the beautiful bright things. Then she was afraid, and ran to tell her parents. These then went into the house, and there they found their daughter.

"Ha! ha!" said they. "This is our child!" They were very happy, and looked at all she had brought with her. But the younger daughter was not pleased. Said she: "I am going away!"

The elder one cried out to her: "Stop, sister! wait awhile until I can give you some advice; for this journey . . . I know that your heart is not clean . . . you will die . . . there is an old woman whom you will meet . . ."

But the younger sister would not listen to anything. She said to the elder sister: "No one said anything to you when you went away. Now it is my turn, and I shall go without listening to a single word."

She went away, and arrived at the ruined house of the old woman. She called to her and said: "Come here, my child."

But the young girl answered: "No—who are you? You are of no account, anyhow!"

The old woman then said to her: "Oh, ho! Go your own way, then! You will come back over this road—dead!"

But the young girl answered: "Who is going to kill me, I should like to know?"

Off she went, and on the way met the black ant, who tried to climb up into her ear. But the young girl would have none of it. She scratched herself violently and cried out, "Ow! ow!"

The ant said to her: "Be quiet, sister. I will be a safe guide to you!"

But she refused, and kept on screaming: "Ow! ow! ow!"

Then the black ant said to her: "Go your own way. You will have something very bad happen to you!"

She reached the village and took a seat outside of the gates. The people of the neighborhood said to her: "What are you seeking?"

She answered them: "What business is this of yours, pray? I have come for a child, of course!"

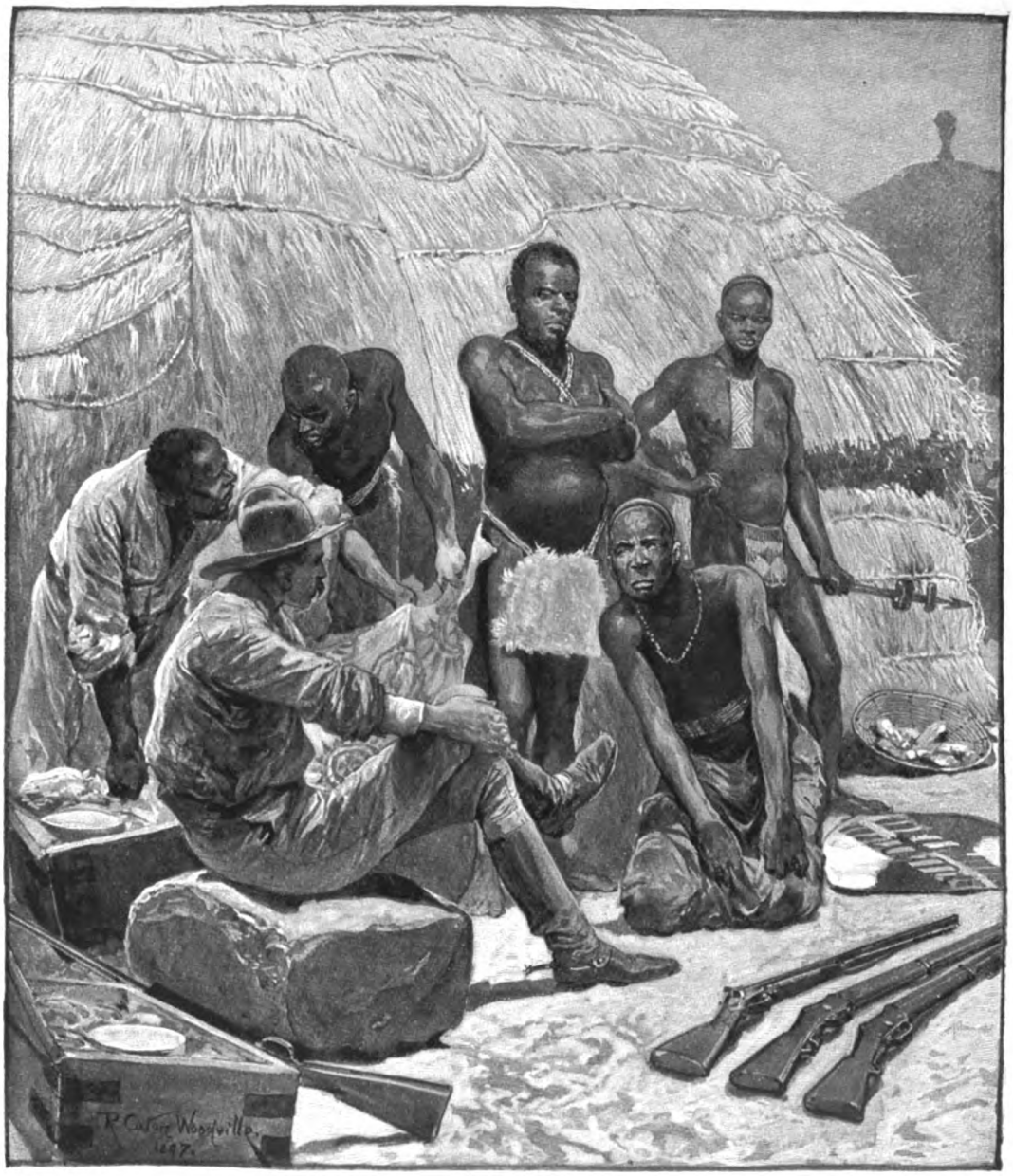
She spoke angrily. The people said to one another: "What a girl, to be sure!"

They sent her to the fields. She took a basket for this purpose. But she tore up a large number of plants; and when she returned to the village, those who had sent her noticed that she had torn up their fields. They found fault with her, and said: "She is a good-for-nothing!"

Then she ground the Indian-corn in a manner different from theirs, without preserving some kernels unground. She cooked in a manner different from theirs.

When daylight came, they showed her

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TRADING FOR ZULU LABOR.

the house where the children were, so that she might choose one.

When they opened the door, they said to her: "There they are on one side, and there they are on the other. . . Do you want to take one? Then make your choice!"

She looked towards the side where all was red, and stretched out her hand for a child.

But the heavens opened and killed her. Then the heavens carried away her bones and brought them to the place where lived the black ant, who said to her: "Did I not tell you plainly that you would come back here dead? You would have lived had you taken my advice."

After this she arrived at the door of the old woman, who said to her: "My child, are you not dead because of your wicked heart?"

At last the bones of this younger daughter fell to the ground before the house of her mother. They fell from heaven.

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Then said her elder sister: "She had a bad heart; that is why the heavens became angry at her. For my part, I consented to follow the advice offered me.

"My sister is dead!"

In the story of Mr. Rabbit, American readers will at once recall Uncle Remus and the Tar Baby. Mr. Junot told me that this and similar traditional stories were not confined to the east coast, but were found amongst all negro tribes over South Africa, and constituted the highest expression of their literary capacity.

At best, the tales are so incongruously put together as to offend the constructive sense of a six-year-old white child, yet they give infinite delight to grown-up negroes. We can recall very few tales of pure negro origin having the slightest moral point to it, although some missionaries have sought to engraft a higher purpose in one or two cases. In general, these negro tales glorify the weak animal who triumphs by deception over a stronger one, just as "Brer Rabbit" makes a fool of the hippopotamus. This triumph is accompanied usually by cruel circumstances, and it does not seem to spoil the story that the rabbit should be wholly wanton in his provocations, and his victim a good-natured, innocent member of the community. The African reader or listener rejoices in the triumph of duplicity, much as we of a later civilization rejoice in blood spilt upon the battle-field, quite irrespective of the merits involved.



THE HAFF-BEARER OF THE KING OF TONGOLAND.

At a distance of six thousand miles, where we hear of him only as a Zulu warrior rejoicing in murder, we must perforce think of him as a man with faculties in harmony with his powers as a soldier; but when we study his military operations closely, we find that he fights unwillingly until he has wrought himself into such a frenzy as would in the nursery be called "tantrums." Only very rarely has the negro been organized into a fighting body under negro leadership, and such organization has never been of long duration.

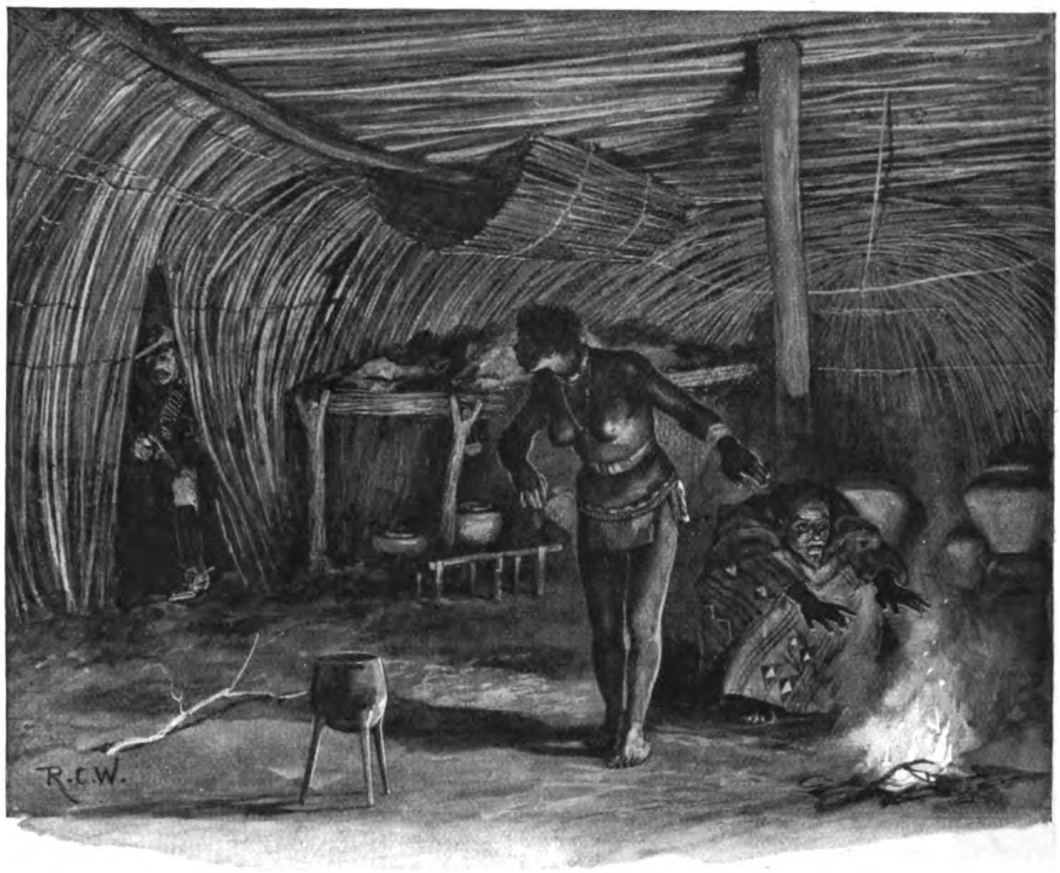
The negro is, in fact, a child's spirit scattered about in a big black body. The white people who go out to Africa to administer farms or mines have, as a rule, had no previous experience of negroes, and are apt, therefore, to lose their patience when they find full-grown men treating solemn labor contracts with the caprice of children at a tea party.

Even so respectable an authority on South Africa as Mr. Selous, in a recently published book about the Matabele war, makes this strange confession:

> "The events of the last three months have taught me at least this: that it is impossible for a European to understand the workings of a native's mind; and speaking personally, after having spent over twenty years of my life amongst the Kaffirs, I am quite incompetent to express an opinion as to the line of conduct they would be likely to adopt under any given circumstances."

Had Mr. Selous been reared in Virginia or Louisiana, I doubt if he would have been forced to so frank a confession of ignorance; and in this connection I am reminded of a visit I once paid to one of the few prosperous sugar-planters in the West Indies, a Scotch gentleman liv-

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A NIGHT SEARCH FOR STOLEN DIAMONDS IN A ZULU HUT.

ing in the centre of the island of Santa Cruz. In almost every other colony of that region the planters whom I had the pleasure of knowing complained bitterly of their losses, and predicted that sugar would soon go out of cultivation, owing to the competition of beet-root, assisted by bounties on export. I asked my Scotch friend how he managed to make a good living while so many of his neighbors appeared to be on the verge of bankruptcy. His answer was short: "I get more work out of my negroes."

I discovered what he meant more fully when, one morning, we mounted our ponies for a tour of inspection. He knew his negroes by name, and addressed such as he met like a father—not an indulgent father, but an intelligent one. He heard complaints, gave this one a scolding, that one a joke, and showed at every step that he was in perfect touch with all their little childish limitations.

We stopped at the houses in which were a few very old and very young people, and with these he had only words of sympathy, and here and there a trifling present—perhaps a bit of cloth, or an extra allowance of flour. There were black mothers with nursing babies, and for these he showed the most tender solicitude, completely winning their devotion by little favors which are priceless when bestowed in times of such necessity.

Let me commend the example of this intelligent Scotch sugar-planter of the West Indies to the many South African white men who are inclined to despair because they find the negro careless, lazy, and given to duplicity.

The negro cares little for the prospect of a large sum of money at the end of a month or a year; he will run away and sacrifice the earnings of many weeks upon what seems to us frivolous provocation; but under the leadership of a cheery white man who knows how to rouse vanity, if not their ambition, I have seen negroes

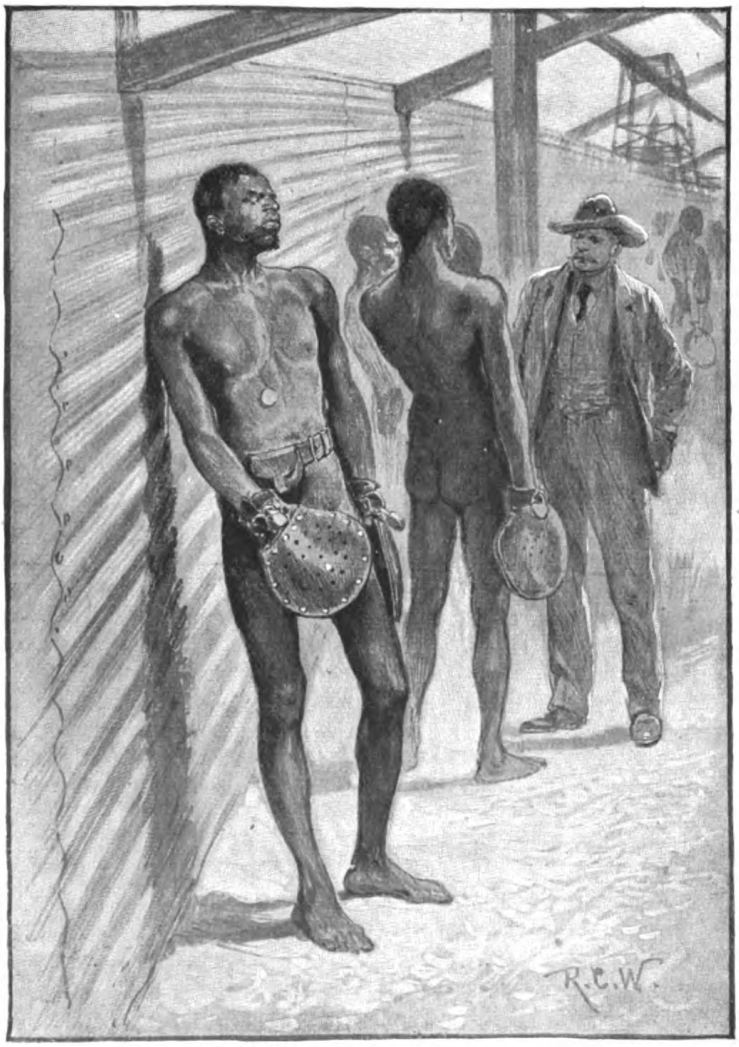
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perform a day's work under circumstances which would have killed any people of another race.

Johannesburg is the market where the price of negro labor is regulated for all South Africa, and nowhere can one see so many natives differing as to tribe and language as in the gold-mines of the Transvaal. Here we find the Zulus of Natal, the stalwart Basuto, Hottentots from the Cape Colony, natives of Zanzibar. But by far the largest number come from Portuguese East Africa.

We may readily imagine that the average native comes unwillingly to Johannesburg, even though the wages are high and the life at the mines not a hard one. When I was at Johannesburg, raw Kaffirs were being paid about four shillings a day, whereas in their own country, or upon farms, they would have considered themselves well off at four shillings a week. It argues something wrong in the state when negroes at the centre of black population must be coaxed to work by wages that would be tempting to educated white men in any part of Europe, if not America. But the reason for the prevailing rate of wages lies not wholly in native dislike of hard work. At the two principal jails of the Transvaal I was told that the white men there in prison had been guilty of waylaying negroes returning to their far-away homes, and robbing them of their earnings.

This is a peculiarly mean form of crime, for the natives are not allowed to carry fire-arms, while Boers may do so. And considering that the returning native bears upon his person the whole of his worldly capital, and that his social position in his tribe is at stake, it is not surprising that many murders occur for the sake of the few pounds involved.

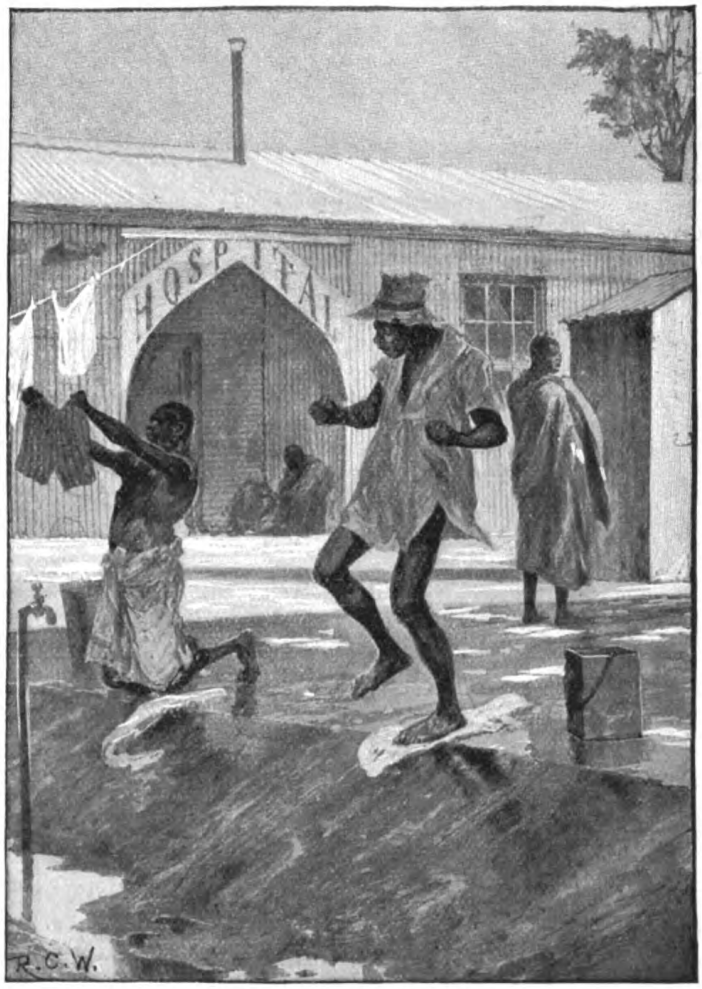


NATIVES IN COMPOUND, WITH MITTENS TO PREVENT DIAMOND-STEALING.

The report of such treatment spreads very rapidly amongst negroes, and discourages all excepting such as are prepared to travel at the risk of their lives. It is a significant fact also that, under these circumstances, the supply of negroes for Johannesburg comes not from the well-governed English colony of Natal, but from the adjacent abominably administered dependency of Portugal, where the negro feels so little security for his person that he can be persuaded to exchange into the Transvaal. The negro, while having no understanding for patriotism, or love of his nation in our

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sense of the term, suffers very keenly from homesickness when away from his family or tribe, especially when he abandons conditions under which he was a man of consequence and becomes a member of a community where he is not merely condemned to daily drudgery, but where the public law forbids him to walk upon the same sidewalk as a white man, or to appear upon the public street after nine o'clock at night. How far this feeling of the negro springs from affection for his family, and how far it is the result of injured vanity, I cannot say, for in general the negro has a species of local loyalty reminding one of cats—a loyalty to certain comfortable surroundings rather than to the individual. In the four jails of South Africa where I made inquiries, the testimony of those in charge appeared to agree that the negro in confinement was apt to suffer much more keenly than the white criminal; that the native fretted feverishly in his isolation, and frequently contracted nervous disease culminating occasionally in insanity.



WASHING AT THE HOSPITAL.

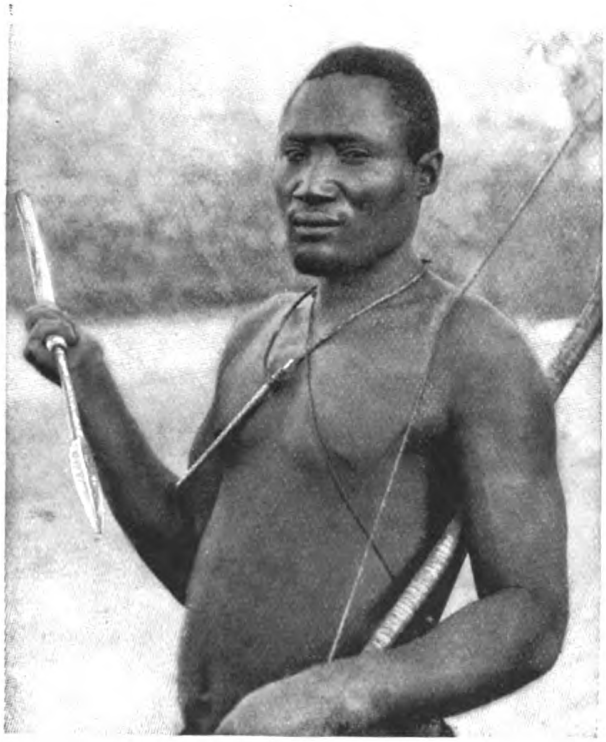
It is unfortunate that religious scruples have so far prevented the Boers from taking a census of their country, although a beginning has been made at Johannesburg, for reasons more akin to military than political expediency. Perhaps if I take a typical mine of the so-called "Rand," of which Johannesburg is a part, I can give a clearer idea than if I dealt exclusively with statistics. Mr. Edward J. Way is general manager of one of the one hundred and seventeen mines registered there. His is fifth on the list as far as milling capacity goes, and about fifteenth on the list of producers, so that his experience I regard as typical enough for my purposes. He told me that the natives of the Cape Colony were generally better educated than those of any other, but were, in consequence, "greater blackguards and schemers." To quote this gentleman: "These furnish the sea-lawyer and agitator class, and are generally idle and good-for-nothing. A great many of these boys profess Christianity, but they lack all sense of right, and gratitude is unknown amongst them."

At his mine (the Goch) from 250 to 300 natives are paid weekly, and when Mr. Way gave me information on the subject it was with bitterness, for he assured me that for two days out of every week about half the number of his men spent their time in visiting the drink-shops. And it

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is greatly to the credit of these natives that, in spite of the fact that liquor of a very bad quality was to be had at every corner, there were very few fights. Since my visit, the Transvaal government has followed the good example set by the Orange Free State, and suppressed the sale of fire-water amongst the natives—a measure which will undoubtedly prove of enormous economic advantage.

One Christmas day the natives of Mr. Way's mine challenged the natives of a neighboring mine, and for five hours a battle raged between infuriated blacks, who numbered about seven hundred on each side. Fifteen were killed on one side and thirty on the other, while the number of disabled was four times as great. Thus did a little rum create a military episode more bloody than Jameson's famous battle of Krugersdorp. But, after all, the marvel is not that the natives do have occasional fights, but that these fights occur so seldom, considering the fact that so many different tribes are often mixed up in the same mine.



A MATABELE NATIVE.

Of the total number in this mine of Mr. Way's (1310) there are twice as many from the Delagoa Bay country alone as from any other part of South Africa. These 1310 are divided up again as follows:

	Employees.	Wages.	Days' Work.
Drilling in mine.....	700	65*s.* to 70*s.*	28
Shovelling in mine....	100	60*s.*	28
Trucking "	150	60*s.* to 65*s.*	28
Drill-carrying in mine.	50	40*s.*	28
Batteries (two).....	80	65*s.* to 80*s.*	28
Cyaniding (two works)	80	60*s.* to 70*s.*	28
General surface work.	150	60*s.*	28
Total	1310		

These figures will give an idea of the distribution of laborers and the kind of work they have to do. The number named will efficiently handle from 13,000 to 15,000 tons of ore per calendar month through the different processes in use.

Since my visit to Johannesburg, Mr. Adolf Goertz has united all the mine-managers and reduced the wages of the sixty thousand blacks, so that the average monthly rate is about forty-five shillings, which, although twenty-five per cent. less than prevailed in the summer of 1896, yet represents very high wages to an African. This reduction was effected without serious opposition from the blacks, nor were they consulted on the subject. They have accepted the situation, and, so far as I can gather, the labor question is no less satisfactory in Johannesburg to-day than it was when higher wages prevailed. The old high wages were more than justified when there was no railway from the gold-fields to the different centres of native labor, and when, therefore, Kaffirs had to trudge two or three hundred miles through unfriendly country; but now that the railway runs to Delagoa Bay and to Natal, and through the Cape Colony, the black man can reach his home in comparative security and at small cost. The blacks do not bring their wives with them to the gold-mines, and the Transvaal government rather discourages the settlement of natives in the country. Consequently no native will work at Johannesburg longer than is absolutely necessary for accumulating the amount

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of money required for the purchase of a good social position at home—that is to say, a few wives. Thus the black population at the gold-fields is perpetually changing, and mine-managers have to reckon that as soon as a native has acquired some skill, after a few months, he pockets his earnings, returns to his kraal, sheds the garb of civilization, and once more resumes the more congenial habit of his tribe. Economically speaking, the white population of the Transvaal suffers enormously by reason of having to bring workmen from far-away countries, instead of offering inducements to all natives to settle with their families.

It is a strange fact that the Cape Colony, which is the oldest and strongest of the South African communities, should be the one which still permits the free sale of liquor amongst the natives. The reason is that many Cape Colonists make brandy, and this industry in the eyes of many legislators deserves encouragement. In Portuguese East Africa the government draws much revenue from the pestiferous traffic, and frankly encourages it. Basutoland and Natal, together with Zululand, have protected their natives from drink, with excellent results, while the Boers of the Transvaal only late in 1896 roused themselves in this matter, not so much from interest in the welfare of the blacks in general as from a desire to have more efficient labor at the mines.

The Orange Free State is almost equally divided between Boers and English, and the political fight over the question of selling liquor to natives was severe. Their experience is the most valuable in South Africa, and their success has encouraged the Transvaal to attempt the new liquor law.

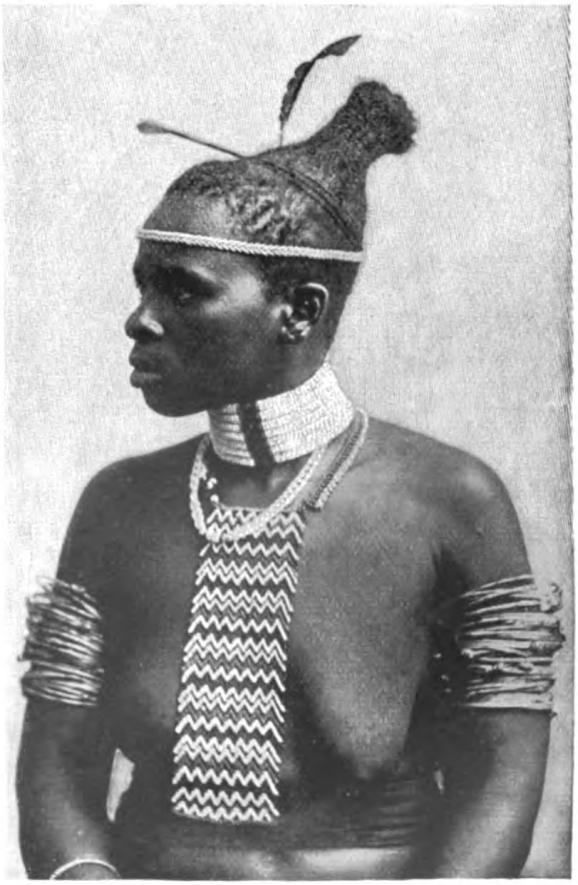
Let us look for a moment at the principal provisions of the Orange Free State liquor law, for by so doing we may get some idea of what such legislation may be worth in the Cape Colony should her Parliament ever have the courage to act without reference to the wine-growing interest. For all such information as I may be able to give under this head I must express great indebtedness to Mr. William H. Poultney, of Bloemfontein. Many and long were the conversations I had with this Africander while travelling about the Orange Free State.

In the first place, *no license* for the sale of liquor is granted except in towns where a magistrate is stationed; and nobody is allowed to sell without a license.

Secondly, *nobody* is allowed to sell to colored men, or to any one under twenty-one years of age.

Thirdly, no grocer or general storekeeper is allowed to combine the sale of liquor with the sale of other commodities, nor is any strong drink permitted on his premises even as a gift from him to a customer.

This is an important clause, for in many stores it is found very profitable to pre-



A ZULU WOMAN, NATAL—FULL DRESS.

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sent customers with a drink or so of liquor before commencing to bargain.

In the fourth place, no unlicensed person is allowed to buy or import into the state more than two gallons of liquor without a special permit from the magistrate.

Fifthly, the state sees to it that such liquor as is brought in shall be at least good liquor, and not the horrible stuff which has been blazing in the brains of the Johannesburg blacks.

Finally, the law forbids all sale of liquor on Sunday, excepting to *bona fide* travellers, under penalty of fine or imprisonment and forfeit of license. For the contravention of any of the first five articles the punishment is from £5 to £50 ($25 to $250) fine, or imprisonment up to six months, for the first and second offence, and imprisonment without the option of a fine for any subsequent offence.

These are the salient features of the best liquor law in Africa, and, what is more to the point, a law which is enforced not merely by the machinery of the state, but by the much more efficient force of an intelligent public opinion — a public opinion which, however, required considerable education before it could be made to appreciate the enormous economic benefits that come from merely not getting drunk.

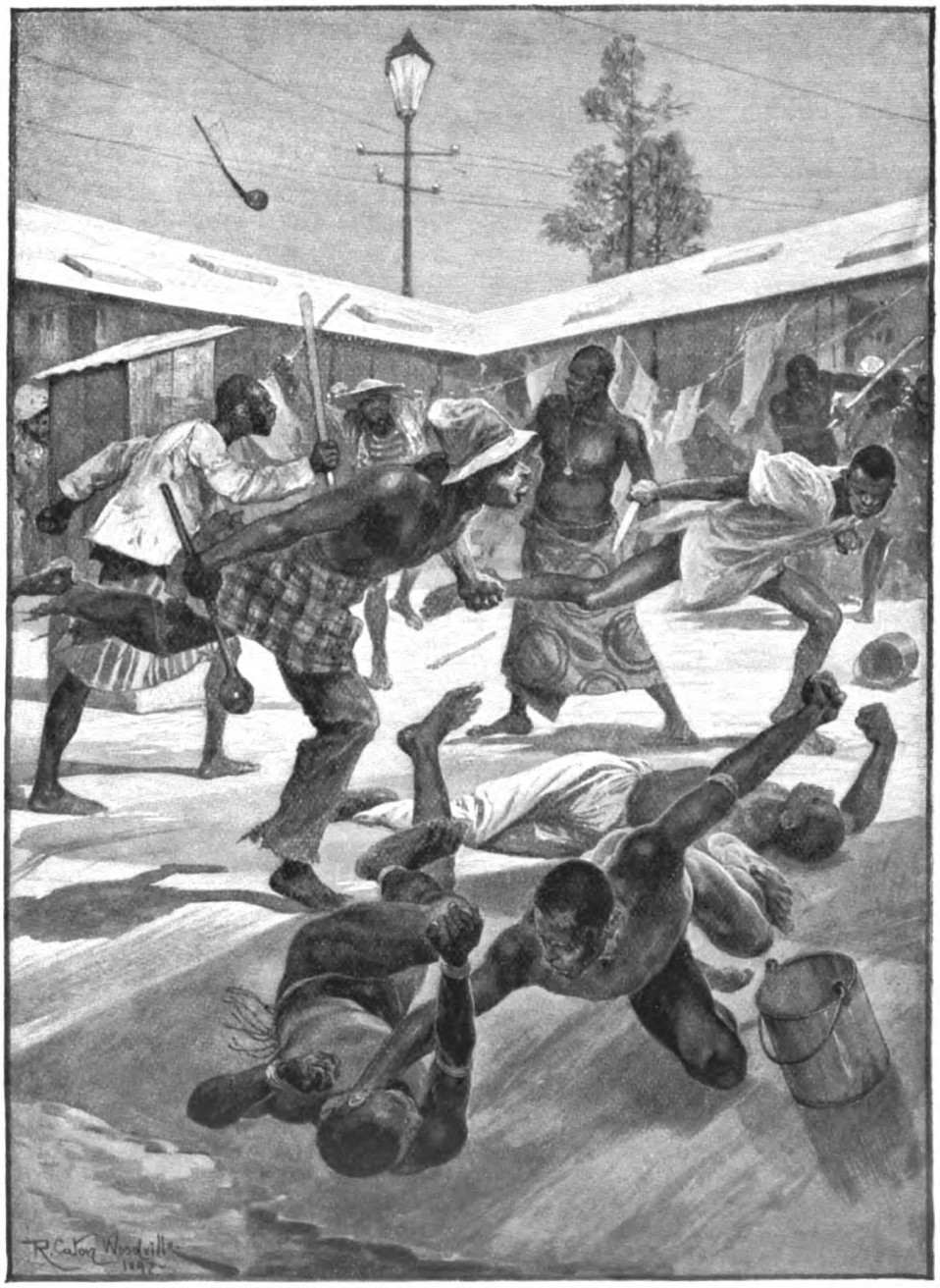


A WITCH-DOCTOR OF DELAGOA BAY.

The best-informed man in South Africa gave me the following account of how the Orange Free State managed to secure the passage of this Law of 1883, as it is known. Before that time way-side hotels were allowed on any main road, provided they were never less than twelve miles apart. This of itself would seem a pretty hard rule at Highland Falls, on the Hudson, where the average distance between the different liquor saloons is about ten yards; but it was discovered in Africa that drunkenness and crime increased in an even ratio, and that jails could not be built fast enough to accommodate those whose crimes were traced to the abuse of strong drink. The ministers of the Gospel joined hands with the advocates of temperance, and commenced a crusade of education so vigorous and intelligent that on the 31st of December, 1883, the pestiferous way-side liquor traffic was wholly abolished, and the new era commenced.

At the time the law was passed it was very strongly

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A FIGHT IN THE COMPOUND AMONG RIVAL TRIBES.

opposed by some of the best men on the ground that it could never be carried out, and would therefore do more harm than good. Amongst these honest doubters were President Steyn, then a judge, and his predecessor in the executive chair, Mr. Reitz; but both of these gentlemen have since completely changed their opinion, and become earnest advocates of this measure on purely economic grounds.

A member of the Supreme Court, who has for many years travelled on circuit and knows well the state of his country, tells me that crime has been reduced by nearly if not quite three-fourths. "Whereas in former years several of the border prisons were full to overflowing, and prisoners had to be drafted to inland jails, it is now a thing of by no means infrequent occurrence that several of the

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border prisons are quite empty. Within the last year, when I visited Ficksburg, a place that in former years was a regular pandemonium, I found the jail quite empty, and the jailer told me he would have to turn his attention to gardening, or his occupation would be gone. In other towns, where we used to have from sixteen to eighteen cases per circuit for several years, the average has been less than 1½ case per circuit. On one circuit, a few years back, there were criminal cases in three out of eight border towns, and on this circuit, February, 1896, there are only criminal cases in four out of nine towns, and out of these the heaviest roll is four cases; whereas in 1883, before the liquor law came into force, there were about sixty prisoners for trial at the one sitting in that particular town."

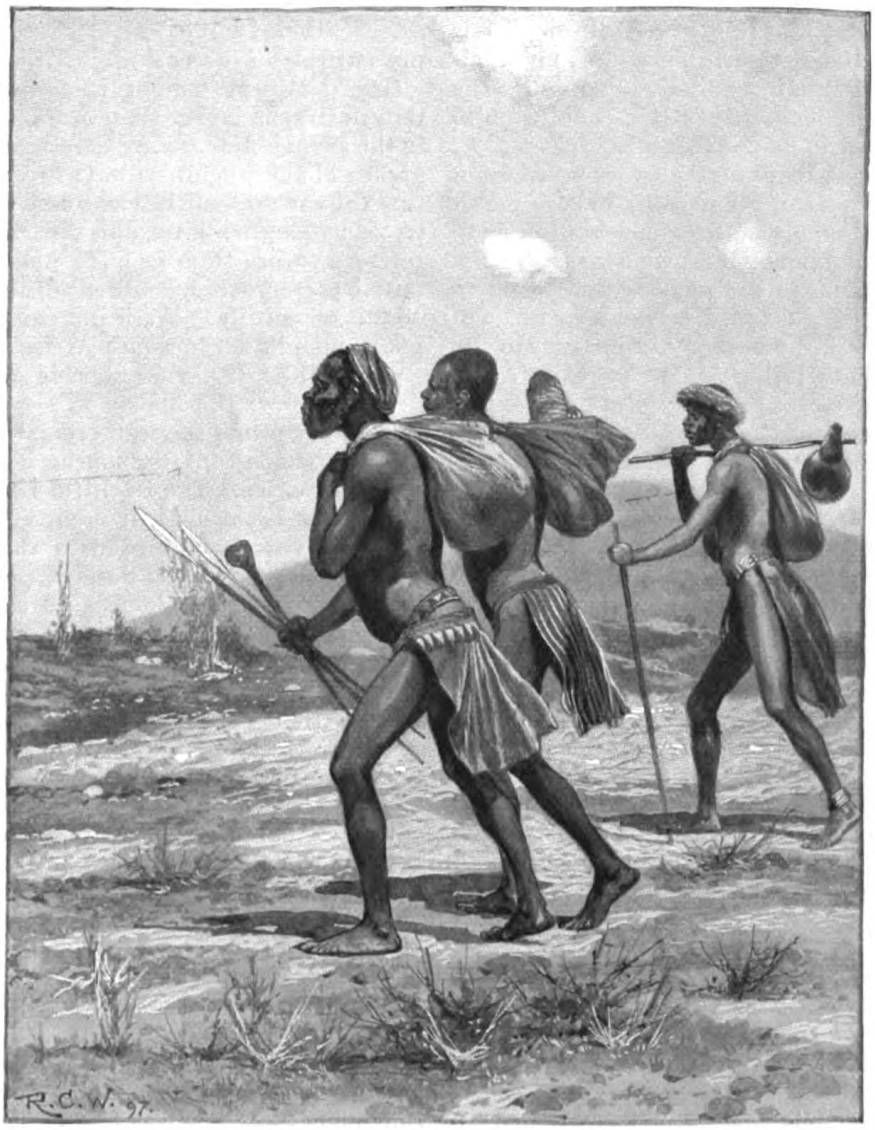
About six years ago an effort was made to get this liquor law repealed, yet in the debates of the Volksraad every single member admitted that the law was good, and had worked very well; but twelve members spoke in favor of licensing a few extra hotels on the main roads and at railway stations, but the motion was lost by 40 against 12. At that time Mr. Poultney of Bloemfontein wrote to the judges, whose experience would naturally give them the best right to be heard in the matter, and inquired of them what their opinion was. The Chief Justice wrote as follows: "That drunkenness has a great effect on crime there can be no doubt. Going round as circuit judge I am brought in contact a great deal with the farmers, and their unanimous opinion is in favor of the good results of the liquor law, especially as regards the theft of skins, wool, and so forth."

President Steyn, who was then a judge, wrote: "I am of opinion that Ordinance 10 of 1883 has worked well, especially by diminishing crime, and that it would



"CIVILIZED" NEGROES SEEKING WORK IN THE GOLD-FIELDS.

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LABORERS TRAMPING TO THE MINES IN NATIVE COSTUME.

be a matter of deep regret if the law were repealed.

We have, I regret to say, little reliable information regarding the increase of negroes in South Africa, and I suppose we never shall until the different governments unite upon some central authority for this purpose. Mr. Theal of Cape Town, to whose great work in South Africa I have already referred, has made perhaps, on this subject, the most reliable calculations, based upon extensive correspondence with magistrates, missionaries, and traders in all parts of South Africa. At best the result must lack accuracy, but in any event it is the best that we have, and an enormous improvement on the official guess-work of previous years. The first question posed was, "To what cause or causes do you assign the great increase of natives in number during recent years?" This was almost uniformly answered by saying that it was owing to the controlling power of the civilized governments, which means that tribal wars have been prevented, the execution of people on charges of dealing in witchcraft has been suppressed, the supply of food has been more regular, and the effects of drought or pestilence diminished.

Mr. Theal's inquiries establish the fact, which will be no doubt strange to many

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of us, that the South African negro is longer-lived than the white man, although I should be inclined to doubt the general applicability of this conclusion to white men outside of South Africa.

So far all black statistics are based upon the savage conditions still existing, and there is much room for speculation as to the effect upon the African negro of the civilization which is to-day spreading so rapidly, thanks to railway enterprise. On this subject the bulk of authority is to the effect that civilization at present harms the negro by exposing him to diseases he never knew before. In his savage state the black man goes naked and becomes strong by a constant contact with the fresh air. The first thing done for the happy black heathen is to make him wear uncomfortable clothing, in which he sweats and breeds poisonous microbes with horrible fluency. He never changes this clothing, and when he gets wet he knows no better than to dry them by sitting close to the fire. In this way he contracts fever, and undermines an otherwise robust constitution. For this reason many magistrates hold the opinion that from the adoption of civilized customs by the natives, and the consequent increase of disease, there will result a check to the present rate of increase among the blacks.

The death-rate among so-called Christian natives is larger than amongst those in the savage state, owing to reasons above given; but here again we have to remember that the savage state referred to is one protected by English laws, and the Christians referred to are such as have not learned how to preserve their health under changed conditions of life. With increased pressure of population in South Africa, and increased difficulty in wandering away to new territory, the blacks will be forced into pretty much the same social state as they are to-day in the southern part of North America. The frightful rinderpest which has ravaged their country during the past year, combined with the locust plague, has compelled an industrial movement amongst the blacks undreamed of before. In former years the tribes afflicted by want of food would have gone upon the war-path and sought to plunder some of their neighbors; to-day they send out their young men to earn wages in the fields or in the mines of the white man, and thus silently this great revolution is going on, making from day to day more real the rule of the white man in Africa.

TWO UNDESCRIBED PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPERE.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

THAT two portraits of Shakspere should have waited to be described* until this late day is not necessarily a source of wonder. Every year, on an average, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, London, is solicited to buy one for the nation—usually at a fabulous price. The two portraits now in question, however, distinguish themselves from the common herd in that they have remained garreted, so to speak, until noted by unmercenary Shakspereans. One of them, the so-called Droeshout Original, was the property of a private collector, who seems not to have been aware of its importance; while the other, the Ely Palace portrait, which is in many respects of even greater interest, has hung unremarked for over thirty years in—of all places—the house in which Shakspere was born. Taken together, these portraits not only justify attention, but demand a thorough scrutiny. If they stand the tests of scientific criticism, we shall find that they not only aid us materially in figuring to ourselves how Shakspere looked, but throw light on one of the most important periods of Shakspere's development as an artist.

* The best work on *The Portraits of Shakspere* was published by Mr. J. P. Norris, in Philadelphia, in 1884. Though inaccurate in some details, owing perhaps to the fact that it was written in America, it is still the fullest, best illustrated, and most scholarly work on the subject. It contains an invaluable bibliography.

I.

The obvious test of a new portrait is its history,—or, in the cant term, its pedigree. Without this, the great collector of Shaksperean relics, J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, would not look at any article; and at least one great living scholar, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, refuses to consider any portrait that cannot be traced to Shakspere's family or intimate friends. Admirable as is the spirit of such scepticism, there is

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evidence that in the present case it is misapplied. In the first part of *The Return from Parnassus*, a curious drama in literary criticism, dating from the close of the sixteenth century, there is an allusion which indicates that it was even then possible for Shakspere's admirers to obtain his portrait. A certain Gullio, after quoting the opening stanzas of *Venus and Adonis*, exclaims: "O sweet Mr. Shakspeare! I'le have his picture in my study at the Courte." (Act. III., Sec. I., l. 1054.) This passage Mr. John Malone kindly pointed out to me as evidence of the currency of Shakspere's portrait during his lifetime. When I showed it to Mr. Sidney Colvin, Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, he remarked that it would almost indicate the currency of prints of Shakspere. It is at least sufficient, even in the absence of pedigree, to justify a closer consideration of any supposedly contemporary portrait.



A MASK TAKEN FROM THE STRATFORD BUST.
In the possession of Mr. Laurence Hutton.

Two other tests, however, are indispensable. First, the portraits in question must resemble one or both of the portraits of Shakspere which we know to have been approved by his contemporaries—the Droeshout print and the bust at Stratford; and secondly, they must be demonstrably painted in the manner in vogue during Shakspere's life. Both these considerations are fraught with difficulty. The two authentic portraits obviously represent Shakspere at widely different periods; they are rude in technique, and have been impaired by accident or clumsy alteration. As for dating a portrait from internal evidence, the testimony of connoisseurs is notoriously apt to increase doubt rather than to remove it. Yet, intricate and baffling as both considerations must prove, they are the only possible means of forming an opinion.

II.

The best-authenticated portrait is the print by Martin Droeshout, a minor engraver of the time, whose works are valuable to the collector chiefly on account of their rarity. Unfortunately it is below the average of even Droeshout's performances. It was prefixed to the first folio, published in 1623. On the opposite page were the following lines by Ben Jonson:

> This Figure that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> Wherein the Graver had a strife
> with Nature to out doo the life:
> O, could he have but drawne his wit
> As well in brasse, as he has hit
> His face, the Print would then surpasse
> All, that was ever writ in brasse.
> But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
> Not on his Picture, but his Booke.
>
> B. I.

These lines have usually been taken as high praise of the print; but the fact that commendatory verses were one of the commonest literary customs of the time distinctly lessens their import. The phrasing of the second couplet, moreover, which seems to us almost far-fetched in its originality, was hackneyed enough in the time of Elizabeth. In *Venus and Adonis*, for instance (1593), we find,

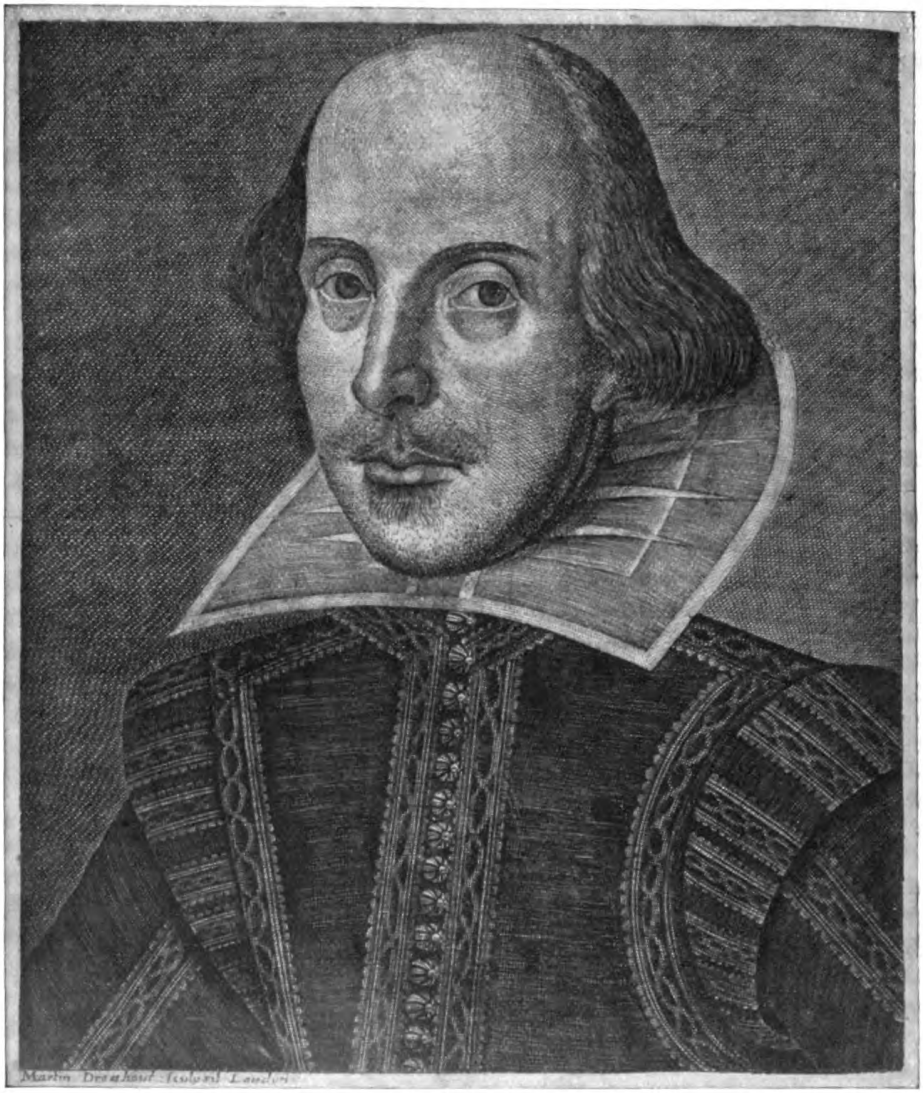
> Nature made thee with her selfe at strife.

And again,

> Look when a painter would surpasse the life....
> His art with nature's workmanship at strife.

Such examples could be multiplied. The second couplet, then, far from being ful-

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THE DROESHOUT PRINT, PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.
Reproduced by photograph from the copy in the Lenox Library, New York.

some of praise, is little more than a metrical rendering of "This is a portrait of Shakspere." The rest of the poem, similarly reduced to common parlance, says that since the graver has failed to express Shakspere's soul as well as he has drawn his features, one must turn to the plays to find the real man. Under this interpretation the verses, while formally commendatory, are, as Jonson's known skill and genuineness in such writing would lead us to expect, sensible and sincere. They testify without hyperbole that the print represents Shakspere as he was known to the theatrical world of London.

The bust of Shakspere is on his monument in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford. According to Dugdale's diary (1653), "Shakespeare's and John Combe's monuments at Stratford super Avon, [were] made by Gerard Johnson." This Johnson was a Dutch sculptor, or "tombe-maker," who practised his trade in London. The first extant reference to the bust is in a commendatory poem by L. Digges in the first folio, which was printed in 1623. If, however, as has been conjectured, Gerard Johnson did his monuments to Shakspere and his neighbor at the same time, a somewhat earlier date is certain. At all events, the bust was put up during the lifetime of Shakspere's wife and daughters, and was familiar to his Stratford friends.

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THE DROESHOUT ORIGINAL PORTRAIT.

In its original state it was, like most sculptures at that time, colored to the life. In 1749 the colors were renewed, "care being taken to preserve the exact tints." In 1793 Edmond Malone, whose pseudo-classical tastes were offended by the colors, succeeded in having the bust painted white. In 1861 Simon Collins, a restorer of pictures, was engaged to put the colors on again. On removing the white paint, "he found that enough of the ancient pigment remained to enable him to restore the original tints." As the bust now stands, the hair, mustache, and lip-beard are auburn, and the eyes light hazel. This evidence has usually been taken to be conclusive. As for the eyes, however, it would not be at all strange if their exact tint failed to survive the restoration of 1749, Malone's whitewashing, and—especially considering the smallness of their surface—Collins's scraping and repainting. It is well known among painters, moreover, that pigments may alter color radically with time and exposure to light. A striking instance of this has lately come under my notice. In a youthful miniature of an old lady who has just died, the hair has altered from red to auburn, and the eyes from light blue to hazel.

Johnson's model in making the bust is generally supposed to have been a death-mask. Had he been a first-rate artist,

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THE ELY PALACE PORTRAIT.

even for that archaic period in the plastic arts in England, the bust would be of supreme authority. Unfortunately he seems scarcely to have deserved his very modest title of "tombe-maker." The nose of the bust is so short that the end of it is generally supposed to have been chipped off accidentally early in the carving, and the present apology for a nose carved out of what stone remained. The peculiar position of the mustache clearly indicates this: in ninety-nine faces out of a hundred the mustache begins at the base of the nose, often in the very nostrils; and this is notably the case in the Droeshout print: in the bust there is a wide and very ugly interval. The eyes, which in the mask were of course closed, are small and very awkwardly rendered. The mouth is represented open—with about the same skill as the eyes. The inequality in the swellings on the sides of the face and neck has been attributed to an accumulation of gases beneath the "flying mould" of wax. Unfortunately the season of Shakspere's death, early spring, and the brief interval before his burial, make this very improbable. It is more likely that the inequality is due to one of those variations of nature which even the best artists have never despised. The cheeks of the Venus of Milo are not alike,

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nor the eyebrows of the Pheidian Theseus. The fulness of the cheeks, too, is not unnatural to a man of over fifty living in an English provincial town. On the whole, then, the bust, with the possible exception of the coloring and the very probable exception of the nose and upper lip, is to be regarded as the counterfeit presentment, however crude, of the Shakspere who in 1616 was familiar to Stratford-upon-Avon.

With most of this evidence our chief business is to make sure that it does not directly concern us. The difference between the contour of the bust and that of our two portraits is easily explained in the fact that the bust obviously represents Shakspere at a much later period. We need not expect it to approach them any more nearly than it does the Droeshout print. If, however, we find that any feature in either portrait resembles the bust more nearly than the print, it is strong *a priori* evidence that the portrait was painted from life. And on one point, at least, the evidence of the bust is of great importance: however doubtful the present coloring, it is the only evidence we have as to the color of Shakspere's hair and eyes.

III.

The following history and description of the so-called Droeshout Original have kindly been prepared by the librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford:

THE DROESHOUT ORIGINAL PORTRAIT.

"The Droeshout original portrait of Shakespeare was added to the collection at the Memorial Picture Gallery in 1892, on loan from the late Mr. H. C. Clements, of Sydenham. It had been exhibited at the Alexandra Palace, but, owing to its dingy appearance, it excited little attention. It was stated to have belonged originally to a member of the Shakespeare family, and upon the back Mr. Clements had affixed an inscription to the effect that it was the original of the famous Droeshout print, and that it had been publicly exhibited in London in the latter part of the eighteenth century. That such an original must have existed is made evident by the register of the Dutch Church in London. Martin Droeshout, son of Michael Droeshout and his first wife, Susanneken van der Ersbek, was baptized on April 26, 1601,* and was therefore at the time of the poet's death, in 1616, about fourteen years of age. As it is thus virtually impossible that he could have engraved from the life, he must have copied an earlier portrait.

"The portrait is painted in oil-colors, upon an elm panel formed of two boards joined horizontally, and secured across the back by a strip of wood, and has for its ground-work a thin coating of white composition, or gesso, primed red. The head appears to be life-size, but the body is drawn on a slightly smaller scale, a fact which, as was demonstrated by Mr. W. W. Ouless, R.A., gives the face an appearance of heroic dimensions.

"The relative measurements of the portrait are precisely the same as those of Droeshout's engraving. From certain lines visible upon the picture it is evident that a collar, or ruff, of a different shape, has been painted over. The drawing of the head is powerful, though the style is formal, after the manner of the sixteenth rather than the seventeenth century. The shadows appear to have been painted green; the warmer flesh tones have faded. The face is oval; the hair, a rich dark brown; the mustache, of a lighter shade; the eyes, neither hazel nor blue, but of a shade between these colors. Upon the upper left-hand corner the picture is inscribed in cursive characters: 'Willm Shakespeare. 1609.' A large plain collar with pleatings and a narrow hem surrounds the neck. The doublet is black, buttoned up the front, and trimmed with handsome gold lace. The panel measures 23 by 17½ inches full measure; 22½ by 17½ inches sight measurements.

"After a careful examination of the picture, the chairman of the Shakespeare Memorial Association, Mr. Edgar Flower, felt perfectly convinced that it was a life portrait, and none other than the original of the famous print prefixed to the First Folio (1623) of Shakespeare's Plays. This opinion was confirmed by Mr. Sam. Timmins, F.S.A., and several antiquaries to whom opportunity had been afforded of studying the picture. Mrs. Flower of 'Avonbank,' Stratford-upon-Avon, thereupon bought the portrait from the Clements family, and generously presented it to the Shakespeare Memorial. It was

* Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, December, 1895. A paper read by Lionel Cust, Esq., F.S.A.

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then taken to London, and exhibited at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries on December 12, 1895, upon which occasion Mr. Lionel Cust, F.S.A., introduced it to the notice of the Fellows. The picture was next subjected to the critical examination of various experts. Mr. G. R. M. Murray, of the Botany Department, British Museum, declared the panel to be of old elm-wood. Sir E. J. Poynter, then Director of the National Gallery, now President of the Royal Academy, was of opinion that the portrait was painted from life. Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, and Mr. S. Colvin, Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, stated their belief to be that the portrait was a genuine picture of the early part of the seventeenth century, and regarded the date '1609' as genuine.

"So closely does this old portrait resemble the print by Droeshout that clearly the matter resolves itself into a question whether the print was copied from the picture, or the picture from the print. Several of the most competent critics, including well-known engravers,* have examined the portrait, and unhesitatingly declared in favor of the painting being the original and the print the copy. In the print there is much that is unintelligible; in the painting these obscurities become intelligible. The engraving is a poor production, crude and harsh; the painting is the work of an artist of greater ability. There is now no doubt that it is a life portrait of Shakespeare, painted in 1609. It may be remarked that in the spring of the year 1609 Shakespeare's Sonnets were first printed; in the same year the poet, with reputation established and a fortune accumulating, was preparing to leave the Globe Theatre and retire to the rural surroundings of his native Stratford.

WILLIAM SALT BRASSINGTON, F.S.A.

"*November* 27, 1896."

Authoritative as Mr. Brassington's remarks are, he has omitted one or two facts which may prove important, and his final judgment is perhaps open to question.

After presenting the portrait to the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Flower engaged Mr. Dyer, the most expert and intelligent of English picture-restorers, to clean it. Mr. Dyer pronounced in favor of its authenticity. In introducing it to the society, Mr. Lionel Cust said that the fact that it had no pedigree was in its favor, and that, in his opinion, it "was a genuine picture of the date assigned to it." He was "inclined to think" that the engraving was copied from the picture.*

In the discussion that followed, Sir Charles Robinson, her Majesty's Surveyor of Pictures, pointed out that the inscription is in cursive characters. The custom at that period was to use capitals. Mr. Sidney Colvin, Keeper of Prints in the British Museum, told me later that this cursive inscription was unique in his experience. Abandoning, therefore, the inscription and date, Sir Charles guardedly attributed the picture to the early half of the seventeenth century.

On the other hand, Dr. Furnivall assailed the picture with his customary vigor, on the ground that it has no pedigree, and declared that it was a "make-up of the late seventeenth century from the print and the bust, both of which the artist had seen." When I brought to his notice the reference quoted above to contemporary portraits of Shakspere, he laughed it aside. However, out of his great generosity and kindness, he went with me to Stratford, and was forced to admit that no trace of the bust is discernible. He had overlooked the fact that in the print the cheek shows a marked tendency to fulness. His conclusion, therefore, may be disregarded.

Since the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Sir Charles Robinson has shifted his position. In spite of the expert testimony that the panel is antique English elm—or perhaps in ignorance of it—Sir Charles still declares (October, 1896) that it is foreign, and pronounces the portrait a very careful late forgery. In September, 1896, Mr. Sidney Colvin told me that though he should assign the portrait to a very early date, perhaps the first half of the seventeenth century, he regarded it as a very careful copy of the print. Even Mr. Lionel Cust, its earliest and strongest advocate, writes me, under the date of November 6, 1896: "I cannot pledge myself to its having *preceded* the Droeshout engraving, although my inclination is to

* Among others, Mr. H. Barnett Woodburn, who executed the accompanying engravings.—J. C.

* Sir Theodore Martin, a life-long student of painted and engraved portraiture, wrote Mr. Edgar Flower, on November 12, 1896, as follows: "The only [question] to my mind is, was this the picture from which the first folio portrait was engraved, or was the picture painted from the engraving? . . . I feel confident that the portrait is the original work."

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think so. . . . I still regard it as a picture of the early seventeenth century."

Sir E. J. Poynter observed that there are traces of an earlier portrait on the surface—notably the edge of a ruff in the right-hand corner, and a line from Shakspere's right eye down his cheek. These, he thought, a dishonest painter would not have allowed to appear. Several blisters and other like imperfections are due to a fire which occurred at Alexandra Palace when the portrait was there on exhibition.*

No scientific description of the portrait had appeared at the time of my visits to Stratford, nor any summary of the arguments pro and con. To remedy this, I urged Mr. Bernard Berenson to go to Stratford, but in vain. However, I so wrought upon the enthusiasm of a connoisseur of the school of Morelli and Berenson that he went with me to Stratford. Although he insists that his judgment is merely that of an amateur, he has very kindly permitted me to quote his notes:

> Life-size, painted on a thin coating of gesso. The panel is English elm, worm-holed, and of undoubted antiquity. Red appears in the ground where the over-painting has cracked off. Hair apparently painted in bitumen. All the drawing precisely like that in the print, including costume. Technique, an illogical combination of broad, scratchy, and of smooth. Clearly a late copy of the print.

The worm-holes deserve a more thorough examination than we could give without removing the surface. Some of them are clear-cut; others seem painted round the edges, and at least one, on the line of the right cheek-bone, has plainly been painted over: it is discernible now only because the paint has sagged into it. If these appearances are to be relied on, the painter sought to give an appearance of antiquity by using a panel already worm-holed. In coloring, the portrait resembles the bust, with a single exception. I failed to find the least trace of hazel in the eyes; they are simply muddy blue.

The means of solving the problem conclusively was no farther removed from Stratford than London. In the Halliwell-Phillips collection of Shaksperean rarities, stored in the Safe Deposit, Chancery Lane, was a copy of the print which, according to the calendar of the collection, is in "its original proof state before it was altered by an inferior hand." The late F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., has described the differences due to this alteration:

> The proof "is remarkable for clearness of tone, the shadows being very delicately rendered. . . . This is particularly visible in the arch under the eye, and in the muscles of the mouth; the expression of the latter is much altered in the later states of the plate by the enlargement of the upturned mustache, which hides and destroys the true character of this part of the face. The whole of the shadows have been darkened by cross-hatching and coarse dotting, particularly on the chin; this gives a coarse and undue prominence to some parts of the portrait, the forehead particularly. In this early state of the plate the hair is darker than any of the shadows on the head, and flows softly and naturally; in the retouched plate the shadow is much darker than the roots of the hair, imparting a swelled look to the head and giving the hair the appearance of a raised wig. . . . [In the early state] no shadow falls across the collar."

Every one of these alterations in the plate before printing the folios, with the single exception of the shadow on the collar, is an injury to the print. The reason for their existence is explained by the late Mr. William Smith, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, whose knowledge of early engraving was unrivalled: "I fully believe that, on what is technically termed proving the plate, it was thought that much of the work was so delicate as not to allow of a sufficient number of impressions being printed."

If, now, the portrait was copied from the print, we may expect to find in it many of the marks of the inferior hand that altered Droeshout's proof; but if the proof was drawn from the portrait, the presence in the portrait of any of those traces would have to be explained. For example, the shadow on the collar of the print appears in the so-called Original, and not in the proof. Now it is just possible that the proof represents Droeshout's engraving in an unfinished state, and that the inferior hand added this shadow to complete the resemblance to the original; but if besides this shadow other traces of the inferior engraver appear in the so-called Original, it will clearly be proved a careful copy of the print. Judging from our reproductions of the portraits in question, "the enlargement of the upturned mustache" does appear in

* These minor accidents it was impossible to reproduce in Mr. Woodburn's engraving.

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the so-called Original, and in such an exaggerated form that it would seem to date from a late and very debased copy of the print; but final decision on such matters of detail would be possible only after bringing together the proof, the print, and the so-called Original. At the time of my visits to Stratford this was impossible—a misfortune the more deplorable because the Halliwell-Phillips collection, unvalued in England, was about to be delivered to its American purchaser, Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island. The breadth of the Atlantic, however, is less an obstacle to good Americans than the indifference of English scholars. We may safely regard the question as on the highway to solution.

IV.

The Ely Palace portrait, meantime, has suffered from even greater neglect. During a score or more of years it hung in the peak of the roof in the house in which Shakspere was born, so begrimed and covered with dust as to be almost invisible. A few years ago Mr. Richard Savage, Secretary and Librarian to the Trustees and Guardians of Shakspere's Birthplace, a pious and patient Shaksperean, realizing its rare value, had it dusted and hung on the eye-line. His notes on the portrait he has kindly sent me.

THE ELY PALACE PORTRAIT.

"The following inscription is painted in white letters upon the back of the portrait-panel:

'This Portrait of William Shakespeare called "The Ely Palace Portrait" was presented to the Trustees of the House in which the great Poet was born, on April 23rd, 1864 (the Tercentenary Anniversary), by Mr. Henry Graves, Publisher to Queen Victoria, 6, Pall Mall, London.'

It will therefore be seen that the portrait has been on exhibition at the Birthplace for over thirty-two years, during which time no special notice of it has ever been published; but now that the original of the Droeshout engraving is believed to have been discovered, the Trustees deem it right to make known all the facts which have been obtained concerning it, in the hope that it will interest many, and, with the help of an engraving, convey to the minds of enquirers an idea of what the face of Shakespeare was like in 1603.

"With regard to the history of the Ely Palace Shakespeare prior to the date of presentation, it may be stated that Mr. Graves had only purchased it at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's auction-rooms on the 14th of that month, at the sale of the collection of the late Right Rev. Thomas Turton, Bishop of Ely. He knew of the portrait while the Bishop was living, and had such a high opinion of it that on the prelate's demise he promptly secured it.

"The Bishop, it is said, valued the portrait more than any other picture he had in his possession, and once told Mr. Graves either that he had refused a thousand guineas for it, or that he would not take that sum if offered.

"An account of the picture at the time it was acquired by the Bishop was given in *The Builder* of 1846, vol. iv., p. 556, as follows:

'A picture which is believed by some, well qualified to judge, to be a contemporary portrait of the great bard, has come into the possession of the excellent Bishop of Ely. It was found in an obscure broker's shop, where nothing could be learnt of its previous history. It has no name on it, but cleaning has made apparent in one part, 'Æt 39. 1603.', which agrees with the age of Shakespeare in that year. We have not yet seen the picture, and cannot at once, after so many disappointments, give implicit credence to the statement; what we know, however, of those who have examined the portrait, and the judgement of the Right Rev. Bishop himself, induces us to believe it will be found correct, and that a great discovery has indeed been made.'

"Following the above (in vol. iv., p. 623, of *The Builder*), another similar notice of it appeared. 'The painting is on a panel 1 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 3¾ in., and when found was in an old ebony frame, covered with dirt, and disregarded. It was bought for a few shillings, solely on the ground of its likeness to Shakespeare. The date and age (1603, æt 39), serving to confirm the impression, were not discovered till afterwards: these are in the left-hand corner of the picture at the top.'

"It is stated above that nothing of its previous history could be learnt at the time of purchase by the Bishop, but subsequent enquiries appear to have elicited the following, which was orally communicated to the writer more than once by the late Mr. Graves (the last time being but a few months before his death)—that the broker obtained it from the sale of the effects of the last of a very old Lon-

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don family, which had resided in Little Britain from before Shakespeare's time; that Shakespeare knew and visited the family, and gave them this portrait.

"Mr. Graves fully believed in its being a life portrait of the poet, and, though bearing a somewhat younger expression, might possibly have been the original of the Droeshout engraving; if, however, it is universally decided that the portrait recently presented to the Shakespeare Memorial by Mrs. Flower, Avonbank, Stratford-upon-Avon, is the original of the First Folio engraving, then of course the opinion of Mr. Graves is absolutely negatived; but at the same time the 'Ely Palace Shakespeare' remains a portrait of inestimable value, being the earliest known representation of Shakespeare.

"The portrait has been somewhat described by the foregoing extracts from *The Builder*, but it may be further remarked that it is painted in oil-colors upon an oak panel, enclosed in the old ebony frame before mentioned, and, as will be seen by the above first engraving of it, has Æ 39. ℔ 1603. in the top left-hand corner, which would read [Anno] Ætatis 39, Christi 1603. The picture represents Shakespeare as a fair man with auburn hair, and eyes of a brownish-gray color; the collar, as will be observed, is quite plain, excepting a narrow hem running round the edge. The doublet is of a greenish-brown color, fastened by a number of small buttons down the front; it has black braided strap-lines from the shoulders, and a black spray ornament running from them at intervals. No evidence whatever has yet come to hand to indicate the name of the painter.

"With regard to the incidents in the life of the poet at the date this portrait was painted, it may be mentioned that King James the First arrived in London on May 7, 1603, and on the 17th of that month granted, by bill of Privy Signet, a license to Shakespeare and the other members of his company to perform in London at the Globe Theatre, and that under this license 'the Kings Majesties Servants, with the allowance of the Master of the Revels,' first acted Ben Jonson's new Tragedy of *Sejanus*, in the aforesaid theatre, 'The Principall Tragedians being Ric. Burbadge, Aug. Philips, Wil. Sly, Joh. Lowin, Will. Shake-Speare, Joh. Hemings, Hen. Condel, Alex. Cooke.' On the 2d December of that year also the company had the honor of performing before the King and a very distinguished party at Wilton, the seat of one of Shakespeare's patrons, William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, with whom his Majesty was then staying. RICHARD SAVAGE.

"*November 28th*, 1896."

The inscription, invisible before the picture was cleaned, can now be seen only after a careful scrutiny and in certain lights. It appears like a faint watering in silk—more by virtue of the direction of the brush-lines than by a difference in color. It was, then, surely made by the painter upon the wet surface, and is contemporary with the painting. The garment, which is similar in outline to that in the print, is still so grimed over that no pattern is visible. Mr. Savage's notes, I take it, are the result of minute scrutiny. In the collar faint traces remain beneath the chin of the ribs that appear in the print. The hair, according to my notes, is dark brown, the eyes are dark gray or muddy blue, the high lights being placed differently from those in the print. They appear smaller, and are distinctly suggestive of the eyes in the bust. The nose is thinner than in the print, and more delicate. The cheek is large, but is not yet, as in the print, inclined to be fat. My Morellian friend describes the portrait as follows:

> A smooth provincial technique of the period. Shadows loosely put in in brown. Lower part of face much repainted. Virtually on the lines of the Droeshout print. The drawing, however, is inferior, in that the right side of the face is out of perspective, being impossibly turned toward the spectator. This explains the fact that the eyes appear to be set close together. In the print all "accents" are stronger. The inscription is in the manner of the time, and is surely put in on the original surface. Apparently quite genuine.

Against the authenticity of this portrait I know but one fact, namely, that, at least in the opinion of the present deponent, the light brown of hazel eyes is not discernible, and that consequently they differ in color from those in the bust. That the coloring of the bust is not above suspicion, however, and especially the color of the eyes, I have already shown. And the fact that in shape the eyes resemble the eyes of the bust is strong evidence that the portrait was drawn from life. The fault in perspective renders the

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supposition that it was drawn from the engraving very improbable; for though an artist of considerable skill might err in drawing from the round, a tyro would have been able to copy the lines of the print. The theory that the print was drawn from the portrait would not be untenable, in spite of the seeming difference in the ages of the two portraits, if the so-called Original proves spurious; for a practised engraver would have been not unlikely to correct a fault in perspective, while he would naturally have "accented" the somewhat flaccid outlines of his original. The opinion of Mr. Graves, who was a leading dealer in prints in London, is of decided weight. If, however, we allow force to the reference to portraits of Shakspere which I quoted at the outset, no such supposition is necessary. At all events the portrait is of extreme, and perhaps of unique interest.

V.

The countenances of these three closely related portraits certainly do not at first sight satisfy the ideal of the lover of Shakspere. It is certain also, however, that they are, on the whole, less monstrous than those of the attitudinizing John-a-dreams of the nineteenth-century sculptor. And as one accustoms himself to the archaic and provincial technique in which the portraits were painted, they gain positive character. The eyes, which in the print are set and wooden, have, at worst, in the so-called Original, a melancholy fixity, while in the Ely Palace portrait, if I am not mistaken in my appreciations, their disquiet vacancy gives evidence of a deeply troubled mind. The somewhat sour expression of the mouth of the Original, as Mr. Woodburn pointed out, is redeemed by a subtle curve of cheerfulness, even mirth, while the seriousness of the lower face in the Ely Palace portrait is not without dignity. What these suggestions would have proved under the brush of Vandyck we can only imagine; but our conjectures will receive some little weight if, following Ben Jonson's advice, we turn from the portraits to Shakspere's works.

Before the date of the Ely Palace portrait, according to conjectural but generally accepted chronology, Shakspere had written his most buoyant and joyous comedies—*Much Ado* (1598), *As You Like It* (1599), and *Twelfth Night* (1600–1601); as well as the middle tragedies—*Julius Cæsar* (1601), and the first version of *Hamlet* (1602). In the year of the painting of the Ely Palace portrait, 1603, he wrote the dark, ironical comedy *Measure for Measure*, and in this or the following year the final version of *Hamlet*. During the four succeeding years he completed the great tragedies—*Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Thus the series of the deepest tragedies treads upon the heels of the most buoyant comedies. This fact critics have generally taken to indicate some sudden change in the underlying mood of Shakspere's mind. The latest work touching on the subject, Professor Barrett Wendell's *William Shakspere, a Study in Elizabethan Literature*, analyzes the plays with a view to characterizing this mood. Its main features, during the period of the tragedies, are three: "A profound, fatalistic sense of the impotence of man in the midst of his environment; .... a sense of something in the relations between men and women .... widely different from the ideal, romantic fascination expressed by the comedies, ... the certainty that woman may be damningly evil"; and "finally, ... traces of deep sympathy with such abnormal, overwrought states of mind as .... might easily have lapsed into madness." All this the historical critics of Shakspere are accustomed to illustrate by pointing to the sonnets. Upon these Shakspere is usually supposed to have been engaged as late as 1605 — that is, roughly speaking, until after he had written *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, *Othello*, and *Lear*. In the later of the two series of these sonnets the author represents himself as fatally in the toils of an unlovely, vicious woman, who not only seduces him from his true self, but embitters his relations with his dearest friend. There is a distinct reference also to madness (Sonnet 129). This sombre period, we are glad to know, was not permanent. It gave way to a later period of comedy —*The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* (1610–11). The various assumptions that go to make up this account of Shakspere's life have, it must be clearly stated, no real scientific foundation. The chronology, for instance, is far from certain, and it has even been questioned whether the sonnets record a personal experience. And the authenticity of the portraits, as we have seen, is not above question. Yet

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the theory as to Shakspere's spiritual development has convinced the imagination, at least, of many scholars; and the Droeshout type of portrait has Ben Jonson's express approval. Assuming, then, that the new portraits are what they seem, they distinctly confirm the theory as to Shakspere's artistic development. The expression of the so-called Original is what—always allowing for its crudeness as a work of art—we might naturally expect at the period of the great tragedies; and that of the Ely Palace portrait—the disquiet, indwelling eyes, and the gloomy face—is what one would certainly expect at the period of *Hamlet*.

GEOLOGICAL PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

JAMES HUTTON'S theory that continents wear away and are replaced by volcanic upheaval had gained comparatively few adherents at the beginning of our century. Even the lucid *Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*, which Playfair, the pupil and friend of the great Scotchman, published in 1802, did not at once prove convincing. The world had become enamoured of the rival theory of Hutton's famous contemporary, Werner of Saxony—the theory which taught that "in the beginning" all the solids of the earth's present crust were dissolved in the heated waters of a universal sea. Werner affirmed that all rocks, of whatever character, had been formed by precipitation from this sea, as the waters cooled; that even veins have originated in this way; and that mountains are gigantic crystals, not upheaved masses. In a word, he practically ignored volcanic action, and denied in toto the theory of metamorphosis of rocks through the agency of heat.

The followers of Werner came to be known as Neptunists; the Huttonians as Plutonists. The history of geology during our first quarter-century is mainly a recital of the intemperate controversy between these opposing schools: though it should not be forgotten that, meantime, the members of the Geological Society of London were making an effort to hunt for facts and avoid compromising theories. Fact and theory, however, were too closely linked to be thus divorced.

The brunt of the controversy settled about the unstratified rocks—granites and their allies—which the Plutonists claimed as of igneous origin. This contention had the theoretical support of the nebular hypothesis, then gaining ground, which supposed the earth to be a cooling globe. The Plutonists laid great stress, too, on the observed fact that the temperature of the earth increases at a pretty constant ratio as descent toward its centre is made in mines. But in particular they appealed to the phenomena of volcanoes.

The evidence from this source was gathered and elaborated by Mr. G. Poulett Scrope, secretary of the Geological Society of England, who, in 1823, published a classical work on volcanoes, in which he claimed that volcanic mountains, including some of the highest known peaks, are merely accumulated masses of lava belched forth from a crevice in the earth's crust. The Neptunists stoutly contended for the aqueous origin of volcanic as of other mountains.

But the facts were with Scrope, and as time went on it came to be admitted that not merely volcanoes, but many "trap" formations not taking the form of craters had been made by the obtrusion of molten rock through fissures in overlying strata. Such, for example, to cite familiar illustrations, are Mount Holyoke, in Massachusetts, and the well-known formation of the Palisades along the Hudson.

But to admit the "Plutonic" origin of such widespread formations was practically to abandon the Neptunian hypothesis. So gradually the Huttonian explanation of the origin of granites and other "igneous" rocks, whether massed or in veins, came to be accepted. Most geologists then came to think of the earth as a molten mass, on which the crust rests as a mere film. Some, indeed, with Lyell, preferred to believe that the molten areas exist only as lakes in a solid crust, heated to melting, perhaps, by electrical or chemical action, as Davy suggested. More recently a popular theory attempts to reconcile geological facts with the claim of the physicists, that the earth's entire mass is at least as rigid as steel, by supposing that a molten film rests between the observed

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solid crust and the alleged solid nucleus. But be that as it may, the theory that subterranean heat has been instrumental in determining the condition of "primary" rocks, and in producing many other phenomena of the earth's crust, has never been in dispute since the long controversy between the Neptunists and the Plutonists led to its establishment.

II.

If molten matter exists beneath the crust of the earth, it must contract on cooling, and in so doing it must disturb the level of the portion of the crust already solidified. So a plausible explanation of the upheaval of continents and mountains was supplied by the Plutonian theory, as Hutton had from the first alleged. But now an important difference of opinion arose as to the exact rationale of such upheavals. Hutton himself, and practically every one else who accepted his theory, had supposed that there are long periods of relative repose, during which the level of the crust is undisturbed, followed by short periods of active stress, when continents are thrown up with volcanic suddenness, as by the throes of a gigantic earthquake. But now came Charles Lyell with his famous extension of the "uniformitarian" doctrine, claiming that past changes of the earth's surface have been like present changes in degree as well as in kind. The making of continents and mountains, he said, is going on as rapidly to-day as at any time in the past. There have been no gigantic cataclysmic upheavals at any time, but all changes in level of the strata as a whole have been gradual, by slow oscillation, or at most by repeated earthquake shocks such as are still often experienced.

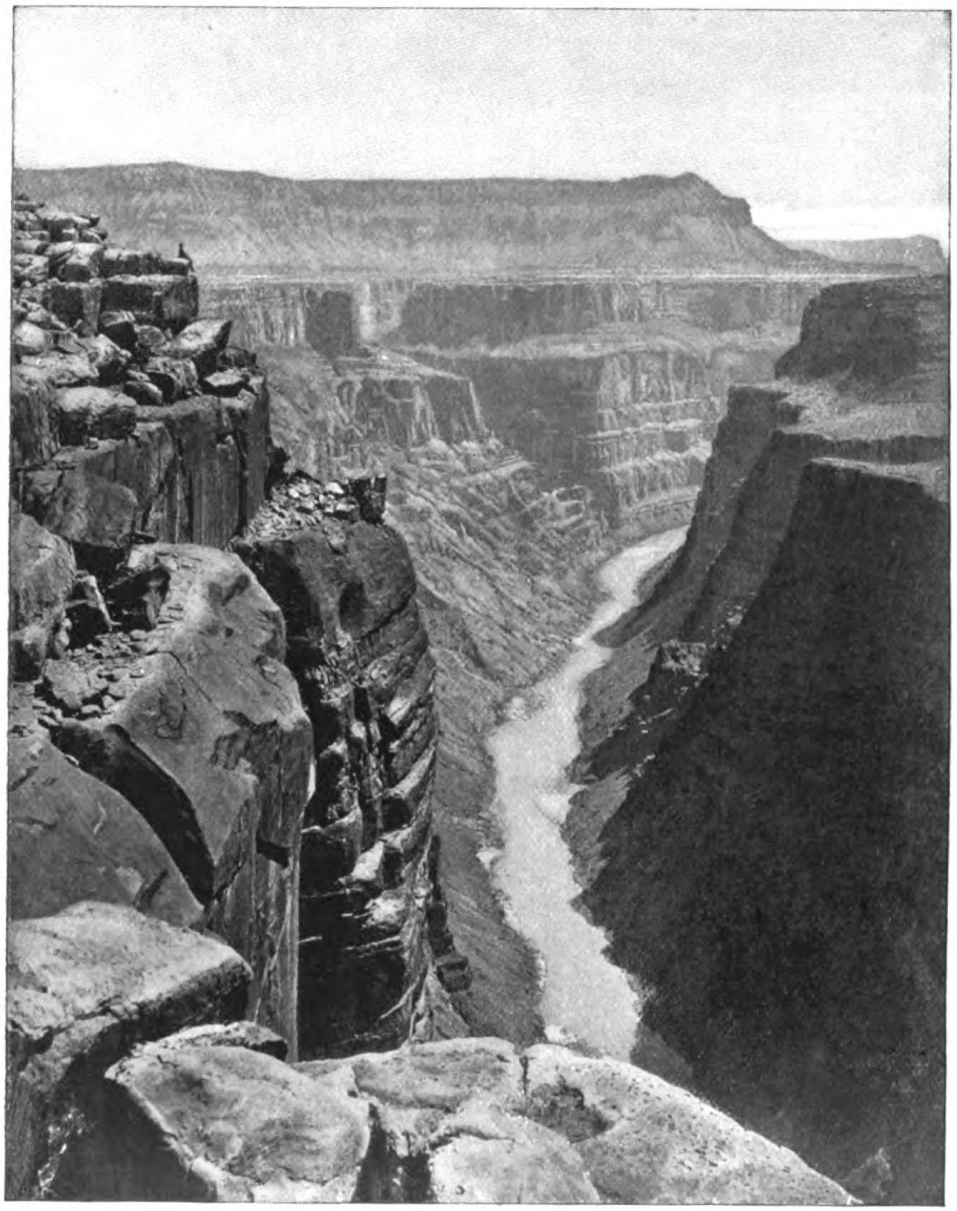
In support of this very startling contention Lyell gathered a mass of evidence of the recent changes in level of continental areas. He corroborated by personal inspection the claim which had been made by Playfair in 1802, and by von Buch in 1807, that the coast-line of Sweden is rising at the rate of from a few inches to several feet in a century. He cited Darwin's observations going to prove that Patagonia is similarly rising, and Pingel's claim that Greenland is slowly sinking. Proof as to sudden changes of level of several feet, over large areas, due to earthquakes, was brought forward in abundance. Cumulative evidence left it no longer open to question that such oscillatory changes of level, either upward or downward, are quite the rule, and it could not be denied that these observed changes, if continued long enough in one direction, would produce the highest elevations. The possibility that the making of even the highest ranges of mountains had been accomplished without exaggerated catastrophic action came to be freely admitted.

It became clear that the supposedly stable land surfaces are in reality much more variable than the surface of the "shifting sea"; that continental masses, seemingly so fixed, are really rising and falling in billows thousands of feet in height, ages instead of moments being consumed in the sweep between crest and hollow.

These slow oscillations of land surfaces being understood, many geological enigmas were made clear—such as the alternation of marine and fresh-water formations in a vertical series, which Cuvier and Brongniart had observed near Paris; or the sandwiching of layers of coal, of subaerial formation, between layers of subaqueous clay or sandstone, which may be observed everywhere in the coal measures. In particular, the extreme thickness of the sedimentary strata as a whole, many times exceeding the depth of the deepest known sea, was for the first time explicable when it was understood that such strata had formed in slowly sinking ocean-beds.

All doubt as to the mode of origin of stratified rocks being thus removed, the way was opened for a more favorable consideration of that other Huttonian doctrine of the extremely slow denudation of land surfaces. The enormous amount of land erosion will be patent to any one who uses his eyes intelligently in a mountain district. It will be evident in any region where the strata are tilted—as, for example, the Alleghanies—that great folds of strata which must once have risen miles in height have in many cases been worn entirely away, so that now a valley marks the location of the former eminence. Where the strata are level, as in the case of the mountains of Sicily, the Scotch Highlands, and the familiar Catskills, the evidence of denudation is, if possible, even more marked; for here it is clear that elevation and valley have been carved by the elements out of land that rose from the sea as level plateaus.

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THE RESULTS OF EROSION BY RUNNING WATER.

But that this herculean labor of land-sculpturing could have been accomplished by the slow action of wind and frost and shower was an idea few men could grasp within the first half-century after Hutton propounded it; nor did it begin to gain general currency until Lyell's crusade against catastrophism, begun about 1830, had for a quarter of a century accustomed geologists to the thought of slow continuous changes producing final results of colossal proportions. And even long after that, it was combated by such men as Murchison, Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, then accounted the foremost field-geologist of his time, who continued to believe that the existing valleys owe their main features to subterranean forces of upheaval. Even Murchison, however, made some recession from the belief of the Continental authorities, Élie de Beaumont and Leopold von Buch, who contended that the mountains had sprung up like veritable

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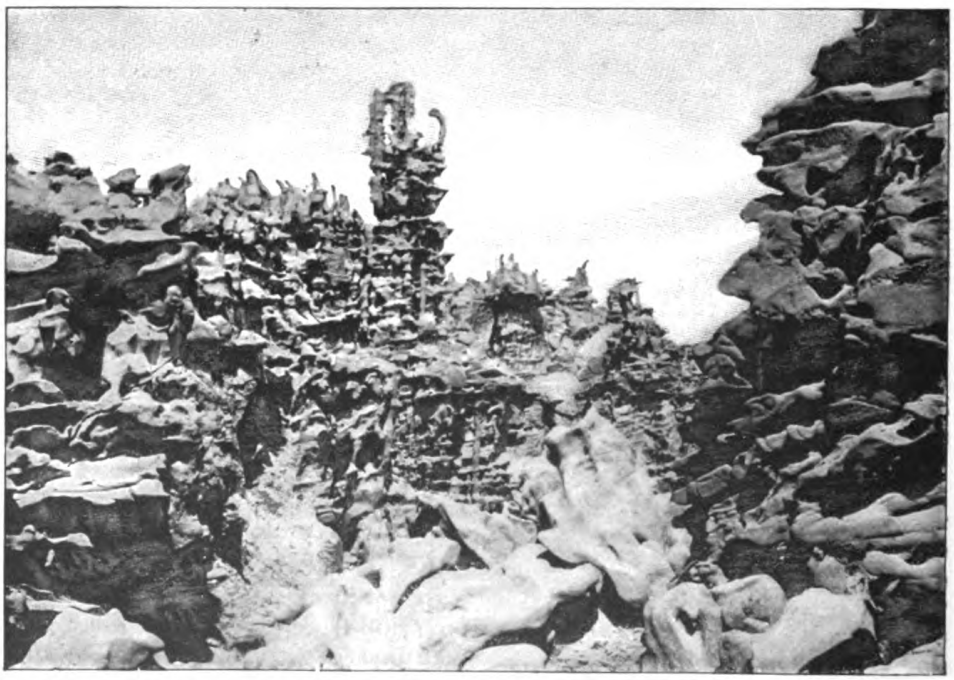
jacks-in-the-box. Von Buch, whom his friend and fellow-pupil von Humboldt considered the foremost geologist of the time, died in 1853, still firm in his early faith that the erratic bowlders found high on the Jura had been hurled there, like cannon-balls, across the valley of Geneva by the sudden upheaval of a neighboring mountain range.

III.

The bowlders whose presence on the crags of the Jura the old German accounted for in a manner so theatrical had long been a source of contention among geologists. They are found not merely on the Jura, but on numberless other mountains in all north temperate latitudes, and often far out in the open country, as many a farmer who has broken his plough against them might testify. The early geologists accounted for them, as for nearly everything else, with their supposititious Deluge. Brongniart and Cuvier and Buckland and their contemporaries appeared to have no difficulty in conceiving that masses of granite weighing hundreds of tons had been swept by this current scores or hundreds of miles from their source. But of course the uniformitarian faith permitted no such explanation, nor could it countenance the projection idea; so Lyell was bound to find some other means of transportation for the puzzling erratics.

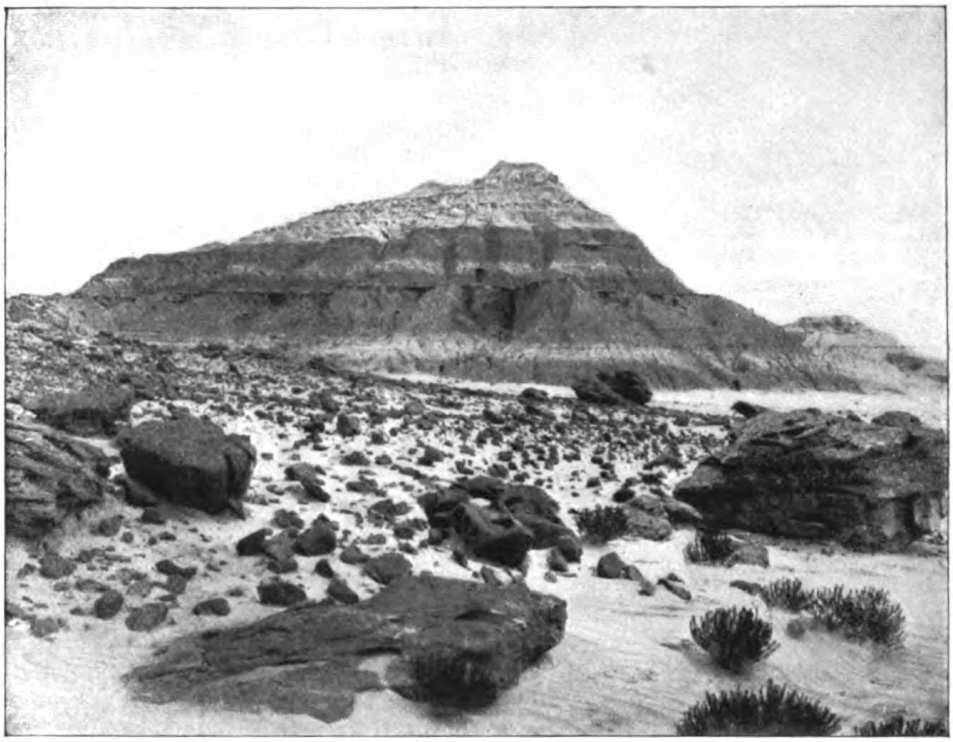
The only available medium was ice, but fortunately this one seemed quite sufficient. Icebergs, said Lyell, are observed to carry all manner of débris, and deposit it in the sea-bottoms. Present land surfaces have often been submerged beneath the sea. During the latest of these submergences icebergs deposited the bowlders now scattered here and there over the land. Nothing could be simpler or more clearly uniformitarian. And even the catastrophists, though they met Lyell amicably on almost no other theoretical ground, were inclined to admit the plausibility of his theory of erratics. Indeed, of all Lyell's non-conformist doctrines, this seemed the one most likely to meet with general acceptance.

Yet, even as this iceberg theory loomed large and larger before the geological world, observations were making in a different field that were destined to show its fallacy. As early as 1815 a sharp-eyed chamois-hunter of the Alps, Perraudin by name, had noted the existence of the erratics, and, unlike most of his companion hunters, had puzzled his head as to how



THE RESULTS OF EROSION BY WIND.

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A MOUNTAIN CARVED FROM HORIZONTAL STRATA.

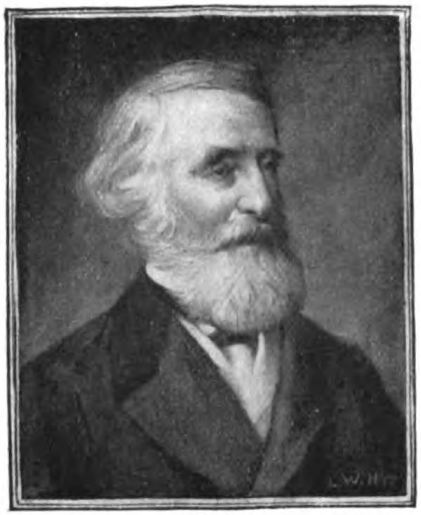
the bowlders got where he saw them. He knew nothing of submerged continents or of icebergs, still less of upheaving mountains; and though he doubtless had heard of the Flood, he had no experience of heavy rocks floating like corks in water. Moreover, he had never observed stones rolling up hill and perching themselves on mountain-tops, and he was a good enough uniformitarian (though he would have been puzzled indeed had any one told him so) to disbelieve that stones in past times had disported themselves differently in this regard from stones of the present. Yet there the stones are. How did they get there?

The mountaineer thought that he could answer that question. He saw about him those gigantic serpentlike streams of ice called glaciers, "from their far fountains slow rolling on," carrying with them blocks of granite and other débris to form moraine deposits. If these glaciers had once been much more extensive than they now are, they might have carried the bowlders and left them where we find them. On the other hand, no other natural agency within the sphere of the chamois-hunter's knowledge could have accomplished this, ergo the glaciers must once have been more extensive. Perraudin would probably have said that common-sense drove him to this conclusion; but be that as it may, he had conceived one of the few truly original and novel ideas of which our century can boast.

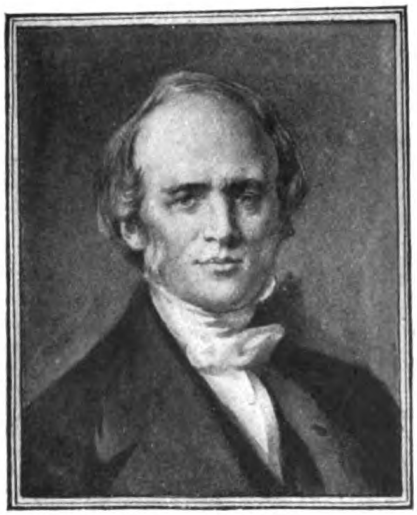
Perraudin announced his idea to the greatest scientist in his little world—Jean de Charpentier, director of the mines at Bex, a skilled geologist who had been a fellow-pupil of von Buch and von Humboldt under Werner at the Freiberg School of Mines. Charpentier laughed at the mountaineer's grotesque idea, and thought no more about it. And ten years elapsed before Perraudin could find any one who treated his notion with greater respect. Then he found a listener in M. Venetz, a civil engineer, who read a paper on the novel glacial theory before a local society in 1823. This brought the matter once more to the attention of de Charpentier, who now felt that there might be something in it worth investigation.

A survey of the field in the light of the new theory soon convinced Charpentier that the chamois-hunter had all along been right. He became an enthusiastic

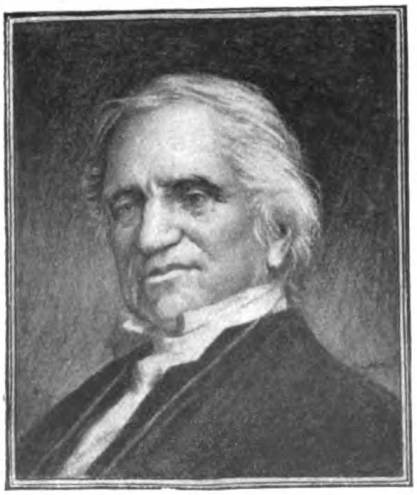
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GEORGE POULETT SCROPE, F.R.S.



SIR CHARLES LYELL, BART., F.R.S.



ADAM SEDGWICK, F.R.S.

supporter of the idea that the Alps had once been embedded in a mass of ice, and in 1836 he brought the notion to the attention of Louis Agassiz, who was spending the summer in the Alps. Agassiz was sceptical at first, but soon became a convert. Then he saw that the implications of the theory extended far beyond the Alps. If the Alps had been covered with an ice sheet, so had many other regions of the northern hemisphere. Casting abroad for evidences of glacial action, Agassiz found them everywhere, in the form of transported erratics, scratched and polished outcropping rocks, and morainelike deposits. Presently he became convinced that the ice sheet which covered the Alps had spread over the whole of the higher latitudes of the northern hemisphere, forming an ice cap over the globe. Thus the common-sense induction of the chamois-hunter blossomed in the mind of Agassiz into the conception of a universal Ice Age.

In 1857 Agassiz introduced his theory to the world, in a paper read at Neuchâtel, and three years later he published his famous *Études sur les Glaciers*. Never did idea make a more profound disturbance in the scientific world. Von Buch treated it with alternate ridicule, contempt, and rage; Murchison opposed it with customary vigor; even Lyell, whose most remarkable mental endowment was an unfailing receptiveness to new truths, could not at once discard his iceberg theory in favor of the new claimant. Dr. Buckland, however, after Agassiz had shown him evidence of former glacial action in his own Scotland, became a convert—the more readily, perhaps, as it seemed to him to oppose the uniformitarian idea. Gradually others fell in line, and after the usual embittered controversy and the inevitable full generation of probation, the idea of an Ice Age took its place among the accepted tenets of geology. All manner of moot points still demanded attention—the cause of the Ice Age, the exact extent of the ice sheet, the precise manner in which it produced its effects, and the exact nature of these effects; and not all of these have even yet been determined. But, details aside, the Ice Age now has full recognition from geologists as a historical period. There may have been many Ice Ages, as Dr. Croll contends; there was surely one; and the conception of such a period is one of the very few ideas of our century that no previous century had even so much as faintly adumbrated.

IV.

But, for that matter, the entire subject of historical geology is one that had but the

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barest beginning before our century. Until the paleontologist found out the key to the earth's chronology, no one—not even Hutton—could have any definite idea as to the true story of the earth's past. The only conspicuous attempt to classify the strata was that made by Werner, who divided the rocks into three systems, based on their supposed order of deposition, and called primary, transition, and secondary.

Though Werner's observations were confined to the small province of Saxony, he did not hesitate to affirm that all over the world the succession of strata would be found the same as there, the concentric layers, according to this conception, being arranged about the earth with the regularity of layers on an onion. But in this Werner was as mistaken as in his theoretical explanation of the origin of the "primary" rocks. It required but little observation to show that the exact succession of strata is never precisely the same in any widely separated regions. Nevertheless, there was a germ of truth in Werner's system. It contained the idea, however faultily interpreted, of a chronological succession of strata; and it furnished a working outline for the observers who were to make out the true story of geological development. But the correct interpretation of the observed facts could only be made after the Huttonian view as to the origin of strata had gained complete acceptance.

When William Smith, having found the true key to this story, attempted to apply it, the territory with which he had to deal chanced to be one where the surface rocks are of that later series which Werner termed secondary. He made numerous subdivisions within this system, based mainly on the fossils. Meantime it was found that, judged by the fossils, the strata that Brongniart and Cuvier studied near Paris were of a still more recent period (presumed at first to be due to the latest deluge), which came to be spoken of as tertiary. It was in these beds, some of which seemed to have been formed in fresh-water lakes, that many of the strange mammals which Cuvier first described were found.

But the "transition" rocks, underlying the "secondary" system that Smith studied, were still practically unexplored when, along in the thirties, they were taken in hand by Roderick Impey Murchison, the reformed fox-hunter and ex-captain who had turned geologist to such notable advantage, and Adam Sedgwick, the brilliant Woodwardian professor at Cambridge.

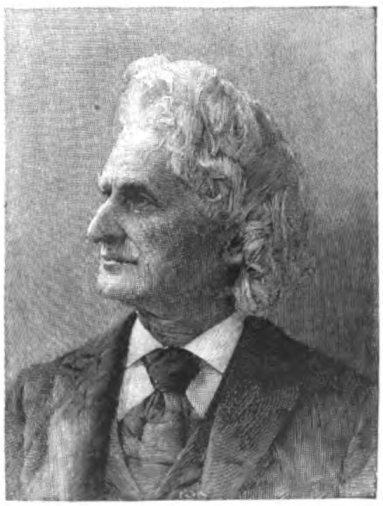
Working together, these two friends classified the transition rocks into chronological groups, since familiar to every one in the larger outlines as the Silurian system (age of invertebrates) and the Devonian system (age of fishes)—names derived respectively from the country of the an-



SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON.

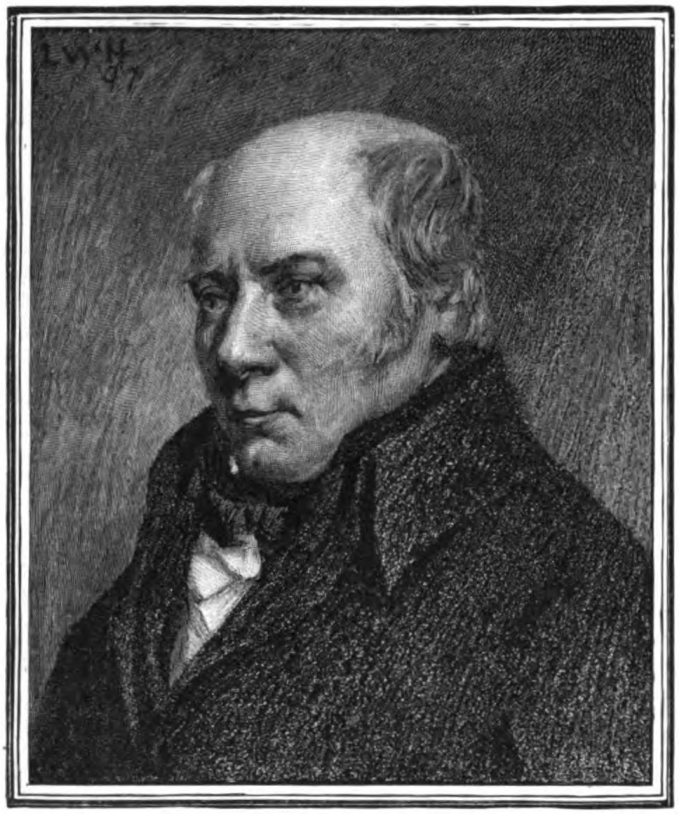


LOUIS JEAN RODOLPH AGASSIZ.



JAMES DWIGHT DANA.

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WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D.

cient Silures, in Wales, and Devonshire, England. It was subsequently discovered that these systems of strata, which crop out from beneath newer rocks in restricted areas in Britain, are spread out into broad undisturbed sheets over thousands of miles in continental Europe and in America. Later on Murchison studied them in Russia, and described them, conjointly with Verneuil and von Kerserling, in a ponderous and classical work. In America they were studied by Hall, Newberry, Whitney, Dana, Whitfield, and other pioneer geologists, who all but anticipated their English contemporaries.

The rocks that are of still older formation than those studied by Murchison and Sedgwick (corresponding in location to the "primary" rocks of Werner's conception) are the surface feature of vast areas in Canada, and were first prominently studied there by William I. Logan, of the Canadian Government Survey, as early as 1846, and later on by Sir William Dawson. These rocks—comprising the Laurentian system—were formerly supposed to represent parts of the original crust of the earth, formed on first cooling from a molten state; but they are now more generally regarded as once-stratified deposits metamorphosed by the action of heat.

Whether "primitive" or metamorphic, however, these Canadian rocks, and analogous ones beneath the fossiliferous strata of other countries, are the oldest portions of the earth's crust of which geology has any present knowledge. Mountains of this formation, as the Adirondacks, and the Storm King range overlooking the Hudson near West Point, are the patriarchs of their kind, beside which Alleghanies and Sierra Nevadas are recent upstarts, and Rockies, Alps, and Andes are mere parvenus of yesterday.

The Laurentian rocks were at first spoken of as representing "Azoic" time; but in 1846 Dawson found a formation deep in their midst which was believed to be the fossil relic of a very low form of life, and after that it became customary to speak of the system as "Eozoic." Still more recently the title of Dawson's supposed fossil to rank as such has been questioned, and Dana's suggestion that the early rocks be termed merely Archæan has met with general favor. Murchison and Sedgwick's Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous groups (the ages of invertebrates, of fishes, and of coal plants respectively) are together spoken of as representing Paleozoic time. William Smith's system of strata, next above these, once called "secondary," represents Mesozoic time, or the age of reptiles. Still higher, or more recent, are Cuvier and Brongniart's Tertiary rocks, representing the age of mammals. Lastly, the most recent formations, dating back, however, to a period far enough from recent in any but a geological sense, are classed as Quaternary, representing the age of man.

It must not be supposed, however, that

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the successive "ages" of the geologist are shut off from one another in any such arbitrary way as this verbal classification might seem to suggest. In point of fact, these "ages" have no better warrant for existence than have the "centuries" and the "weeks" of every-day computation. They are convenient, and they may even stand for local divisions in the strata, but they are bounded by no actual gaps in the sweep of terrestrial events.

Moreover, it must be understood that the "ages" of different continents, though described under the same name, are not necessarily of exact contemporaneity. There is no sure test available by which it could be shown that the Devonian age, for instance, as outlined in the strata of Europe, did not begin millions of years earlier or later than the period whose records are said to represent the Devonian age in America. In attempting to decide such details as this, mineralogical data fail us utterly. Even in rocks of adjoining regions identity of structure is no proof of contemporaneous origin; for the veritable substance of the rock of one age is ground up to build the rocks of subsequent ages. Furthermore, in seas where conditions change but little the same form of rock may be made age after age. It is believed that chalk beds still forming in some of our present seas may form one continuous mass dating back to earliest geologic ages. On the other hand, rocks different in character may be formed at the same time in regions not far apart—say a sandstone along shore, a coral limestone further seaward, and a chalk bed beyond. This continuous stratum, broken in the process of upheaval, might seem the record of three different epochs.

Paleontology, of course, supplies far better chronological tests, but even these have their limitations. There has been no time since rocks now in existence were formed, if ever, when the earth had a uniform climate and a single undiversified fauna over its entire land surface, as the early paleontologists supposed. Speaking broadly, the same general stages have attended the evolution of organic forms everywhere, but there is nothing to show that equal periods of time witnessed corresponding changes in diverse regions, but quite the contrary. To cite but a single illustration, the marsupial order, which is the dominant mammalian type of the living fauna of Australia to-day, existed in



THE PALEOZOIC TIME.

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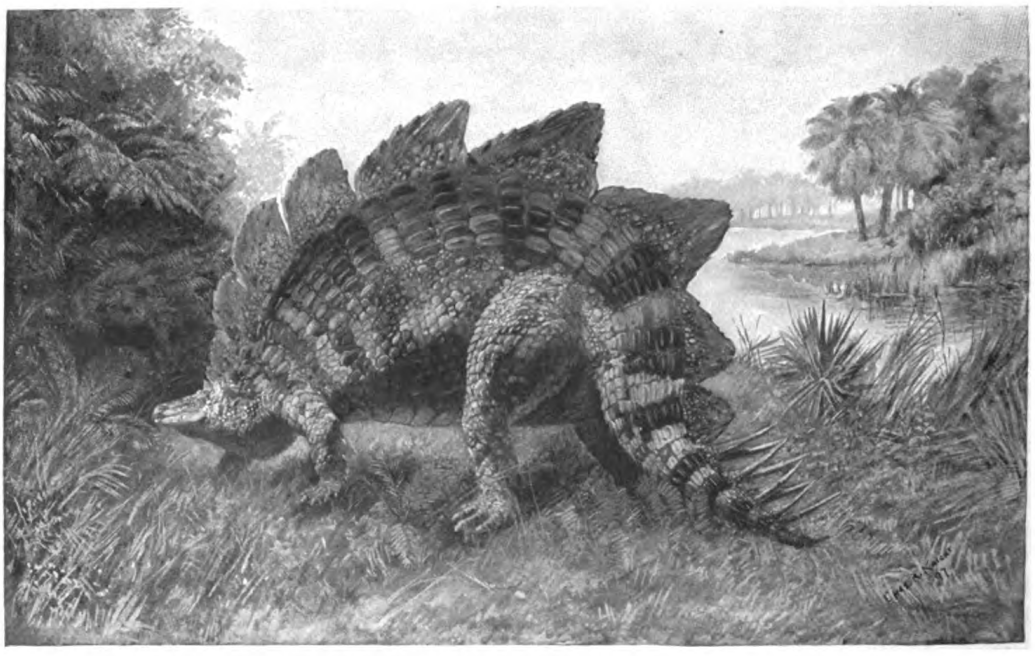
Europe and died out there in the Tertiary age. Hence a future geologist might think the Australia of to-day contemporaneous with a period in Europe which in reality antedated it by perhaps millions of years.

V.

All these puzzling features unite to render the subject of historical geology anything but the simple matter the fathers of the science esteemed it. No one would now attempt to trace the exact sequence of formation of all the mountains of the globe, as Élie de Beaumont did a half-century ago. Even within the limits of a single continent, the geologist must proceed with much caution in attempting to chronicle the order in which its various parts rose from the matrix of the sea. The key to this story is found in the identification of the strata that are the surface feature in each territory. If Devonian rocks are at the surface in any given region, for example, it would appear that this region became a land surface in the Devonian age, or just afterward. But a moment's consideration shows that there is an element of uncertainty about this, due to the steady denudation that all land surfaces undergo. The Devonian rocks may lie at the surface simply because the thousands of feet of carboniferous strata that once lay above them have been worn away. All that the cautious geologist dare assert, therefore, is that the region in question did not become permanent land surface earlier than the Devonian age.

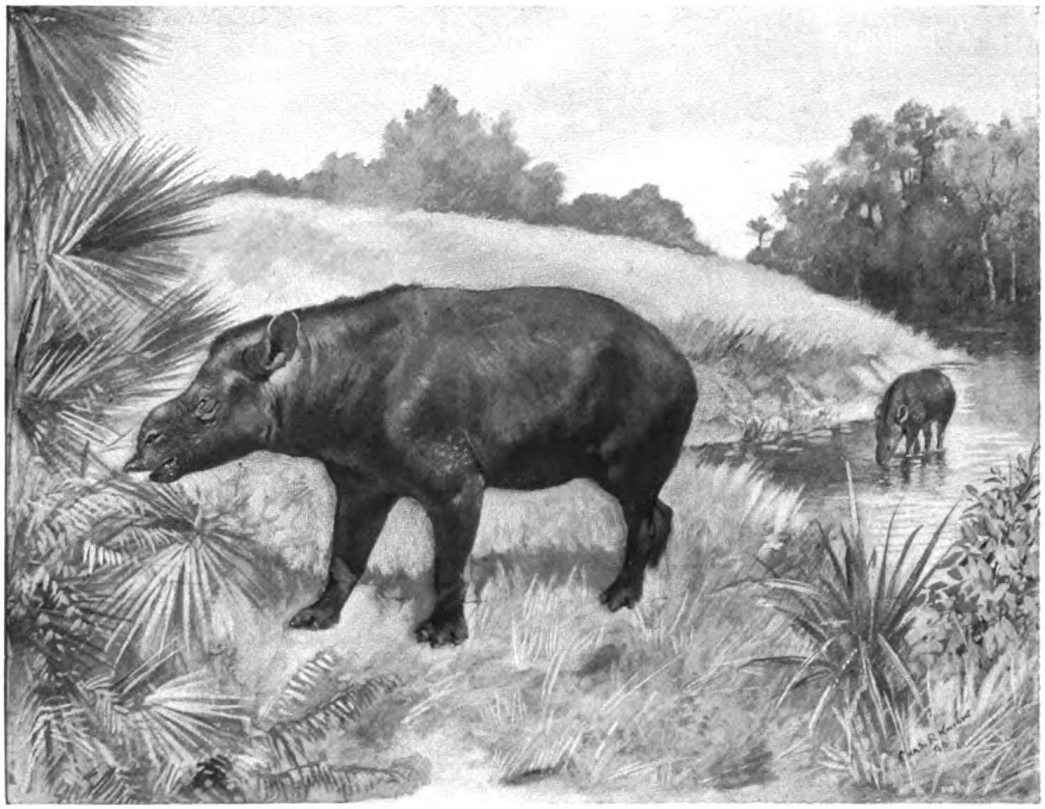
But to know even this is much—sufficient, indeed, to establish the chronological order of elevation, if not its exact period, for all parts of any continent that have been geologically explored—understanding always that there must be no scrupling about a latitude of a few millions or perhaps tens of millions of years here and there.

Regarding our own continent, for example, we learn through the researches of a multitude of workers that in the early day it was a mere archipelago. Its chief island—the backbone of the future continent—was a great V-shaped area surrounding what is now Hudson Bay, an area built up, perhaps, through denudation of a yet more ancient polar continent, whose existence is only conjectured. To the southeast an island that is now the Adirondack Mountains, and another that is now the Jersey Highlands, rose above the waste of waters; and far to the south stretched probably a line of islands now represented by the Blue Ridge Mountains. Far off to the westward another



A LANDSCAPE AND TERRESTRIAL REPTILE OF THE MESOZOIC TIME.

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A LANDSCAPE AND MAMMAL OF THE TERTIARY AGE.

line of islands foreshadowed our present Pacific border. A few minor islands in the interior completed the archipelago.

From this bare skeleton the continent grew, partly by the deposit of sediment from the denudation of the original islands (which once towered miles, perhaps, where now they rise thousands of feet), but largely also by the deposit of organic remains, especially in the interior sea, which teemed with life. In the Silurian ages, invertebrates—brachiopods and crinoids, and cephalopods—were the dominant types. But very early — no one knows just when — there came fishes of many strange forms, some of the early ones enclosed in turtlelike shells. Later yet, large spaces within the interior sea having risen to the surface, great marshes or forests of strange types of vegetation grew and deposited their remains to form coal beds. Many times over such forests were formed, only to be destroyed by the oscillations of the land surface. All told, the strata of this Paleozoic period aggregate several miles in thickness, and the time consumed in their formation stands to all later time up to the present, according to Professor Dana's estimate, as three to one.

Toward the close of this Paleozoic era the Appalachian Mountains were slowly upheaved in great convoluted folds, some of them probably reaching three or four miles above the sea-level, though the tooth of time has since gnawed them down to comparatively puny limits. The continental areas thus enlarged were peopled during the ensuing Mesozoic time with multitudes of strange reptiles, many of them gigantic in size. The waters, too, still teeming with invertebrates and fishes, had their quota of reptilian monsters; and in the air were flying reptiles, some of which measured twenty-five feet from tip to tip of their batlike wings. During this era the Sierra Nevada Mountains rose. Near the eastern border of the forming continent the strata were perhaps now too thick and stiff to bend into mountain folds, for they were rent into great fissures, letting out floods of molten lava, remnants of which are still in evidence, after ages of denudation, as the Palisades

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along the Hudson, and such elevations as Mount Holyoke in western Massachusetts.

Still there remained a vast interior sea, which, later on, in the Tertiary age, was to be divided by the slow uprising of the land, which only yesterday — that is to say, a million, or three or five or ten million years ago—became the Rocky Mountains. High and erect these young mountains stand to this day, their sharp angles and rocky contours vouching for their youth, in strange contrast with the shrunken forms of the old Adirondacks, Green Mountains, and Appalachians, whose lowered heads and rounded shoulders attest the weight of ages. In the vast lakes which still remained on either side of the Rocky range, Tertiary strata were slowly formed to the ultimate depth of two or three miles, enclosing here and there those vertebrate remains which were to be exposed again to view by denudation when the land rose still higher, and then, in our own time, to tell so wonderful a story to the paleontologist.

Finally the interior seas were filled, and the shore lines of the continent assumed nearly their present outline.

Then came the long winter of the glacial epoch — perhaps of a succession of glacial epochs. The ice sheet extended southward to about the fortieth parallel, driving some animals before it, and destroying those that were unable to migrate. At its fulness, the great ice mass lay almost a mile in depth over New England, as attested by the scratched and polished rock surfaces and deposited erratics in the White Mountains. Such a mass presses down with a weight of about 125 tons to the square foot, according to Dr. Croll's estimate. It crushed and ground everything beneath it more or less, and in some regions planed off hilly surfaces into prairies. Creeping slowly forward, it carried all manner of debris with it. When it melted away its terminal moraine built up the nucleus of the land masses now known as Long Island and Staten Island; other of its deposits formed the "drumlins" about Boston famous as Bunker and Breeds hills; and it left a long irregular line of ridges of "till" or bowlder clay and scattered erratics clear across the country at about the latitude of New York city.

As the ice sheet slowly receded it left minor moraines all along its course. Sometimes its deposits dammed up river courses or inequalities in the surface, to form the lakes which everywhere abound over Northern territories. Some glacialists even hold the view first suggested by Ramsey, of the British Geological Survey, that the great glacial sheet scooped out the basins of many lakes, including the system that feeds the Saint Lawrence. At all events, it left traces of its presence all along the line of its retreat, and its remnants exist to this day as mountain glaciers and the polar ice cap. Indeed, we live on the border of the last glacial epoch, for with the closing of this period the long geologic past merges into the present.

VI.

And the present, no less than the past, is a time of change. That is the thought which James Hutton conceived more than a century ago, but which his contemporaries and successors were so very slow to appreciate. Now, however, it has become axiomatic—one can hardly realize that it was ever doubted. Every new scientific truth, says Agassiz, must pass through three stages—first, men say it is not true; then they declare it hostile to religion; finally, they assert that every one has known it always. Hutton's truth that natural law is changeless and eternal has reached this final stage. Nowhere now could you find a scientist who would dispute the truth of that text which Lyell, quoting from Playfair's *Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*, printed on the title-page of his *Principles:* "Amid all the revolutions of the globe the economy of Nature has been uniform, and her laws are the only things that have resisted the general movement. The rivers and the rocks, the seas and the continents, have been changed in all their parts; but the laws which direct those changes, and the rules to which they are subject, have remained invariably the same."

But, on the other hand, Hutton and Playfair, and in particular Lyell, drew inferences from this principle which the modern physicist can by no means admit. To them it implied that the changes on the surface of the earth have always been the same in degree as well as in kind, and must so continue while present forces hold their sway. In other words, they thought of the world as a great perpetual-motion machine. But the modern physicist, given truer mechanical insight by the doctrines of the conservation and

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MANHATTAN ISLAND IN THE QUATERNARY AGE—THE MASTODON.

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the dissipation of energy, will have none of that. Lord Kelvin, in particular, has urged that in the periods of our earth's infancy and adolescence its developmental changes must have been, like those of any other infant organism, vastly more rapid and pronounced than those of a later day; and to every clear thinker this truth also must now seem axiomatic.

Whoever thinks of the earth as a cooling globe can hardly doubt that its crust, when thinner, may have heaved under strain of the moon's tidal pull—whether or not that body was nearer—into great billows, daily rising and falling, like waves of the present seas vastly magnified.

Under stress of that same lateral pressure from contraction which now produces the slow depression of the Jersey coast, the slow rise of Sweden, the occasional belching of an insignificant volcano, the jetting of a geyser, or the trembling of an earthquake, once large areas were rent in twain, and vast floods of lava flowed over thousands of square miles of the earth's surface perhaps at a single jet; and, for aught we know to the contrary, gigantic mountains may have heaped up their contorted heads in cataclysms as spasmodic as even the most ardent catastrophist of the elder day of geology could have imagined.

The atmosphere of that early day, filled with vast volumes of carbon, oxygen, and other chemicals that have since been stored in beds of coal, limestone, and granites, may have worn down the rocks, on the one hand, and built up organic forms on the other, with a rapidity that would now seem hardly conceivable.

And yet while all these anomalous things went on, the same laws held that now are operative; and a true doctrine of uniformitarianism would make no unwonted concession in conceding them all—though most of the embittered geological controversies of the middle of our century were due to the failure of both parties to realize that simple fact.

And as of the past and present, so of the future. The same forces will continue to operate; and under operation of these unchanging forces each day will differ from every one that has preceded it. If it be true, as every physicist believes, that the earth is a cooling globe, then, whatever its present stage of refrigeration, the time must come when its surface contour will assume a rigidity of level not yet attained. Then, just as surely, the slow action of the elements will continue to wear away the land surfaces, particle by particle, and transport them to the ocean, as it does to-day, until, compensation no longer being afforded by the upheaval of the continents, the last foot of dry land will sink for the last time beneath the water, the last mountain-peak melting away, and our globe, lapsing like any other organism into its second childhood, will be on the surface—as presumably it was before the first continent rose—one vast "waste of waters." As puny man conceives time and things, an awful cycle will have lapsed; in the sweep of the cosmic life, a pulse-beat will have throbbed.

THE CAPTURED DREAM.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

SOMERS rode slowly over the low Iowa hills, fitting an air in his mind to Andrew Lang's dainty verses. Presently, being quite alone on the country road, he began to sing:

"Who wins his love shall lose her;
Who loses her shall gain;
For still the spirit wooes her,
A soul without a stain;
And mem'ry still pursues her,
With longings not in vain.

"He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that yet enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away.

"Oh, happier he who gains not
The Love some seem to gain;
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that ne'er can wane.

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams doth he behold her,
Still fair and kind and young."

The gentle strain of melancholy and baffled desire faded into silence, but the young man's thoughts pursued it. A memory of his own that sometimes stung him, sometimes plaintively caressed him,

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"OVER THE LOW IOWA HILLS."

stirred in his heart. "I am afraid you hit it, Andy," he muttered, "and I should have found it only a dream had I won."

At thirty Somers fancied himself mighty cynical. He consorted with daring critics, and believed the worst both of art and of letters. He was making campaign cartoons for a daily journal instead of painting the picture of the future; the panic of '93 had stripped him of his little fortune, and his sweetheart had refused to marry him. Therefore he said, incessantly, in the language of Job, "I do well to be angry." The rubber tires revolved more slowly as his eye turned from the wayside to the smiling hills. The corn ears were sheathed in silvery yellow, but the afternoon sun jewelled the green pastures, fresh as in May (for rain had fallen in the morning), and maples, oaks, and elms blended exquisite gradations of color and shade here and there among the open fields. Long rows of poplars recalled France to Somers, and he sighed. "These houses are all comfortable and all ugly," thought the artist. "I never saw anything less picturesque. The life hasn't even the dismal interest of poverty and revolt, for they are all beastly prosperous; and one of the farmers has offered me a hundred dollars and my expenses to come here and make a pastel of his wife. And I have taken the offer, because I want to pay my board bill and buy a second-hand bicycle. The chances are he is after something like a colored photograph, something slick and smooth, and every hair painted—oh Lord! But I *have* to have the money; and I won't sign the cursed thing! What does he want it for, though? I wonder, did *he* ever know love's young dream? Dream? It's all a dream—a mirage of the senses or the fancy. Confound it! why need I be harking back to it? I must be near his house. House near the corner, they said, where the roads cross—maybe this is it. Ugh! how it jumps at the eyes!"

The house before him was yellow, with pea-green blinds; the great barns were Indian-red; and a white fence glittered in front of an old-fashioned garden ariot with scarlet salvias and crimson coxcomb. Two men were talking, hidden to the waist by a thicket of marigolds, out of which the sun struck orange spangles.

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One of the men smote the palm of his left hand with his right fist as he talked—not vehemently, but with a dogged air. His checked shirt and brown overalls were as coarse and soiled as the other man's, yet even a stranger could perceive that he was the master. There was a composure about the rugged gray face, a look of control and care, that belongs to the ruler, whether of large affairs or small.

He made an end of the talk by turning on his heel, whereupon the other flung an ugly word after the sturdy old back and slunk off. At the gate he was joined by a companion. They passed Somers, who caught a single sentence: "Nit. I told you he wouldn't give no more. He's close as the bark of a tree."

Somers wheeled by, up to the gate and the old man, who was now leaning on the fence. He asked where Mr. Gates lived.

"Here," said the old man, not removing his elbows from the fence bar.

"And may I ask, are you Mr. Gates?" said Somers, bringing his wheel to a halt, with one foot on the curb-stone.

"Yes, sir. But if you're the young man was round selling *Mother Home and Heaven*, and going to call again to see if we liked it, we don't want it; you needn't git off. My wife can't read, and I'm taking a Chicago paper now, and 'ain't got any time."

Somers smiled, and dismounted. "I'm not selling anything but pictures," said he, "and I believe you want me to make one for you."

"Are you Mr. Somers? F. J. S.?" cried the farmer, his face lightening in a surprising manner. "Well, I'm glad to see you, sir. My wife said you'd come this afternoon, and I wouldn't believe her: I'm always caught when I don't believe my wife. Come right in. Oh, got your tools with you?"

Somers, having released his hand from a mighty grasp, was unstrapping a package on the under side of his saddle.

"I see. Handy little fixing. Ever in Ioway before?"

"Never," said Somers.

"Finest corn State in the Union; and second in production of flax. And lowest percentage of illiteracy. Hope they treated you well in town?"

"Very well indeed, thank you."

"Generally do treat strangers well. We try to, anyhow. What do you think of our city?"

"Very pretty town."

"I'm glad you like it. Say, can't you stay overnight here and let me drive you round a little? We've got some of the prettiest brick pavements in the country, and our system of water-works can't be beat; and the largest arsenal in the world is on the Island—"

"You are awfully good," protested Somers, deceitfully, "but I must leave for Chicago to-night; I'm not a free man, you know. The paper—"

"Say! that paper is smart enough. I like it. I took it jest to please my wife, so's to have something to read her in the evenings, and now I'd be lost without it. The man that writes them editorials, I tell you he's sound on the money question; he rakes them well. But I don't know but the best thing yet is your picters. You know that Columbia?"

Somers nodded, and put the released portfolio under his arm, awaiting his host's pleasure.

"Well, the minnit I saw that drawing—the first one—I said, 'Mother, if that feller had you to set to him, he wouldn't have made it much more like.' About the same height, too, only fatter; but so like the way she looked when we was courting, it give me a start. I've been seeking somebody to paint a picter for me of her for a long spell. The minnit I seen that, I says, 'There's my man.' I drawed the money out of bank this morning; it's all ready. Guess you best take your bike along. Come right in and set down, and I'll git you a glass of buttermilk off the ice. We churned to-day. Paper says that you wheelmen are great on buttermilk."

He guided Somers into the house, and into a room so dark that he stumbled.

"There's the sofy; set down," said Gates, who seemed full of hospitable cheer. "I'll git a blind open. Girl's gone to the fair, and mother's setting out on the back piazza, listening to the noises on the road. She's all ready. Make yourself to home. Pastel like them picters on the wall's what I want. My daughter done them." His tone changed on the last sentence, but Somers did not notice it; he was drinking in the details of the room to describe them afterwards to his sympathizing friends in Chicago. He smiled vaguely; he said, "Yes, certainly"; and the host went away, well content.

"What a chamber of horrors!" he thought; "and one can see he is proud

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of it." The carpet was soft to the foot, covered with a jungle of flowers and green leaves—the pattern of carpet which fashion leaves behind for disappointed salesmen to mark lower and lower, until it shall be pushed into the ranks of shop-worn bargains. The cheap paper on the walls was delicately tinted, but this boon plainly came from the designers, and not the taste of the buyer, since there was a simply terrible chair that swayed by machinery, and had four brilliant hues of plush to vex the eye, besides a paroxysm of embroidery and lace, to which was still attached the red ticket of a county fair. More embroidery figured on the cabinet-organ and two tables, and another red ticket peeped coyly from under the ornate frame of a pastel landscape displaying every natural beauty—forest, mountain, sunlit lake, and meadow—at their bluest and greenest. There were three other pictures in the room—two very large colored photographs of a lad of twelve, and of a pretty girl who might be sixteen, in a white gown, with a roll of parchment in her hand tied with a blue ribbon; and the photograph of a cross of flowers.

The girl's dark, wistful, timid eyes seemed to follow the young artist as he walked about the room. They appealed to him. "Poor little girl," he thought, "to have to live here!" Then he heard a dragging footfall, and there entered the mistress of the house. She was a tall woman who stooped. Her hair was gray and scanty, and so ill arranged on the top of her head that the mournful tonsure of age showed under the false gray braid. She was thin with the gaunt thinness of years and toil, not the poetic, appealing slenderness of youth. She had attired herself for the picture in a black silken gown, sparkling with jet that tinkled as she moved; the harsh, black, bristling line at the neck defined her withered throat brutally. Yet Somers's sneer was transient. He was struck by two things—the woman was blind; and she had once worn a face like that of the pretty girl—not her face, but a face like it. With a sensation of pity, he recalled Andrew Lang's verses; inaudibly, while she greeted him, he was repeating:

> "Who watches day by day
> The dust of time that stains her,
> The griefs that leave her gray,
> The flesh that still enchains her,
> Whose grace hath passed away."

Her eyes were closed, but she came straight towards him, holding out her hand. It was her left hand that was extended; her right closed over the top of a cane, and this added to the impression of decrepitude conveyed by her whole presence. She spoke in a gentle, monotonous, pleasant voice. "I guess this is Mr. Somers, the artist. I feel—we feel very glad to have the honor of meeting you, sir."

No one had ever felt honored to meet Somers before. He thought how much refinement and sadness were in a blind woman's face. In his most deferential manner he proffered her a chair. "I presume I am to paint you, madam?" he said.

She blushed faintly. "Ain't it rediculous?" she apologized. "But Mr. Gates will have it. He has been at me to have somebody paint a picture of me ever since I had my photograph taken. It was a big picture, and most folks said it was real good, though not flattering; but he wouldn't hang it. He took it off, and I don't know what he did do to it. 'I want a real artist to paint you, mother,' he said. I guess if Kitty had lived she'd have suited him, though she was all for landscape; never did much figures. You noticed her work in this room, 'ain't you?—on the table and chair and organ—art needle-work. Kitty could do anything. She took six prizes at the county fair; two of 'em come in after she was in her last sickness. She was so pleased she had the picture—that's the picture right above the sofy; it's a pastel—and the tidy—I mean the art needle-work—put on her bed, and she looked at them the longest while. Her pa would never let the tickets be took off." She reached forth her hand to the chair near her and felt the ticket, stroking it absently, her chin quivering a little, while her lips smiled. "Mr. Gates was thinking," she said, "that maybe you'd paint a head of me—pastel like that landscape—that's why he likes pastel so. And he was thinking if—if maybe—my eyes was jest like Kitty's when we were married—if you would put in eyes, he would be awful much obliged, and be willing to pay extra, if necessary. Would it be hard?"

Somers dissembled a great dismay. "Certainly not," said he, rather dryly; and he was ashamed of himself at the sensitive flutter in the old features.

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"'THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL,' HE REPLIED."

"Of course I know," she said, in a different tone than she had used before—"I understand how comical it must seem to a young man to have to draw an old woman's picture; but it ain't comical to my husband. He wants it very much. He's the kindest man that ever lived, to me, caring for me all the time. He got me that organ — me that can't play a note, and never could — just because I love to hear music, and sometimes, if we have an instrument, the neighbors will come in, especially Hattie Knight, who used to know Kitty, and is a splendid performer; she comes and plays and sings. It is a comfort to me. And though I guess you young folks can't understand it, it will be a comfort to him to have a picture of me. I mistrusted you'd be thinking it comical, and I hurried to come in and speak to you, lest, not meaning anything, you might, jest by chance, let fall something might hurt his feelings — like you thought it queer, or some sech thing. And he thinks so much of you, and having you here, that I couldn't bear there'd be any mistake."

"Surely it is the most natural thing in the world he should want a portrait of you," interrupted Somers, hastily.

"Yes, it is," she answered, in her mild even tones, "but it mightn't seem so to young folks. Young folks think they know all there is about loving. And it is very sweet and nice to enjoy things together; and you don't hardly seem to be in the world at all when you're court-

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ing, your feet and your heart feel so light. But they don't know what it is to need each other. It's when folks suffer together that they find out what loving is. I never knew what I felt towards my husband till I lost my first baby; and I'd wake up in the night and there'd be no cradle to rock—and he'd comfort me. Do you see that picture under the photograph of the cross?"

"He's a pretty boy," said Somers.

"Yes, sir. He was drownded in the river. A lot of boys in playing, you know, and one got too far, and Eddy, he swum out to help him. And he clumb up on Eddy, and the man on shore didn't git there in time. He was a real good boy, and liked to play home with me 'most as well as with the boys; and he'd tell me the things he was going to get me. He was the greatest hand to make up stories of what he would do. But only in fun; he never told us a lie in his life—and it come hard sometimes for him to own up, for he was mis*chiev*ous. Father was proud as he could be of him, though he wouldn't let on. He was real bright, too; second in his class. I always felt he ought to have been head, but teacher said behavior counted too, and Eddy *was* mis*chiev*ous. That cross was what his schoolmates sent; and teacher she cried when she told me how hard Eddy was trying to remember and mind and win the prize, to please his pa. Father and I went through that together. And we had to change all the things we used to talk of together, because Eddy was always in them; and we had to try not to let each other see how our hearts were breaking, and not shadder Kitty's life by letting her see how we missed him. Only once father broke down; it was when he give Kitty Eddy's colt." She stopped, for she could not go on.

"Don't—don't distress yourself," Somers begged, lamely. His cheeks were hot.

"It don't distress me," she answered, "only jest for the minnit; I'm always thinking of Eddy, and of Kitty too. Sometimes I think it was harder for father when his girl went than anything else. And then my blindness and my rheumatism come; and it seemed like he was trying to make up to me for the daughter and the son I'd lost, and be all to once to me. He has been, too. And do you think that two old people that have grown old together, like us, and have been through losses like that—do you think they 'ain't drawed closer and kinder and tenderer to each other, like the Lord to His Church? Why, I'm plain and old and blind and crooked—but *he don't know it*. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes," said Somers, "I understand."

"And you'll please excuse me for speaking so free; it was only so father's feelings shouldn't git hurt by noticing maybe a look like you wanted to laugh."

"God knows I don't want to laugh," Somers burst in. "But I'm glad you spoke. It—it will be a better picture. Now may I ask you something? I want you to let me dress you—I mean put something about your neck, soft and white; and then I want to make two sketches of you—one, as Mr. Gates wishes, the head alone; the other, of you sitting in the rustic chair outside."

"But"—she looked troubled—"it will be so expensive; and *I* know it will be foolish. If you'd jest the same—"

"But I shouldn't; I want to do it. And it will not cost you anything. A hundred dollars will repay me well enough. I wish—I truly wish I could afford to do it all for nothing."

She gasped. "A hundred dollars! Oh, it ain't right! That was why he wouldn't buy the new buggy. And jest for a picture of me." But suddenly she flushed like a girl and smiled.

At this instant the old man, immaculate in his heavy black suit and glossy white shirt, appeared in the doorway, bearing a tray.

"Father," said the old wife, "do you mean to tell me you are going to pay a hundred dollars jest for a picture of *me?*"

"Well, mother, you know there's no fool like an old fool," he replied, jocosely; but when the old wife turned her sightless face towards the old husband's voice and he looked at her, Somers bowed his head.

He spent the afternoon over his sketches. Riding away in the twilight, he knew that he had done better work than he had ever done in his life, slight as its form might be; nevertheless, he was not thinking of his work, he was not thinking of himself at all. He was trying to shape his own vague perception that the show of dainty thinking and the pomp of refinement are in truth amiable and lovely things, yet are they no more than the husks of life; not only under them, but

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under ungracious and sordid conditions, may be the human semblance of that "beauty most ancient, beauty most new," that the old saint found too late. He felt the elusive presence of something in love higher than his youthful dream; stronger than passion, fairer than delight. To this commonplace man and woman had come the deepest gift of life.

"A dream?" he murmured; "yes, perhaps; but he has captured it." And he sang:

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams shall he behold her,
Still fair and kind and young."

ENGLISH COUNTRY-HOUSE LIFE.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

THE American who has visited England under the guidance of Mr. Cook —or, which is better, under his own— who has seen the cathedrals, the lakes, the great towns, London, Parliament, the museums, the universities, and other sides of this myriad-sided life, is likely to think that he has seen England. If, in addition, he has found his way into some one or other of the many coteries which together compose what is called London society, or perchance has been presented at court, he may well enough persuade himself that he has touched the centre of her social life, and seen the English at home, and acquired a knowledge of their real home life. Yet in both cases he would be mistaken. He would have acquired a great deal of useful knowledge; his experiences would have been delightful; he would, perhaps, know more of England in some respects than many an Englishman of the cultivated classes ever learned. I will go so far as to suppose that he has met some of the best English men and English women otherwise than in the crush of a drawing-room; dined with them and talked with them, and so by degrees become sensible to the charm of that intercourse which London at its best has to offer. It has still to be said that he has something yet to learn of what is most characteristic and most delightful in English life, and that this will never disclose itself to him till he has visited, not once or twice, but often, in English or Scottish country houses.

I will not pretend that this side of English life can be adequately described. I do not think it ever has been. It would need a volume to itself. Here and there, scattered through many volumes, are glimpses of it, as if a corner of the curtain had been drawn aside, but a corner only. I know of no writer who has treated the subject other than incidentally, interesting and curious as it is, and curious as the travelled and untravelled American often shows himself about it. In earlier days Mr. N. P. Willis was supposed to know something of the matter, but very little is to be gathered from his book. Fenimore Cooper, in his Letters, can hardly be called an authority. Longfellow rather avoided the topic. Hawthorne, admirable as *Our Old Home* is in many points, was in the mood of caricature. Emerson, whose *English Traits* remains the most penetrating and luminous account of what is vital in England, has less to say on this than on other subjects. Mr. Grant White's *England Without and Within* will explain to you how his host's servant turned his socks inside out, and he has described with precision the ornamentation of the hot-water cans with coronets. Mr. Rush's is a book rather of indiscretions than of illuminations. A good deal may be learned from Mr. Motley's published letters. He, like Mr. Sumner and Mr. Lowell, knew England, and was a welcome guest. Mr. Sumner's letters, so far as they have been published in Mr. Pierce's biography, give details rather than pictures. Mr. Lowell's most intimate sketches have never been published, but every word in such letters as Professor Norton does give is descriptive. He knew these charming interiors as well as anybody. On the whole, there is probably nothing which throws more light on them than those parts of Mr. Henry James's novels where the country house is the theatre in which his characters move. Like Mr. Lowell, his acquaintance with this form of life is wide, and a novel leaves him free to use the results of it. He knows not only the things the Eng-

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lish in these circumstances do and say, but also—and the knowledge is at least as important as the other—what they do not say or do. You will recall the scene in which the son makes that or a similar remark to his American father long resident in England. There is no truer touch among thousands of true ones.

The English themselves seldom excel in the kind of literature in which this form of existence is reproduced. Thackeray did—some of the most admirable pages of that incomparable master are social. In Mrs. Humphry Ward's *David Grieve* may be found descriptions of two houses so judiciously confused that it is impossible to accuse her of opening the doors of either to the public. There are excellent scenes also in an author now undeservedly neglected, Anthony Trollope, for whose photographic studies of his time posterity will be grateful. It is of little use turning to the French, whether ancient or modern. Voltaire's Letters tell you little or nothing; Heine nothing. Esquiros, whose book is of value, dealt with higher matters, and in Louis Blanc's ten volumes on England the social studies are socialistic. Taine, in his *Notes sur Angleterre*, touches all points, and you will find him in admiring ecstasy over the arrangements of his bedroom and the number of clean towels supplied to him. But that is not very informing; still less so is M. de St.-Genest's narrative of the stratagems by which he pretended to take a bath and did not. The truth is that the subject is a very delicate one to handle. If you do it with fulness, you may violate some of those unwritten and therefore stringent obligations which hospitality imposes. If you do it meagrely, you will probably omit almost everything your reader wants to know. One can but try to steer between these two courses. The experiment is worth making, because English hospitality is unique.

England is the country of country houses. Nowhere else is there quite the same apparatus for entertainment; perhaps nowhere else, except in America, are there quite such open hearts. You may visit a great nobleman in Hungary, who will give you shooting on a great scale, and lodge you in an immense castle of which the domestic arrangements seem to have been settled in the Middle Ages. France may offer you, in one or another of her châteaus, a refined and sometimes brilliant example of French life, but the examples are comparatively infrequent, and you are apt to feel that a special effort is made. What attracts you most of all in an English house is that you are at home; a guest in the midst of a family circle; the ordering of the household just what it would be if you were not there. You fit into this complicated yet almost always smoothly working machine. You become for the time being a part of the establishment. There are certain rules to which you will conform. They vary in different houses. If it is your first visit you will find them out yourself or ask a friend or a servant. Tact and your eyes open are two indispensable conditions of success if you care to repeat your visit. There is a story of a certain guest at Strathfieldsaye, in the time of the late Duke of Wellington, who consulted Mr. George Payne on the often doubtful point of how much to give the gamekeeper.

"If I were you," said Payne, "I should give him nothing."

"But do you give nothing?"

"Oh, I shall give him a five-pound note! But then I shall be asked here again, and you never will."

I have somewhat rashly approached the burning question of tips at the beginning, whereas it belongs at the end; but I pass on. This unlucky guest had simply failed to make himself acceptable or interesting, or to contribute his share to the general fund of good feeling or good society or good-fellowship. The penalty of his failure was being dropped. He was a novice. If he had been an old hand and his position secure, he might have committed worse crimes and yet escaped. But even the old hand must not presume too much. The old hand would at least have known how far he could go, and would have taken good care not to go beyond. Men may do or say very daring things if they are done or said in the right way. In a certain Scotch house there was among the guests, many years ago, a foreigner who went out partridge-shooting with the rest. He was rather a good shot, very keen, and unduly ambitious, with the result that he continually got ahead of the line and brought down other men's birds. They bore it stoically for a time, but finally one of them turned to the offender and said, gravely, "Mr. A., this is not a walking-match." It was severe but sufficient, and said in a way which made it impossible

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for A. either to take offence or neglect the rebuke. The whole party were grateful to the speaker, who was thought to have shown not only tact but courage.

Rather early in my English life I came to know a lady of great social celebrity, who had a reputation for spending the whole interval between the end of one London season and the beginning of another in her friends' houses in the country. She knew all the best people, she was everywhere a favorite, her company was sought; there was seldom or never a vacant date on her visiting-list. I refer to her as an instance of those qualities which insure social success. She seldom read, she had no literature whatever, little or no general knowledge, no real interest in art, no mental range, no accomplishments in the ordinary sense of the word, no political influence, and not much money. Rank she had, and a perfect acquaintance with all the gossip of society and with all the people who compose it, and could tell you instantly whether Lady Sophia Smith was first cousin to the Earl of Manchester or only first cousin once removed. On her own ground she was an oracle; off it she was helpless. She had, however, character, which is more than anything else—great force of character and something which, if not exactly charm, produced nearly the same effect. In a word, everybody liked her, and her spirits were unfailing. She knew also the exact thing to be said to each person of the company, and the right moment to say it, and how it ought to be said. In any company she was at home. If the conversation went beyond her—to tell the truth, it seldom did—she knew how to be silent, and as much at her ease as if she were talking; in itself a difficult art. I do not mean to imply that her limitations were a source, or a main source, of her social popularity. They were perhaps one source, because people who themselves do not stray beyond the strict bounds of easy chat on current topics like sometimes to be sure that their neighbors are no more adventurous than themselves. She was safe, and they themselves felt safe against any demand on their mental resources.

Still, it would be true to say that she won her social ascendency in spite of her limitations, and not because of them. It was the positive and not the negative qualities which prevailed. If I have not dwelt too much on the negative, I present her to you as a type of the person to whom country-house life has offered a career; as a pattern to copy, if your ambition lie in that direction; as an individuality whose immense social vogue illuminates the interiors which she frequents and make the secret of the country house more intelligible to the novice than almost any other one celebrity of whom I can think. I cannot do better than to repeat what I have often heard her lay down as the maxim most essential to success in the existence she led. It was, "Never take a liberty." It may seem superfluous. It is not superfluous, because the very freedom and friendliness which surround you, the atmosphere of ease and equality and indifference which you breathe, may well tempt the unwary or the inexperienced to take liberties, and the foreigner most of all. An Englishman born and bred, and used to this form of intercourse from his youth upward, would make no such mistake. The American not used to it, though equally well bred, easily might. Nor will you appreciate the full significance either of the maxim or of its author until you hear the comment which came from one of her intimate friends, in whose hearing it was repeated: "It is a good rule, but I know nobody who violates it so often and so frequently as B—— herself." That is but another way of saying that she knew just how far she could transgress. The rule was for those whose position was not established. For them it was golden. For her, with forty years of unchallenged popularity behind her, it was a rule to be broken when circumstances required, and sometimes when they did not. To the last she was not above learning, or above owning to a mistake if she made one. Staying once at a house where she was expected, I was shown a telegram from her, naming the day and hour of her arrival, and asking that a closed carriage might be sent to the station to meet her, and an omnibus for the servants and luggage. The station was nine miles distant, in a town where cabs were abundant. The roads were hard, and her host a man solicitous about the legs of his horses. He sent the carriage and omnibus, but I think his guest in some way perceived that her request was thought to be slightly unreasonable. The house was not one of those where she had visited often. From the moment of her discovery, if discovery it

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were, her circumspection was a thing to study. She walked as among egg-shells. She laid herself out to please. We were sitting together one afternoon in the drawing-room. "Do you think," she queried—"do you think, if you rang the bell, and I asked to have my maid sent to me, we should be taking a liberty?" That was the only allusion she made to her misfortune, but it was sufficient. I told my host of this expression of humility. "She shall have every horse in the stable if she likes," was his answer. He was far more distressed than she was.

Complaints used to be heard in times past that Englishmen—some few of them—who had been well received in America had treated their American hosts coldly in England. There may have been such cases. The best society is not perfect, nor always entirely free from black sheep. But my conjecture would be that in most cases there had been a misunderstanding or misapprehension, and that this misapprehension was on the part of the American. One of these complaints was made to me, the maker an American of such a position that it seemed most unlikely he should incur a slight. "When A. was in America he staid with me on the Hudson. I gave him dinners in New York, and letters to friends who did everything for him. I called on him here by his request. He has not offered me so much as a cup of tea, nor sent me an invitation of any kind." I suggested that it was already the end of the London season, that I knew that A. was leaving town and his town house closed, and I asked my irate friend whether he had not been asked to visit A. in Scotland.

"Asked? No, not asked. He just said, casually, he hoped I would let him know when I was coming to Scotland. You don't call that an invitation?"

Nevertheless, that is precisely what it was meant to be, and was. It is the English way. The Englishman, I explained as delicately as I knew how, never says a thing he does not mean, never emphasizes, often says less than he means, is never elaborate, not often ceremonious. "He said to you exactly what he would have said to an intimate friend. He does not make allowance for your unacquaintance with English customs. He wants you to come, and if you do not, he will not understand why. Country-house life in Scotland is on easier terms than in England. You do not shoot, and therefore you are not asked to make one of a shooting-party for a fixed date. You are treated not as a gun, but as a friend. Propose yourself whenever it is convenient, and you will be welcomed." I had used an unlucky phrase. "Propose myself? Do you think I am going to *ask* A. to receive me as a guest?" Again I had to explain. The phrase, though not perhaps very elegant, is conventional. It is the equivalent of the one which my high-spirited countryman, whom it was impossible not to like the better for his high spirit, had resented. It is perhaps rather more common, or is used to supplement the other. If you say you are going to Scotland, the rejoinder is, "Will you propose yourself to us?" For the convenience of both parties a fixed date is avoided, and for the convenience of both a date is named by the arriving guest a little later, and not long before his visit. If it prove inconvenient, the answer is, "We are full on that date. Can you come a week later?" In this way visits are dovetailed into each other; the host keeps his house full, and the guest arranges his route, or, as the phrase is, his round of visits, to suit himself. All this is perfectly understood in England and Scotland. The American on his first trip abroad did not understand it. He did not seem to like it even after it had been explained to him. He made his visit, nevertheless, proposed himself, got a cordial letter "delighted to see you," went, staid ten days, and wrote me that nothing could be more charming than his reception, and that A. and all his family had treated him as an old friend. Of course! That is what they meant from the beginning.

This English reserve of manner and speech may or may not be the best thing in the world, but it is English, and you must take the English as you find them. No missionary effort to make them over into the similitude of Americans or others will be of the least avail. They are genuine, simple, convinced, and entirely sincere. We are quite entitled to think that the American way is best, and that an invitation ought to be expressed with enthusiasm, that ceremonies ought to be observed, or that a host's manner ought to be demonstrative and pressing. But you will not convert the English to that view, and the plain alternative before you is to take them as they are or leave them alone.

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Of ceremony there is, in truth, very little. I have known Americans arrive at a house in the middle of the afternoon when host and hostess and all the guests were out shooting or driving. The arriving Americans thought they were being treated unceremoniously, and were disposed to resent it. I asked them whether they really thought that the day's plans for a score of guests ought to have been upset in order that the host should meet them at his front door as they drove up. That was a new point of view to them. And I finally pacified them by relating what had befallen me early in my English experiences, which I will repeat here. An English friend, whom I met by chance in London on Friday, asked me to come to his house in the country from Saturday to Monday. I was engaged Saturday evening, and arranged to come Sunday morning instead. Arriving at eleven o'clock, I was shown into the drawing-room, where sat a lady whom I had never seen, but whom I guessed to be my friend's wife. Of him there was no sign. We talked for a while, then went out for a walk. My host came in just before luncheon, one or two other guests with him. This lady told me long afterward that she no more knew me than I her; that her husband had told her a man was coming down that morning, but did not say who, and she took for granted it was some one whom she knew; that when the servant announced me she did not hear the name, and thus it was that we spent the morning together, neither sure of the other's identity. It was the beginning of a long friendship. It is also a very good illustration of the easy way in which formalities are dispensed with in an English country house.

I have no ambition to write a handbook on country-house life, but a hint or two may be welcome to those who are to take the first plunge. Now, I imagine, there is no need to say anything about dress. The American who used to explore the beauties of rural England in a silk hat and frock-coat is extinct, or nearly so. The shooting suit or travelling suit or business suit is your only wear during the day, save on solemn occasions—when, for example, royalty comes to luncheon, or you drive in to some public meeting in a neighboring town. There are houses where men come down to tea at five o'clock in a silk jacket and trousers; others where they do not. In all houses and all circumstances all men dress for dinner; as a rule, full evening dress; but if it be a shooting-lodge in the Highlands, or a party of men only, the usual costume is a black dining-jacket, black dress waistcoat and trousers, and black tie. As for the ladies, they are a law unto themselves; but it may not be rash to say that tailor-made gowns are worn out-doors, and in-doors every kind of dress, and as many different dresses as their trunks will hold, and dinner dress for the evening. Tea gowns at five o'clock, and, in a small party or in the Highlands, not infrequently tea gowns at dinner. A young American lady has been known to base her confidence in her social acceptability—for which there were many better reasons—on the ground that nobody could arrive at a house in the country with more trunks than she had. She was certainly right as to the fact; her inference was one of those audacities on which only the young and delightful American girl may safely venture. An American lady has perhaps a more rigid sense of duty with respect to dress than her English cousin, and is more solicitous about variety and freshness, and more reluctant to appear twice in the same evening garment during the same visit. So inexhaustible are the resources of the American trunk they give rise to serious speculation, and bets have been made on the question whether they would hold out to the end of a long visit, and supply a fresh toilet each evening to the possessor. They who took the affirmative side used to be the winners of these wagers.

Probably no question gives rise to more searching of hearts than that of tips. To whom are you to give, and how much are you to give? If a man takes his own servant with him, which Americans generally do not, he is under no absolute obligation to give to anybody unless he shoots. Inside the house nobody has a claim on him. If he has no servant with him, he gives something to the man who looks after him—who unstraps his luggage, takes out his things, prepares his bath, brushes his clothes, who, in short, "valets" him. How much? Well, Americans have done something to spoil the market. They almost always give more than the English. I have known a sovereign given for a Saturday to Monday visit. An Englishman would give half a

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crown or five shillings. A young guardsman who, unlike most guardsmen, is not rich, once told me that he gave two shillings for the first night, and at the rate of a shilling a night after the first, but never more than half a sovereign. "I don't mind giving them odd sums," he added. Another friend of much experience laid down the general rule that you give in proportion to your means, and that servants understand this. Whether they understand it or not is hardly to the point. If you try to adjust your gifts to the expectation of those who are to receive them, you will find it extremely expensive, and you will nevertheless fail in the end. It used to be, and to some extent still is, the custom to give to the butler or to the groom of the chambers—possibly to both. "I long since set my face against it," was the answer of an Englishman who visits constantly, and knows his way about as well as anybody. If you give, it will be accepted—you need have no fear on that point. Almost anything would be accepted. I have seen a man of rank hand a butler, at the end of a long stay, half a crown, and the half-crown remained in the butler's hand. Something depends on the frequency of your visits at the same house, and on whether a particular servant has done anything for you out of the nature of his service. If you have given trouble with telegrams and letters, you would naturally give a tip, and this would be to the groom of the chambers if there was one; if not, to the butler.

There is no hard and fast rule. A guest in this, as in other things, must keep his eyes open. He may always ask—not, of course, his host, who is supposed to be unaware of these things, but of his fellow-guests. You may hear it discussed with freedom in the smoking-room, and all sorts of opinions expressed. There is, or was, in some houses a box in which guests are invited to deposit such largess as they choose to bestow on the domestics of the household. The contents of the box are divided among them according to some rule agreed on among themselves. But this I relate on hearsay evidence. It is unusual, and it involves the host in the matter in a way which few hosts like.

If you are not alone, the complications become more numerous, but the matter of gifts to house-maids and women-servants in general is one with which only the feminine mind is competent to grapple. Here again, however, it is safe to say that English ladies, who seldom visit without a maid, give little; and that American ladies, whether they take a maid with them or not, give too much. An American lady has been heard to declare that a Saturday to Monday visit in the country at a great house cost her a five-pound note in fees. What she did with her five-pound note passes conjecture. Nor does it signify whether the house be great or small, except that the more servants the more numerous may be the opportunities of giving. No claims are made.

The distribution of the day is partly settled for you; in fact, you settle it for yourself. In nothing do houses and hosts differ more than in the amount of what may be called obligatory entertainment which they provide for you. In many houses you are left very much to yourself. In some you feel as if the discipline were almost military. If there is shooting or stalking, there must, of course, be a definite programme. There can be only so many guns to such a cover or for such a grouse drive; and in a deer forest the restrictions upon all individual liberty of choice are necessarily of the most arbitrary kind. That is understood. Probably most Englishmen, if required to discourse upon country-house life, would treat it mainly from a sporting point of view. Much of it is organized to that end. It is sport which fixes the seasons for town and country; sport which enters more largely into the life of the average well-to-do Englishmen, young or old, of the upper and upper-middle classes than anything else whatever. If there is no shooting or stalking or fishing or hunting, there will be racing; seldom is a large party collected without one of these objects in view. Sport is a religion, and all religions have a dogmatic basis. You cannot write about country houses at all without giving it a place. You cannot live in them, whether you shoot or not, without taking some humble part in these engrossing pursuits. If you do not go out with the guns, you will be asked to go with the ladies to meet them at a lodge or on the hill-side for luncheon; and churlish would you be if you refused, or always refused, such invitations as these. This picnic luncheon in the open air means much more than mere feeding. It means blue sky and the breath of pine woods, a couch on purple heather, admi-

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rable views, admirable company, including dogs whose intelligence is rather more than human, the total absence of ceremony, and quite as much food and drink as are good for you. If the rendezvous be remote, or if you humbly confess yourself a bad walker, you drive; even then you may be challenged, probably by a lady, to walk, and how can you decline that? Accept boldly, and you will be rewarded not only with the approval and the association of the challenger, but by the discovery that among the mountains or the moors you are twice the man you thought, and can walk like other people.

No two houses are exactly alike, nor any two hosts; but it may be possible to generalize a little respecting what remains of the day which is not devoted to sport. In the most strictly ordered mansion there is some flexibility. But if the reader cares for a diary, it may be more convenient not to begin at the beginning of the day, but at the beginning of a visit. More often than not guests arrive in the afternoon, very likely at tea-time. A carriage may have been sent to meet them at the railway station, or may not; it depends on circumstances—on distance, on the supply or deficiency of cabs at the station, on habit, on the mood of the host, sometimes possibly on the rank and distinction of the visitor. He would be, for example, a bold man who should not send to meet an ambassador who was to be his guest, since ambassadors are not only very great personages, but the most punctilious and exacting of human kind. A failure in etiquette is a very solemn matter. A distinguished ambassador, now dead, has been known to complain to the foreign minister of Great Britain that he had been met at the station on his way to a house, which he named, by a brougham with a single horse. He thought it inconsistent with his dignity to drive with less than two. The foreign minister, being a man of tact, informed him that his host had already sent him an explanation of this unfortunate occurrence, and desired it to be stated that the coachman who had been guilty of the offence had been dismissed. So war was averted for that time.

But everybody is not an ambassador, and if there be one thing an Englishman hates more than another it is making a fuss, and the higher his rank or distinction the less likely he is to take offence at what may seem slights, or to imagine that a slight could be intended. The note is, in such matters, as in others, to take things for granted. There are houses in Scotland which lie more than twenty miles from the nearest station. Whether an ambassador in such circumstances would expect to be met, I know not, but as guests are always coming and going, a man would have to keep up not only a house but a livery-stable if he was to find conveyances for everybody who arrived and departed. The rule is to telegraph the station-master for whatever vehicle or vehicles you need. He will know whether your host sends or not, and if not will supply you from the nearest job-master or inn. Or your host may be considerate enough to enclose with your letter of invitation a card containing a list of dog-carts, omnibuses, broughams, landaus, and luggage-wagons which can be provided at the station, with the price of each, and the amount which the driver of each expects as backsheesh duly noted. It is convenient, and it implies no lack of hospitality.

Arriving somehow or other, the guest will be shown at once into the drawing-room, or wherever tea is served, where probably his hostess and sometimes his host will meet him, and perhaps other guests. The American, again, may be surprised at the extreme simplicity of the welcome given him, but to that he will soon grow accustomed, and he may even end by preferring it to the profusion of professions more common elsewhere. Each method is equally genuine, and one means as much as the other, but simplicity is, in society as in art, the last word. Tea over, he may be asked if he would like to go to his room, or may have to ask for himself. There he may expect to find his luggage and his servant, if he brings one with him, if not, a servant of the house, who will already have been assigned to him if he has taken the trouble on arriving to tell the butler or groom of the chambers that he has no servant with him. Englishmen, as a rule, take their valets with them on visits. It matters little either way, though you may be often asked to come by one train, and to send your servant and luggage by another, and sometimes to a different station. At this first interview, whether with your own servant or your host's, you find out the hours for dinner and breakfast, and fix

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the time when you will be called in the morning, and about your bath and all such matters. In other words, you so arrange as to conform to the rules of the house and your own convenience.

It will not be amiss to cultivate punctuality. It may be a solemn matter, though hours are seldom very rigidly observed in England. Now and then a host may insist on going in to dinner without waiting for all or even for any of his guests. There is one well-known man who did that. It was not liked. Or there may be a guest whose unpunctuality is part of the accepted order of things. It was said of one man about town in London that nobody was so regular in his habits; he was never known to be in time for dinner. Of another and much more distinguished Englishman it might be related that he and his hostess in the country came to a tacit understanding that he should always be late, and she should always go in to dinner without him, his place at her right hand being duly kept for him. It was a long visit, and for a time he used to appear with the conventional apology on his lips, "So sorry to be late."

Dinner is very like dinner in London. There are probably more men than women, and the sensitive foreigner—though as a foreigner he may often be promoted to a place to which he has no claim—need not be unhappy if he is sent in without a partner. He may always console himself with the thought that it relieves him from responsibilities. He may sometimes be consoled also by the privilege of sitting next his hostess, or he may be left to his own wits to seat himself by the person he prefers. Places are marked or not, as the case may be. It is when dinner is over that differences in different houses become most marked. The host may keep his men friends long from the ladies, or join them almost at once — though never accompanying them into the drawing-room—or not join them at all, but adjourn to the billiard-room or library, and let the ladies join the men there, and so finish the evening. There may be cards in the drawing-room; often there is only talk while the ladies remain; sometimes an effort at general conversation, seldom successful; more commonly a tacit agreement by which people pair off or form groups. Music is not unknown, round games are possible, even a recitation may occur. If two men like to go to the billiard-room before the ladies have retired, there is no law to prevent them. In a large house many rooms may be open, and the resources and opportunities will be many. Unless a royalty be of the party, it is permissible to the guest to say good-night at any time, and, even if there be a royalty, to slip away quietly. The smoking-room is the end of all things for the men, and even men who do not smoke stay to talk or to drink.

It is seldom that breakfast is ceremonious, though there are houses where the hour is fixed, and people are expected to be down punctually, and the company is marshalled as if it were for dinner. They are the rare exceptions. There may be prayers before breakfast, sometimes in a private chapel, which you attend or not, at your choice. The breakfast hour varies from half past eight to ten, and is likely to be on the table or sideboard for an hour. The servants may be in the room or not; in either case, you may forage for yourself at the side-tables on which dishes are put. People straggle in and out—not always the host or hostess—and they who like better to breakfast in their rooms may. Thence onward to luncheon, which often follows rather closely on breakfast, the guest is his own master, unless bidden to shoot, or unless it be a house where there is an ordered attention to the guest all day long—a habit much more French than English. Walks, of course, and drives, and excursions of many kinds, in which one may take part or not; and so tea-time comes round again. The day has passed, you hardly know how, but to your pleasure, and, it is to be hoped, to the pleasure of others. For I come back to that as the golden rule of country-house life: a constant regard for others, a sense of agreeable obligation to contribute to the pleasure of all, including—which people have been known to forget — those who entertain you. To set such things down in print, or to read them, is to lose the flavor of them. It is like describing a perfume—it cannot be done. Conversation, social intercourse in its best and most various forms, acquaintances made, intimacies rapidly springing up, the sense of home life and of novelty blended in the most delightful ways — these are not to be described, but to be experienced; and nowhere is the experience so complete or so charming as in a good house in the country.

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THE EDUCATION OF BOB.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

BOB YORKE, a stout little fellow of eight, lay on his stomach on the grass, yawning over a prayer-book which was spread open before him. His sister, who sat on the door-step beside him, took it up.

"Surely you know it now! 'My duty towards my neighbor is—'?"

"'To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and—' There's a snake-feeder, Lizzy, just back of your ear!"

Lizzy screamed and beat wildly at the darting insect, then sat down, pale and resolute. "Go on, Bob. 'My duty—'?"

"'To order myself'—no; 'to keep my hands from picking—'"

"Why do you say that over so often?" said the girl, impatiently. "Of course you know that the gist of the answer lies in the words 'to do to all men as I would they should do to me.' That is all that is necessary for people like us. All these details about stealing and lying and so on are written for the pore whites and negroes. It must be explained to them, pore souls. Of course *we* never would commit such sins. I do want to bring you up to be an example to them, Bobby!" she said, earnestly. "A real Virginia gentleman."

"Yes, I know. Lemme go now, sis. I'll learn it to-morrow."

"Yes." But she still held his dirty little paw fondly, patting it.

The sun had dropped behind the mountains and a cool wind blew through the valley. The village was wakening after the torpid heat of the day. One or two negroes lounged whistling along the grassy road which divided the dozen houses, driving the cows home from pasture; the chickens crowed loudly as they hopped up into the trees to roost. Whiffs of coffee and broiling ham came on the air with more poetic scents, for the Crossing was rich in honeysuckle and roses.

They climbed over the great Yorke homestead yonder on the hill until nobody could see the crumbling walls and rotting roofs, and they massed themselves on the little wooden house in which Lizzy stood until it became a bower of color and perfume, hiding even the gilt sign, "Telegraph-Office," from sight.

"It's supper-time," said Bob, wriggling himself loose.

"Not yet. I can't close the office until seven."

"There comes Colonel Champernoun down the road. I want to ask him about his terriers."

Lizzy dropped his hand and he darted off. She patted her hair nervously, and pulled the soft brown rings over her thin temples. The blood rose in her cheeks enough to remind one that she had once been pretty.

Eight years ago Judge Yorke was killed at Antietam, and a month later his wife had died in giving birth to Bob. Lizzy had found herself with a great house, and not a dollar to buy food for herself and the child lying in her arms. Eight years of struggle for life does not improve a woman's beauty.

It had been a hard fight. She was not an intelligent girl. She had no talent for doing anything. Her neighbors at Bear Crossing were all poor together after the war. She dug and planted with the others. Sometimes she and Bob had enough to eat, but oftener they went hungry to bed.

Then something happened. A director of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, camping one summer in the Cheat Mountains, established a telegraph-station at the Crossing to keep himself within talking distance of the world. One of the outbuildings on the Yorke estate was used as an office. Lizzy was kind to the girl who came as an operator, and she, in return, taught her her trade. The third year the girl was married, and Lizzy applied for the office. The Crossing applauded her loudly.

"No occupation can affect the standing of a Yorke," they said, "and the judge's little girl likes to have money for fallals, naturally."

For though Lizzy was twenty-six the childish quiver in her voice and the fun in her blue eyes still made her a little girl in the eyes of the Crossing.

Lizzy hoarded every cent of her earnings in a paper box, on which she had painted "College Fund for Robert Yorke," a green vine forming the letters. As she was paid only a percentage on despatches, the fund now amounted to but twenty-three dollars and forty cents.

"It's a beginning," she would say to

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Bob, triumphantly, and go to work with fresh zeal to drill him in the Latin grammar and the catechism. She was determined to make a man of him.

She laughed to herself now excitedly as she saw him talking to the stout little man in the road. "He is just as cool when he talks to Colonel Champernoun as if he were any common man," she said, proudly. But, dearly as she loved Bob, when they separated it was not he but the colonel whom she watched.

He sauntered down the hill, swinging his cane. The men at the Crossing were usually muddy and mussed as to clothes, but Colonel Champernoun's trousers were well creased, his high hat was polished, and his blue satin cravat set off his olive complexion and black eyes. The Crosby girls were in their hammocks, as usual. They belonged to a common type of Southern girl, with the conventional white muslin, haughty eyes, and alluring lips, all of which had played their part through a dozen engagements.

"He is going to stop!" Lizzy said, with a catch in her throat.

He did stop, shading his eyes with his hand. "'Pon my soul, Miss Flora, I cahn't look at you! Your beauty is dazzling to-day. Dazzling!"

The Crosbys laughed and swung faster in their hammocks, patting seats for him, which they tempted him to take with furtive glances and coy tossings of the chin.

Sam Champernoun might flirt, but he never romped. He squeezed Miss Flora's hand and looked tenderly at Miss May, and then sauntered on, swinging his cane. The girls laughed and yawned. "Old bore!" they said. Even while they talked to him they had shot sharp glances at the bald spot on his head, and the puffy double chin, and the old satin waistcoat buttoned tightly over his paunchy stomach. Poor Sam's worn clothes and compliments had not the "go" in them of those of the smart undergraduates from Charlottesville who ran down on Sundays to swing in the hammocks.

He had reached Elizabeth now. He shaded his eyes with his hand. "Bless me, Miss Lizzy! I simply cahn't look at you this evening! You are radiant! Positively radiant!"

The blood rose to Lizzy's head, making her giddy. Champernoun seldom paid her compliments, there having been that between them which made him grave when he saw her. But just now he was warm from practice. It was as natural for Sam to make love to every young woman as to smell a rose.

His glance swept approvingly over Elizabeth's pretty figure in its soft gown of dark blue. Nobody had such white dimpled arms. (She wore angel sleeves, though really angel sleeves had gone out two years before.)

He struck the telegraph wire with his cane. "'News from all nations lumbering at its back!'" he quoted. "And the news to come to you, Miss Yorke, of all people! One would as soon think of despatches sent to Eve in her garden!"

Lizzy had heard him say it all two or three times before, but it seemed to her as brilliant wit as at first, and even now she had no fit answer ready. The pale pink came and went in her cheeks. She could think of nothing at all to say, and the silence was growing too significant. Champernoun came a step closer.

"How sweet your roses are to-night!" he said. "'Of all the garden, herself the fairest flower!'" he whispered.

That quotation too he had often used before, but she thought there was a new meaning in his voice to-night. She drew back and picked up her hat with unsteady fingers.

She meant to avoid him. Champernoun, seeing that, lost control of himself for a moment, and pressed still closer, until he felt her breath upon his cheek. How milky sweet it was!

"Why do you fly from me?" he panted. "I want—I want—"

What was he doing? He could not marry— Was he going to play the poltroon now? He had held back like a man all these years—

He stood erect, breathing hard. "The rose at your throat—will you give it to me?"

She took it out and gave it to him. "I really must find Bob," she said, suddenly smiling and cool. "Good-evening, Mr. Champernoun."

"Good-evening, Miss Yorke." He stood until she had turned away, hat in hand, and then put it on and went gloomily down the road. How long was he to sacrifice his life for his family? He had dragged on this miserable lonely existence for years. Very few young fellows would have played as manly a part, he reflected. He began to swing his cane

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complacently. As he neared his own house there was a scent of frying chicken in the air.

"I forgot to tell Barby to make a rum omelet," he muttered, and quickened his steps.

Doctor Justice and Squire Lyon were playing draughts on the squire's veranda, and had watched Champernoun's progress down the hill.

"What's Sam foolin' round the Crosby girls for?" growled the doctor. "He's been waitin' on Lizzy Yorke ever since the judge died."

"An' he'll wait until she dies," replied Squire Lyon. "I've no use for Sam Champernoun."

"Well, sah, he's considered to be the strongest man before a jury on this circuit."

"I know it; but he barely scrapes together enough money to keep his mother and them two sisters from starvin'. Why does he sit rollin' his thumbs round each other waitin' for cases? Why don't he step out to the front?"

"Sam has ability," said the doctor, guardedly. "Undoubtedly he has ability."

"Yes. To fill a rut. Make him Governor of Virginia, sah, and he'd play his part well. Make him whiskey-gauger, and he'll gauge whiskey to the end. Why don't he get out of the rut? He ought to borrow a little push and cheek from this Yankee Miller that's nosin' and prospectin' around. That's the capital that Sam wants—cheek, and Miller has more than his share."

"What's that Miller after, anyhow? The game's mine, squire, in four moves."

"Yes, it is." The squire closed the board. "What's Miller after? I'd like to know myself. My opinion is that he means to build a big hotel and make the Crossing a great summer resort. He's been talkin' continually about scenery, an' he goes about smellin' bits of mud and tastin' the water. On the lookout for mineral springs, I reckon. He's been talking to me about that waste lot on the Yorke property, I bein' Elizabeth's gardeen nominally."

"There's no scenery there. Nor wells. It's as barren a field as is in Bear Crossing."

"Yes," said the squire, with the dignity befitting a guardian. "But it has its value, sah—it has its value. Miller's made a hahnsome offer for it. I confess I was startled by that offer. I'm goin' down to consult Lizzy about it after supper."

The doctor made a clucking ejaculation of surprise at this startling piece of news, and rose, anxious to hurry home and convey it to Mrs. Justice.

"But how can the land be sold," he said, pausing, "Bob being a minor?"

"Judge Yorke left all the property to Lizzy. Bob wasn't even expected when he made his will. But if she sells, every dollar of the money will go for that little scoundrel's education. Women's all alike."

"Yes," said the doctor, thoughtfully, buttoning his coat. "It 'll all go to Bob. Or—to Sam Champernoun."

The squire fully intended to tell Elizabeth of Miller's offer that evening, but at supper he mentioned the matter to his wife, who remarked that that ground came to the Yorke family through the Porters. The squire assured her that it was part of the dower of Sally Page Leigh, Lizzy's great-aunt. Mrs. Lyon was so sure of her facts that the discussion lasted until bedtime.

"I'll explain Miller's offer to Lizzy in the morning," said the squire, "before I start to Romney. I've urgent business at Romney. Must be off at ten."

But breakfast was late, and somebody dropped in while they were still at the table, with the story of a great trout catch four years ago. The squire had heard it a dozen times, but was not quite sure of all the details. Hence it was eleven o'clock when he jogged leisurely past the inn on his old mare.

Miller, a thick-set, black-a-vised man, came out and caught Jenny's bridle.

"Well? What did the young woman say?" he demanded. "You were to call at ten and give me her answer."

"Is that so? Why, I declare, sah, I forgot that! I haven't conversed with Miss Yorke upon the subject as yet. I beg your pardon, Mr. Miller, sah. I really deplore my shortcomings. But I am *en route* to Romney now. Thah's plenty of time—plenty. The field won't run away. No hurry, sah!"

"No hurry? Nobody in this dead town knows the meaning of the word. But I do. If my offer isn't worth consideration, I throw up the matter."

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"I'll call at once upon Miss Yorke, then, sah. Her interests must not suffer from my neglect." He tried to turn his horse, but Miller kept his hand upon the bridle.

"No. I'll see her myself. I'll take the thing in my own hands. Don't let me delay your business in Romney, I beg!"

The squire saw no sarcasm in the entreaty, but nodded good-humoredly and rode on, remarking that he would set it all right to-morrow. Valuable property couldn't change hands in ten minutes!

Mr. Miller made his way to the telegraph-office. As soon as he reached the door he began to talk. His strident voice rasped through the soft summer day. "When I have anything to say, I say it!" he often remarked of himself. "That's *my* method. And I never repeat." He was a young man, and this was his first important speculation. It behooved him to be especially hard and sharp, as the other party was a young and a pretty woman.

"My name's Miller, ma'am," he began—"John P. Miller, of Ohio County. I propose to buy a tract from you known as the South Meadow. It contains, I have ascertained, twenty acres and a fraction. It will be worth to me six thousand two hundred and thirty-two dollars—cash. Is that satisfactory?"

Elizabeth rose, trembling with amazement, and looked at him, her lips a little open. When she found her voice, "Oh, certainly, sah!" she said. "The South Slope? Good gracious! Why, that's pore ground! Too pore even for tobacco! I don't want to take advantage of you, Mr. Miller. If you intended to plant corn—"

"I don't intend to plant corn on it. You would be satisfied with that price?"

"Oh, indeed, yes! It's so surprisin' to me! I don't think father would object to my selling the South Slope?" anxiously. "It's not like selling the home farm."

"I thought your father was dead, ma'am?"

"Eight years ago, Mr. Miller. But of course his wishes are absolute here."

"Oh yes: I see. Well, I don't make the offer definitely, you understand. I only say that if I make it, that's the price I'm willing to pay, and no more. I'm in treaty for another lot near Charleston, and I'm to hear from the owner to-day whether he will accept my terms. If he won't, then I'll take your meadow."

"Oh! . You don't make it definitely?" Lizzy's lips parted again, and her jaws grew pallid. "Six thousand—"

"Two hundred and thirty-two dollars. That's the limit."

"You expect to hear from the gentleman to-day?"

"Ought to be a letter in the post now. If not, I'll wait till this evening's mail at six, and if he hasn't taken my bid then, I'll clinch the bargain with you."

He raised his hat with a flourish, and walked down the hill. Elizabeth watched him. Bob jerked her hand. "What 'd he want?" said he.

"Hush-h." She leaned forward, still watching, breathless.

Miller stopped at the shop door, into which the mail-bag had just been carried. He came out in a minute.

"No letter," gasped Lizzy. "But there's a mail to-night—"

"What is it? D'ye want to hear my catechism, sis?"

"No, not just now. Oh, Bobby, did you hear? You'll go to college!"

"You always said I should go to college."

"Yes. But I only had the money in the box—"

Her legs gave way. She sat down and cried a little. Could the man be mad? He evidently was not a gentleman. Six thousand for that waste land! No; she had seen the squire talking to him as an equal. He must be sane.

It was a mine of gold! She would be very careful of it. Bob could go to Charlottesville—and— She flushed shyly. Nobody need be afraid to care for her now. She would have an independence. She did not blame Colonel Champernoun; there was not a hard thought of him in her tender heart. It was quite right, she was sure, for him to have considered his mother and sisters first. They were used to soft living; so was he. He could not bring her and Bob into the family—two paupers. She quite understood!

Her eyes happened just then to fall upon her cotton stockings. "Madam Champernoun always wears silk, and so does the colonel," she reflected. "He wished his wife to dress in that way. Dear me! I never cared much for clothes! It isn't *clothes* that count in life." She pushed the hair back from her worn face with a sigh. She had often noted Sam's dainty foot-gear. They seemed to line out the gulf between them—impassable.

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But now! Six thousand! Everything could come out of that—college and silk stockings and all. It was a great sum.

The colonel at that moment tapped at the door. He had seen Miller leave the office, and ran down the hill in furious haste, not even stopping to put his hands in his pockets.

"Good-mornin', Miss Yorke! I beg your pardon, but I saw that drummer—Jew—whatever he is, here. I thought I might be useful. What's he intrudin' for?"

"Oh, it was a pleasant intrusion, colonel." Lizzy laughed hysterically. "He came on business. He thinks of buyin' the South Meadow. For cash. For six thousand dollars and more."

"Oh—o!" Sam in an instant was a shrewd man of business. "That's a big price. For cash? I wonder what he's up to? You had better put the business in Squire Lyon's hands, Miss Yorke. He'll see that it's all square. Six thousand! Why, you'll be quite an heiress! Nobody in the Crossing has that much money," he said, smiling kindly down at her.

Elizabeth flushed and sparkled. "I mean to send Bob through college with some of it. And the old house must be repaired; and—oh, we need a great many things! But Bob and I can live in luxury now."

The pudgy old beau looked down into her beaming face. Inside of his smug complacency there was a queer wrench of his heart. "You haven't had so much luxury, God knows," he muttered. "And it's to come to you now through a Jew drummer, and not— Well, good-mornin', Miss Lizzy. Call in Squire Lyon to see to that matter!"

He trotted up the hill again. What a child she was! Luxury in that handful of money! It would carry Bob through college, and she— He rubbed his hands, his blood flamed. How soft and fair she was! her very breath was milky sweet! He had denied himself all of these years a man's birthright; but now he had made up his mind what to do—almost.

It was a long, hot day. Elizabeth did not leave the office even for a moment. Mr. Miller might decide not to wait for the evening mail, and come to clinch the bargain. She must be there ready. Bob staid with her all day. She did not pester him once with Latin or the catechism, but told him stories of how he would live at college, and be captain of the football team, and take the first honors. "Though you may not go to college at all!" she would interrupt herself with a nervous gulp. "It depends on a man in Charleston. You may have to stay just here, and be telegraph operator when I am dead."

"Oh, stuff!" said Bob. "I'll not live in this poky office. And what 'll you die for?"

He watched her without pity as she dropped her head on the table, crying. In his infant manly breast was the budding conviction that all women were silly.

The day wore on; the mountain shadows began to lengthen at last. She heard down in the valley the rumble of the stage-coach which brought the mail. In an hour she would know. She sent Bob away, and sat down opposite the clock to wait.

The coach came up, passed, stopped at the post-office; the bag was carried in, the door shut. In a half-hour now—

She got up and gathered some roses from the vines by the window. She would not think of it. What did the money matter?

Matter? It was life for Bob—for her.

The post-office door was opened. She saw Miller among the men going in. He came out quickly, his hands empty. The man in Charleston had not taken his bid!

He stopped to speak to somebody, and then slowly came down the hill—to clinch the bargain.

As Elizabeth turned from the door, the call on the telegraph sounded. She went to it mechanically, and taking out a pad, began to take down the message.

"Wheeling. John P. Miller, Bear Crossing. Your offer accepted. Will conclude sale on my return home next month. Can furnish searches and satisfactory proof of title. G. SANDFORD."

She finished the last word, and then looked at her own writing on the yellow pad.

"I've lost it. I've lost it, Bob!" she whispered. Her throat was strangely dry; she could not swallow. Bob was not there. Through the window she saw Miller standing on the sunny road talk-

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ing to Colonel Champernoun. They would be here in a minute.

She rose, tore off the despatch to put it in an envelope. "It's hard to give in the bid against myself," she said, with a hoarse laugh. Then she stopped.

What if she did not give it in?

He had said that if he did not hear from Sandford before six he would buy the South Meadow. The clock was on the stroke. It would strike before he came.

It would be easily done. Sandford was away from home. He probably would not write for a month, as he said. In the mean time the South Meadow would be sold. She would have the money.

They were coming. The clock struck. It was after six. She laid the slip of paper on the table.

It was right to do it. There was Bob outside, shabby, barefooted. Was he to grow up in the gutter—a pore white? She looked at Sam, his kind, strong face. Was she never to have what she wanted? Oh God! how she wanted it!

Colonel Champernoun pushed the door open and motioned to Miller to enter, bowing ceremoniously to Elizabeth. "Miss Yorke," he said, formally, "Mr. Miller desires the honor of an interview with you on an important matter. As Squire Lyon is absent, I have ventured to come with him as your man of business. He proposes to buy the South Meadow."

"Yes, yes, Miss Yorke and I understand the thing. No need of men of business." Miller bustled forward. "You see, ma'am, I want to invest a little money in a tract of land for a certain purpose. There was one lot near Charleston that suited me to a T. But the owner has not taken my bid. I expected a letter from him this mail, but he hasn't written."

Elizabeth stood by the table, her hand resting on a slip of paper. Her eyes were fixed on Bob, who stood in the door.

"He hasn't written," continued Miller, "so I will take your land, Miss Yorke, at the price fixed. Cash."

"He did not write," said Elizabeth, slowly. "He sent this." She held out the yellow slip.

Miller caught it eagerly and read it. "Good!" he said, jamming it into his pocket. "Good! I'd rather have the Charleston lot by large odds. Well, of course that puts an end to our bargain, Miss Yorke. Sorry to have bothered you—" He stopped short, staring at the girl's uplifted head and luminous eyes with a startled admiration. "I'm pleased to have made your acquaintance," he stammered, coming closer, with a cringing smile.

"The business is finished. We need not detain the lady any longer," Sam said, curtly, opening the door and bowing Miller out of it.

They were gone, and she sat down and dropped her head on the table. She could not cry nor sob. She was cold and hungry to the soul, and always would be. She heard the door open, but did not look up, thinking it was Bob — Bob, whose life she had spoiled rather than do that little thing. Such a harmless little thing!

Then a strong arm was around her. "Elizabeth," said Sam, and there was something like a sob in his throat, "this thing has gone on long enough. You strugglin' on all these years like a pore little bird with its wing broken, and me lookin' on doin' nothin'. By God, there's not much of the man in me! But will you take what there is? Lizzy, do you hear me? Will you marry me and let me fend for you and Bob?"

Elizabeth stood up, flushed and panting. "I'm so ugly and old now," she said. "And"—she looked down at her stockings, and the tears gushed out—"I haven't a thing fit for you to see."

Never since Lee's surrender had the Crossing been so convulsed with excitement as on the day when Elizabeth's engagement was made known. "This projected alliance of our two leading families," said the local paper, "has interested the whole social world of Virginia."

Everybody knew that owing to the unfortunate *mésalliance* of a Champernoun, in the early part of the century, with a peddler, Sam's rank was a little inferior to that of the Yorke's. For this unspoken reason his mother gave Elizabeth a cordial welcome.

There was an impromptu dinner and reception at the Champernoun house that evening. All the village was there, and among them Squire Lyon, who, on his belated return from Romney, was greeted by the astounding news.

He drew Elizabeth aside. "I'm not surprised, Miss Yorke," he said. "I've watched the colonel's efforts to win your

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affections for years. I despaired for him! I despaired! You beautiful women are all ice—ice. I thank Heaven he succeeded at last. Sam is a noble gentleman." At which Lizzy blushed and sparkled as she clung to the old squire's arm. He mentioned to her presently that a man in Romney had approached him in regard to leasing the South Meadow for five years, paying twenty per cent. of the profits for rent.

Elizabeth scarcely heard him. There were other things to think of now than South Meadows. "I'm afraid," she said, "the pore man will lose his money. He cahn't even raise tobacco on it."

"Shall I conclude the bargain, then?" the squire asked. "I will see that the terms are fair."

"Oh, certainly. Give it away if you choose. I don't care for it—now," she murmured, with a happy gurgle.

The squire the next day brought her a paper to sign, which she did not read. The colonel had just put the engagement-ring on her finger, a diamond which had served to betroth five generations of Champernouns. She turned it, flashing in the sun. How could she think of waste lots?

The wedding took place within the month. A wealthy cousin in Georgia, to keep up the credit of the family, sent Elizabeth some pretty white gowns and an ancient brocade which had belonged to her grandmother. But Lizzy chose to be married in a blue muslin, which she herself had bought, with flowing sleeves that showed her white dimpled arms. The money in the paper box she spent for a Highland suit for Bob fit for a young prince. He was to visit Madam Champernoun while Elizabeth was gone upon her wedding-journey.

This journey lasted several weeks. Colonel Champernoun had handed over his cases to Squire Lyon, and borrowed plenty of money.

"So there is no reason," he said, "why I should not enjoy this happy holiday. I don't intend ever to take another. I am going to settle down to hard work."

Elizabeth looked at him wistfully.

"I mean," said Sam, loudly, "that you shall be proud of your husband. I have won the loveliest lady in Virginia, and she shall not be ashamed of me. I mean to end in a seat in the Supreme Court of the United States!"

He looked at her solemnly. She laughed and glowed, patting his arm softly.

"But," he continued, gravely, "it will take work, hard, unintermitting work."

And again she looked at him anxiously, and the glow faded from her cheeks.

On the evening of their return, their friends, in carriages and on horseback, met them at the station, several miles from the village. After the first noisy greeting Elizabeth was conscious of a strange silence among them. The troop hurried on in smothered excitement.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked. "What has happened?" Nobody answered. She looked at Madam Champernoun's smiling face beside her, and felt Bob's chubby legs as he sat on her lap. He was safe, thank God!

The Champernoun girls galloped wildly on and came back. Doctor Justice and Squire Lyon rode close beside her carriage with portentous gravity. It was a cloudy evening, and the drive through the forest was dark. Sam felt Lizzy's hand tremble as he held it.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered. "It is some foolish surprise they have planned to welcome us, no doubt. This is not the road to the village," he shouted, as the cavalcade turned to the left.

Nobody answered.

The next moment, turning sharply around the spur of the mountain, a plain lay before them, in the centre of which a thin pillar of fire rose to the sky, wavering and bending with the wind.

Elizabeth caught Bob to her breast and gasped in terror. The carriage stopped.

"This is the South Meadow," said Squire Lyon, in an official tone. "Mrs. Champernoun is the owner of the Great Yorke, the largest gas-well in Virginia. That blaze you see is one of its little spurts. It is bringing in already thousands of dollars a day. Miller suspected there was gas here, but wasn't sure."

Everybody, now that the curtain was lifted, cheered and laughed, and shook hands with the colonel and Lizzy.

"Your wife has brought you a great dower, sah," Doctor Justice said impressively to Sam, who laughed nervously, and said loftily that he was a little sorry. Any man who was a man would prefer to work to support his wife.

Elizabeth hugged the boy close. "I'll make a man of you now, Bob," she whispered. "I'll make a man of you!"

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"LAWS TER GRACIOUS, MISS JULE!"

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

BEFORE the house was improved off the face of Fifteenth Street it had an addition in the rear, into the long low upper room of which opened a door on the landing half-way up the front stairs. And there, part of the room curtained away for a bed, lodged Mrs. Gilroy and her daughter Connie, the most conspicuous article of their very poor furnishing a great gilded harp, which afforded a singular contrast to the dingy carpet, the calico lounge, the bare walls.

The Gilroys had come up from the South. But as they never said anything concerning themselves, for a time no one immediately about them knew if the war had ruined their fortunes, or if they had never had any fortunes. It was remembered that the daughter had once been at school at the convent over in Georgetown, and that Sister Blandine had taught her music, and that was all. They had no influence, no friends, almost no acquaintances. The daughter, with some slight thrill of the instinct of the new generation, had gone to the Representatives of her State and had asked them to procure her a situation under government; and possibly moved by her wonderful white beauty, they had found her a place in the Printing Bureau, at forty-five dollars a month. She had not far to walk to her work, which at that time had its hot and close quarters directly under the roof of the Treasury Building; and wrapped in a great apron, she did without a sign of discomposure what once she would hardly have asked of her slaves.

That she had had slaves, Tolly, after her own appearance on the scene, took care that every one should know. "She 'ain' neber lif' her han' ter her head," said Tolly once to the messenger, "wid a t'ousan' niggers ter say do dis an' dey done do it. Yere, now, honey," opening the little luncheon she had brought up from her own kitchen, "yo' ma say yo' pick eb'ry bone—he was crowin' w'en de ball done fall, dat ar birhed was. She say she ain' no way satisfy in regards to yo' appletite, Miss Connie."

But if Tolly was communicative, Miss

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Connie was very silent, making no conversation, prosecuting no acquaintance. It was generally supposed that her silence was an expression of proud unwillingness, and of course it did not render her popular in the office.

But there was a good deal of concern in the lodging-house regarding their poor affairs; for it was evident that they had no money, and equally evident that their monthly income could do no more than pay the rent of their room and give them the simplest food. That was the reason that to more than one person in the house the flapping sound that came every night at about ten o'clock brought something like a startled pang of foreboding. It was Mrs. Gilroy shaking Miss Connie's skirt again and once again out of the window. Carefully then she went over it, picking off every bit of lint, and brushing it daintily as if it were a fairy cobweb. For how in the world, when that was gone, would they ever be able to have another? And every one who heard the sound knew that was the mother's thought; and although several would have been glad to slip the price of a new gown under the door on the landing, yet every one felt it would be inflicting a wound. Indeed, as well offer charity to a princess of the blood as to this cold and unapproachably sweet Miss Constantia Gilroy and her languid mother—a dark and slender little woman, who was only an unquenchable spirit and a ganglion of nerves.

Once in a while some of the ladies in the house stepped into Mrs. Gilroy's room for a half-hour's chat in the early evening, admitted perhaps by Tolly, who was usually to be found there then—her old Tolly, on whom she had stumbled in the street. "Dess es grad ter see me es ef de Lawd hed fotch me wid a string—an' so he did, I spec' I reckon. 'Ain' had de misery in my breas' since," said Tolly. "Own folkses de bes' kin' er med'cine, sho 'nuff." Very rarely indeed Mrs. Gilroy and her daughter returned the call. But no one went too often. Tolly, to be sure, came up from her shanty every evening, not able to express sufficiently her contentment at having found her former mistress and the child, whose mammy she had been. The breath of liberty was sweet in Tolly's nostrils; she had a huge regard for her Cassio as a free man, who owned his own mule and tip-cart; even her son, Aby, seemed to her a superior being, having been born free. They were a part of herself. But if to her unspoken fancy Miss Jule had not immortal ichor in her veins, yet she belonged to a region somewhere between heaven and earth, and it was Tolly's pride and joy that she was allowed to love her.

But the Gilroys slipped in and out of the house so silently that it seemed as if their concern were only to efface themselves; as if they would not obtrude upon the recollection of fate, lest they should be dealt fresh blows. Only sometimes, late in the evening, out of the long low room the tones of the harp throbbed full and golden, till one felt as if great wings were sweeping through the house.

At least that is what Jack Knowles felt. And from the first time he heard it he could never quite dissever his thought of Connie Gilroy and of some white and lofty princess of a time of fabled story. Poor Connie—tall and fair and stately as ever any princess was, and innocent past belief; for never any one lived, except Connie's mother, more ignorant of the world of men and the world of books, and, alas! of almost everything else. Poor Connie's mother, too, in whose mind there were but four distinct ideas—that she was a rebel; that to be in society was to be blessed; that Connie was a beauty; that they might lose the office — was as much a child as her daughter, and timid as if the world was a den of lions.

Hélène and Agnes Boynewater had just come over to meet their father, the General, who had, as it chanced, all the first floor of the house and part of the second, and they remembered, as soon as they saw her, that they had been at school with Connie at the Sacred Heart; and they tapped at the door one night, as they heard the harp-playing, and made a call, that began with stateliness and ended with a little—a very little—good-fellowship. They made two or three calls before any were returned.

"It's too bad, Hélène," said Agnes, one night, as she slipped on her new gown. "Connie would be such a beauty in a dress like this. She would like it so! And we could take her as well as not—Mrs. Brownlow is so good-natured. It would be better than a play to see her; it really would. And it would be so nice to give her a glimpse of the world."

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"To give the world a glimpse of her."

"I suppose she could have a dress well enough. There's my white crêpe and that box of blue forget-me-nots."

"I don't believe it would do. You see, she couldn't go on with it."

"It would be a great lark."

"Well, anyway, the hair-dresser has gone."

"So she has," said Agnes, ruefully, surveying now in the glass the towering mass of her own curls. "Well, we will run in and ask them if we look all right."

"Oh, no; it would hurt them."

"Hurt them! That's all you know of human nature, Hélène Boynewater!"

And although the General's voice rose in intermittent peals of thunder, they ran in, while the carriage waited, their fans in their hands and their cloaks on their arms, for Mrs. Gilroy to tell them whether, if Hélène wore the pearls that had been their mother's, Agnes might not wear the little diamond clasps.

"Young ladies usedn't to wear diamonds in my day," said Mrs. Gilroy, her fingers twinkling rapturously in and out of the bows and puffs, quite in her element, and feeling as if she were going into society herself. "But I just don't know what they do now, honey."

"Well, I won't wear the pearls, either," said Hélène, as she undid them and tossed the shining string on the lounge.

"Oh, but pearls are mighty different! Indeed, indeedy!" said Mrs. Gilroy.

"They may stay there, mayn't they, Mrs. Gilroy, till I come for them?" she asked.

"Yes, m'am, of course. And you'll be the belles of the ball, with them or without them! Two such sweet girls! We shall read about you in the *Star* to-morrow."

And then the gay visions of snowy tulle and long bright ribbon-grasses were flashing down the rest of the stairway, and the pleasant voices were piping, "Yes, yes, papa, here we are!"

And Mrs. Gilroy, staring after them a moment, suddenly recovered herself, as if she had been dropped from the sky, and shot the bolt of the door, and turned to Connie with an indescribable air of hopelessness, holding out her arms, much as the loved lady-in-waiting might to a young queen deprived of her queendom.

"Ma dear," said Connie, after the moment in which she stood drooping her lovely head over her mother's, "I don't really mind."

Mrs. Gilroy's sigh was breathed from the very source of tears. To be debarred by poverty from their rights!

"Oh, but I don't mind at all," said Connie. "What does it signify, ma dear, so long as we're together?"

"Oh, I never thought," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Gilroy—"when I went with your pa to the first assembly, and the Governor opened the ball with me, and every one said I was the very picture of a bride—and he was on his way up here, and I was right glad to come with him, and I stood with the White House ladies in the receiving-line—I had a rose-pink taffeta and a string of pearls of my own," cried Mrs. Gilroy, forgetting to cry for a moment. "And an Admiral was your godpapa, and so was his wife, and now every one is dead, or gone—I don't know where it is they're at at all"—with fresh tears. "I try—I try—not to cry,—but when I thought you would be cared for like a drop of honey in a flower—"

"I am, ma dear, I am! You're so good to me—every one is,—and Tolly's such a blessing! Just think of our luck in finding Tolly, and having this place, and this room!"

"Oh, my goodness! Our luck! In being allowed to live!" Then, Mrs. Gilroy's thoughts flashing to another electric point, "And those dear girls!" she cried, as she wiped her eyes. "They did look powerful pretty. But, oh, Connie, honey," gazing at the tall fair girl and twisting the pearls in her hand, "the old portrait in the west parlor—that is what you would be in pearls and a white satin. My heart! When I saw that white satin skirheet in the portrait ripped up with Sherman's bayonets, I felt as if it was my own gown—"

And then Connie's harp rang out the air of "The Young Chevalier," and Jack Knowles, hearing it as he came down from his upper room, could make up his mind to follow the Boynewaters only because he had no acquaintance with the Gilroys.

It was the next day, after office hours, that, just as Connie in her blue wrapper came from the bath, which always seemed to her a necessary antidote to the atmosphere of the day's work, Hélène and Agnes rapped again at the low door on the landing. "We want to borrow you," they said to Connie. And they rustled

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"THE HARP THROBBED FULL AND GOLDEN."

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out of the room with her before she could gainsay them, and had her up in their own room, buried in a big towel, with Mademoiselle Vide's fingers twirling the pale thick strands and masses of her hair, heaping curl over curl and braid over braid. "There!" said Hélène, as mademoiselle gathered her paraphernalia and disappeared. "One must take Vide when one can have her. She came in the forenoon once, and we had to hold ourselves just so all day long. You dear wondering dear, you're just too lovely for anything! An old French picture isn't a circumstance to you. Now—you won't mind—you're going out with us, and you're going to wear this white crêpe—"

"No, no, no!" with frightened eyes.

"Yes, yes, yes! It will never be known—there are such dozens of crêpes. And we've wreathed it with these great silk cactus flowers—no one but a white thing like you could wear the scarlet flames. And you shall have the pearls—"

"Oh, you don't understand. I can't!"

"And we're all going to the President's levee with papa. We thought you might object to going to Mrs. Daingerfield's or Mrs. Dusenbury's without a card, but the President's house, you know, is your house, and you've a right to go there."

"Oh!" cried Connie, when she could be heard. "It never would do in the world. You don't see!—I'm only a girl in the Printing Bureau—"

"You're our company to-night. And I guess a girl in the Printing Bureau is as good as a girl in the White House."

"But I don't belong—I couldn't keep it up. Oh, you don't know how kind you are—how I should like to go! But it isn't to be thought of!"

And then suddenly Hélène and Agnes rushed down for Mrs. Gilroy.

"Not go?" cried Mrs. Gilroy, returning with them, her thin face flushed and eager; "when you have the chance? My goodness! why not?"

"Oh, I'm not fit, ma."

"Constantia Gilroy," said her mother, solemnly, "when these people in power were pore white trash your pa and I were drivin' in our own wag'n up to the White Sulphur, and livin' in one of the cottages, and drinkin' the waters, and hearin' the band music, and dancin' every night with the firheest people in the South—"

"But, ma," said Connie, "that has nothing to do with it!"

"Of course she will go, Miss Hélène, and be glad to go. And you are two dears. Yes, it's a mighty heap like Cinderella and two fairy godmothers; and you'll be home from the levee before twelve o'clock, anyway."

And then the girls ran down with her and Connie, their arms full of the things that Connie was to wear. And after their spare dinner Mrs. Gilroy gave each article of dress an inspection, half regretted that Connie's complexion did not require the offices of rouge and powder, and proceeded to lace the girl up in the crêpe gown, setting a knee against her back and pulling might and main.

"Ma!" gasped Connie. "Ma! I can't breathe!"

"You've just got to breathe, honey. There! you'll catch on presently. You've grown right slack, wearin' loose dresses so. Here, Tolly, you help!"

"Laws ter gracious, Miss Jule!" said Tolly, standing off at last and surveying their work. "Ef she ain' de bery spit er de portrait ob ole madame dat hang in de wes' parlor 'foh de wah!"

"Oh, Connie Gilroy," cried her mother, as she wound the pearls about her throat, "what a beauty you are!"

And the girl would not have been a girl, with the great dazzling fearsome world lying out there before her, if she had not blushed and laughed with joy and excitement, kissing her mother, kissing Tolly, and crying to Mrs. Gilroy, "Oh, I wish you were going too!"

"Oh, I wish I was!" And Mrs. Gilroy and Tolley took turns at the crack of the door, as the three glad young things plunged down and joined the little General where he was making the vestibule vocal. And Hélène cried: "Oh, Jack, is this you? Our cousin, Mr. Knowles, Miss Gilroy. You'll have to go on the box, Jack!" And of course that made no difference to Jack, who, when he understood that he was in the company of this heavenly creature, felt as if he had wings on his own shoulders too.

As for Connie, she was in a trance. She had nothing to say to any one. Her wide-open eyes were like great stars in the midnight blue; her cheeks were like soft sweet rose leaves in the sun; her mouth trembled with smiles; she could not have told were she in the body or out of it when the carriage drove under the porte cochère, and she stepped down, and the

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lofty officials slammed the door. Then the doughty little General's broad back and stout elbows made way through the surging mass of all sorts and conditions, and Jack's towering shoulders were equally effective in the rear, and as a bird might suddenly emerge from crowded ways upon clear blue space, she was defiling before the President and a line of spangled ladies, and the music of the Marine Band blew out, and she was making on Jack's arm the endless détour of a vast room that seemed to her unaccustomed eyes, with its draperies, its panels, its wilderness of mirrors, the splendor dripping from its glittering chandeliers, like a dream of kings' palaces—quite unaware that the glances of the moving throng were centring on her as the most beautiful thing there; quite unaware of the gloating eyes of Senator Bortle—big watery floating eyes like robins' eggs on a string; equally unaware of the little dark close-cropped attaché who had asked Jack to present him—Jack, who was a clerk in the State Department, and knew most of the younger diplomats, and held them in angry contempt, and had refused the request.

"Hancock is back, I hear," exclaimed General Boynewater, when they crossed his path, proudly taking Connie on his own arm. "We are going over to Johnny's to drink his health. Meet you later at the Ormonds', Jack." And in the next breath Hélène and Agnes were finding the wraps, and they were walking across Lafayette Square, leaving word for the carriage to follow, and were in a room where a dozen men, and some women so wonderfully clad that Connie could hardly believe she was in the world where she walked every day, were grouped about a mighty gallant blue-eyed hero just back from Indian-fighting, their hands aching from his grasp, while they drank his health in something that to Connie was like sunshine and fire and sweetness and fragrance all foaming together. And then the carriage door had slammed again, and Connie, still wordless, and almost breathless, was whirling away to the Ormonds', the Boynewater girls taking the responsibility, and as delighted with her delight as if they had made this dazzling world of after-dark themselves.

Connie, who had heard of so little, had heard of fairyland; and she experienced a filmy sensation that here it was, as she caught the tones of flute and violin, and bent her lofty head under the palms and long banana leaves, saw the vine-clad stairways where shapes of loveliness ascended and descended, the tall tripods on the landing overflowing with burning roses, slabs bedded with violets, and mantels and doorways streaming with ivies and scarlet passion-flowers, the air meanwhile heavy with the breath of unseen masses of heliotrope and jasmine. She saw, without knowing that she saw, the soft lustre of innumerable wax-lights illumining the shimmer of silk and lace, and the frosty splendor of diamonds that seemed more alive than the beautiful bosoms beneath them, the beautiful faces above them, pouring over the glitter of uniforms and jewelled orders, over the wild flowing of the dance beyond. Then presently she found herself in the front row of the german, two chairs having already been tied together there by Jack. She was taken out more frequently than, on the whole, Jack liked, and danced like glad wild-fire, till she glanced up to meet the bold bleary gaze of Senator Bortle, who leaned against a doorway, unconscious of the stain of Burgundy he wore. Then the instinct of repulsion woke her from her dream and made her only a living, breathing statue, and ten times more beautiful to Jack than she had been before.

It was when the champagne breakfast was served the dancers on the floor that Senator Bortle, having added materially to the Burgundy stains, got himself presented to her; and, in spite of Jack, it was he who put her into the carriage, when, just before the dawn, they all rolled home, dishevelled as bacchantes, weary but joyous. And Mrs. Gilroy opened her door, sleepy, but joyous too, and kissed her finger-tips to the Boynewaters, and drew Connie in, and turned up the gas and looked at her ecstatically. "It's no use going to sleep now," she said. "Tolly will make the coffee presently, and you shall tell me all about it." And she sat like one under a spell, as if it were she that had the dress and the dance and the triumph and the joy, while she listened, leaning forward and holding her tired head in her hands.

Tolly sprang up with a bewildered start from the lounge, where her massive proportions had been reposing in deep slumber. "'Clar' ter goodness!" she exclaimed,

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as she looked at Connie walking up and down the room in the still unquenched pleasure of her story. "Den I ain' dead an' gone ter heben foh sho'! Dess gwine ter say p'intedly, 'I don' desarb it noways, Mars' Gabriel: I done stole Miss Jule's pink ribbin, w'en I warn' dat ar high, toobysho'!'—an' I seed 'twas yo', honey. Yasser, sho's yo' bawn, hi-yi!"

"Tolly staid, because she knew I was right down scared alone with all the dogs barking—"

"An' dese yer conterban's all ober town a-tryin' ter git a man's libin' out'n his mouf," said Tolly. "But dare ain' no more'n time now, I spec I reckon, foh me ter git my ole man's corn bread an' bacon, an' Abram off ter his schule. Dare, honey, yo' neenter be s'prised yo' ole Tolly took yo' foh Gabriel—yo' looks lak a gret butterfly wid his wings tore down. I's be cropin' up agin bime-by, Miss Jule."

"No, no, mammy dear," said Connie. "There's some coffee left over. You run along. And when our ship comes home you shall have a silk gown, Tolly. Good-by now. And, oh, ma," still going on with her recital, "I was waltzing down the room with an officer—oh, not a young man, but so gay, so kind, so pleasant, ma! And who do you reckon it was? You'd never dream—I'll have to tell you—General Sherman!"

"Sherman, Connie! Sherman!" almost shrieked Mrs. Gilroy, clapping her hand over her mouth. "Oh, Connie!—oh, what ever made me let you go? Oh! oh! we did wrong; we might have known—"

"Ma, I just think you believe it was he with his own bayonet—"

"Stabbed the old portraits!"

"Ma dear, you're an unreconstructed rebel!"

"Oh, hush, Connie, hush! If any one heard you—and we lost our place—"

And tired out with pleasure, and vicarious pleasure, they both began to cry, and fell asleep at last in each other's arms, still crying, and only awoke to find that Connie had not a moment to lose in tearing off her finery and getting into her black alpaca and hurrying to her work.

Mrs. Gilroy passed the day shaking and brushing and wiping off the pretty gown, pressing the crumpled ribbons, sewing up here and there a rip, smoothing out the silken petals of the cactus flowers, moistening them with a little quince-water, and tying them into shape till dry; while Tolly, who came up after lunch to talk over the report of victory, spent her energy with bread crumbs on the gloves, till at nightfall the toilet lay almost as fresh and resplendent as it was when Connie put it on.

"'Foh de Lawd, Miss Jule," said Tolly, "we won' be atter keepin' honey fo' long. Ef her pa 'd done lib ter seen 'er las' night yo'd 'a' hatter whoop 'im, sho', de po' chile! She look dess de way a rose wid de dew on it is bleedzed ter look."

"Oh, Tolly," said Mrs. Gilroy, resting her head on the kind and ample bosom, "what a comfort you are!"

"'Deed, then, Miss Jule, ole miss uster say 'twas all Toll was made fo'. Dare, dare, now, a tired lamb—"

"Oh, the day you met up with me in the street and followed me in here, Tolly, if you'd been an angel from heaven the sight of you wouldn't have been half so good!"

"'Clar' ter gracious!" exclaimed Tolly, chuckling with the notion. "W'en Tolly 's one ob dese yer angels, Miss Jule, 'twon' be a brack one. Mind how, w'en her pa shot de w'ite herons, li'l' missy cry fo' fear he done shoot de angels? Alwes was dess so tender-hearted. See her now, I kin, wid her tier full er de chick'ns she tuk fum de speckle hen, dat trompled an' sot onter 'em hebby all she cud do, she ses. It dess maks me die er-laffin' ter 'member de big rooster dat was her pet, tappin' ter de po'ch slats fo' her ter be gwine out. 'Deed she was a sweet lamb! I was tellin' on'y dis yer mornin' ob de time she done stick de rain-lilies all thoo her pooty har, so's ter hab it lookin' like dey wuz her brack mammy's teenty barbecue braids. She dess t'ought her mammy was a holy show dem days, sho' 'nuff." And Tolly lingered with her beguiling reminiscences till Connie opened the door at length, almost too tired to speak, and her old mammy put her to bed and rubbed the life back into her.

"No," said Connie, the next day, "I will take the things back now. I shall not go any more. You see yourself, ma, it isn't possible. Miss Hélène and Miss Agnes can sleep all day. I must be off at work. And it is no use. I am one of the working people now. It was awfully pleasant—but—well, I reckon I've seen it all, anyway." And in spite of her mother's outcry that she was throwing away

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her chances, that she was set as Chickamauga Crag, that she was all Gilroy, without a drop of Talliafero in her, Connie took back the white crêpe and the gloves and the scarf and the cloak and the flowers and all the rest.

"The dear dress!" said her mother, laying it over her arms, and tossing back her head quickly, that the falling tear might not touch it.

"Oh, when you were going to be such a success!" cried Hélène, as Connie surrendered the pretty armful. "And we had such plans and invitations for you!"

"I couldn't accept them, you know."

"And the Senator!" said Agnes.

"Oh, he doesn't signify!"

"Papa thinks he signifies a great deal," said Agnes.

"Miles and miles of lumber-forests and coal-mines. And the combustion of carbon signifies diamonds," said Hélène.

And that night the Boynewaters came up without cards, and with the Senator. And Mrs. Gilroy was in a mild alarm and an amiable flutter, Tolly stepping behind the curtain; but the ivory nymph that leaned across her harp was not more cold and irresponsive than Connie was. It made no difference, however, to the Senator. Archimedes could move the world if he had a place whereon to stand, and the Senator had found the place.

Things that had for so long been moving with a stagnant flow for Connie Gilroy had suddenly begun to rush. She had been detained about her work, and having gone down the Avenue on an errand, was hurrying home in the dusk, when she became aware of a measured step behind her, hastening when she did, and overtaking her; and she turned her head at a word of salutation to find herself addressed by the little dark and close-cropped attaché with whom she had no acquaintance. Without a second glance she quickened her steps, presently to something like a run, as the fellow, endeavoring to speak, kept beside her; and reaching the house at last, she flung herself into the vestibule, only to be followed by him, her shriek of excitement and panic perhaps adding speed to the movement of Jack Knowles, then just sallying forth.

It was Jack's moment. He burst through the door; saw the thing at a glance. "It isn't the first time!" he exclaimed, and he caught the little attaché by the collar and tossed him out on the sidewalk, where he pitched staggering across the bricks, and fell among the cobble-stones of the gutter. He was found there by the police shortly after, and the newspapers next day came near making an international incident of it.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Gilroy, inspired by that one of her ideas which troubled her the most, as Jack, taking his chance in both hands, came in with Connie; "you are in the State Department—he will complain—and you will lose your place."

"No, he won't," said Jack. "If he opens his mouth he'll lose his own place, and he knows it. Oh, I hope you are better now!" turning to the breathless Connie.

Nothing could have been more opportune for Mr. Jack. Of course he had to ask in the morning how Miss Connie was, and to send some roses before him, and to come in the evening and beg to see for himself. And of course Connie played and sang to him, till Senator Bortle tapped at the door; and then Mrs. Gilroy had to tell him the story, and Connie had to grow as still, as the Senator said to himself, as frozen peach and snow.

Nevertheless, the Senator came again, and then he came again, and he did not know, and would not have cared if he had known, that Connie dusted the room every time he left it. The people in the house, except the one or two who knew of Jack's state of mind, felt as if all the Gilroy difficulties had come to an end; for here was there not a Senator of the United States at their command? And was it for a moment to be supposed that a penniless girl, with a penniless mother, dependent on capricious labor, would frown upon his suit?

Jack supposed it, however—but in the face of odds.

"You had better put it behind you, Jack," said General Boynewater. "For you see yourself what are a clerk's chances beside a Senator's."

"Oh, hang a Senator's!" muttered Jack.

"You can't hang a Senator's. Look at it rationally, Jack. There's no one—no one living, short of the Prime Minister of England—who is a Senator's peer. He is the representative in council of a sovereign State. The State may be small, but it is an independent power, and he is its accredited ambassador to the world.

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Here in Washington he is practically omnipotent. If he wants anything, he has every other Senator behind him. A Senator's wife takes precedence of the wife of the British minister. And if you don't know what that means to the feminine heart, it's time you did!"

"I deny your inference," said Jack. He was sure that the heavenly simplicity of Connie Gilroy's nature— But he could not utter the thought. To speak her name at all was a sort of profanity.

"And then the man's a millionaire."

And there Jack groaned.

"No, no," he said, in a moment, as the General gathered up the reins. "There is nothing more sordid about her than there is about a drop of dew."

"Glad you think so. So do I. But we live in the world, and money is simply the blood of the world. Why, even a squaw in the tepee—"

As if a squaw belonged to the same creation as Connie Gilroy!

"Never mind about the squaw," said Jack.

"What's the matter with the Senator?" said the little General. "He's a man of power. If he finds living perhaps too pleasant, well, you might do no better in his place, Jack. If you really care for the girl, you shouldn't be standing in her light. You have nothing in the world but that little frame house on the M Street bank that you bought for the rise in land. Stands you in for a thousand, maybe. And he—he can give her the luxury of princes. She'll be just as happy with the one as with the other after a couple of years, say; and she'll be a great deal better off with the one."

"If you say another word," exclaimed Jack, "I will get out and walk home."

"Well," said the General, "your legs are long enough."

But in spite of all that the General and the rest of the world might say, Jack knew where Connie's happiness lay, and was determined to act upon his knowledge. The soft spring weather with its high white light in the upper sky had come, the slopes of the Capitol grounds were purple with violets, and out of town the orchards were clouds of blush and fragrance. One day the General took them all down to Mount Vernon; and Connie had enjoyed the long green reaches, and the lonely desolation of the shores, and the slow wash of the great river, the distant crowing of the cocks, the bay of some great hound, the chirping of the little naked pickaninnies on the water's edge, the smoke of their father's cabin above. As she stood on the spacious piazza and strolled over the slope where the hyacinths were springing in the grass, she felt like a glad child the liberty of her absence from office, and she ate the dainties Hélène and Agnes were spreading on the grass, and drank from the glass Jack brought her, with an irresponsible sense of no to-morrow. Then suddenly she understood it was Senator Bortle's picnic, as he joined them, and she rose and strayed off into the garden.

The little General assisted himself laboriously to get upon his feet and go after her. "My dear child," said he, puffing along beside her, "you—you haven't any father. And you must let me say that you—really—you are not treating the Senator—"

"Do you think my father would have liked me to—to—do differently?" said Connie, looking down.

"Assuredly! assuredly! The Senator—"

"If it were Miss Hélène—would you?" said Connie, looking up, while the General felt as if he had seen a blue flash like that of a swallow's wing.

"Well, I—that is, my dear—it alters the case; because, you see—"

"Yes?" said Connie softly then.

"She's as dense as a Cheshire cheese," said the General afterward. But perhaps the reason the conversation was not continued was that Agnes, looking after them, with a strange light opening her eyes, had sent her cousin Jack to make a third. And presently the little General returned, routed, to finish the claret with the Senator at the lunch-hamper—the Senator, who was placing his reliance on a *coup* yet to be played—and Jack and Connie had a half-hour in heaven as they wandered along the alleys of the old gardens and between the hedges breast-high with spicy box. When they came down to the boat, and paused a moment where some little lads, to please their elders, were making a sport of patriotism and taking the oath of allegiance at the tomb, "It is not the only oath of allegiance taken to-day, as I'm a sinner!" whispered Miss Hélène to her sister. And all the way up the river Connie sat in such a stupor of joy that she did not even know the Senator sat be-

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side her, nodding sleepily after his libations to the evil gods.

The great legislator was, however, quite wide-awake by the time they reached the wharf, and was in a gay and bantering mood as they trundled along homeward; and when they reached a candy-shop he must have them all out for bonbons; and then, strolling along the Avenue, he was presently stopping at a jewelry window, where Connie found herself in a way pushed in the door by the advance of those behind her. "For," silently and consentaneously reasoned his cousins, "this is a poor outlook for Jack, and for her too. And if she should see what it is the Senator can do for her—" And there was the Senator displaying the treasures that had been sent over from New York for his inspection, and Connie would have been more than woman and less than human could she have hindered a cry of delight at their beauty, especially with all the others exclaiming too, and her mother dark and flushed and longing with eager eyes beside her.

For the Senator held up an opal carved with a flying Mercury, looking like the sky out of which the god might break on any of these radiant fogs where the sun dissolved the vapors over the Potomac. The thin and sallow hand that flashed towards it and then away was not Connie's. Nor did she put out her hand when he lifted a pendant of pearls, blue and blush and black and bronze and milky, lustrous as white fire. Then, as Connie would have drawn back behind Miss Hélène, who was critically examining an Indian bangle, this purchaser in the slave-market balanced before her eyes a huge barbaric butterfly, whose wings were laminæ of tourmaline, deep crimson at the core, melting out to palest rose, and that shading into delicatest green and down to blackness, the body a precious cat's-eye, the antennæ of tiny sparks. But Connie still said nothing; the exclamations of the others perhaps covered her silence. Her mother's hollow whispers were like a moan. He took up a circlet of loose-swinging rubies, from whose centre hung a twilight-blue aquamarine of strange tinct and cut.

"Oh," cried Miss Agnes, turning to see if her sister saw, "how unspeakably gorgeous!" while Mrs. Gilroy's eyes implored the General's help.

"It is yours," murmured the Senator to Connie, taking his opportunity. "Any of them—all of them—all yours if you will."

"No, no, no; oh no!" answered Connie, in the same tone. "I do not accept gifts."

"Ah, I see!" he said then. "Nothing will do but diamonds. Well—and these are no common stones." And he took from an inner pocket of the casket a pair of unset diamonds that the jeweller planted in the long pincers over the black velvet. They were the size, perhaps, of a hazelnut, and blue as the sky itself, and splendid as the blue sky poured full of sunshine. "They were a queen's once," murmured the Senator again, Hélène and Agnes busy with a second bangle. "They shall be another queen's. My wife shall wear them; and they will not match the blueness and the glory of her eyes."

"I hope they will be becoming to her," said Connie, turning to leave the place. "Come, ma dear"—Jack, who had waited in the doorway, joining her as she went along, her mother lingering and looking back and slowly following, as though each step gave pain.

"That settles it, I fancy," whispered Miss Agnes to her sister. "Connie can't be bought. But I'm sorry for Jack by-and-by. She will always remember those blue diamonds."

It seemed to have settled it indeed. And that night, as Jack went up to his own room, remembering this scene, but still more vividly remembering Connie as she sat playing on her harp in the low room, her hands lying like live white flowers on the muted strings, remembering the last moment ere they said good-night—Tolly, with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, having called Mrs. Gilroy behind the curtain—he hardly knew were he sleeping or waking; so deep and so glad his dream that it seemed scarcely more real than the dream into which he slipped.

The gladness of the dream still wrapped the lovers even after the Boynewaters, fearing the warmer weather, and the General, having finished his business with the Secretary, had left town, although with urgent invitation to the Gilroys, and the Senator had come up and taken their rooms.

"Wha's he dar foh?" said Tolly, when she brought home the clothes. "Co'tin' our Miss Connie wid his low-down impereence—ornery w'ite trash! He t'ink

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Miss Connie look at him wid one eye shet? Skasely."

"Oh, Tolly, he has such a heap of money!" sighed Mrs. Gilroy. "She'd be at the very top of everything."

"She's top er t'ings now, honey, Miss Connie is. Wha's his money wuff?" as she let down Mrs. Gilroy's hair and began brushing out its length. "I spec' Mars' Jack 'll git her all she done wants, and nobody neenter wants more'n dey wants. Go 'long wid yer Mars' Senator!" said Tolly, whistling millions down the wind as if a cabin over in the Liberties were enough for human happiness. "Dare, now, chile, Mars' Jack 'll be right smart ob a comfort to yo' yit. Dess t'row dat worry off'n yo' ter Mars' Jack an' de Lawd, an' let ole Tolly comb yo' pooty ha'r out twell yo' gits ter sleep. Yo's on'y mammy's baby yo'self, po' dear."

Everywhere now the sunbeams showered down fervently, and the cloud of the Capitol dome rose from under-clouds of greenery, and where the river wound, its steep south bank was green as virgin forest. Sometimes, after office hours, Jack took Connie out upon it in his skiff, the shells of the Analostans and the Potomacs sweeping by; and they lingered in the open water above the Three Sisters till sunset painted the stream and made it seem as if they floated in mid-heaven; or they waited till the moonlight wrapped them, they two alone, in silvery space. Sometimes Jack brought round horses, and they were off down Rock Creek way, where the dogwood boughs stretched white level floors of bloom aloft through the forest; and they forded the stream and came in over the Heights, past gardens that seemed in the soft dark a wilderness of flower and fragrance; or they were up by sunrise, and riding out on the Maryland hill roads, where, far away, the city with its rosy colors lay below them in the quivering light like the dream of some flower-set place of columned corridors and temples; or they galloped across to Arlington, as people had been wont in the former times, with the dew on the grass, and looked back on the dome across the river, and wondered concerning the pleasant old days with morning guests to breakfast there, and all the gayety that had gone down under the billows of death that seemed to roll and break visibly here in the long cresting lines of headstones, and that gave their joy the dash of sadness which makes a saving shadow; and they went out in the warm evenings, after the roses began to intoxicate the air —the great crimson-black roses, the pale blush, the spotless snowy ones — and strolled in the blossomy squares, or sat in the soft shadows till the caged mocking-birds hanging outside the windows began their wild sweet music.

But not in all this time did the Senator forget his pursuit. Flowers were almost daily sent to the Gilroy door; and the hint was not taken when no thanks were returned, nor when finally they were left to perish outside. Little pasteboard boxes of sherbet were brought there, and declined, and large long glasses bristling with straws and green stems of mint, rich with berry or cherry and the sparkle of ice, and creaming with the cordial julep. It is a shame to have to say that once Tolly, being there, took such a glass from the messenger's hand, and imbibed its juices herself, with much happy rolling of her great tender eyes and unctuous smacking of her lips. "Tell yo' mas'r," she said to the boy, "he's a Chrissen gen'l'man."

Occasionally the Senator ascended the half-flight and took a long breath and knocked. It occurred once to Mrs. Gilroy, as she opened the door herself, to say that they were not at home; but she had not the quality, and she admitted him as belonged to Southern hospitality, and treated him becomingly, and would have Connie play at his request, cold enough although Connie was to chill the hottest fervor; and the Senator felt as if at last he had laid hand on his hope, and renewed his proposal, only to receive the same reply as on previous occasion.

It was the long session of Congress. The Senator in his seersucker clothes, and with his large light umbrella and palm-leaf fan, made himself as comfortable as he could, although his rubicund countenance beaded with warm drops told of but ill success. In the evenings, as he took his chair and sat out with some of the other lodgers on the broad sidewalk, one must endure his society or go into the house, that was something like an oven after the fire has been drawn a little while.

It would have been unpleasant to any one less simple-minded than Connie to come wandering home with Jack and to

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encounter the company sitting with the Senator and his fan, and for whom he had usually ordered up ices from the confectioner's on the Avenue. The ices were no temptation to Connie going quietly by. But the beggar begging for his drop of water hardly longed with more longing than Mrs. Gilroy had in knowledge of those ices out there, she suffering within, remembering with a pang the proposal for Connie's hand that had first come to her through the General, angry that Connie could not have found the Senator to her mind, and then despising herself as she recalled the moist mountain of flesh and contrasted it with the half-heroic air of a person tall and straight and dark and thin and tender. All the same, the anger would recur when in the late afternoons, if she chanced to be in the front of the house, she saw the fine ladies in their open carriages, with their gay parasols, driving by to Harewood and the Soldiers' Home, or out to Fort Whipple, and knew they were cooled by the breeze of their own motion, and knew they would drive down in the delicious dark over the Long Bridge and the water, or by the K Street market, with the torches flaring over the heads of the mules and the colored people emerging out of blackness, over piles of crisp vegetables and berries and the boughs of blossoms there, and felt herself withering with heat, and thought of Connie at the sweltering work of the Printing Bureau. But the moment she heard Jack's proud step come ringing into the hall, all her faint heart went out in loyalty to him, and she said she would die of the heat and thirst before she would let Jack have a sorrow. And then she used to say to Tolly that she really didn't know whether she or Connie was the most in love with Jack.

But one day Mrs. Gilroy made a fatal mistake. The Senator had called before Connie's return from office, and had spoken again of his wishes and purposes in regard to her.

"It seems right unkind," said Mrs. Gilroy, "here in my own room, but you just ought to have more sense, Colonel. Down in my country we don't speak of such things till the bride-cake's baked, but when my daughter marries, anyway, it will be Mr. Knowles that stands up with her."

"I can't credit it!" puffed the Senator. "I—I ought to forbid the banns! A Treasury clerk, who can give her nothing—that superb creature, who should ride in her carriage and wear her cashmeres—"

"Not in dis yer wedder," murmured Tolly, behind the curtain.

"Oh, I know it, I know it!" said Mrs. Gilroy. "And if her pa had only lived—"

"But, you see, he didn't," said the Senator, softly. "And when I think there isn't a princess in Europe could look as she would in a coronet of old-mine stones, and that I could give it to her—"

"I wish you could!" said Mrs. Gilroy.

The Senator sat a little while, leaning forward with one elbow on his knee, and forgetting to fan himself and to wonder how any one existed in that superheated room. When he looked up there was an unusual brightness in his watery eye. "I sha'n't take this as final," said he. "I've wanted a good many things in my life, and I've always got them. Perhaps she'll listen to reason by-and-by." He paused a moment. "It's for her own good," he said.

"Toobysho'!" murmured Tolly.

"At any rate, Mrs. Gilroy, if you ever find yourself in need of a friend, you'll know where to look for him."

"Oh, I'm always in powerful need," cried Mrs. Gilroy.

"Very well," said the Senator.

It was the next afternoon that Connie came home with a weary step and an ashen face. The great heat was beginning to tell upon her; but this pallor was born of more than the heat. The head of her division had told her that her services were no longer required. Another person with more influence had her place.

But before Mrs. Gilroy had time to realize the blow, in the materialization of her most haunting idea, Jack had followed. And when Tolly, as she went home, passed the Senator at the door out of which she sometimes chose to go rather than by the alleyway, bursting with pride and joy, she could not contain herself; and looking down at him from the corners of her big dancing eyes, as she balanced her basket of clothes on her head, she went along muttering: "Lawd-a-mussy! 'Mos' allus ginerly folks burns dare fingers meddlin'. Dess natally hurries up de cakes. De sun 'ain' done shine on a w'iter bride 'n my Miss Connie gwine be nex' week comin', 'cept Miss Jule herse'f was, foh sho'!"

Perhaps the Senator's next interference

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was more to the purpose. For when Jack went to his desk, a morning or two later, there lay the dreadful yellow envelope. For a moment the handsome head that Connie loved went down upon the desk. What in the world was there to do? Now everything was impossible.

His chief had no help for him. He, an employé of the State Department, had assaulted a member of the diplomatic body —the little attaché, of whose punishment the Boynewaters and the Senator had so laughingly and indignantly approved. After such action, which had just been reported, it was idle to hope to be reinstated.

And the life of the office had unfitted him for everything else. And if it had not, what was there to which he could turn his hand in a hurry? What that would stand in this gap of life and death for Connie and her mother? The sale of the little M Street site and shanty could cover only the present needs. He saw himself, down a sudden vista, hanging on the hope of another place when the Senator should be snowed under, down at heel, borrowing money, living from hand to mouth. He would be better going out and taking up a quarter-section. But what was Connie for a rough life and the battle with the wilderness? And give up Connie, his dear girl, his white innocent —and the day of their wedding named— ah, never! And he walked the morning long, slow and laggingly, in the sultry heat, and fell prostrate on the lounge in the low dim room at last, insensible from sunstroke.

"Oh, Tolly, Tolly!" cried Mrs. Gilroy, wringing her helpless hands when Tolly came in that night. "What, what is to become of us? We've lost our place! And so has your Master Jack! And not a picayune to cross ourselves with!"

"Prince er darkness! Dat's bad news foh sho'!" said Tolly. "Huh! An' I 'ain' brung my t'inkin'-cap erlong. Dat look jubus."

"And we shall starve to death, Tolly!"

"Sho', now, honey!"

"Yes, yes, we've either to beg or starve, and it's a heap sight easier to starve!"

"Sho', sho', now, honey! I 'ain' no patience wid yo', Miss Jule. Gilroys talkin' 'bout starbin'! Who said dat ar," cried Tolly, fiercely, taking off her bandanna and tying it in a more defiant topknot than before, "'bout de seed ob de righteous? Yo' ain' gwine be fo'saken, Miss Jule, wid dese yer han's in de worl'!"

"Oh, my poor Tolly!" sobbed Mrs. Gilroy.

"Tellin' 'bout picayunes," exclaimed Tolly, "dar's a right smart ob 'em in de box wid my ole man's razor."

"Oh, Tolly, Tolly, what of it?"

"W'at ob it? W'y dey's yo's. I sesso."

"Tolly dear! You know I can't take your money."

"My money, Miss Jule? Well, now, I likes dat. My money! W'y, Miss Jule! Honey!" urged Tolly, with the silkiest persuasion in her voice. "Don' I 'long ter yo'? Ain' de bery breff in my body yo's? Ain' I, an' my chilluns, an' ebery-t'ing I's got, yo's? Yo' don' spec' yo' reckon anyt'ing dis yer mis'able no-account No'then gub'ment says make any diff'unce in t'ings as dey really be? Dese yer fractitious Yankee laws, dey can't make brack w'ite. An' I's brack, an' yo' sarbunt, an' yo' prop'ty, an' de wuk ob yo' han's! I 'longs ter yo', Miss Jule, honey!" said Tolly, sitting down beside Miss Jule, and holding out both her poor hands, with the rosy palms upward, as if to put on the old fetters.

"Oh, Tolly, Tolly!" cried Mrs. Gilroy, her arms round Tolly's neck, and her head upon the comfortable bosom. "We haven't a friend in the world but you!"

"An' dat's a plenty!" said Tolly. "Yo' dess keep de ice on Mars' Jack's head—de po' suff'rin' martyr dis yer 'dic'lous ornery Pruridun' done make ob 'im,—an' Tolly 'll do de res', atter a w'ile. Yo' neenter be cast down dat a-way, li'l missy. I spec' dar's folkses in de worl' wusser off 'n yo' is. Yo' dess watch out twell yo' see our Miss Connie hole up her head wid de swimmies' set ob dem all, an' axin' howdy ter de Queen ob France like she was an'er queen herse'f, hi-yi!"

The smoke was curling busily out of the chimney of the cabin over on the island next day; and the appetizing odors that poured through the door were continually bringing from his play a little colored boy, whose sole garment was a pair of trousers buttoned round the neck.

"Now, Abram Linkum Tollifer," cried Tolly, her face glittering with perspiration and joy, "yo's done hab all de mush an' milk yo' could carry dis yer breathin' mornin'. An' yo' gwine ter hab 'taters an' pepper an' po'k fat foh dinner; an' yo' ain' ter say a word ter yo' pa w'en he come

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from wuk, 'bout dis an' all. Ef yo' does, Ise dess lam yo' twell yo' drap. Now yo' hear me? An' Ise put yo' ter bade an' call de bogy ter sot by! But good li'l boys has dare molasseses biled wid fat ter dip dare hoe-cake inter, toobysho'. Yo' sees, sonny," she said, in the more amicable tone, as she carefully laid the viands in a basket, while Abram's mouth watered and his great eyes rolled mightily in his little serious face, "up dar ter Miss Jule's—'tain' lak dey was hungry or did'n' hab de fat ob de lan' ter lib on. Lawd-a-mussy, dey hes poun'-cake fried foh brekfuss, an' birheds up, dressed, fum Andy Hancock's, an' ice-creams th'ee times ebery day ob dare libes. An' de roas' 'possums layin' roun' de carbin'-tables dare—'tain' no use talkin'!"

"I di'n't see none w'en I was dare," remarked Abram, wistfully.

"Yo' was tuk up. Yo' seed Miss Jule, an' Miss Connie, de w'ite flower. An' yo' knowed yo' mammy useter 'long ter dem 'foh she 'longed ter herse'f—"

"Yo' don' now," said Abram, edging nearer to the sweet-cakes.

"No. We's free niggers now, bress de Lawd! An' yo's gwine ter go ter schule an' grow up a man, an'— Take dat!"—that being a resounding slap on Abram's poor little fat, peculating fingers. "Now yo' dess roar out yo' roar!" and she went on with her packing.

"I don' b'leeb dey hes de 'possums," whimpered Abram, presently.

"Co'se dey does. Ain' dey w'ite quality? An' don' de worl', 'possums an' all, 'long ter de w'ite quality?"

"I years pa done tell 'bout de 'possums down in Georgy, an' dey 'mos' allus ginerly 'longed ter cullud pussons."

"Well, mebbe dey war'n' 'possums, den. Dey was li'l roas' suckin' pigs, sho 'nuff; dat was w'at dey was, now I minds agin. But I warn' dem folkses up dar ter see us po' cullud pussons hes some t'ings down yere dess well es yuthers, 'kaze I hes ter keep up de credit ob yo' pa's fam'ly. An' so I's totin' up dis yer frie' chicken an' Merrylan' biscuit an' lemon cakes; an' some day Ise tote up a piece er watermillyun, dess ter let 'em see we hes watermillyun down yere ter set our teef in. Yere, now, Abram—it's mammy's sonny, sho 'nuff! Yo' unnerstan', I dess hatter do it! An' dar's de pan, an' yo' can hab de scrapin's—dar's 'bunnunce ob 'em; an' w'en de circus comes agin— Loss ter gracious! dare's a great big copper Miss Jule done gib me. Desso. Yo' take it an' wrop it in yo' trousers, an' done forgit off'n yo' min' all 'bout dis yer. Yo' hear me?"

"Yessum," said Abram.

"'Tain's ef yo' was skeered ob starbin'," said Tolly. "Dare, dat's mammy's boy. P'r'aps yo' pa 'll go swimmin' wid yo', come Sa'day," and planting then a great moist kiss on the soft trembling lips, she lifted the basket to her head, and felt better when she turned, after a few steps, to see Abram first looking at both sides of his penny, and then standing on his head and slapping his heels together.

"Ef yo' don' take an' eat de las' crumb, honey," said Tolly, upon Mrs. Gilroy's tearful refusal of her basket, her hands, her head, her eyes, all her round body agitated, "I done t'row de 'hole bakin' ob it out'n de street, an' come up yere an' do it eb'ry day! Don' yo' t'ink yo' ole Tolly's any heart? Yo' wanter bre'k it? Di'n't yo' say I's de bes' frien' yo' hed? Huccom yo' treat a frien' dat a-way? Now, honey, I's gwine ter come back foh de dishes tomorrer, an' by dat ar time I's hab an idy, I spec' I reckon, how ter totch up dat feller settin' out dar wid his fan. He don' lub de hot wedder—he's done gwine hab it hotter here, an' hereatter too—hi-yi! Like ter see ole Mars' Tollifer a-flirtin' ob a fan! Huh! I 'low he ain' no kin' ob a gen'l'man."

"That he ain't, then," said Mrs. Gilroy.

"But, yo' see, Miss Jule," continued Tolly, wiping her face with her apron, "he's dat low down ornery, ef I done gib him my 'pinion ob him, he'd dess go ter de boss an' say, 'Yo' got a nigger yere, red-headed coon called Cassio?' An' my ole man 'd lose his job. An' it's a good job, Miss Jule—oh, pow'fle good! He carn' git Tolly's job, dough. He carn' git his dirty han's inter my tubs. But co'se I done go slow."

Poor Tolly's notion of going slow was to toss her chin as she passed the Senator, choosing the front door for her way, and to remark to herself, very audibly, "Huh! One ob dese yer No'then doughfaces!"

Tolly did not take the cars going home. "Two fam'lies on my han's, an' I gotter walk," she said to herself; although she was prepared to say to Miss Jule, if questioned, "Dem Av'nue cyars dess too full ob dose sickly no-account Afercans foh

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a pusson dat 'spec's herse'f ter brush up against."

She came in, the next twilight, by the alleyway, with another basket, and set it down to look round and express her delight at seeing Jack sufficiently recovered to be lying on the lounge there, with Connie's hand on his head—a comforting hand; it could not be a cool one in the stifling atmosphere of that hot and dusky room, lighted only by the reflection of the lamp in the alley.

"Now don'-yo' go ter hab no feelin's 'bout dis yer," said Tolly, as she unpacked her basket and looked presently at Mrs. Gilroy, who was hiding her face in the corner of her chair and rocking in a luxury of woe. "'Tain' no time foh de Tollifer an' Gilroy pride er de flesh. I's keepin' a restorator, I is, an' I's trustin' yo' an' Miss Connie twell yo' kin pay me. An' I spec' yo' ter pay me, ebery copper. Yo' hes yo' reck'nin' chalked up ter my place. I cou'n't afford it no 'er way, yo' know. So yo' ain' under no 'bleedzmen'. Yo's holpin' ter start me in de restorator bus'ness. An' now, honey, I's gwine holp start yo'."

"Tolly!" said Mrs. Gilroy, startled and puzzled, but tolerant.

"Yo' see dat gre't gold harp dar?" said Tolly then. "Wha's dat foh? Wha' foh Miss Connie wuk wusser'n a mule learnin' how come it full er tune, ef 'twarn' long er some puppose? Don' yo' call dat ar a reel leadin' ob de Lawd?"

"I don't know what you're talkin' about, Tolly!" said Mrs. Gilroy, petulantly.

"I's tellin' yo', Miss Jule. W'en I see Miss Connie a-reachin' ob her arms 'crost dat ar harp an' a-twiddlin' ob her fingers thoo de strings, I dess t'inks ob de Lawd's w'ite lilies, an' I knows she won' look no diff'unt w'en she's singin' ob her hosannas in heben—"

"Oh, my goodness, Tolly, as if I didn't know all about Connie and her harp!"

"But, Miss Jule," said Tolly, bending forward impressively, "huccom dar ain' no brack folkses singin' hosannas ter dare harps in heben?"

"How you talk, Tolly! I don't know, I'm sure. I suppose there are."

"Oh, no, no, honey! 'Twould'n' be heben! 'Twould'n' be heben noways. I spec' I reckon de souls done grow w'ite, Miss Jule," said Tolly. "But how is dey gwine play de harp up yander ef dey 'ain' neber learn ter play it down yere? Desso. Dat's w'at fotches me," said Tolly, drawing back with her hands upon her hips, and the bright ends of the knot in her turbaned handkerchief bristling like birds ready to fly. "Huh! Miss Jule! De on'iest way is foh dem ter learn ter play dare hosannas yere, 'foh dey go dare. I's comin' ter de nub atter a w'ile, honey. An' ef Miss Connie don' effuse ter do it—it's Chrissen wuk—I's got a dozen li'l cullud gels, an' dare mas 'll be tickle' ter deff ef she gib 'em lessons onter de harp. Dare! Desso. An' dey all dess honin' atter it. An' dey all hes de money ter pay, foh dey all hes dare own wash-tubs."

"Tolly!" screamed Mrs. Gilroy, lifting her dishevelled head and tear-stained face from the side of the calico-covered chair where she was rocking to and fro—"Tolly Jupiter! I never knew such impudence in my born days. The i-dea! That's just what this ridiculous war has done! A dozen—"

"Don' yo' go foh ter say it, Miss Jule!" implored Tolly, in her silveriest tone. "Don' yo' go ter gittin' ma-ad, honey. Brack money's good es w'ite. She wouldn' tek no harm learnin' 'em in Sunny-schule. Yo' own ma totched me de Sermon on de Mount. An' dare li'l brack han's 'ud look mighty peart pickin' on dem strings—"

"Oh, Tolly," cried Connie, "let them come! I'll like it. I'll like it right well, you dear Tolly! And, you know, ma dear, it will be something—"

"Sumpin'?" cried Tolly. "It 'll be food an' fiyeh an' clo'se twell Mars' Jack comes roun' right. An', Miss Connie, lamb," said Tolly, turning to the one who would listen to reason, "dat ar ain' de hull. Dare's Mars' Jack's place up de M Street bank. Mebbe 'tain' on'y a li'l two-story ole ramshackle, but it's done got a po'ch, an' a bit er groun' foh a rose an' a watermillyun; an' ef yo's married ter Mars' Jack, co'se it's yo's. An' my ole man 'll come wid his cyart by daylight, 'foh it's time fo' de boss, an' moob dese yer t'ings ob yo's wid me, wedder I habs ter hab a right smart ob a li'l chaw fus' er not. An' Ise git yo' plumb settle' dah 'foh de chilluns comes foh dare lessons. An' yo' carn' tek car' ob Mars' Jack as 'tis, honey; but ef yo's his wife, co'se t'ings is diff'unt, honey," said Tolly, tenderly as a marriage benediction. "An' dar's gwine ter be a monstus rise ob lan', I years tell, up dat a-way; make de lot wuff a brick house

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dat keeps dese yer lodgers, an' fotch in a heap er money, twell Mars' Jack done git his bus'ness."

"Oh, Tolly," murmured Jack, "you are a blessing to society!"

"Ki-yi! Mars' Jack!" laughed Tolly. "Yo' ain' so bery past goin'! Yo's a-comin' roun' fas'. Be on yo' foots in de twinkle ob yo' eye. Now, Mars' Jack," said Tolly, stepping across the room and bending over him, "yo's done hab a trifle er money in yo' close, put by todes dese yer rainy days? Co'se, co'se. An' yo's got some fren' er nurer? Desso. Den yo' let 'im done git de licenses an' de passon ter-morrer mornin'. Laws ter gracious!" as she threw back her head with a peal of joyous and contagious laughter, "Ef dis yer cullud pusson's heart ain' done bust wid joy ter come walkin' down yere ter-morrer night, an' dat ar' Mars' Senator a-sottin' out yander wid his fan, an' step up an' tell him howdy, an' say, 'Yo' 'ain' seed Mis' Jack Knowles gwine out, I dun'no'?' Huh! Dare, dare; 'tain' no cos'lier ter lib single nor it is double. An' de Lawd 'll tek car' ob de sheared lambs. Yo' see, he's a-doin' ob it now!"

"Oh, Tolly, Tolly!" cried her penitent and reckless mistress, her arms round Tolly as far as they would go. "You are our guardian angel!"

"Huh! Miss Jule!" said Tolly, laughing and crying together. "I telled yo' afoh. Who eber heered of a brack guarding angel?"

THE HUNDRED YEARS' CAMPAIGN.

BY PROFESSOR FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE.

IN an unpublished letter of Jefferson's occurs probably the earliest description of national parties. It was written to John Wise, of Virginia, February 12, 1798, from Francis's Hotel, late the Indian Queen, on Fourth Street, Philadelphia, where the Vice-President at the time lodged, and was accustomed to confer with his political associates. Wise had written demanding why Jefferson in a recent conversation had spoken of him "as of Tory politics." Jefferson's reply defined the radical difference between the parties of his day, and was a prophecy of the essential difference between them for a century to come. "It is now understood that two political sects have arisen within the United States,—the one believing that the executive is the branch of our government which more needs support; the other, that, like the analogous branch in the English Government, it is already too strong for the republican parts of the constitution; and therefore, in equivocal cases, they incline to the legislative powers: the former of these are called federalists, sometimes aristocrats or monocrats, and sometimes tories, after the corresponding sect in the English Government of the same definition: the latter are styled republicans, whigs, jacobins, anarchists, disorganizers, &c.; these terms are in familiar use with most persons; . . . both parties claim to be federalists and republicans, and I believe in truth as to the great mass of them; these appellations designate neither exclusively, and all others are slanders except those of Whig and Tory, which alone characterize the distinguishing principles of the two sects." Probably in this letter is the first form of the famous sentence in Jefferson's first inaugural, six years later: "We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists."

Party differences in 1798 were in great measure a continuation of the long colonial struggle between Assemblies and royal Governors. The Revolution developed and intensified the cause of these differences, but until about the time when Jefferson retired from Washington's cabinet the characteristic struggle of the century—that between the supporters of a strong legislative and a strong executive—had not effected party organization. This awaited a master mind, a manager of men. Jefferson, more than any other man of his generation, was a party organizer. He had quite perfected his work before he wrote his brief definition of parties.

He had witnessed the triumph of the Assemblies and the flight of the Governors. He had participated in establishing a lawful succession to the overthrown colonial executives—in the persons of Governors for the States and a Congress for the United States, and he had served in both functions. But from the day when Congress first assembled it became the rival of the State Legislatures and the object

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of their constant attack. Again the Assemblies triumphed, and before a dozen years passed, Congress could not maintain a quorum. But the powers of the States in no wise diminished. They rested on an industrial foundation; they levied and collected taxes; they executed laws. However, the most difficult, the first step toward nationality had been taken; the national organism could not be destroyed. Economic necessity forced the Legislatures to send delegates to the Philadelphia convention, to propose a form of government "adequate to the exigencies of the Union," and this body of unequalled men, taught by fear, expediency, and experience, refused to rest the fate of the new Constitution in the hands of the Legislatures, but with conventions specially chosen to consider it. The Legislatures were outwitted, but the Constitution was saved. The new government was inaugurated, and, true to its plan, was maintained independently of them. But the States looked upon the new government as their own creation, whose functions and powers were obscure. When Jefferson wrote this letter, the new government was in its tenth year. Practical administration was interpreting the so-called "supreme law of the land." Certainly no one need doubt of its limited character. Were not restrictions placed on Congress by eleven amendments; and were not ten of these the familiar provisions of the State Bills of Rights? Were not the Legislatures the representatives of the paramount democracy of the land? The State Constitutions determined who were citizens, who were electors. Not one of them set limits within which the Legislature must act. These Legislatures came down in unbroken succession from colonial Assemblies, of which the first had met on a July day at Jamestown a hundred and seventy years before Washington was inaugurated. Had he not accepted the Presidency the new government might have failed for lack of men. The people had confidence in their State governments and in Washington; they cared little for the government of the United States. It was not to establish this that Lexington and Yorktown were fought. Independence was sought and won that every man might enjoy his rights and liberties, and these were secured by the State Constitutions. In popular conception individualism was the chief corner-stone of American democracy. An act of Congress in the least curtailing the popular notion of individual rights and liberties was bound to provoke organized opposition. Undoubtedly, at this time, an exaggerated idea of personal liberty tended, in some parts of the country, to take the form of individualism gone mad. In the isolated rural districts along the frontier a strange notion of liberty prevailed. It was not thought of at the commercial centres. The law and order that prevailed in Boston, in New York, in Philadelphia, and in Charleston were not the law and order that were respected beyond the Alleghanies, in Pennsylvania and Virginia, in the Carolinas, or in Kentucky and Tennessee. Yet this valorous Western individualism was not crass ruffianism. The sons and daughters of the East had settled the West. Men of affairs there were not infrequently the sons of pronounced Federalists in the older States. But in changing their habitation the young men of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania who were now building up the Northwest Territory, and they from Virginia and the Carolinas who were now citizens of Kentucky and Tennessee, had also changed their politics. To them the government of the United States seemed far away, and at best only an experiment. What had it done for the West other than to interfere with trade and increase taxes? It was not an incongruous idea to include Federalists and Indians among the public enemies of the West, and he who called his neighbor a Federalist had to answer by the code, or, if the deeply injured citizen took the trouble to sue for libel, he would undoubtedly be awarded very handsome damages by any jury. Ten years of Federal legislation had further estranged the discontented throughout the country. Whether Jefferson himself ever believed that the Federalists were laying plans for a monarchy may be doubted. He was careful not to correct the spread of the delusion, however, and labored night and day to make political capital out of it. The indictment against the Federalists was long and carefully drawn, and had been presented to a grand jury eager to find a true bill. This jury was the party described by Jefferson as favoring the legislative rather than the executive. By this was meant not merely opposition to President Adams. The

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new party was founded on the State idea. It was opposed to a strong national government—executive, legislative, and judicial. It disapproved of Jay's treaty. It hated Washington's policy of neutrality, and considered Citizen Genet a deeply injured man. It drank rivers of health for France, and pronounced strange abominations against England. It was ever on the watch for "the harbinger of approaching monarchy" in every act of Congress, every proclamation by the President, every decision of John Jay and his court.

A political crisis was at hand. The Alien and Sedition acts were rapidly under way. Every step in their progress was published throughout the South and West. No acts of the high Federalists had attracted so many and such hostile eyes. It was the plain people who were watching, and no man knew them so well as Jefferson. He knew, probably better than Emerson, that the State at some time is a private thought, and on this axiom he builded, perhaps better than he knew. He saw individualism at the bottom of our political institutions, and to this he addressed his genius for organization. Cunning and time-tried instruments were at his disposal. The caucus, the committees of correspondence, the convention, the mass-meeting, were of recent revolutionary invention; the town-meeting and the Assemblies had been in service more than a century and a half. His plan was simple, popular, and practical. His ideas should be exploited by each of these organizations, but should receive their crowning influence in the resolutions of the State Legislatures. Then, and not till then, would the issue be clear to the people, and the two great forces in American government be brought face to face—the States and the Federal government. Like all founders of a political system, he first formulated the system, and then instilled its principles into the minds of a few chosen disciples. Chief of these was Madison, then Monroe and Levi Lincoln, and Gallatin and Breckinridge and the brothers Nicholas, and Robert Smith of Maryland and Gideon Granger of Connecticut. These and a few more were the privileged few admitted into close personal confidence, but his persuasive friendships ran all over the country, among men of every profession and occupation. The correspondence which he kept up with his followers places him almost at the head of the world's voluminous letter-writers.

His letter to Wise defining political parties was written amidst the excitement of the passage of the Alien and Sedition laws. Was a free American silently to endure such legislation? Could any lover of liberty suffer any odious high Federalist to indict a freeman for libel, force him to pay a fine of two thousand dollars and lie in jail two years, because he spoke his mind about the President or Congress? Was he tamely to submit to indictment for conspiracy and sedition because he had met with his friends, some of whom perhaps were alien-born? And must he suffer imprisonment for five years and pay a fine of five thousand dollars for exercising rights guaranteed in every State Constitution and in the Federal Constitution itself? What had become of the right of free speech and a free press? Surely it was not the exclusive property of the Federal party. Jefferson knew that the time had come for an active organization of the opposition, and he now could effect it on constitutional ground.

Communications had for months been appearing in the anti-administration newspapers which pointed the way that ideas were moving. George Nicholas, soon to deliver the great speech in Congress on the repeal of the acts, now published in the Kentucky *Gazette* his opinion on their constitutionality, and also his political creed. He gave utterance to the thought of Kentucky, for he had more influence there than the whole Federal party. Briefer communications appeared in other papers, and resolutions attacking the acts were passed in public meetings both in Kentucky and Virginia. With few variations these followed an original. When sent up to the Legislature, they seemed the spontaneous thought of the people of the two commonwealths.

On the 7th of November Breckinridge presented a set of resolutions to the Kentucky Legislature, which passed on the 16th, after exhaustive debate. Jefferson claimed to be their author. A manuscript original in his hand sustains his claim. The resolutions as passed vary from this original, not in substance, but in order of arrangement. The variation has given rise to a claim of authorship for Breckinridge, which it is doubtful he ever made. Scarcely less devoted to the cause set forth in the resolutions than

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Breckinridge and Nicholas was a young Virginian, lately come into Kentucky from the law-office of Chancellor Wythe —Henry Clay, who, in a powerful speech at Lexington, denounced the unpopular Federal acts, and began a political career lasting more than fifty years.

In the Virginia Legislature, on the 13th of December, similar resolutions were presented by John Taylor, and adopted eleven days later. They were originally written by Madison, had been handed about the State in slightly varying forms, had been adopted at nearly every court-house, and had been sent up to the Legislature. The Kentucky and the Virginia resolutions, written the one by Jefferson, the other by Madison, were not construed until a later time as differing, or as intended to differ, in meaning. Each was intended to identify the opponents of the Federalists as the State party, and further, to define the State, and the character of the Federal government. The definitions were destined to affect American politics for a hundred years.

Every State Constitution at this time declared, expressly or by implication, that the State was a body politic formed by a voluntary association of individuals —a social compact. The Virginia resolutions applied this familiar idea to the Federal government; it was a compact formed by the voluntary association of the States. It was limited by the plain sense of the instrument of union — the Constitution. But of late the Federal government had manifested a spirit "to consolidate the States by degrees into one sovereignty, the obvious tendency and inevitable consequence of which would be to transform the republican system of the United States into an absolute or at best a mixed monarchy." The same idea was expressed in the Kentucky resolutions of '98, but was carried farther in those of the following year. The States that formed the Constitution, being sovereign and independent, had the unquestionable right to judge of infraction, and "a nullification by these sovereignties of all unauthorized acts done under color of that instrument is the rightful remedy." Thus the issue was made: State Sovereignty *vs.* National Sovereignty.

Nearly a century has passed since the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions raised this fundamental question. If the question were asked, where did the doctrine of State sovereignty originate, and where was it put forth as the law of the land, perhaps most of the answers would declare that it originated in the former slave-holding States, and might be found at one time in their laws and Constitutions. The answer is incorrect.

The colonies were independent of each other, but were an integral part of the empire. When they became States, the Declaration of Independence described them as free and independent, but not as sovereign. The commonwealths have adopted one hundred and twelve Constitutions: the fifteen Southern States, fifty-five, not one of which has described the State as sovereign; the thirty Northern States, fifty-seven, five of which have described the State not only as free and independent, but as sovereign. Connecticut was the first to use the word sovereign, in the act of the General Court of 1776 — in substance a Bill of Rights — continuing the charter as the civil government of the State. The word does not occur in the Constitution of 1818. The Articles of Confederation approved by the States in 1781 declared that each retained its sovereignty, and every power not expressly delegated to the United States — almost a quotation from the Constitution of Massachusetts adopted the year before. This Constitution is still in force. In its Constitution of 1784, and again in 1792, New Hampshire made the same claim, and did not abandon it till 1876. In the treaty of peace of 1783 the King treated with the several States as free, sovereign, and independent. The word does not occur in the Constitution, but the idea, as the debates show, was discussed at length. Elbridge Gerry declared that the States never had been independent, and on the principles of the Confederation never could be, but was immediately answered by Luther Martin that "the language of the States being sovereign and independent was once familiar and understood, though it seemed suddenly to have become strange and obscure." The rejected New Jersey plan based the government of the Union on the States as sovereign. Doubtless the convention purposely left the definition of sovereignty to be made by administration. But that a compromise was made is suggested in the sixty-second number of the *Federalist*, of which Hamilton was probably the author: "The equal vote in each State is at once a constitutional

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recognition of the portion of sovereignty remaining in the individual States and an instrument for preserving that residuary sovereignty." This, it will be remembered, was written in 1788. However unphilosophical the notion of "residuary sovereignty," it was destined for many years to return, not to plague the inventors, but them for whom it was invented. Five years before Jefferson wrote his definition of parties, the Supreme Court had ruled that Georgia was not a sovereign State, that the nation alone was sovereign, and that a State could be sued like an individual. The decision was given by Justice Wilson, unquestionably the ablest constitutional lawyer in the convention that made the Constitution, and was strengthened by a similar opinion by Chief-Justice Jay. In a powerful dissenting opinion, Justice Iredell, basing his reasons on the common law, declared the States to be as sovereign within their sphere as was the United States within its own. His opinion was accepted by Georgia as the constitutional one, and was welcomed by the Republicans as the foundation for their political creed. On the day following the decision, Sedgwick of Massachusetts, in the House, moved a resolution, preliminary to an amendment to the Constitution, to protect the sovereign States from suits brought by individuals. Congress took no immediate action, but the spirit of his resolution quickly overspread the country, quickened the party which Jefferson was organizing, and culminated in the Eleventh Amendment, the adoption of which was announced to Congress by President Adams just thirty-four days before Jefferson wrote to Wise on the state of political parties.

The doctrine of State sovereignty thus got constitutional standing. The party by whose influence the amendment had been carried through, by the elections in 1800 was put in possession of the government. It reversed the majority in the Senate and gained twenty-three members in the House, giving it a majority of eighteen. On the twenty-sixth ballot the House chose Jefferson President. Thus, curiously, the author of the Kentucky resolutions, who first made the doctrine of State sovereignty a principle in the creed of a great party, was chosen to the Presidency by the representatives of the people voting as States. For sixty years the party which he had organized was to follow an unprecedented career. During that time thirty Congresses assembled and thirteen "greatly distinguished citizens," as Lincoln described them in his first inaugural, administered the government. That party was to elect ten of these Presidents, and to control both the Senate and the House in twenty-three of these Congresses. In five others it was to control the Senate. In one Congress only was it to be in the minority in both branches: for two years from the inauguration of William Henry Harrison the Whigs were to have a majority in both Houses, but,—John Tyler was President.

Had Jefferson's wishes been carried out, the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions would have become an amendment to the Constitution. With his party firmly in control of the government, this was unnecessary. The doctrines of '98 were a perennial theme for discussion—in State constitutional conventions, in Congress, and in the political literature of the country. They came gradually to be construed as the warrant for administrative measures, and by a political school as the implied interpretation of the supreme law. Economic events greatly affected this school, and ultimately divided it. The first tariff act expired in 1796, having been in force nearly seven years. It was not listed among the acts specially odious to the party which Jefferson was then organizing. But the act of 1816 combined the principles of revenue and protection, and from the April day when Monroe signed it the idea of State sovereignty underwent a change. Thirty years before, Hamilton had declared that the national government would never be supreme until it should turn all the principles and passions of men to its support. From the passage of the tariff of 1816, the national government gradually became identified with the personal fortunes of a manufacturing class. The doctrines of '98 were from this time made to include the doctrine of free trade. The old parties divided on new lines, and the first industrial struggle between them began. The country, hitherto agricultural, now divided into manufacturing States and agricultural States: into the Northern with free labor, and the Southern with slave. There were tariff men in the South and Southwest, but the majority there gradually combined into a party

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favoring free trade, State sovereignty, and slavery extension. The first struggle between the radical wing of this party and the national government culminated in the effort of South Carolina to nullify the tariff laws in 1833, and to administer the doctrines of the Kentucky resolutions of 1799. On the 16th of March of that year, Augustus Fitch, one of Jackson's innumerable political scouts, wrote to the President an account of what he saw in the Columbia convention when it rescinded the Ordinance of Nullification. The chief obstacle to rescinding was that "Mr. Clay's bill did not fully abandon the principle of protection." Across the face of this unpublished letter Jackson wrote: "The Ordinance & all laws under it repealed—so ends the wicked & disgraceful conduct of Calhoun McDuffie & their co-nullies They will only be remembered, to be held up to scorn, by every one who loves freedom, our glorious constitution & government of laws."

But the doctrines of '98 survived. Pierce and King were elected in 1852 on a platform which incorporated the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. The party electing them declared that the doctrines of '98 constituted one of the main foundations of its political creed, and that it was resolved to carry them out in their obvious meaning and import. On this issue the party elected a majority in both branches of Congress, received a majority of the popular vote, and chose more than five-sixths of the electoral college. Four years later it incorporated the same plank in its platform, continued its control of Congress, and elected Buchanan and Breckinridge; but their popular vote was only a plurality, and they received only five-ninths of the electoral vote. Two days after the inauguration the decision in the Dred Scott case, long anxiously awaited, was handed down. The Chief Justice declared that the United States did not possess all the powers which usually belong to the sovereignty of a nation. The States had surrendered only a portion of their sovereignty. The Ordinance of 1787 violated their sovereign rights. As in the case of Georgia in 1794, so in that of Dred Scott, the State alone had final jurisdiction. The doctrines of '98 had again triumphed.

In October following, the Lecompton convention applied the decision in the first Constitution proposed for Kansas, in which the State was described as free, sovereign, and independent—the last instance of the use of the word in an American Constitution. The election of Buchanan, the Dred Scott decision, proved that the doctrines of '98 were still held in high favor, and also that the sentiment of the country was rapidly changing. The nature of the change is suggested in an appeal to the people of the United States which emanated from the leaders of a new party opposed to slavery extension. It appeared in January, 1854, and was signed, among others, by Sumner, Chase, and Giddings. It put opposition to slavery extension wholly on industrial grounds. If slavery were permitted in Kansas and Nebraska, it would restrict immigration, enhance the cost of constructing the proposed Pacific Railway, and cut off the free States of the Atlantic from the free States of the Pacific. The development of the central portion of the continent would be hopelessly prevented. The economic argument was elaborated from this time, till an industrial constituency was thoroughly organized into a new political party. As the opposition in 1794 found constitutional standing-ground in the dissenting opinion of Justice Iredell, so the opposition in 1854 found a constitutional basis for their opinions in the dissenting opinion of Justice Curtis in the Dred Scott case.

Congress showed the effect of a changed public sentiment. In the Thirty-sixth, the second of Buchanan's administration, the new Republican party gained control of the House. Two years later the new party gained control of both Houses and elected Lincoln, displacing that great party which, sixty years before, had in like manner driven the Federalists from power. The new industrial doctrines which had triumphed over the doctrines of '98 were briefly set forth in President Lincoln's first inaugural: "The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774." Few indeed of those who heard him could have told at that moment what were the articles to which the President referred. Two years older than the Declaration of Independence, they declared the industrial independence of the colonies. They were a solemn non-importation agreement to encourage "frugality, economy, and indus-

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try, and promote agriculture, arts, and the manufactures of this country." The nation rested on industry; the nation was sovereign—ideas antagonistic to the doctrines of '98. And these ideas were now to be tested in administration.

But the old doctrines were not dead. South Carolina had already announced to the world that she resumed her position among the nations as a free, sovereign, and independent State, and ten commonwealths followed her example. She stated the issue clearly. Time and the progress of things had totally altered the relations between the Northern and Southern States since the Union was established. Identity of feelings, interests, and institutions was gone. The States were divided—the Southern, agricultural; the Northern, manufacturing and commercial. Their institutions and industrial pursuits made them totally different peoples. This was the address of South Carolina to the slave-holding States. A Confederacy was formed, first by "the deputies of the Sovereign and Independent States"; later by "the People of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character." Among the changes of these years one act by a commonwealth seems to be overlooked, though it is unique, and impliedly characteristic of the mighty civil readjustments of the time. Amidst the civil war Nevada was admitted into the Union. In its Bill of Rights it declared the new doctrine that had supplanted the doctrines of '98. The paramount allegiance of the citizen is to the Federal government in the exercise of its constitutional powers as defined by the Supreme Court. A State cannot dissolve its connection with the Union. "The Constitution of the United States confers full power on the Federal government to maintain and perpetuate its existence, and whensoever any portion of the States, or the people thereof, attempt to secede from the Federal Union, or forcibly to resist the execution of its laws, the Federal government may, by warrant of the Constitution, employ armed force in compelling obedience to its authority." This is the only admission made by a State that the national government possesses the constitutional right of coercion. Four years later the Supreme Court, for the first time, defined the relation of the States to the nation, and the character of our political institutions as they emerged from the civil war: "The preservation of the States and the maintenance of their governments are as much within the design and care of the Constitution as the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the national government. The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union of indestructible States."

When, in 1890, the State of Mississippi promulgated a new Constitution, it declared that the paramount allegiance of the citizen was due to the government of the United States. But, before adjourning, the convention adopted an ordinance which briefly suggests the cause and the nature of that change which has been wrought in this country during the hundred years' campaign. Until 1900, all permanent factories established in Mississippi for working cotton, wool, silk, furs, or metals, and for making implements or articles in a finished state, were declared to be exempt from taxation. Of this character is the economic force which has slowly changed the political institutions of the country. It is in an industrial sense that the Constitution in all its provisions looks to an indestructible Union of indestructible States. Will not the political campaigns of the next hundred years evolve yet more perfectly the industrial rights of all citizens of the republic?

Prophesying in politics is a hazardous employment of expectation, but as one reads the political platforms of the century he finds here and there prophetic passages. At the close of the eighteenth century reformers were still talking of the rights of man, and meant by that phrase equal civil and political rights. At the close of the nineteenth century reformers are interpreting the same phrase, but it now signifies economic equality. In the last Presidential campaign the idea was freely advocated by the friends of the laboring-man,—who are unusually numerous at such a time. Economic Inequality *vs.* Economic Equality, that is the great political issue of our day. The basis of democracy in America is industrial. Does Lincoln's remark, in his inaugural, indicate the course democracy is taking; and does the new political phrase—economic equality—intimate that it shall dominate American democracy before the close of the twentieth century?

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COMPENSATION.

BY KATHARINE L. FERRIS.

YOU say I've suffered. It is true, my friend,
And still shall suffer,—that I know right well.
My way is hard and toilsome. Who can tell
By what steep paths I reach my journey's end?
But this you have forgot,—I do not spend
My effort grudging. If through some old spell
Of god or genii, I could yet compel
My lot to my desires, I still would bend
My steps as fate has,—make no other choice
Than just this life that seems so bare to you,
Refuse no height which gives a larger view
Of seeming inequalities. My voice
I lift in praise, not question. O, pursue
Me not with pity, but, with me, rejoice.

THE LION-TAMER.

BY HENRY GALLUP PAINE.

THERE is plenty of romance in the world nowadays, commonplace as it may seem on the outside, but Alma Richardson thought otherwise. She knew she had great capacity for it herself, but she was generally disappointed in the amount she found in other people.

There was Theodore Fraser, for instance. In slashed hose and doublet, as he appeared as the Huguenot lover in Mrs. Dearborn's Living Pictures, he looked like a hero of romance, and capable of deeds that would have put the redoubtable D'Artagnan to shame. But in tweeds, as she met him afterwards at the Country Club, she would scarcely have glanced at him a second time if she had not previously received so exalted an impression of him. In spite of his good looks and fine figure, his appearance in every-day garb was so disillusionizing that it was only the hope of at last finding a hero in mufti that induced her to permit the introduction that he craved.

Theodore proved to be as matter of fact as he looked—in trousers. Alma regretted now that she had declined to take part in the Living Pictures. She then might have had a chance of conversing with him in his sixteenth-century costume, and of testing her theory that the death of chivalry was due to the awkward and ridiculous garments worn by the modern man and woman—but especially by the man. Still, she realized that the test would not have been wholly satisfactory. While her theory might be true, it did not follow that a man who had worn trousers all his life would bloom into a dashing cavalier the first time he put on a costumer's version of the fashions of 1572.

Then, again, little of practical value would have been gained if Alma had found the tableau-Theodore to be everything that he looked in tights. She could not expect him to put on his tableau-clothes every time he came to call, or when he went to social functions, just to suit her passion for romance; and if he did, she could not help feeling that the general incongruity, not to mention the jeers of the populace, would detract largely from the glamour of the situation.

It is only fair to Theodore to say that he never felt so much like a fool in his life as for the few moments in which, out of pure good-nature, and to oblige his aunt Mrs. Dearborn, he took the place of a performer whom the death of a relative had prevented at the last moment from posing. Theodore got back into his dress clothes with neatness and despatch, and then sought out the charming girl in the front row who had at once attracted his attention and captivated his fancy.

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But Alma had already gone home to escape from the dreary commonplaces and nineteenth-century chit-chat that chimed in so ill with her romantic imagination. However, as has been stated, it was not long before Theodore met Alma at the Country Club, and found her just as sweet as she looked. Theodore had no antiquated notions, and was quite ready to like Alma exactly as he found her, and the better he knew her, the more ready he became; but it was just as matters were assuming serious proportions that he encountered her weak side, and found it entirely too strong for him to break through.

It was impossible for Alma not to recognize Theodore's many good qualities. He was a gentleman, kind, thoughtful, generous, and rich enough to own a yacht if he had wanted. Moreover, he was as devoted to Alma—she was forced to acknowledge it—as the deadly modern conventionality would permit.

And Alma? Well, Alma was in love with Theodore, although she would not have acknowledged it even to herself for an instant, so long as he failed to come up to the artificial standard she had set for the man who must win her. It may seem rather early in the story to reveal Alma's state of mind so completely, but the means she took to test Theodore's chivalry would inevitably lead the thoughtful reader to this conclusion anyhow, and as a writer cannot always count on every reader being thoughtful, this simple statement will put all on the same footing.

In the fall of 1892 Theodore got up a launch party in Alma's honor, and went down to Jackson Park to see the preparations for the World's Fair. Alma had been trying for a long time to get Theodore to do something heroic, but Theodore dodged the opportunity every time, and accomplished the desired result in some disgustingly commonplace and unexpected method. If Theodore had perceived what she was up to, the chances are great that he would have taken the bait, and that Alma would have landed the perch she was trying to persuade herself was a trout; and then this story would never have been written.

Matters had by this time reached a crisis. Theodore had proposed in formal terms, and Alma had asked for a month's grace. The month was nearly up, and Theodore was as unheroic as ever. Alma resolved to take a desperate chance. As the launch wound through the unfinished lagoons, Theodore came and joined her as she sat in the stern. The rest of the party were all forward. The moment was propitious. If Theodore would risk his life to save hers, she would have him. And if not, she might as well drown. Anyhow, she could swim—and without more ado she precipitated herself into the water.

Theodore made a grab for her dress and missed it, and watched her disappear under the waves with mingled emotions.

"Stop her!" he called to the engineer, referring to the launch, and not to Alma. "Back her!" And seizing a boat-hook, he stood ready to haul out his lady-love as soon as he came near enough.

The launch had considerable headway, however, and was still far beyond reaching distance when Alma's head emerged from the flood. She gave one glance at the unpicturesque figure in the stern of the boat, and with a look of disappointment, chagrin, and disgust she turned away, and though somewhat hampered by her skirts, struck out for the nearest shore.

"I say," shouted Theodore, "can you swim? That's good, because I can't," and his heart grew lighter than it would have grown if he had known what was in store for him.

"It's too shallow for us to make a landing where you're going ashore," he continued. "We'll go on down to the dock, and wait for you there," and so saying, he gave the word to the engineer to go ahead again, and turned around to reassure the other members of the party, who came crowding aft as soon as they saw what had happened.

Before the launch touched the dock Theodore had jumped ashore, and was speeding down the Wooded Island to meet Alma. And when he failed to see her, his heart sank within him. He hurried on, and at last, to his great relief, he perceived her hastily making for one of the bridges. He called to her, but she paid no attention to him. When at last he succeeded in catching up with her, she coldly declined to return to the launch, and said she preferred to go to the house of some friends on Madison Avenue, where she could dry herself and her clothes, and stay while she sent home for whatever she might need.

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"Pray don't bother yourself any further about me," she urged, with biting sarcasm. "Do not allow any such trifling incident as a young lady's falling overboard to disturb your plans, or to interfere with your pleasure and that of your friends."

It took Theodore all the winter to get back into Alma's good graces, and it was then only on condition that he should not again ask her to marry him—a condition which he accepted with mental reservations—that she consented to receive him on friendly terms. When Theodore realized the opportunity he had missed, and learned that the water in the lagoon was nowhere over his head, he addressed himself in terms he would not have tolerated from another. At the same time he felt that Alma needed only to overcome this one weakness of hers to be absolutely perfect, and he undertook to argue her out of her foolishness—with what result can well be imagined by any one who has ever undertaken a similar task.

One day in the summer he went out to the fair, and was shocked to see Alma walking on the Midway Plaisance and talking earnestly to a swarthy man with well-oiled locks and a waxed mustache, whom she regarded with evident admiration.

Never had Theodore seen her look at any man in such a manner. Never had she so regarded him, even during the period when she was most kindly disposed to him. Instinctively he perceived a rival, and a dangerous one. Yet it was with difficulty that he could bring himself to think of a delicately nurtured, high-strung girl like Alma associating with a person of the type of the flashily dressed man of the Midway.

Although no longer her official lover, Theodore was on terms of frankest intimacy with Alma; and when he met her alone a half-hour later he did not hesitate to ask her about her strange companion.

"I admire him because he is a type of true manhood," Alma said, in reply to Theodore's questions; "because he is a truly brave man. I don't remember how he was dressed; I saw only his intrepid soul. Come; you shall see for yourself the kind of man that I could love. Come; we have just time."

With sinking heart Theodore followed Alma as she led the way past the International Beauty Show and the Java Village, until she paused in front of the menagerie, where a great crowd was gathered, its eyes fastened on a large cage, built in above the door, in which there were two lions and two lionesses. In the midst of them, dressed in spangled tights, a whip in one hand and a pistol in the other, stood Alma's friend. His dark eyes shot out rapid glances to right and left, above, below, in front, and even behind, it seemed, as with imperious gesture, snap of whip, or sharp word of command he put the fierce beasts through their round of tricks. With low growls and sullen looks of rage the great creatures went through their humiliating programme. Over the whip, through a hoop of fire handed him by an attendant on the other side of the bars, leaped the lions, unwilling, but compelled by those ever-insistent eyes, from which the animals seemed never able to escape.

Crack! crack! crack! went the pistol; and they formed a pyramid on which the master climbed and stood. A snap of the whip, and with sulky alacrity they sought each its corner, ready for the next feat.

The man's position appeared to be perilous. The animals, while trained to do his will, did not seem to have lost their natural ferocity in the least, but to be forced through their performance almost by hypnotism, by the power of those piercing eyes.

Now and then, when the man's gaze would for an instant be removed from one of the lions while the others were performing, the spectators would thrill with horror to see how the unwatched beast would crouch with twitching tail and shoulders, as if to spring upon the trainer; but at the critical moment those eyes would flash upon the restless beast, and it would cower back in its corner, baffled. One lioness seemed particularly antagonistic to the performer; and at last, as she passed him after finishing a turn, she wheeled about with lightninglike rapidity and made a pass with unsheathed claws at his unprotected head. But quicker than the beast the man had also turned, and brought his whip with blinding stroke across the lioness's face. Half stunned, she shrank back, roaring with rage. The other lions appeared to grow more excited and out of control. The trainer beat them down as they crowded on him, and fired the remaining three shots in his revolver

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in rapid succession in their faces, giving hasty orders to his attendants, who quickly unbarred the door of the cage, out of which the trainer stepped backward, the attendants closing it at once and then strongly fastening it.

A sigh of relief went up from the spectators, a number of whom, however, crowded into the building, their appetites only whetted for further horrors, which they hoped to see at the show, which the loud-voiced "barker" announced was on the point of beginning.

Theodore turned and looked at Alma. Her eyes were glistening, her cheeks were burning, her breath was coming in quick gasps. He had never seen her look so beautiful, and never had she seemed so far away from him. He tried to talk to her, but the words he uttered so mocked his thoughts that, with a stammered excuse, he left her and sought the solitude of the vast throng that filled the grounds.

For the first time he felt the absolute hopelessness of his wooing. If this was her ideal, there could be small chance indeed for him. In the bitterness of this realization he strolled back to the menagerie, impelled by some weird fascination. The "barker's" voice for the time was stilled, and the restless crowds passed by unheeding. Theodore's eyes alone sought the cage where dozed the four fierce beasts so lately cheated of their prey.

As he looked, a dusky form approached the cage from within the building. A dark hand raised the bar and opened the door, and a colored man stepped inside. He was absolutely alone. He had a broom in his hand. Turning his back to the lions, he barred the door of the cage, fastening himself in with them, and began to sweep. The cage was small, and the lions lay sprawled out over the floor in careless attitudes, so it was not very long before the colored man came to one of them. Theodore, with bated breath, saw the reckless negro raise his heavy foot and bring it down against the tawny side of the lion. Aghast and dizzy with apprehension, Theodore awaited the result. Slowly the ferocious animal half raised its huge bulk from the floor, and with lowered head and half-shut eyes sluggishly moved over to the other side of the cage and flopped down with a grunt. And the negro kept on sweeping. He swept until he came to another—the very lioness that lately had so nearly torn the trainer. The darky attempted to get it to move by the same unceremonious process. But the lioness was too comfortably settled, and sullenly refused to stir. Not an instant did the colored man cease his appointed task. He just kept on sweeping the dust into the lioness's face. At the second sweep the beast, with a disgusted sniff, rose up, and with stealthy prowling step, like a huge cat, slunk over to the other side of the cage.

All four animals were now huddled together in one half of the cage. But the colored man did not pay the least attention to them, until he wanted to sweep that side. Then he simply said "Shoo!" and pushed at them once or twice with his broom. With bored expressions the huge animals yawned, rose, stretched themselves, and half crawled, half walked back to the clean side of the cage and lay down again. Theodore could scarcely believe his eyes. He felt an insane desire to laugh. If he had not perceived, with his cool Randolph Street common-sense, that the incident was pregnant with possibilities for himself, he undoubtedly would have laughed. But Chicago men never laugh in business hours, and Theodore meant business. No one of the passers-by paid the least attention to what was happening in the cage. The negro seemed utterly unconscious of his danger, and as he omitted to dress in circus clothes and to fire off pistols to call attention to it, the public seemed unconscious of it too. Perhaps—the thought came to Theodore like a life-preserver in a vortex—the danger was not so great as he had been led to believe from witnessing the earlier performance.

The colored man, having finished his sweeping, unbarred the door again and brought in a shovel and a pail and completed his task, which two of the lions observed with a slight appearance of interest, while the third looked out at the crowds on the Midway; the fourth had fallen asleep. The negro then went out for the last time, firmly bolted and barred the door, and then disappeared.

Theodore wished that Alma could have been with him, that she might have had an opportunity to revise her choice of a hero. He permitted himself to wonder if the placid negro would have supplanted the theatric trainer in her affectionate admiration. At this thought he could not repress a smile. And at the same

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moment there came to him an inspiration, and with it a devout sense of gratitude that Alma had been somewhere else.

He walked across the roadway, purchased an admission ticket to the menagerie, went in, and soon found the intrepid body-servant of the royal beasts. A dollar bill served as a sufficient letter of introduction.

"How long have you held this job?" casually inquired Theodore, after a short preliminary conversation.

"Oh, jes about a week," said the colored man. "Yas, lemme see. Yas, I's been here jes eight days to-day."

"And had you any previous experience with wild animals?" continued Theodore.

"On'y wiv 'possums, boss," and the black man's white teeth gleamed at his own joke.

Theodore too smiled again. Things were coming his way.

"So it does not require a great deal of previous experience to do this work?" he went on.

"Oh, yas, indeed it doos, boss," protested the negro, with injured pride, and Theodore's smile began to fade. "Nobody w'at hadn' had great sperience in sweepin' wouldn' be took on. Dey's mighty p'tickler about how dat sweepin's done, I tell yer."

Theodore gave a sigh of relief.

"Well," he said, "could—could anybody, whether he had experience or not, go in there and make a bluff at sweeping out that cage?"

"Now dat jes depen's. Ef he had de jawb he could, I reckon," replied the negro, who apparently found some difficulty in taking an abstract view of so concrete a situation.

"Well, then," persisted Theodore, getting right down to the concrete too, "if I should give you five dollars now, could you let me have that job for ten minutes to-morrow morning?"

"Five dollars, boss?" exclaimed the colored man. "Waal, I jes do reckon."

"Then it's a bargain?"

"Dat's w'at 'tis."

Gentle reader—or rough-and-tumble reader, for that matter—have you ever unexpectedly been granted the privilege of going for the first time like a second Daniel into a den of lions? If you have, you doubtless know how Theodore felt when he suddenly realized what he had undertaken. If you have not, do not smile with a superior air when you learn that before he sealed the contract by the payment of the money, Theodore asked,

"Eh, is—is there any danger?"

"Any danjaw?" The darky's white teeth gleamed again as he transferred the five-dollar note to his pocket. "Nawt in de leas'est. Dem lionses is jes lak kittens. You don' ketch dis nigger puttin' hisse'f inter no danjaw fer no nine dollars a week!"

When Theodore Fraser appeared before Alma Richardson that evening he seemed almost transfigured. There was a light in his eye, a curl to his mustache, a swagger in his gait, that caused her involuntarily to look at his legs to see whether he wore trousers or tights. She could scarcely credit the trousers. She wondered if he did not perhaps wear the tights underneath—and she blushed at the thought. *Debonair* is scarcely the term that one would ordinarily have used to describe Theodore Fraser. But to-night he was distinctly *debonair*. He was, in a manner, conscious of it himself. To Alma it was plainly evident, and she revelled in the revelation.

Here was a new Theodore—a Theodore she had never met before except in her dreams.

He led the conversation lightly but naturally to lions.

"You thought that lion-tamer this afternoon was brave"—with a rising inflection—"and had a 'hero soul.' Ha! ha! You—you said you could love such a man! Ha! ha!"

"I—I did; I believe I could," assented Alma, who somehow didn't seem to feel the same confidence in her belief that she had earlier in the day.

"A mercenary, a greasy mountebank!" laughed Theodore. "But what would you think of a man who should go into that cage alone, unarmed, with no whip, no pistol, no watchful attendants at hand with sharp pikes to defend him, and who should drive those fierce beasts hither and yon like sheep before him?" Theodore arched his eyebrows, and curled his left mustache with his right hand. "Would you call such a man brave?"

Alma gazed at Theodore in amazement, and then at his card, which lay on the table by her side, as if she half expected to see some other name engraved upon it.

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"Brave?" she cried, catching the infection of his manner. "I do not believe the man lives who could do it, or who would dare to do it if he could."

"Ah! do you not?" queried Theodore, twisting his right mustache with his left hand. "But if there *were* such a man—" He dropped his nonchalant manner and rose and came toward her, his eyes gleaming with half-suppressed feeling. Alma too rose, and stood facing him, her bosom heaving with emotion. She felt transported five hundred years backward. She would not have been surprised to find that the Persian rug had turned to rushes beneath her feet. "You could love that man?" asked Theodore.

"I couldn't help loving him," cried Alma, as she looked into his eyes, which seemed to burn into her very soul.

"And you'd marry him?"

"If he asked me."

"Then, Alma, you are mine at last!" he cried, as he clasped her to him.

"Yours?" she asked, as soon as he would let her.

"Yes, mine," he said, with conviction. "For I am going into that cage. Be at the menagerie to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and I shall hold you to your word."

Alma grew pale. "You're not in earnest?" she cried, in alarm; and Theodore could feel her tremble in his arms; for, oddly enough, she had omitted to tear herself away from him.

"I am," he declared, exultingly. "I have made every arrangement."

"You sha'n't, you sha'n't, you sha'n't!" Alma's voice broke into sobs as she buried her face in his shoulder.

"But I must!" said Theodore, in astonishment. "I love you, and I take that way of proving it."

"Then I d-d-don't believe you l-l-love me at all," protested Alma, with another volley of sobs, "or you wouldn't want to g-g-go into that horrid place where all those dreadful b-b-beasts will eat you. I'd l-l-like to know what g-g-good you'd be to me all b-b-bitten up with lions?"

EDITOR'S STUDY.

A SEASONABLE DIALOGUE.

Sinner. Oh, that these "faculties" would stand aside for a little and give a fellow a chance! Hello! What are you?

Grippe. Anything you please, or don't please. I can take any form. In reality, I am one of the ameliorations of modern civilization. I just dropped in.

Sinner. Nobody sent for you. Aren't you a kind of sickness?

Grippe. Most things are if you have too much of them. I'm longer for this world than some others. I thought by your remark that you needed me.

Sinner. No; I've enough without you, according to what I have heard of your character. I never heard any one speak well of you.

Grippe. Very likely. People generally don't speak well of anything nowadays—not even of their rulers that they voluntarily choose. A good many of these rulers are greater inflictions than I am. But I'm a blessing in disguise.

Sinner. You may be a warning.

Grippe. No, I'm not a warning; I take hold—hence my name. I do not serve even the purpose of a bad example; you are thinking of politicians all the time. I am a remedial agent—call it a dose, if you like. I'm all things to all men, hoping to save some of them.

Sinner. A queer idea you have of saving, by what I hear.

Grippe. Well, you can't save a fool, that's a fact. It's my business to show men their weaknesses, for one thing. If they will not mend them, is that my fault? Everything was going to smash—on express limited—when I stepped in.

Sinner. And brought another disease. You are a nice one to talk! How many have you killed?

Grippe. Consider how many I did not kill who ought to be killed? It was not

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I. They died of lots of things; and then they say I have so many sequences. It makes me sick to hear people talk. Most of them would have died of nervous prostration if I hadn't put 'em to bed. If they wouldn't heed me, they would not heed one who rose from the dead. I tell you I am a preventive. I'm a knock-down argument. They say I'm the meanest of all diseases. It's they who are mean who have all sorts of mean diseases. I only point 'em out. And small thanks I get—except from the doctors. The doctors pretend I am something new, something subtle. Because I ask people who are hurrying on to the devil by all sorts of rapid paces to stop a moment and pull themselves together and get acquainted with themselves and their cultivated infirmities, they say I am a devil. The devil I ain't! I am a simple Reminder of Mortality, opposed to the Hurry and Worry of the world. Now take your own case.

Sinner. I'd rather you wouldn't. I don't like your style.

Grippe. What did you call me for, then? What is that about your "faculties"? Though you don't look as if you had any to spare.

Sinner. I'd no idea you were around, or I shouldn't have said anything. Perhaps it is not "faculties." Maybe it is only senses. What I mean is my various ways of communicating with the world, the avenues by which I keep in touch with it all the time. That which makes me alert and sensitive, at the command of everything and everybody. It's the grip I have on the world, or the world on me; I don't know which it is. I'm pulled and hauled all the while. It is an activity, you see, in a way external to myself. I get no chance to be with my own mind. My mind gets no chance to do anything for itself. I haven't had a moment to reflect for ten years.

Grippe. I see. You are just an ordinary fool. You talk mighty well about what you'd like to do. But you are incapable of taking advice. If I tell you to stop in your worry and flurry and specious activity, and give your mind a chance, and your body as well, you will not do it. You will just go and take a tonic and force yourself to keep on in your way to ruin.

Sinner. Well, what do you propose to do?

Grippe. Nothing. I've done it. I've got hold of you—I, Grippe. I've knocked out all the other things—faculties you call them, means of agitation and communication with the fussy world. You are obliged to give up, to stop, to cease to struggle.

Sinner. But you hurt, and you are awfully depressing.

Grippe. I intend to hurt. If I didn't give you a twist, you would pay no attention to me. If I didn't wrack your back and your legs and your head and throw you into a pit, you'd be right up with all your weaknesses and diseases (which you now begin to realize) and feverish hurry, and go booming round at the drug-shops, swilling tonics every half-hour. I know you. You belong to the half of the world which supports the manufacturers of patent medicines and pick-me-ups and barks and all sorts of compounds for creating Dutch courage. These "tonics" are the great feature of modern civilization. They are the encouragers of all violations of the laws of health. These are not remedies; they are illusory excuses for disorderly living. But this is only by the way. I *am* interested in your mind.

Sinner. I doubt if I've any left.

Grippe. Very likely. Most people haven't any, when the excitement of their daily flurry drops off from them. But I am going to give you a chance to find out. I have knocked you out so that you must let the world alone, and the world must let you alone, for some time. Perhaps in the subsidence you will discover a calm spot in you somewhere, and something will germinate, and ideas will begin to stir naturally, and reflection will begin to co-ordinate things that are already in your mind. You have no notion what is in you till you separate yourself from the ruck of life. I do not suppose there are ten men of your acquaintance who ever get time really to think over anything they read or hear.

Sinner. I guess that is so. But do you know, I'd rather never think of any than have you round. Certainly I can think of nothing now.

Grippe. So much the better. Just simmer down. It's your salvation. I shall stay with you till you submit.

Sinner. You are not going to let me leak out through one of those confounded diseases you spoke of, are you?

Grippe. How can I tell? But if you

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do, it will not be my disease. I mean to hold you down till you learn something. I'm your friend. If you get about soon, don't go around and say I am the meanest acquaintance you ever had. I am just showing you what you and your weaknesses are. Am I epidemic? Not by nature. I have to be when there are so many tonics about. They are the real epidemic. Now be quiet.

Sinner. Have you gone?

Grippe. Oh no. I'll stay by you.

II.

It is often said that the American people want better newspapers than they have. I wonder if this is so. What people really desire, especially in America, they usually get. At least they believe that their motto is, "get the best"; the best is none too good. In any intelligent circle you may happen to drop into, the common talk is about the depravity and the untrustworthiness of the newspapers. This is an old topic, a worn-out subject of talk. It is so stale that I almost need to apologize for speaking of it in the Study.

I do not bring it up to inquire if the complaint is well founded, but to ask the simple question, Why do not the people have better newspapers? That is, granted that the newspapers are not what they should be, and that there is a desire for better, why do we not have better? Whose fault is it? Whose fault is it that we do not have better State legislatures, a better House of Representatives, a better Senate? Whose fault is it that there are so many humbug patent medicines, sold everywhere by the ton, and eagerly bought? Whose fault is it that there is so much adulterated tea and coffee sold, adulterated liquors, and poor meats, and hurtful "candy," and unwholesome "groceries" of various sorts? Is it because the poor "truck" is cheaper than the good, or because people are ignorant, or because they don't care? It goes without saying that there will always be people ready to sell anything that others will buy. Are we to put all the blame on those who sell?

If a man could make more money by producing a good newspaper than a bad one, would he not do it? Is any one so stupid as to suppose that any man deliberately, out of wish to injure his fellows, out of pure malignity, creates a nasty newspaper? He creates what he thinks will sell. Is it supposable that any rascal in the land would not rather sell Bibles than playing-cards, if he could make more money selling Bibles?

Let us be reasonable. Why is it that a Review of the first class, literary and critical, cannot be maintained in this country? Why is it that a Weekly of high tone, refinement, and cosmopolitan quality, without pictures and without scandal or personal gossip, finds it so difficult to live in this country? Why is it that the most sensational newspapers, the most hideous typographically and pictorially, those that pander most to the lowest taste, have the largest circulation? Why is it that a sober, clean, self-respecting journal, which is really studious not to print lies and does not indulge in "fakes," has comparatively a small circulation? Why is it that a newspaper which its readers know habitually forges "news" and invents interviews, while it absolutely loses reputation gains in circulation? Why is it that repeated exposure of the character of such a newspaper seems to swell its sales? These are pretty solemn questions for the American people to answer.

The question as to the newspaper itself is complicated. The newspaper is not founded on a philanthropic or a charitable, nor (except in a few instances) for an educational purpose. It is started exactly as a bank is, or a grocery-store, or a law-office, or a railway, or a coal-mine, or a cotton-factory — to make money for its owners. Now and then an "organ" is begun for a purpose; but all periodicals that live and become powerful, for good or evil, become so because they are profitable. Now, the newspaper-owner, like every other owner of everything, is more or less affected by the common desire to get rich, and to get rich speedily. And the means of attaining this end differ among newspaper proprietors as they do with men in any other business. Some are self-respecting and honest, and some are not. As a rule, all try to keep within the law. Where the law is very stringent against opening gambling-dens in a city, few men will be found to open them.

In this country the opportunity for starting a newspaper is so great that rivalry is tremendous. The rivalry reduces the price. The cost of news-gathering and editing increases every month. Every item in the production of a newspa-

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per, except the paper it is printed on, has gone up considerably within the past few years. There is probably not a newspaper printed in the United States (probably not even the "patent" outsides) that does not cost more to produce than it is sold for. The result is that the paper depends wholly for support upon its advertising. And the advertising that it can attract depends upon the circulation it can show to the advertiser. The sole effort of the paper, then, is to gain circulation. No matter what *sort* of circulation—only the most experienced advertisers stop to consider that—and the newspaper is then tempted to address itself to the tastes of the majority. And what is the taste of the majority? Why, look at the newspapers that have the largest circulation. For it is not the newspaper that is most careful about its news, most anxious to sift what comes to it, and to reject the bogus, that pleases most people. It is the reckless and "smart" newspaper that pleases most. If a newspaper by any sensational and even disreputable means can get a large circulation, it gets plenty of advertising and it coins money. Does any one dispute this?

What are you going to do about it? Well, we are going to reform the world—gradually. We are going to hope that people will become moral enough, clean enough, intelligent enough, or refined enough to prefer a real "news" paper and a decent paper to the "fake" paper and the unclean. And meantime a suggestion or two may be thrown out. The viciousness of our newspaper situation is in having all their profit depend upon getting advertising by means of circulation. The circulation itself ought to pay. The newspaper is too cheap. So long as it is cheap it tends to be nasty. The subscription of a newspaper ought to pay for its production. A good newspaper, well printed, with trustworthy news of the world, is worth three times the present price of our ordinary journals. Even then it would be the cheapest thing in the market. The advertisements that came to such a paper would pay it for its expenditure of brains and industry.

There is another suggestion. If the daily newspapers could quit trying to be magazines and revert to their original purpose of printing news only, they would do better service and cost less to produce. Considering what the news of the world really is, the fair presentation of it every day is enough to satisfy any reasonable newspaper ambition.

These suggestions are not new. Their value lies in constant repetition, so that they may become a part of the public mind. Everybody says that something should be done. For we believe in Providence. And some day some One will come into the garden in the cool of the evening and ask, "Did these people make the newspapers, or did the newspapers make these people?"

III.

As we come into the Spring again—in the latitude where this Magazine is published—we have a sense of escape. And so strong is this that we call it happiness. It is like getting out of jail. Even those who have not been confined against their will, as most of us have been, are full of joy at the release. We (timidly) let the furnace fires go down. We open the doors and the windows. We lay aside the heavy and stuffy clothing and step out into the fresh, free air without sneezing—with only a lurking apprehension of some pneumonia left behind somewhere in the ground. We hunt for flowers, we see green things, we hear birds making nests and making love. We say, how good life is! How good it is to be alive once more! We see the doctor drive by without much curiosity. By May we say that the worst is over. We dare to trust seeds in the ground and to lay out flower-beds. A load of worry and anxiety falls off. We think how comparatively easy life is going to be now for some months.

We have tried to be patient all winter long with the people who go about pretending to like the rigor of the season, to like snow and its attendant mortality, to like "bracing up," cold feet, cold hands, the shivers, the wind that cuts the air and strikes a mortal chill—the enemies that go about thinning out of society all the delicate and sensitive persons. What they say they like, these people, is an "old-fashioned winter," plenty of snow, and plenty of zero weather. I happen to know that this talk makes the doctors laugh. It is their harvest season. And the talk is mostly insincere. These very folk are glad when the winter is over. They really long for the Spring, like rational beings. Only they seem to fancy

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there is some merit attached to them for enduring suffering for so many months.

There is no use in talking about this thing, except to make a protest against the cant of pretending to like the inclemency of our polar weather. It is said that extreme frost kills harmful bacilli. Suppose it does. It kills more people than bacilli. And I have no doubt that it kills also the better sort of bacilli, whose business it is to fight the bad. And then it is said that Nature needs a rest. Does she? In temperate countries where there is no frost and the ground produces two crops a year, we hear none of this nonsense about Nature needing a rest. "Snow, the poor man's manure!" Yes, if the crop is icebergs. In countries where a coating of snow is needed to keep the frost from going down six feet deep, snow can be granted. But can any one, except the contractors, tell the good of snow in New York city?

No. Let us be honest. We would all live in a genial climate if we could. We show that this is so by breaking into joyousness when the snow sneaks away, and the brooks flow, and the blossoms come.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record closes March 11, 1897.—The European concert for the enforcement of reforms in Turkish administration became involved in disturbances between Turkey and Greece. The occasion was a conflict between Mussulmans and insurgent Christians in the island of Crete, in the course of which a Greek corps of occupation landed at Canea. A fleet representing the powers gathered at Crete, bombarded the camp of the insurgent Christians, and subsequently relieved a besieged Mussulman garrison at Kandamos. After influencing the Greeks to cease hostilities, the powers demanded the recall of the Greek forces. This the Greeks refused, unless the powers agree to a merely temporary suzerainty of the Sultan, and leave the fate of Crete in the hands of the Cretans. Meantime both Turkey and Greece were massing their forces on the Thessaly frontier and equipping war-ships. In this crisis it transpired that the concert of the powers was weakened by the fact that Russia and Germany were preparing to blockade the Greek ports, and that Germany threatened to withdraw from the concert unless the powers quickly coerced Greece to cease hostilities. In western Europe, meanwhile, public sentiment was strongly in sympathy with Greece.

In Cuba fighting continued in the so-called "pacified" provinces, but though reports were untrustworthy, the insurgents seemed to be gaining ground.

The general arbitration treaty between the United States and England was subjected to sharp discussion in the Senate with regard to its effect on the Monroe doctrine, and amendments were proposed; but definite action was delayed until the incoming administration should be organized; and the treaty was sent back to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

On February 22 President Cleveland signed orders establishing thirteen additional forest reservations, containing more than 21,000,000 acres.

On February 24 nineteen lives were lost by floods in the Ohio Valley and in the Valley of the Monongahela. The damage to property was estimated at a million dollars.

On February 26 a bill authorizing the appointment of commissioners to an international monetary conference was passed.

February 27 the governments of Russia and Japan were reported to have signed a treaty practically constituting a joint protectorate over Corea.

On March 4 William McKinley and Garret A. Hobart were inaugurated President and Vice-President of the United States. President McKinley's cabinet, as approved by the Senate, is as follows:

Secretary of State, John Sherman, of Ohio.

Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, of Illinois.

Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger, of Michigan.

Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Interior, Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York.

Postmaster-General, James A. Gary, of Maryland.

Attorney-General, Joseph McKenna, of California.

Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa.

On March 7 immense damage by floods was reported in the Middle Western States, and the loss of property probably amounting to millions of dollars.

Up to March 11 there were 14,856 cases of the bubonic plague in the Bombay Presidency, and 12,204 deaths.

OBITUARY.

February 13.—At Adrian, Missouri, General J. O. Shelby, formerly of the Confederate army.

February 18.—At Binghamton, New York, John C. Robinson, Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the civil war, aged eighty years.

March 8.—At Stamford, Connecticut, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, aged eighty-four years.

March 11.—At Tunbridge Wells, England, Professor Henry Drummond, author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* and *The Ascent of Man*, aged forty-six years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE UPSET AT JOHNNYCAKE HILL.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

NOT far from the brow of Johnnycake Hill stood the old Peddigue homestead. It was a huge, antiquated farm-house that reminded one of an elephant with its vast proportions and its weather-beaten hue. But for the equally gigantic barn, standing squarely opposite on the other side of the road, there had been such a view from the front windows of the Peddigue house as would have moved an artist to transports: a wide, fertile valley, stretching southward beyond the range of the eye; through its midst a winding river bordered with farms; here and there a glimmering white village; and beyond, the dim blue of mountains rising tier above tier to the horizon's edge. But from Great-grandfather Samuel down there had never been a Peddigue to whom the barn seemed out of place, or who would have dreamed of pointing out the *view* to a visitor as one of the advantages of a residence on Johnnycake Hill. An honest, thrifty, practical race were the Peddigues, hard-working, matter-of-fact, and, to a degree, prosperous. They had made money in a slow, plodding way, and hung to it tenaciously. Therefore the two survivors of the fourth generation, Nathan and Joel—the "bachelor brothers," as they were popularly called—found themselves, upon the death of all their nearest kin, the possessors of a neat sum in the Hardwick Bank, and joint owners of a two-hundred-acre farm under good cultivation.

Two shyer, more hermitlike men than Nathan and Joel Peddigue would be hard to find. Not that they were by nature churlish or unsociable, for kindlier hearts than theirs never beat; but they had, unfortunately, that self-deprecating, shrinking disposition that seems to feel it an offence to intrude upon the attention of others in any way save the slight formal intercourse necessary even to "minding one's own business." They went to church regularly, for such was the inbred habit of the Peddigues from time immemorial. They traded at the village store, and shipped their produce from the railroad station; but beyond the yea and amen of the simplest conventional worship and the stereotyped exchanges of trade, these two old bachelors had little or nothing to do with their neighbors and towns-folk. They lived alone, did their own house-work and field-work, kept their own counsels, and attended strictly to their own affairs.

It was hardly to be expected, perhaps, that this attitude toward the public should be reciprocal. The Peddigues might let the world entirely alone, but the world—especially the gossips—could not let the Peddigues alone. The "old bachelor brothers" were the theme of many a delectable evening at the sewing-circle, and even the male gossips who adorned the cracker-barrels at the store would slowly and meditatively speculate upon their affairs, propounding vague theories, interspersed with long silences and aimless expectoration.

It seemed to be the general opinion of the gossips, male and female, that the Peddigues would never marry, with this difference, that whereas the male gossips did not care, the female gossips were forever lamenting the shame of such reduplicated single-blessedness, and declaring that it must not be allowed, with so many eligible and needy maiden ladies in the town who might be had for the asking. In particular, there were the "Wetherby girls," who lived just a mile the other side of Johnnycake Hill, and were nearest neighbors to the Peddigues on the east. Why, everybody knew that the Wetherby girls were foreordained to be the wives of Nathan and Joel Peddigue! Did not their ancestral farms adjoin? Had they not played together as children, quarrelled and made up as schoolmates, grown shyly yet wistfully apart as young men and maidens, joined the church at the same time, entered upon the struggle of life together, and fallen, each, into the parallel ruts of toil and abstraction running so closely side by side? Indeed Providence seemed likely to be thwarted of its purpose in this matter, unless the energetic ladies of the community took it up. Accordingly the report was assiduously circulated that the "bachelor Peddigues" had, or at any rate ought to have, "intentions" on the "Wetherby girls"; and so great is the leavening power of gossip that not only did this report reach the ears of the parties chiefly concerned, but it even began to have a distinct effect upon the thoughts and intents of their hearts. Not one of the four would have breathed the sentimental feeling to another, yet each conceived a sweet and secret pleasure in dwelling upon the outcome prophesied by the village gossips.

But, as a matter of fact, how extremely imaginative the gossips were! There was not even a base of mist for their rainbow to rest upon. Nathan and Joel, and Abby and Sophia, never met except at church, and then there was only an exchange between them of stiff, shy bows, or at the most a hesitating "how-de-do." Joel always edged his way out of church with a great show of haste to fetch the Peddigue team, and Nathan was not so

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far behind him that he could not climb into the buggy the minute it was backed out of the shed. And then away rattled the bachelor brothers, and the little social world of Hardwick saw no more of them until another Sunday came round. But they were always at church, and so were the Wetherby "girls." This might or might not be significant. The gossips declared that it was.

The affair was thus at a "movable standstill," as Mrs. Deacon Pritchard expressed it, when snow began to fly in December of the memorable "blockade winter." The oldest resident of Hardwick will still tell you that never in local history were drifts piled so high or woodlands carpeted so deep as during that notable solstice.

On the morning of Monday, the 10th of December, the first great storm began to fall. The annual "parish sociable" had been announced for Thursday evening. All day Monday, all night, and up to Tuesday noon the wind blew a howling gale out of the northeast, and the snow drove rustling across the fields like powdered flint. Not a creature stirred abroad, and every road was filled fence-high with the curling drifts.

Then the storm ceased, and the afternoon of Tuesday came off bright and still. Teams began to break their way along the less deeply buried roads, now and then branching off into the fields, to return as soon as the highway became equally passable. By Wednesday the ends of the rural world were in communication again.

"Joel," said Nathan Peddigue, as the brothers sat at breakfast in the old farm-house kitchen Thursday morning, "had you thought of going to the parish sociable this evening?"

Joel looked at his brother in open-mouthed amaze. "*Me?*" he exclaimed. "*Me* go to a church sociable? Nathan Peddigue, I should say you were out of your head!"

"Well," replied Nathan, with an apologetic and somewhat embarrassed manner, "I didn't know but what you, being somewhat younger—"

"Jerusalem!" blurted Joel. Then he got up hastily and began transferring the dishes, with a great clatter, to the sink.

"Hold on!" objected Nathan, forcibly. "I ain't through yet."

"Oh!" said Joel. Then he went over to the window, and stood with his back to his brother, looking out. Presently he said, without turning around, "Suppose *we* ain't going to the sociable, Nathan; there's them that are."

"That's so," replied Nathan, draining his coffee-cup.

"Have you thought that perhaps some of 'em will want to use the road over Johnnycake Hill?" queried Joel, still looking out of the window.

"Who, for instance?" demanded Nathan.

"Well—perhaps—I dun'no'—but perhaps the Wetherby girls might want to come over this way. It's a good sight shorter, you know, than going around by the turnpike."

Nathan rose abruptly and pushed back his chair. "We must shovel a road through the worst of the drifts," he said. "We're kind of expected to keep a way clear over Johnnycake Hill, I suppose, and it would be a shame for them girls to get stuck in the snow. Leave the dishes right where they are. We haven't got any too much time for this job."

Ten minutes later the Peddigue brothers, in their lumbermen's leggings, were plodding through the snow, with shovels over their shoulders. They started in a few rods above the house, and worked like beavers till the shrill, distant whistle of the North Troy mill proclaimed the hour of noon. They had cut a tunnel through all the drifts to the brow of Johnnycake Hill. On the other side of the hill the road was not so badly filled, and Nathan said he guessed the Wetherby girls might "pull through" by careful driving.

After a hasty dinner, the brothers resumed shovelling in the other direction. As they were tunnelling past the southwest corner of the barn, Joel's shovel suddenly went down through a film of icy crust so far that he almost fell over the handle. He recovered himself with a jerk, and was on the point of exclaiming "Jerusalem!" when a sudden thought, that seemed like an inspiration, sealed his lips. Nathan was working a yard or two in advance, and had not noticed his brother's hesitation. With a quick stealthy movement Joel covered with snow the hole his shovel had made, and packed it down smoothly.

"Seems to me there was a wash-out along by the barn here somewhere?" remarked Nathan, straightening up and looking around.

"Umph, umph," replied Joel, non-committally.

"Keep a lookout for it," said Nathan, bending to his work again. "It might get crusted over, you know, and if a runner struck it, why—there'd be an upset, that's all."

Joel's hands trembled, his face twitched, and a kind of purple haze swam before his eyes. But he concealed his agitation and attacked the drift in front of him furiously. His brain was all awhirl; he could not think connectedly. It was impossible for him to consider the thing which he had done and weigh it in the moral balances. A complete paralysis of mind and will seemed to have fallen upon him. The only part of him not benumbed was his body, and that pushed mechanically on, leaving the treacherous wash-out farther and farther behind.

It was growing dusk when the Peddigue brothers returned wearily up the hill. They had shovelled through more than two miles of drifts since morning. Their hands burned, and their arms and legs felt as if they were made of lead.

"This is the hardest day's work *I* ever did," said Nathan, breaking a long silence, as they

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stumbled at last into the shed of the old house. "If you're as near dead as I am, Joel, you won't care for any supper, I guess."

"I be," said Joel, in a hollow voice.

The two men dropped into chairs in the dark kitchen, and sat looking out into the twilight with the fixed, listless stare of utter physical exhaustion.

"Curious we didn't find that wash-out," said Nathan, finally. "I dun'no' as there was one, after all. I disremember."

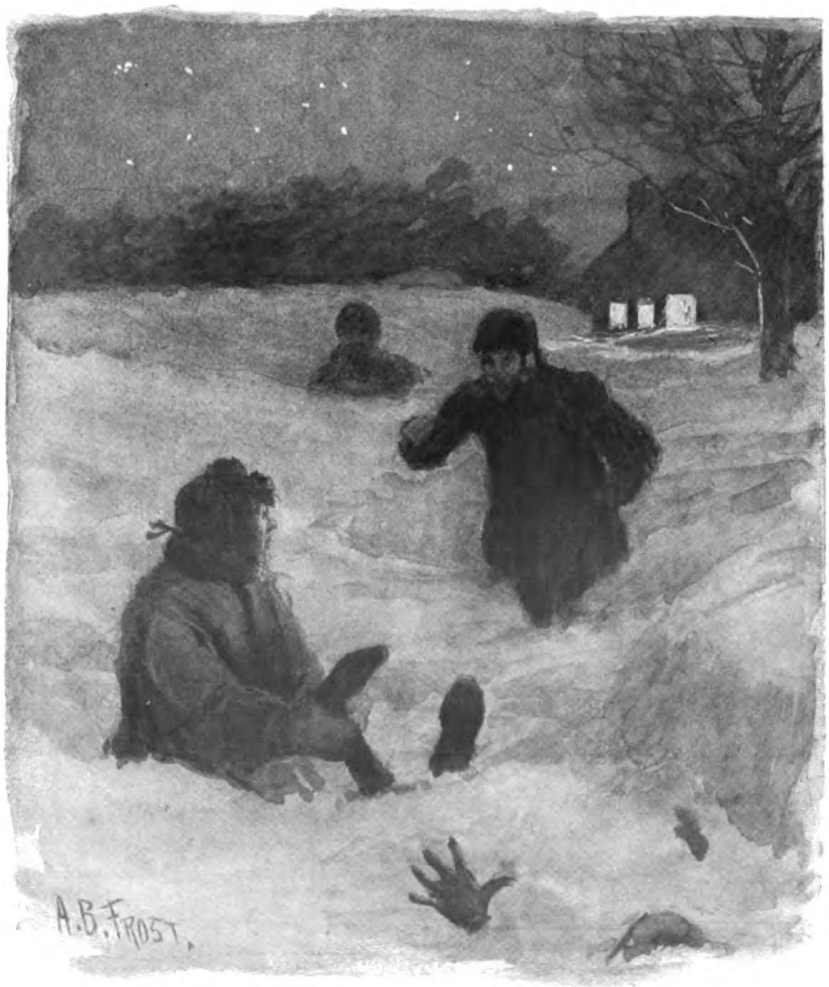
"Umph, umph," grunted Joel.

Silence fell upon them again, broken only by the loud, measured ticking of the old clock in the corner.

Whir-r-r-r! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Both drowsing men started. Something more silvery than the clangor of the old clock mingled with the closing stroke of the hour. Could it be—yes, it was the well-known tinkle of the shaft-bells on the Wetherby girls' cutter! Nathan and Joel peered eagerly out into the night. A pale half-moon was shedding its sickly light over the snow—just enough to reveal a dark, slowly moving object opposite the house. The subdued murmur of feminine voices could be heard. There was a soft "Whoa!" and the horse stopped for a moment. Then another voice said, hurriedly, "No—don't!" and the sleigh moved on again. It passed the house; it glided slowly by the barn, and was about to vanish in the night, when there was a loud jangling alarm of bells, a crunching, grinding noise, and then a chorus of feminine shrieks, suddenly smothered, but not quite extinguished.

"*Jerusalem!*" shouted Joel Peddigue. He sprang from his chair with a bound that sent it flying, and, closely followed by Nathan, tore open the door and ran bareheaded into the road.

For the first time the awful significance of the thing which he had done rushed upon the mind of the younger brother, and his heart was torn with a tempest of anguish and dread. He ran with guilty directness to the spot where he had discovered the wash-out that afternoon. At first, in the pallid gloom, nothing



"IT STOOD THERE, CLUTCHING AT A SMALLER OBJECT"

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was to be seen. Then, floundering up from one of the drifts by the road-side appeared a woe-begone female figure, visible only from the waist upwards. It stood there, clutching at a smaller object in the snow, which proved to be a foot kicking madly at its white environment. Muffled screams from below and shriller appeals for help from above rang in the ears of the bewildered Peddigue brothers. Nathan seemed utterly dazed, but Joel, grasping the waving foot in his strong hands, drew forth the half-smothered Sophia Wetherby, and laid her tenderly in the road. Then he extricated Miss Abby, who bent, with tremulous anxiety, over her sister.

"Is she dead?" gasped Joel Peddigue.

"No, but pretty nigh beat out for breath," was the quavering reply. "Will you two men please carry her into the house? Our horse seems to have run away."

Nathan and Joel bent timidly over the prostrate Sophia, but before they could lay their reluctant hands upon her she sat up and exclaimed, with panting vehemence:

"You *sha'n't* carry me! I'm all right. I'll walk!"

And so, with Miss Abby supporting Miss Sophia, and Nathan and Joel hurrying on ahead to show the way and light a lamp, the little group entered the Peddigue homestead. Erelong the lonesome house was blazing with light. Doors opened and closed, the cellar stairs creaked, and it seemed as if the old iron kettle had never sung such a song to the blazing hickory as it sang while Joel was making ginger tea for their shivering guests.

Nathan, lantern in hand, ran down the road, and found the runaway horse stalled in a drift, into which he had plunged blindly in his terror. So there was no floating evidence to prove that the Wetherby sisters had started for the parish sociable at all that night.

When it came out, ten weeks later, that Nathan Peddigue was engaged to Abby Wetherby, and Joel to Sophia, the gossips secretly wondered how the ice had really been broken. But Joel knew!

HE KNEW HIS OWN VALUE.

BEFORE the war, in the days of slavery, a New York jeweller, of a prominent family, who can be called Mr. X., had owing to him a bill of $1200 from a reputedly wealthy family in the South. Time after time the bill was rendered, but there was no response, and finally Mr. X., as he chanced to have other business taking him beyond the Mason and Dixon line, decided to call at the house of his debtor in New Orleans and see if he could get some satisfaction for his claim.

On his arrival there he found that his debtor was in a bad way financially and had but little money, although running an expensive establishment. A proposition was made that Mr. X. take in payment of his bill a negro named Jim, a very bright fellow, and considered to be worth fully $1500. Jim was an expert horseman, and through all his life had been working in the stables of his master.

Mr. X. was in a quandary. His abolitionist ideas prevented him from being a slave-owner, but his natural anxiety to receive something for the bill due him almost demanded that he should accept the slave as payment. Finally a bright idea suggested itself, and he called the negro to him.

"Now, Jim," said he, "I am going to be your new master. I do not want to live here in the South and look after you, nor do I wish to take you to the North with me. Now I've been thinking of this plan: Will you be honest, sober, and attentive to business if I set you up in the cab trade in this city? Will you turn over every cent to me and not steal from me? If you promise, I will set you up in business, and when you send me the money that you earn I will credit half of it to you. When your half of the money above all the expenses amounts to twelve hundred dollars, you can buy your freedom, and then we can continue partners in the business, or you can buy me out. If you do not want to make any promises, or if you will not keep the promises that you may make, I will sell you, and then you may get a hard master."

Jim of course promised, and what is more remarkable, he kept his word. Mr. X. bought for him three cabs and as many teams, and allowed him full management of the business.

So well did Jim take care of the enterprise that within a year he had charge of nine cabs, and several teams of horses for each cab. He sent his money regularly to New York, and within two years his share of the profits amounted to over $2800. But still he made no suggestion that any of his money be turned over to Mr. X. for his freedom.

Mr. X. did not wish to speak about the matter to Jim, but he was anxious to get some cash value for the slave. He accordingly sent a friend to see Jim and find out what was the matter. The friend went to Jim, and said to him,

"Jim, you have sent to Mr. X. nearly fifty-seven hundred dollars, haven't you?"

"Yassir," said Jim.

"And twenty-eight hundred dollars of that money will be yours if you buy your freedom, won't it?"

"Yassir," said Jim again.

"Well, it will only cost you twelve hundred dollars to buy your freedom, and when you do you will have sixteen hundred dollars left, and can still continue in partnership with Mr. X. Why don't you buy your freedom?"

"Look yere, boss," said Jim, solemnly—"look yere; *yo' doan' ketch dis chicken yere a-buyin' a niggah dat has consumption.*"

JOHN W. GEBHART.

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THE CONTEMPORARY SUITOR.

BY E. S. MARTIN.

TIME was that Strephon, when he found
A Chloe to his mind,
Sought not how Dun reported her,
Nor lagged while Time distorted her,
But rushed right in and courted her,
As Nature had designed.

It's different now; my Lucy, there,
How gladly would I woo!
But shapes of such monstrosity
Confront with such ferocity
My impecuniosity,
What is a man to do?

Strephon and Chloe had a hut,
And though, about the door,
The wolf might raise his serenade,
No latter-day menagerie bayed
Its warning grim to man and maid:
"Wed not if ye are poor!"

"My goats," might Strephon say, "will yield
Us milk, our vineyard wine;
By olive groves my cot is hid,
No pressing wants our joy forbid,
And I can always kill a kid
When people come to dine."

But I, what monsters must I face
When I for Lucy sue!
What landlords roaring for their rent!
What troops of duns by grocers sent!
And shapes of want and discontent
Calamitous to view!

Stay, Lucy, stay! I'm bold and stout,
I'll rout the grisly crew.
Be constant, love! and hope and wait,
And by the time you're thirty-eight
I may, perhaps, have conquered Fate,
And when I've won the right to mate,
If you're not *too* much out of date,
I'll surely mate with you!

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A SUPPOSITITIOUS JOKE.

THEY were at dinner: an old gentleman notorious for never being able to see a joke; his son, who took his father's shortcomings very seriously; and a cheerful guest. In the midst of a light conversation between the two young men, the father made a few remarks obviously intended as a pleasantry. The cheerful guest let off his best company laugh.

"What's that you said, father?" the solicitous son demanded.

The old gentleman repeated the remark, and again the cheerful guest laughed, though this time with great misgiving.

Again the son asked to have the remark repeated, and this time the guest, realizing that what the old gentleman intended as a joke was, in fact, no joke at all, laughed genuinely at the fix his complaisance had got him into.

"My son," the old gentleman explained, kindling anew at the guest's unexpectedly hearty appreciation—"my son says that I can never see a joke; and now that I have made a joke, I find that he inherits the peculiarity. I trust you will humiliate him, as he always humiliates me, by explaining my little joke."

How the cheerful guest explained is not recorded.

HIS HONESTY.

GEORGE GREEN, Doctor Baker's ebony office-boy, is a pretty shrewd lad, according to the doctor. Not long since he found a dime in cleaning the office, and honestly offered it to his master.

"Never mind," said the doctor; "you can keep that for your honesty."

The other day the doctor missed a five-dollar bill. He inquired of George whether he had seen it.

"Yas, sah," said George; "I picked 'im up."

"Well, what did you do with it?"

"Me? W'y, I kep' it fo' mah honesty!"

ROBERT D. LUCAS.

A MUSICAL EXPEDIENT.

SOME twenty or thirty years ago the Portuguese levied a tax of seventy-five cents a pound on all American plug tobacco imported into their African colonies; but as tobacco could be purchased for twenty-five cents a pound in this country, smuggling became so frequent that the authorities had to place an official on every ship that anchored off any town in their jurisdiction. These inspectors, usually negroes, could almost always be bribed, but the following story concerns one official who refused all offers, and the tale is warranted as authentic by the skipper who tells it.

"We'd been lying off a large town up the Gambia River for about a week, when a coasting schooner came into the river, and the trader asked me if I had any plug tobacco.

"'About six ton,' says I.

"'How much?' says he.

"'Fifty cents a pound,' says I.

"'I'll give you seventy-five cents a pound for all you'll deliver on board my schooner,' said the trader.

"'All right,' says I. But I could not see any way to get around the nigger. He was sitting on deck, smoking cigarettes right on top of the hatch where the tobacco was stowed. I went over to my friend Captain Doe, who had just gotten over from America a few days before, and I found he had several music-boxes which he had brought over as presents to his African friends. 'How much do those boxes cost?' I asked.

"'About forty dollars at home,' said Doe.

"'Sell me one,' said I, and I told him why I wanted it. 'I'll give you seventy-five dollars for it.'

"Half an hour later I was sitting in my cabin playing 'Home, sweet Home' and 'Down upon the Suwanee River.' The Portugee heard me, and pretty soon he came down.

"'What's that?' says he, and he gazed with undisguised wonder at the box.

"'It's a music-box,' says I, and I let him sit down and turn out the tunes for himself.

"'How much?' was the first question he asked.

"'Five hundred dollars,' says I. 'You can play on it for a few minutes, if you like; I'm going up stairs to give my orders for the night.'

"As soon as I was out of the cabin I called the mate. 'Tell the men to stand by with their shoes off,' says I, 'and load the tobacco into the long-boat as soon as you can. Then put it aboard the schooner. As long as you hear the music you're safe.'

"Then I went below and lit my pipe, and watched the Portugee turn the crank. 'That wouldn't be any good over here,' says I, 'because your young ladies couldn't play on it longer than fifteen minutes.'

"'Why?'

"'Oh, they'd get tired,' says I.

"'Nonsense,' says he; 'I could grind it all day.'

"'You're crazy,' says I. 'You couldn't grind it an hour. Why, I will bet you the machine against a quarter you can't.'

"He took the bet eagerly, and I put my watch on the table while he started in to grind.

"In three-quarters of an hour my men had made two trips to the schooner, and had transferred the entire six tons of tobacco. The mate then came down into the cabin and gave me the wink that it was all right. A few moments later the hour was up, and the excited Portugee claimed the machine. He told the mate the bet I had made, and I thought the mate would explode from laughing. I told him he had won, and he was the happiest nigger you ever saw.

"The next morning, when his relief came aboard, the Portugee was rowed ashore, carrying his music-box on his lap, and no suspicion came across his mind as he glanced at the little coasting schooner that was already several miles away down the stream."

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AMONG CONFIDANTES.

"He told you he loved you? Why, he don't know what love is."
"Well, I—I didn't want an expert, Jenny. Maybe I can teach him."

THE MUSIC CURE.

[The discovery of a new treatment, called the Music Cure, comes to us from the city of Munich. — *Boston Transcript.*]

Come, all ye sore and weary folk who've suffered many a year,
The greatest of the remedies to cure your ills is here;
No matter what your trouble, be your heart or liver wrong,
You now may find correction in the measures of a song.

When in your side your vermiform appendix takes a freak
To twist and twirl and twinge and throb till you can hardly speak,
No longer call the surgeon in, at knife and table scoff,
And summon Jean de Reszke and get him to sing it off.

If to your toe the living rich of days that are no more
Should bring those gouty feelings that no fellow hankers for,
Strike up your waltz of Strauss, or some swift pirouette, and so
With those infectious dancing strains inoculate that toe.

For ordinary troubles, such as colic pains or chills,
Three times a day take Mozart's Safe and Sure Symphonic Squills;
And if the trouble does not yield to them, you may be sure
Mascagni's Intermezzo Pills will work a speedy cure.

And when you travel, blessed thought, no matter where it be,
You need not worry over any kind of misery,
So long as ere you start abroad you do not fail to get
What doubtless soon they'll give us now, a Cure-all Orguinette.

Or if perchance this does not cure as soon as we desire,
No matter what kind of disease our system may acquire,
We're better off than e'er before beneath this system grand,
Which for the doctor's substitutes the measures of the band!

John Kendrick Bangs.

EXPLAINED.

Upon being punished, little Bessie withdrew to the other side of the room, and when her sobs subsided her mother turned to view her repentance, and found her engaged in "making faces" at her persecutor.

"Why, Bessie," exclaimed the fond mother, "how can you do so?"

"Oh, mamma," answered Bessie, quickly, "I was trying to smile at you, but my face slipped."

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1. Immigrant landing from Steamer.



2. Business in a Small Way.



3 Advancing in the World—Keeping their Little Store.



4 As we see them in the Park.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN AMERICAN ARISTOCRAT—FOUR GENERATIONS.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

A GREAT many persons still living must remember the interest excited by a book of Arctic adventure, printed by the Harpers over forty years ago. It was entitled "The United States' Grinnell Expedition, in Search of Sir John Franklin," and it was a personal narrative of one of the participants, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of the United States Navy. Dr. Kane, who had travelled over much of the world, North and South, was Senior Medical Officer and Naturalist of the famous voyage, and his published account of it attracted an amount of popular attention rarely equalled in this country. Prescott, the historian, called it one of the most remarkable records of difficulties and suffering, and of the power of a brave spirit to resist them, with which he had ever met. Bancroft spoke, in terms of the highest commendation, of Dr. Kane's constant self-possession, of his quickness of judgment, of his unshrinking courage in danger, of his fertility of resources, in the hours of greatest need. Washington Irving, Agassiz and Tennyson, among others, praised it in the strongest terms. It was read with delight by omnivorous readers, it was devoured by readers whose ordinary diet of literature was of the most ephemeral and diluted kind; and one small boy can recall how he heard it read aloud in his father's library, and read again and again, with never-failing excitement and enthusiasm; and how he thought there never was, and never could be, another book to equal it—except, of course, "Robinson Crusoe" or "David Copperfield."

Something of this same feeling is in this same small boy's mind as he reads a new publication of the same house, *Farthest North*[1] by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, in which is described a recent voyage in search of the still illusive North Pole. Dr. Nansen's two volumes are a careful elaboration of a full journal kept during the expedition from its very inception to its end. He tells of the spirit that moved him to make the attempt; of his theories and ideas as to how he was to accomplish his great object; of his preparation and equipment; of his start and finish; setting down every minute detail of action and of thought during the long dark months of struggle and peril; and he has made a most readable and fascinating book. One or two paragraphs from his chapter upon "The Winter Night" are worth quoting, as giving an idea of the author's style of expression. "Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist than the Arctic night," he says. "It is dreamland painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is color etherealized. One shade melts into the other, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, and yet they are all there. No forms—it is all faint, dreamy color music, a far-away, long-drawn-out melody of muted strings. . . . The sky is like an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into lilac and violet at the edges. Over the ice fields there are cold violet shadows with lighter pink tints, where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. . . . In the south stands a large red-yellow moon, encircled by a yellow ring and light golden clouds floating on the blue background. Presently the aurora-borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver—changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red." This reads like Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's marvellous word-painting in describing "the French West Indies" so far removed from the Land of the Midnight Sun.

What Dr. Nansen says of sound is as interesting as is what he says of sight. "The ice is restless and has pressed a good deal to-day again. It begins with a gentle crack and moan along the sides of the ship, which gradually sounds lower in every key. Now it is a high, plaintive tone, now it is a grumble, now it is a snarl, and the ship gives a start up. The noise steadily grows till it is like all the pipes of an organ. . . . Soon the noise begins to die down; the ship sinks into its old position again, and presently all is silent as before." This reads like an extract from Mr. Krehbiel's "Studies of the Wagnerian Drama."

There is no space here, nor would it be possible, to give even an outline of the long story Dr. Nansen tells so well. The work is in three divisions. Life on the Fram, before the now famous sledge journey; the account of the sledge journey itself; and life on the Fram during the fifteen months' absence of the commander on the fields of ice; this last section being based upon the diaries of Captain Sverdrup. Very few pages of actual adventure are more thrilling than is the account of what Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen, his one human companion, experienced during that voyage of toil and darkness on the trackless ice; and that is merely an episode, though an important one.

The book is of great scientific value; and it is exceedingly rich in its contributions to the

[1] *Farthest North.* Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the ship "Fram" (1893–1896), and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen. By Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN. With an Appendix by OTTO SVERDRUP, Captain of the "Fram." More than 100 Full-page and Numerous Text Illustrations, 16 Colored Plates in Fac-simile from Nansen's own Water Color, Pastel, and Pencil Sketches, and an Etched Portrait, Two Photogravures, and Four Maps. Two Volumes. Large Octavo, Gilt Tops, Uncut Edges, $10. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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general knowledge of meteorology, of biology, and of physical geography. It was written, we are told, in the Norwegian language, under high pressure, and during many distractions; and no less than six translators are responsible for the English edition here under review; although no confusion or disconnection is apparent in the English.

The illustrations to "Farthest North" are not the least important features in the work. They are many in number, and they include more than a dozen colored plates, in facsimile, from Dr. Nansen's own water-color, pastel and pencil sketches and drawings, made, of course, upon the spot. The etched portrait of the explorer and the portraits of the Fram will interest the reader particularly, as showing the man and his surroundings. Curious is the sentiment of affection which that stout little, brave little Fram inspires; a sentiment one rarely feels for an inanimate object with which one has no personal association; but best of all are the glimpses which Dr. Nansen, in his text, gives of himself. It can be said of him as it was said, and believed, of Dr. Kane, that his quickness of judgment, his self-possession, his unshrinking courage, his fertility of resource, make his work a remarkable record of difficulties and suffering, and of the power of a brave spirit to overcome them.

WHEN Master Huckleberry Finn, in the early part of his adventurous career, became an inmate of the Grangerford household, on the banks of the Ohio River, he inspected the library with his usual thoroughness; and he was greatly impressed with its size and variety. One of his books, he tells us, was "'Pilgrim's Progress,' about a man that left his family, it didn't say why. I read considerable in it, now and then," he adds. "The statements was interesting, but tough!" This profound view of Bunyan's great work was first revealed to us by Mr. Mark Twain, some twelve or thirteen years ago. Since then we have learned to know Master Finn better, to like him even more, and to feel that we can never see too much of him, although we must admit that most of his own statements are as tough as they are interesting. Associated, always, with Master Thomas Sawyer, his guide, philosopher and friend, young Master Finn has appeared lately as an assistant amateur detective and as a participant in foreign travel; and in every instance the immortal pair exhibit a toughness of deeds and of speech which must interest the whole world. "Huck, we're going to be celebrated, sure as you're born," says Master Sawyer more than once, while they are on the trail of the Dunlaps; and celebrated they certainly are. Perhaps they are the most celebrated pair of American boys in the entire range of the literature of masculine juvenility; and with young Tom Bailey of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, they are going down to posterity arm in arm, certainly, as the most notable of American youths.

Something was said in these columns, eight or ten months since, about A New and Uniform Library Edition of the Works of Mr. Mark Twain, when were briefly noticed his "Life on the Mississippi," "The Prince and The Pauper," and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Now appear *Tom Sawyer Abroad, Tom Sawyer Detective, and Other Sketches*;[2] and a volume entitled *The American Claimant and Other Stories and Sketches*,[3] all of them showing that wonderful versatility and absolute genius of their author which is so far above the range of mere humor, as humor, that the world is beginning, by degrees, to realize that Mark Twain is a good deal more than a humorist, although to be a humorist means a good deal. It has been pointed out that "Don Quixote" for upwards of a hundred years was regarded as nothing more than "exquisite fooling"; and Mr. Brander Matthews in a recent essay upon Mr. Mark Twain and his place in literature, comparing the Spanish knight-errant with the American vagabond, declares that from his own point of view it will not be a century, or will it take three generations before his fellow-countrymen discover how great a book "Huckleberry Finn" really is; how keen its vision of character; how close its observation of life; how sound its philosophy, how true and important its picture of Southwestern society in the slave days. It seems to the present reviewer that the fellow-countrymen of Mr. Huckleberry Finn and of Mr. Mark Twain have discovered all this already.

"ON CLOUD MOUNTAIN," a clever study of life in the Southwest, which appeared in the spring of 1895, will be remembered by many readers. It treated of the compatriots and fellow-citizens of Mr. Mark Twain's young heroes; the surroundings were very similar; it had a Huck Finn in Biathar Irish, who always swore "by the sufferin' catfish"; and without, of course, inviting comparison with the tales and sketches of the elder and more famous writer, it was a strong and original picture of the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley. *The Mistress of the Ranch*,[4] by the same author—Mr. Frederick Thickstun Clark—and her friends and neighbors live and suffer, and love and hate, are good and are bad, as the case may be, among the Rocky Mountains, and on the banks of the Rio Grande in the present time.

[2] *Tom Sawyer Abroad, Tom Sawyer, Detective, and Other Stories, etc.* By MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The American Claimant, and Other Stories and Sketches.* By MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *The Mistress of the Ranch.* A Novel. By FREDERICK THICKSTUN CLARK, author of "On Cloud Mountain." Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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The book, like its predecessor, is a sensational novel, full of incident and of action. The characters are not commonplace, and they seem to be true to the life, while their dialect is easy of comprehension and their quaint forms of expression are entertaining and amusing. Psychologically the story has no little interest. The mental conflict between Phebe Ellen and Dr. Sedgwick, and Phebe Ellen's mental conflict with herself; the gradual development of evil in her nature; the commingling of a cold-blooded devilish desire to murder her sister and the sisterly tenderness in her heart, are strongly portrayed. And very well written, in its way, is the account of Sam's ride to save the life, and the reason, of the girl he loves. "He felt the mare's slim, firm back beneath him, her ribs against his knee; the undulations of her body went through and through him, as if he were lifted and let down by the waves of the sea, and a sort of joy rushed into his blood—the fury of the struggle against odds, the determination to win, the dashing of himself against circumstances with the resolve to beat them or die."

It is the story of "Kentucky Belle" told in prose. Great were the odds, almost overwhelming were the circumstances against him. But he beat them down, and he did not die.

Quotations for Occasions,[5] particularly for Occasions of a social character, have been so much the fashion of late years, that one wonders why a published collection of them was not made long ago. Miss Katherine B. Wood is no doubt safe in saying that no other compilation in the line of her work has hitherto appeared. It is not put forth, she says, to supply an imperative demand, but rather in the hope of creating such a demand. And it is intended to lessen the labor of search for appropriate mottoes; in which intention she has certainly succeeded, and in an admirable way. She has selected for the motto of her own book a line or two from Emerson, who said once, that "Next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it," and if Miss Wood is not always the first quoter of good sentences, she is, without question, the quoter of sentences which are not only good, but which are pat and fitting.

Her Occasions, naturally, are what are called "festive"—dinners, suppers, and the like; and her Quotations, as is natural, are mainly taken from the works generally attributed to Shakspere. She gives us wise instances of what his characters spake concerning every thing on the bill of fare: from salted almonds, which are "a thirsty evil" ("Measure for Measure"), to Roman Punch which "was the noblest Roman of them all" ("Julius Cæsar"). And she dwells upon the toasts to which post-prandial orators are so often called upon to respond: Art, Literature, The Drama, The Army and Navy, Absent Friends, and even Golf and Tobacco. It is a little startling to the present reviewer, who once declared, in print, that Tobacco and Golf are the only topics in the whole history of things upon which Shakspere does not seem to have touched, to find Miss Wood citing Othello as crying "O thou weed, who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet"—(the First Quarto hath it "thou darke weed"!) and as referring to Quintus, the son of Titus Andronicus, as asking in relation, perhaps, to Golf:—"What subtle hole is this whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers?" Perhaps the happiest, if not the saddest of all Miss Wood's Occasional Quotations refers to frequent and familiar Occasions in the playing of this same Golf. She tells us how Cloten, once, before the Palace of Cymbeline, remarked to Two Lords of his acquaintance, that "When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths." That this sounds like one of The Rules of the Game as they are adopted by all the Golf Clubs in the Country, and that it *should* be one of "The Rules of the Game," all Golfers will confess.

Miss Wood, however, has gone to many other authorities for her examples of sentences properly applied to certain situations in modern life; and the work shows the results of vast and universal reading. Some of the quotations quote themselves, of course, as "Good wine needs no bush," and once or twice we miss a quotation which has become as familiar as Household Words in our Mother tongue. She omits, for instance, among the many sentiments addressed to the Critics, Disraeli's famous statement, made in "Lothair," that "critics are the men who have failed in literature and art." But these only accentuate the general completeness of the work, in which the rare sense of humor is so often displayed. As Mr. Horace Howard Furness, who is worth Quoting on all Occasions, says of the book—it is not for Occasions only, but for all times.

THE Quotation for the Occasion of Mr. Thomas Hardy's *The Well-Beloved*[6] should be taken from Balthasar's familiar song in "Much Ado About Nothing"—"Men were deceivers ever; One foot on sea and one on shore, To one thing constant never," for the scenes of the work are laid in a narrow peninsula on the coast of Mr. Hardy's Well-Beloved Wessex, while the hero, and all the heroines, are as inconstant a set of beings as can be well conceived. How much and how widely his Jocelyn Pierston scattered in his affections Mr. Hardy shows in a very graphic way. He is a very young man as he is introduced to the reader; and in the first six chapters of the book he proposes marriage to two young women in as many days, while in the seventh chapter he gives a detail-

[5] *Quotations for Occasions.* By KATHERINE B. WOOD. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Century Company.

[6] *The Well-Beloved.* A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. With Etched Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ed account of the number of the Well-Beloved as he had previously known her. Her name is legion. In the three stages of his existence as Mr. Hardy exhibits him, at the ages of twenty, forty, and sixty, he performs the unusual feat of wooing three successive generations of young women in the same family, all bearing the same name, all looking alike, all in their teens, and each as inconstant as he is. And all of this is set down with Mr. Hardy's well-known charm of description and character-drawing.

Although "The Well-Beloved" is announced by its English publishers as an entirely new work, it appeared as "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" in this country serially, in "Harper's Bazar" some five years ago; and in his brief Preface the author tells us that several chapters have been re-written since it was issued in periodical form. The peninsula in which the greater part of the action takes place, he writes, was carved by time out of a single stone, and has been, for centuries immemorial, the home of a curious and almost distinctive people, cherishing strange beliefs and singular customs, now for the most part obsolescent. "Hence," he adds, "it is a spot apt to generate a type of personage like the character imperfectly sketched in these pages —a native of natives—whom some may choose to call a fantast, but whom others may see only as one that gave objective continuity and a name to a delicate dream which in a vaguer form is more or less common in all men, and is by no means new to Platonic philosophers."

How far the peculiar elasticity of heart displayed by Jocelyn Pierston is more or less common in all men the Platonic philosopher must decide. But that Mr. Hardy has succeeded in depicting a curious and distinctive people and in portraying their strange beliefs and singular obsolescent customs in a very striking way, no philosopher can deny. The work, as a whole, may not be so strong and so masterly and so realistic as are some of the works which have preceded it from the same hand, but it is very well worth reading for all that.

EASTER is an Occasion for which Miss Wood has given no Quotation, perhaps because Hot Cross Buns and Easter Eggs are only semi-occasional affairs, while Roman Punch and Salted Almonds are of every-day occurrence—in high life. Very timely at this particular season of the year comes a little volume of verse by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, which she calls *Easter Bells*.[7] It contains some eighteen or twenty Songs of the Easter-Tide; as many more Songs of Home and Hearth; Poems for Closet and Altar; and a number of poems entitled Mile-Stones ("The second mile-stone fronts the garden gate." Cowper's "Retirement").

More than once in this department of the Magazine has attention been called to the delicacy, the tenderness and the sympathetic helpfulness of Mrs. Sangster's work, whether it be expressed in prose or in verse. "On the Road Home" appeared at Christmas, 1893; it was preceded by "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers," and it was followed by "Little Knights and Ladies" in the midsummer of 1895. Mrs. Sangster in the first of these chose, for her motto, an old Quotation good on all Occasions—"East or West Hame is best," and this is the key-note of every song she sings, the text of every wholesome little sermon she preaches. While she writes for young persons she writes *at* their seniors; and without question she reaches and takes hold of them both. Mothers as well as daughters were aided and comforted by her "bits of talk on homely themes addressed to fire-side audiences" in "With My Neighbors"; and her Easter Bells do never jangle, never are they out of tune or harsh.

"MY Book and Heart must never part," taken from the "New England Primer," is the motto of Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's latest collection of essays; and *Book and Heart*[8] is the happy title which he has given to the volume. If Mr. Higginson was not born in a library he was born in a room adjoining a library, and Books ever since have been very close to his Heart; coming, perhaps, next to "Women and Men" and to everything "Concerning all of Us."

He has divided the present volume into two parts, "Literature," and "Life." In the first he discusses "Journalism," "Local Fiction," "The Favorites of a Day," and kindred topics. In the second he treats of "The Cant of Cosmopolitanism," of "Anglomania and Anglophobia," of "The Problem of Drudgery," of "International Marriages," of "Classes and Masses," and the like; and in each is displayed that delicate touch, that charm of literary style, that finish and that exhibition of common-sense which distinguish everything that comes from Mr. Higginson's ready pen.

In a chapter upon "The Really Interesting People," Mr. Higginson writes—"A newly arrived English authoress, sitting beside an American author at a dinner table, a few years since, looked up and said to him, with the cheerful frankness of her nation, 'Isn't it a pity, don't you think, that all the really interesting Americans are dead?'" Let us congratulate ourselves with the thought that among the really interesting Americans who are spared to us, we can count the man whose Heart and whose Books are ever fresh and wholesome, whether he talks about Mankind and Womankind, or about Literature and Life.

[7] *Easter Bells.* Poems. By MARGARET E SANGSTER, author of "On the Road Home," "Little Knights and Ladies," etc Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Book and Heart.* Essays on Literature and Life By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Post 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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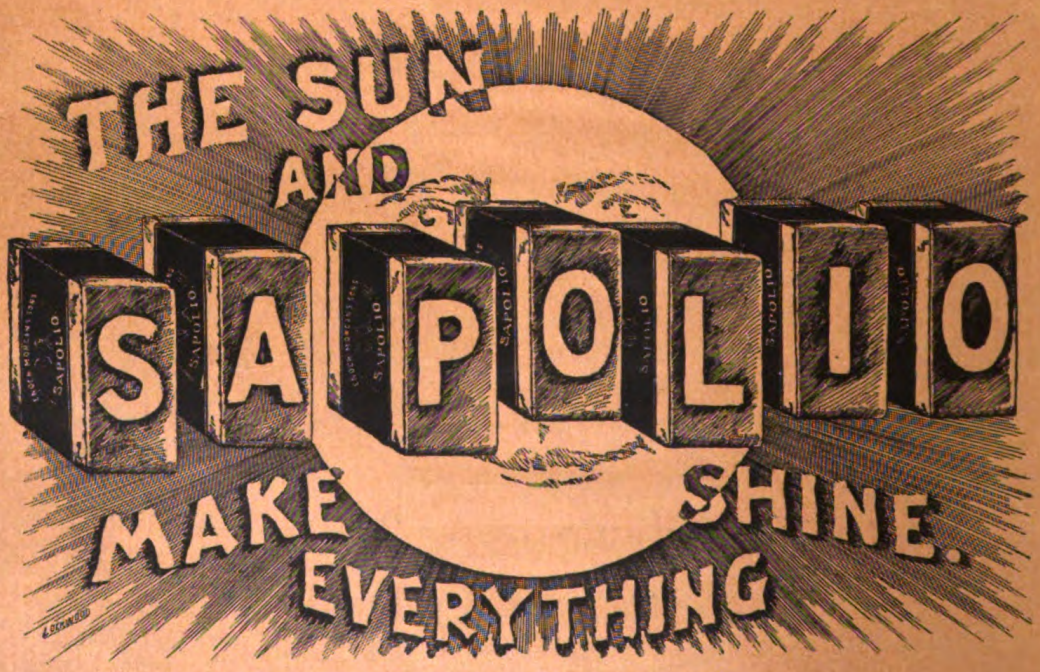
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

MAY NUMBER.

A Hunt-Breakfast Anecdote. Illustration for "'Cross-Country Riding." Drawn by C. D. GIBSON. ..... **Frontispiece.**

'Cross-Country Riding ..... CASPAR WHITNEY 821
Twelve Illustrations (including Frontispiece). From Drawings by C. D. GIBSON, FREDERIC REMINGTON, MAX F. KLEPPER, and HARRY FENN; and from Photographs.

"Where neither Moth nor Rust doth Corrupt." A Poem ... ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON 838

The Martian. A Novel. Part VIII. ..... GEORGE DU MAURIER 839
Five Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Benedicite. A Poem ..... ANNA C. BRACKETT 860

A Few Native Orchids and their Insect Sponsors ..... WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON 861
Thirty Illustrations from Drawings by the Author.

White Man's Africa. Part VII. The White Man's Black Man ..... POULTNEY BIGELOW 880
Twelve Illustrations. From Drawings by R. CATON WOODVILLE, and from Photographs by the Author.
Initial.—Trading for Zulu Labor.—The Haff-bearer of the King of Tongoland.—A Night Search for Stolen Diamonds in a Zulu Hut.—Natives in Compound, with Mittens to prevent Diamond-stealing.—Washing at the Hospital.—A Matabele Native.—A Zulu Woman, Natal: Full Dress.—A Witch-doctor of Delagoa Bay.—A Fight in the Compound among Rival Tribes.—"Civilized" Negroes seeking Work in the Gold-fields.—Laborers tramping to the Mines in Native Costume.

Two Undescribed Portraits of Shakspere ..... JOHN CORBIN 896
Four Illustrations. From Engravings after the Originals by H. BARNETT WOODBURN, and from Photographs.
A Mask taken from the Stratford Bust (in the possession of Mr. LAURENCE HUTTON).—*The Droeshout Print, prefixed to the Folio of 1623.—The Droeshout Original Portrait.—The Ely Palace Portrait.*

Geological Progress of the Century ..... HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D. 907
Fourteen Illustrations. From Drawings by CHARLES R. KNIGHT, LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK, and H. D. NICHOLS; and from Photographs. Engravings by E. SCHLADITZ and H. C. MERRILL.
The Results of Erosion by Running Water.—The Results of Erosion by Wind.—A Mountain carved from Horizontal Strata.—George Poulett Scrope, F.R.S.—Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F.R.S.—Adam Sedgwick, F.R.S.—Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (Photograph by WILSON *and* BEADELL, *London).—Louis Jean Rodolph Agassiz.—James Dwight Dana.—William Smith, LL.D.—The Palæozoic Time.—A Landscape and Terrestrial Reptile of the Mesozoic Time.—A Landscape and Mammal of the Tertiary Age.—Manhattan Island in the Quaternary Age: the Mastodon.*

The Captured Dream. A Story ..... OCTAVE THANET 920
Two Illustrations by W. T. SMEDLEY.

English Country-House Life ..... GEORGE W. SMALLEY 926

The Education of Bob. A Story ..... REBECCA HARDING DAVIS 934

A Guardian Angel. A Story ..... HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD 941
Two Illustrations by W. T. SMEDLEY.

The Hundred Years' Campaign ..... PROFESSOR FRANCIS N. THORPE 956

Compensation. A Poem ..... KATHARINE L. FERRIS 963

The Lion-Tamer. A Story ..... HENRY GALLUP PAINE 963

Editor's Study ..... CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER 968
Grippe and the Sinner.—The Reform of American Newspapers.—Spring.

Monthly Record of Current Events 972
Political Intelligence.—Obituary.

Editor's Drawer.
WITH INTRODUCTORY STORY, "THE UPSET AT JOHNNYCAKE HILL," BY JAMES BUCKHAM 973
Illustration by A. B. FROST. Other Illustrations by F. S. CHURCH (from a Painting owned by C. L. FREER), ALBERT E. STERNER, and C. J. BUDD.

Literary Notes ..... LAURENCE HUTTON.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

•• FOR JUNE ••

A NOVEL by FRANK R. STOCKTON, **The Great Stone of Sardis,** will begin in the June Number. It is a humorous romance of the twentieth century, a salient feature of which is a submarine expedition to the North Pole. The illustrations, by PETER NEWELL, not only represent the artist's work at its best, but are unusually sympathetic to the genius of the author.

The opening article, **A New Switzerland,** written and illustrated by EDWIN LORD WEEKS, is an account of travels and adventures in the Dauphiné, a part of Switzerland as yet uninvaded by the tourist.

In **Meteorological Progress of the Century,** the fifth of a series of richly illustrated articles, Dr. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS traces the development of our theories of meteorites, the aurora borealis, clouds, dew, and cyclones; and explains the science of weather-prophecy.

An Elder Brother to the Cliff-dwellers, by T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN, is an account of the Indian's experiment in civilization which was thwarted by the advent of the white man. The article has special reference to a recent discovery of the remains of a hitherto unknown race. The illustrations, including the frontispiece to the Number, are by LUNGREN.

Henry Gladwin and the Siege of Pontiac, by CHARLES MOORE, is an historical account of a hitherto obscure episode in American history compiled from original sources. The illustrations are by FREDERIC REMINGTON.

The eighth article of the series on **White Man's Africa,** by POULTNEY BIGELOW, treats of the early wars between the Boers and the natives, and explains the development of the Dutch feeling towards England.

In **The Celebrities of the House of Commons,** the first of two papers on the British Parliament, T. P. O'CONNOR, the brilliant Irish leader, sketches the life and character of his political contemporaries, and tells many anecdotes of parliamentary life. The illustrations, by PAUL RÉNOUARD, are equally happy in suggesting the character of the English statesmen.

The ninth instalment of GEORGE DU MAURIER'S last novel, **The Martian,** deals with Barty Josselin's home life when he is at the height of his powers and fame. The illustrations are DU MAURIER'S latest work, one of them appearing in an unfinished state.

Within the Eye of Honor, by GEORGE HIBBARD, is a short story raising questions of social casuistry. It is illustrated by C. DANA GIBSON. **Grandmother Stark** is one of the series of Lin McLean stories by OWEN WISTER.

The Editor's Study, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, gives a familiar view of scenes and incidents in Mexico. The leading story in **The Editor's Drawer** is **The Golfiacs,** by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, and is followed by the usual variety of pictures, anecdotes, and verse.

Subscription price, $4 00 a year.

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HARPER & BROTHERS' FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp.

By CAROLINE A. CREEVEY, Author of "Recreations in Botany." Illustrated by BENJAMIN LANDER. pp. viii., 564. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

This volume is the outcome of the author's idea that a grouping of plants upon the natural basis of environment, including soil, shade, moisture, etc., is possible. The author describes all of the wild-flowers commonly met with in the Atlantic States, in so careful and thorough a manner that the amateur botanist will find no difficulty in readily placing them in their proper groups and families. The illustrations, about one hundred and fifty in number, have been drawn from the living plants, and will prove to be an invaluable guide in determining the several varieties.

Leonora of the Yawmish.

A Novel. By FRANCIS DANA. pp. xii., 310. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

A story of American life, the scene shifting between New England and one of the Pacific States. Clear, clean-cut characterization and clever treatment of a really original theme are the strong points in this very readable book, and the author's humor is of that unusual quality that startles and delights by its unexpected appearance; the reader is suddenly conscious of having received a delicious shock, administered with a literary art that is strongly reminiscent of Jane Austen's subtle airiness of fancy. The love-motive is strong and true—in a word, the story has a fresh and vital interest that ends only with itself.

Georgia Scenes.

Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half-Century of the Republic. By A NATIVE GEORGIAN. New Edition, with Reproductions of the Original Illustrations. pp. xiv., 297. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

Originally published in 1840, "Georgia Scenes" has since been in constant demand. In addition to the original edition, the work was republished in HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. Now put in type for the third time, with reproductions of the original illustrations, it is hoped that this new edition of an old favorite will add to the already large number of its friends.

The Missionary Sheriff.

Being Incidents in the Life of a Plain Man who Tried to Do His Duty. By OCTAVE THANET. Illustrated by A. B. FROST and CLIFFORD CARLETON. pp. vi., 248. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

Though seemingly each an independent episode, these stories are bound together in a consistent whole by reference to the dominating central character—that of Amos Wickliff, Sheriff. It is a typical character, a personality whose contacts with Western life, in some of its most striking and adventurous aspects, disclose the heroism of that life in situations of intensely dramatic interest, but quite free from the vulgar accidents of vice and conventionality. Octave Thanet's Western stories have always had a homely appeal to American readers; but in no previous stories has there been such unity of interest and steady accumulation of dramatic effect, or so happy blending of romance with realism, as in this collection.

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An Epistle to Posterity.

Being Rambling Recollections of Many Years of My Life. By M. E. W. SHERWOOD. pp. xii., 380. With a Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

Mrs. Sherwood's reminiscences extend over a period of more than half a century of American social, political, and literary life, and their range comes very close to the limits of Dr. Johnson's famous survey of mankind—from China to Peru. The earlier chapters are more in the nature of personal biography, but they present an admirable picture of life in the early "forties," when Daniel Webster was the friend of her girlhood days. Literally, Mrs. Sherwood must have known every one and gone everywhere, for there is hardly a shining name on our honor roll of art, letters, and affairs that is not included within the wide circle of her acquaintance, and the European list is in itself of very respectable proportions. The chapters on English and Continental travel are models in their way, but it is in her social and artistic chronicles that Mrs. Sherwood stands supreme. Men and manners have been her life-long study, and they have well repaid her interest.

"Bobbo," and Other Fancies.

By THOMAS WHARTON. With an Introduction by OWEN WISTER. Illustrated. pp. xxvi., 183. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

This posthumous volume of Mr. Wharton's work contains "Bobbo" and "The Last Sonnat of Prinzivalle di Cembino," the last of his stories, and, in the judgment of his editor, the best. The other representative selections in the volume, whether prose or verse, have been chosen to show the peculiar vein of talent that was so characteristic of the author.

A Loyal Traitor.

A Story of the War of 1812. By JAMES BARNES, Author of "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," "For King or Country," etc. Illustrated. pp. viii., 306. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

This is a stirring romance of the experiences of the hero, John Hurdiss, a descendant of a noble French family, who is brought up in the United States, and on the death of his mother, his only surviving relative, he ships on a privateer. The experiences he passes through not only include capture by a British frigate, imprisonment in England, escape, and the joining of a plot, with some of his new-found French family connections, for the restoration of the Bourbons in France, but it further carries him through many of the most exciting historic episodes of the War of 1812. The narrative is brightened by a suggestion of a love story, and the book as a whole makes a most admirable piece of fiction, having the added value of an absolute historic basis for most of its main features.

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By BORDEN P. BOWNE, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University, Author of "Metaphysics," "Introduction to Psychological Theory," etc. pp. xii., 389. 8vo, Cloth.

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"THE FIRST TASK OF THE AGE"

A Working Epitome of the World's Literature

WE have received such a quantity of letters from the readers of this magazine regarding Charles Dudley Warner's New Library of the World's Best Literature, of which we have spoken so highly in other issues, that, judging from the interest aroused, it will be well to answer these inquiries here.

The chief burden of our readers' questions is as to whether this great Library really achieves its professed object, and does in fact present a valuable, entertaining, and instructive survey of all the literature of all the countries of the world; or whether it is not like so many other "libraries" that have been put forth from time to time, a mere smattering of what is good and great. In a word, our readers ask us: Shall we buy this Library in preference to books?



FREDERICK HARRISON

We take it that there are very few who contemplate the purchase of this Library who do not possess a considerable collection of books already, and we may therefore unhesitatingly answer, yes. We do not mean that the vast work upon which Mr. Warner and his associates are now engaged is an entire substitute for books. It is much more than that. It is not a mere library of selections and extracts, but an exhaustive compend of the world's literature, that presents at once biography, bibliography, and the quintessence of the writers' best work.

It is, in short, a history of literature told by example.

We shall best make clear our view of the case, perhaps, by recalling a memorable address on books delivered nearly twenty years ago by that fine critic whose work is less known to us than it should be, Frederick Harrison. The address seems to us, as we have reread it, a prophecy and a proclamation of just such a "world-library" as Mr. Warner is now making.

"Far be it from me," said Harrison, "to gainsay the inestimable value of good books; but I often think we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature — the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of life in aimless, promiscuous, vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worse thoughts.

"To stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world.

"But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of

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reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented, every day increasing, by virtue even of our abundance of books. Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by the field of choice practically boundless.

"The vast proportion of books we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. There never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read; and that not by the dearth but by the plethora of printed matter.

"So the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: what are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the sea-shore.

"And so, I say it most confidently, *the first intellectual task of our age* is to rightly order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save out of the relentless cataract of ink the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos."

Mr. Harrison goes on to indicate what would be the high value of some collection, or "healthy and rational syllabus of essential books," that would present "a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world." And the great critic adds:

"Some such firm foothold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature we certainly must find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the floods of books. With this we may avoid an interminable wandering over the pathless waste of waters. Without it we may read everything and know nothing, wandering like unclassed spirits round the outskirts only of those Elysian fields where the great dead dwell and hold high converse."



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

At the age of 42, when he wrote the "Back-Log Studies." (1872.)

These forceful, pregnant sentences describe in far better words than could our own the very essence of the service which Mr. Warner, in his Library, is doing the people of this age. We have already given our readers a pretty thorough view of the plan of the work, its scope, and our high estimate of the value of the performance. But it may be worth while to take up some of its characteristic features in a little more detail. We may for the moment pass by the novelists, the poets, the historians, the scientific writers, and fix our attention for the moment on the manner in which Mr. Warner's Library deals with that class of writers to which Mr. Harrison himself belongs, and of which this century has been notably fecund—the literature of criticism.

Next to the pleasure of reading interesting books is the pleasure of reading about books. "Next to the originator of a good sentence," says Emerson, "is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of

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quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this that line will be quoted east and west."

Now the literary critic—the critic of the right sort, does just this thing. He takes a book of which we wish to know and gives us the very best it contains; he picks out its fine passages, and by so doing sets them out in a bold relief which they did not possess in the book itself; he takes the volume and sets it in its proper proportion—gives us its historical relations, and from his store of knowledge and varied reading delivers to us a compact and vital parcel that probably carries with it far more of permanent value than we could have in any way gained ourselves from actual perusal of the book.

In exactly the same way we might take up the treatment of other characteristic features, such, for example, as the review of oratory. It discloses the amazing range of this great work that its boundaries should include the farthest confines of literature, and bring before the reader those notable speeches which in every epoch have played so important a part in the making of history.

The volumes before us do not exhaust the first two letters of the alphabet, and yet even with this limitation we find the great orations, together with the usual compact biographical memoirs, of Francis Bacon, of Prince Bismarck, of Henry Ward Beecher, of John Bright, of Phillips Brooks, and, by the way of extreme contrast, Aeschines, the Greek, of two thousand years ago.

It would be of interest, too, did space permit, to skim through the long list of forgotten worthies and neglected men of genius, whose resurrection in this Library—it really is such for the most of us—we count one of the most valuable achievements of Mr. Warner's epochal work. There is old Anacreon, who wrote his "Odes" five hundred years before Christ, and Apuleius his "Metamorphoses" seven hundred years after. And so we roam down through the centuries, greeting by the way Aesop and Alcaeus and Alcuin, Alfonso the Wise and Alfred the Great, St. Augustine and George Borrow, Arbuthnot and Allingham, Aytoun and D'Alembert and De Alarcon, and what a host of others!

As we hastily run over the list we have the wish to stop at almost every name and learn anew what we may have once known but have now quite forgotten regarding these choice spirits, of whom we would never confess ourselves entirely ignorant, but of whom in reality we find we know so little. A dip here and there shows us the permanency of that characteristic which impressed us so strongly from our first cursory view of the first volume of Mr. Warner's Library, namely, the exceeding interest of almost every line.

It seems to us that in this Library the gentle art of "boiling," as it is technically known in the newspaper shop, has been carried to such a pitch of perfection that in all the two thousand pages before us there is hardly a dry or uninteresting or superfluous paragraph. Distillations of literature are as a rule crude and raw enough. But here we have the process converted into an art so rare that the right measure of the performance almost escapes us in the felicity of the result.

So to answer formally the question we set out to answer, we may confidently say to our readers that in this Library of the World's Best Literature they will find a real *library*, and not thirty volumes of dry chips hacked out of the masterpieces of literature with a journalistic axe. We know, in fact, of no other work which meets just the demand voiced in Frederick Harrison's scholarly address, from which we have quoted, for "a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world."

The wide-spread desire among all classes to possess these thirty treasure volumes is clearly indicated by the number and the character of letters which are received daily by Harper's Weekly Club, through which Mr. Warner's Library is being distributed, from all parts of the world.

The first edition of an important and costly work like the Library is indisputably the most valuable, because printed from the new, fresh plates, thus bringing out both type and engravings with noticeable clearness and beauty. The superiority of first editions is best shown by the universal custom of publishers to demand more for them than for those issued later. But the publishers of Mr. Warner's Library have actually so reduced the price of their most valuable and desirable first edition that just at present it is obtainable for about half of the regular subscription price, and the additional privilege of easy monthly payments is also accorded. The material concessions are made so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection. But as only a few of these introductory sets from the first edition now remain, it becomes necessary for readers who desire a particularly choice set of the work (and at about half price besides) to write at once for particulars to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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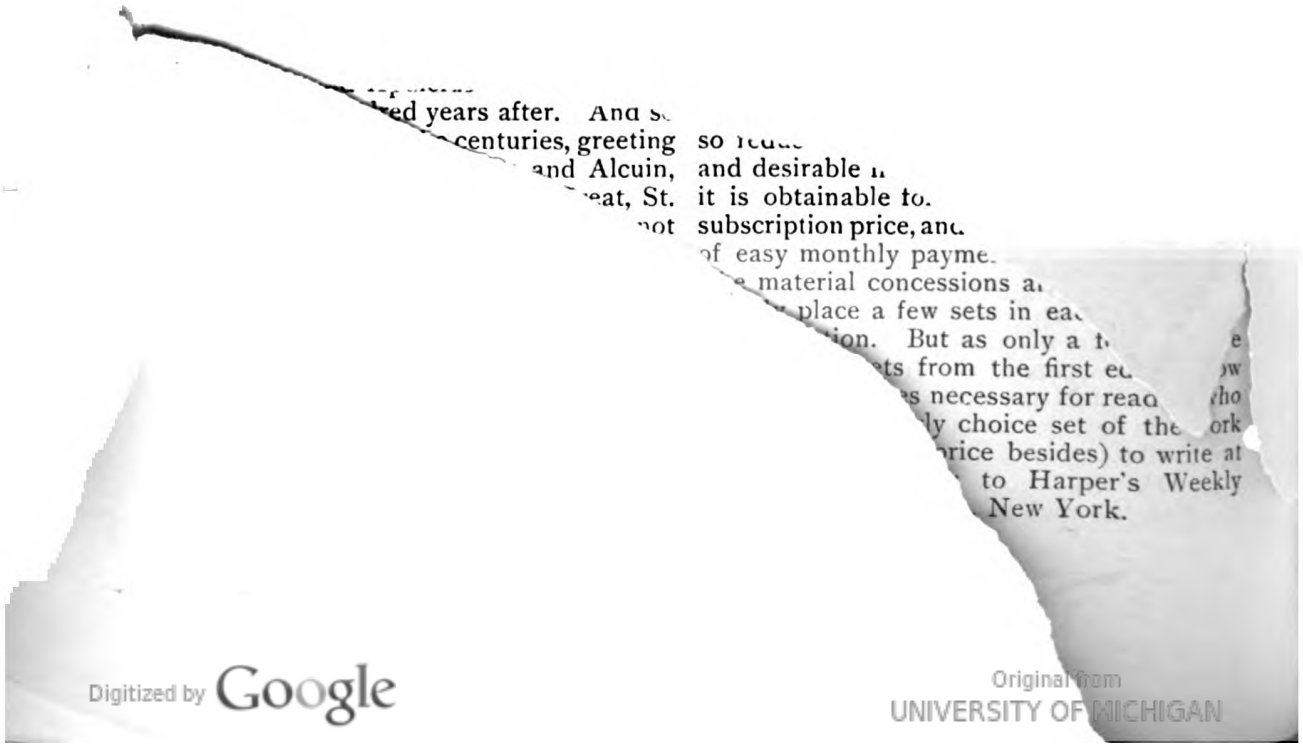


Oh Rose-leaf! flushing when the South
Doth woo thee with a warm caress,
Thy dainty hues enchant me less
Than Hebe's rosebud cheek and mouth;
For nothing ever can repair
Thy tender blushes when they fade;
But Hebe, happy little maid!
Hath **Ivory Soap** to keep her fair.

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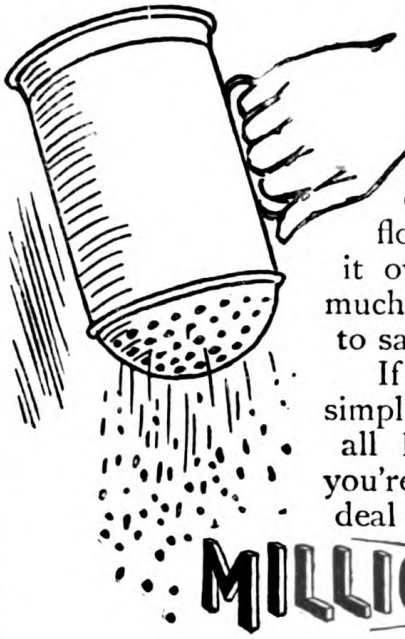
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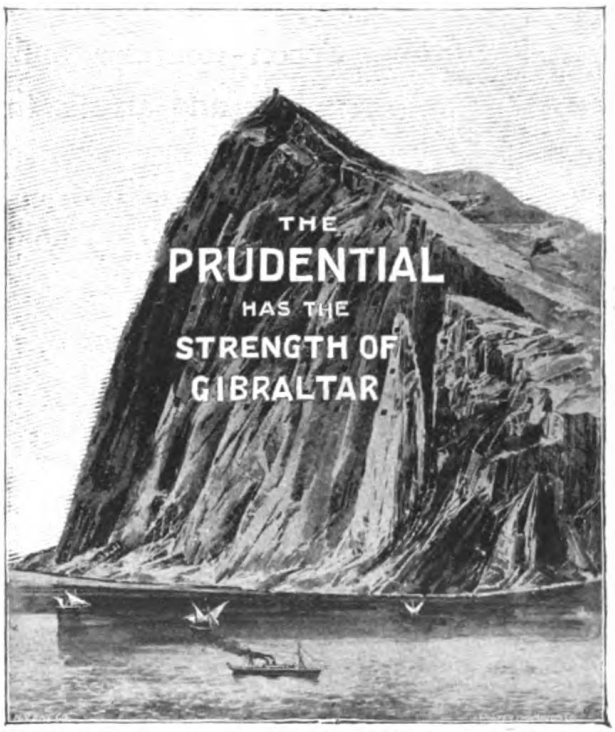
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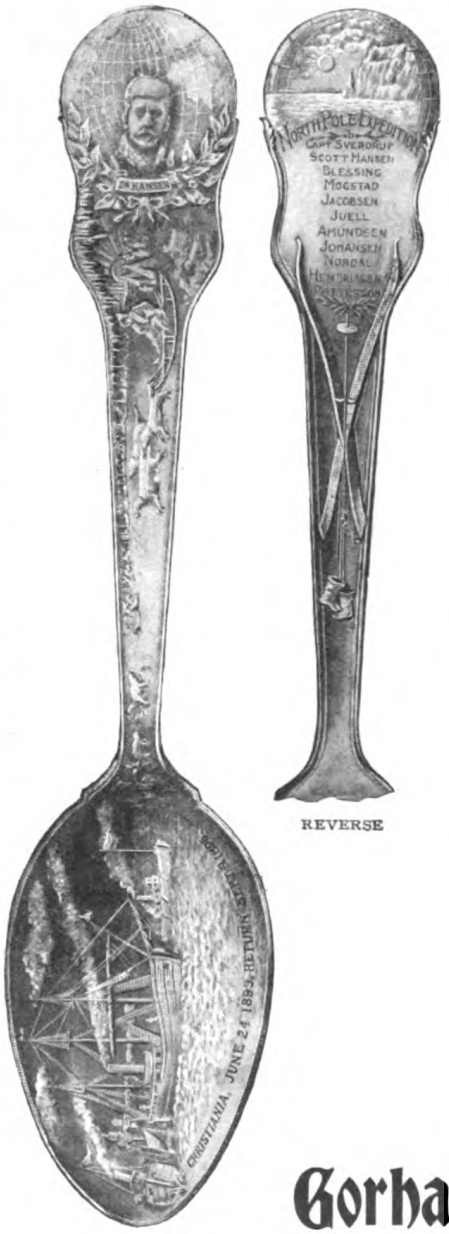
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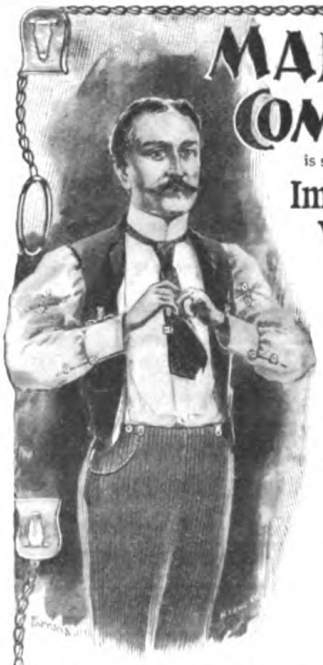
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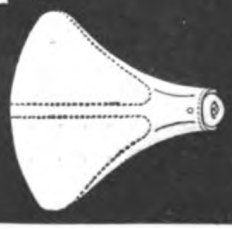
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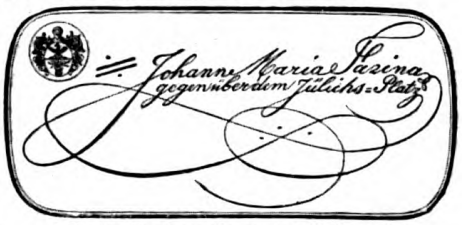
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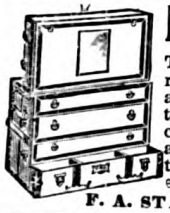
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This combination produces best Sewing Machine on earth—THE SINGER.

The SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

Without this label no piece HAWKES trade-mark is genuine.

Hawkes Cut Glass.

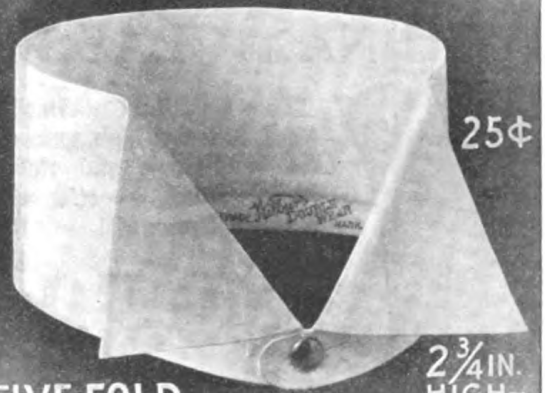
Transmits light colorless as crystal, free from greenish or yellowish tints.

The book about Hawkes Cut Glass may be had free from dealers who are known to sell the best wares. This book tells how Hawkes Cut Glass is made, why it is prized and wherein it differs from ordinary cut glass.

No piece is without this HAWKES genuine trade-mark label.

BE FIRM WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Wilbur's TRADE DOUBLE WEAR MARK.



FIVE FOLD HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE Croydon

MADE AND STAMPED BOTH SIDES ALIKE

SEND FOR SAMPLE AND CATALOGUE

WILBUR SHIRT AND COLLAR CO. TROY, N.Y.

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Porcelain-Lined REFRIGERATORS

HEALTHFUL because they are never uncleanly.

DURABLE because the porcelain never breaks; nothing can craze, crack, chip nor peel it.

WHITE, everlasting porcelain moulded into one piece lines every food compartment. The whiteness makes every corner light as day, so you can see anything spilled there. The glaze enables you to wipe it up with a cloth. That's about all the cleaning ever necessary. The whole construction is so skillful that ice lasts till you wonder at it. They save their cost over and over in the ice that other refrigerators waste. The first cost is more than of some kinds but it goes into making them economical. We save you the dealer's profit by selling direct, freight prepaid. Nobody who could see one of these refrigerators would want the food of a lifetime kept in a poorer kind. We therefore sell on approval. Our new catalogue with pictures in colors, shows how dainty they are; write for it.

MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO., Box B, LOCKLAND, OHIO.



Lorelei
PERFUME

Is like a breath from the **ORIENT** and the **OASIS** or the spice-laden air of the **INDIES.** So exquisitely fine yet so delicately potent is its fragrance that it is distinguished from all other perfumes by its absolute, unquestioned superiority.

Price, $1.00 per bottle; small size, 30c.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 35c.

STRACK EXTRACT CO., 33 World Bldg., N. Y.

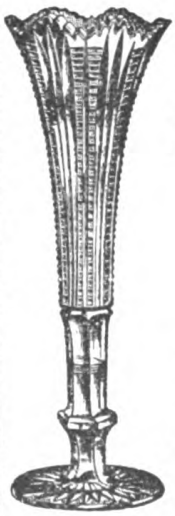
McKESSON & ROBBINS, New York, Sole Agents.



Burley&Co.

145-147 State St. Established 1838.
CHICAGO.

CHINA AND GLASS



This beautiful Cut Glass Vase, 14 inches high, graceful taper-shape and rich heavy cutting, we offer at the special price of

$9.50

Delivered Anywhere.

Catalogues Free.

No. 10-E shows latest Table and Toilet Ware, Cut Glass, Ornaments, Cutlery, etc.

No. 12-E shows White China for decorating.

"There is no better test of refinement than the perfume one uses."

Have you tried **MOUSON'S** new

VIOLETTE DE LA REINE?

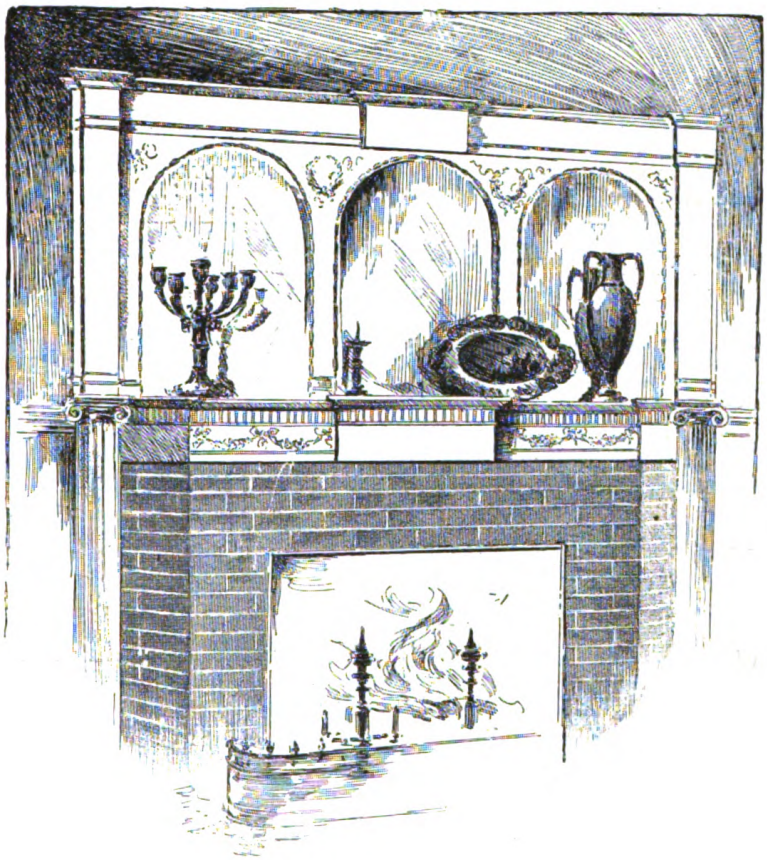
DELICATE
LASTING

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
U. S. AGENTS
18–24 WASHINGTON PLACE
NEW YORK CITY

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BRADLEY & CURRIER CO.

Makers of Mantels, Fireplaces, Tiling.



REMOVAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

After the 10th of May our Showrooms will be located at 119 and 121 West Twenty-Third Street, where we shall exhibit such a line of Mantels, Tiling, Fireplaces, and their accessories as will be appreciated by the discriminating purchaser.

Attention is invited to our fine Interior Cabinet Work, also Doors and Windows of Special Design.

119 AND 121 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

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FRENCH'S, SUMMER ST., BOSTON.

ALL our 1897 models harmoniously blend those better features which the search-light of the ripest experience demanded. The crucial test of thirty years has brought them to the zenith of distinctive superiority in all those finer essentials which go to make the correct carriage. They are rich in individuality, character, workmanship, and appeal to particular people.



Send for detailed description and illustration of any vehicle in which you may be interested.

THE FRENCH CARRIAGE CO.,
FERDINAND F. FRENCH,
83 & 85 *SUMMER ST., BOSTON.*

A 22 Calibre Repeater

is not a mere toy. Of course we have one chiefly for amusement. We want a "little rifle" with which to shoot at a mark, to "blaze away," etc. But occasionally we would like to try wing or target shooting at rather

LONG RANGE.

We do not want to buy a new rifle, although the expense would be slight. It is the nuisance of carrying around 2 rifles to which we object.

So We Buy a 22 Calibre Marlin

for it uses in one rifle without any change in adjustment these 3 cartridges

The long rifle is the most accurate 22 calibre cartridge made and will do good shooting at 200 yds.

This is the only repeating rifle made to take this superior cartridge.

Write for catalogue of the full line, showing all calibres from 22 to 45. Free on application.



MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.,
New Haven, Conn.



Before You Light That Cigar

just for an experiment, try one of our

DOMINOES

The Finest Hand Made Stogie Cigars.

There never was such a smoke for the money. Fine fragrant Natural Leaf Tobacco, skillfully grown, selected and cured. Absolutely pure, no artificial flavoring, coloring or drugs. Your money back if you don't want them.

100 for $2.00 Prepaid, anywhere in the United States.

Sample box, (dozen,) by mail 30c.

Empire Tobacco Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

Winchester Ammunition

IS UNEXCELLED.

It Makes the Highest Scores.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Conn.

FREE: 136-Page Illustrated Catalogue.

No Fire, Smoke, or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send 5 stamps for Catalogue.



$250 and up

TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., Drawer B, St. Joseph, Michigan.

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HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE

To EUROPE. Twin-Screw Express Service.

By Magnificent Steamers } FÜRST BISMARCK, NORMANNIA, AUGUSTA VICTORIA, COLUMBIA.

For Plymouth (London), Cherbourg (Paris), and Hamburg.

Twin-Screw Mail Service.

By Handsome Steamers } PENNSYLVANIA, PERSIA, PATRIA, PHŒNICIA, AND PALATIA.

For Hamburg Direct.

This is the ONLY LINE carrying cabin passengers EXCLUSIVELY by twin-screw steamers.

THE EXPRESS SERVICE.

COMFORT The comfort and elegance displayed on these steamers are unexcelled by anything yet offered on any Atlantic liner.

SPEED This line holds the record for fastest time from New York to Southampton, London, and the Continent.

Passengers leaving New York on Thursday are landed in Plymouth or Cherbourg on the following Thursday, reaching London or Paris on the same day, thus bringing them from NEW YORK to LONDON or PARIS in less than a week, and to Hamburg, Berlin, etc., in less than 8 days, a feat not equalled by any other line.

THE MAIL SERVICE.

SAFETY Like the Express steamers, these boats are constructed on the twin-screw plan. Thus their whole working machinery is duplicated, and an accident to one set of the engines, shaft, and screw does not affect the other set.

SIZE Five of these steamers are of about the same size as the Express steamers, while the latest addition, the PENNSYLVANIA, is even larger, being the largest carrier afloat.

COMFORT Nothing has been omitted in the passenger accommodation of these steamers that could promote comfort. Cabin passengers wishing to obtain, at a moderate price, the comforts of an ocean voyage will find complete satisfaction on these steamers.

Following its customary plan the Hamburg-American Line offers **TWO SUMMER CRUISES TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN,** sailing from New York June 17th and July 22d, 1897. For further particulars, illustrated pamphlets, rates, etc., address

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE,

337 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. **70 State Street, Boston.** **37 Broadway, New York.**

159 Randolph Street, Chicago. **401 California Street, San Francisco.**

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If You Are Going To Buy

a carriage, a buggy, a phæton, or a vehicle of any description, you should get our illustrated catalogue and maker's price list. It will prevent disappointment and save your money. Quality and beauty and service have made our vehicles famous everywhere and that reputation must be maintained. We personally guarantee every vehicle we sell and sell only at manufacturer's price. It costs nothing to investigate our methods, our facilities, our reputation. Write to-day.



Columbus Carriage Mfg. Co.,
Box I, **Columbus, Ohio.**

The "Saratoga" Buckboard.



One Hundred and Ten Dollars,

including freight charges prepaid to Boston, New Orleans, Minneapolis, and points between.

This Buckboard has Springs and Truss-Rods: Springs prevent trembling motion to feet; Truss-Rods prevent sagging in centre.

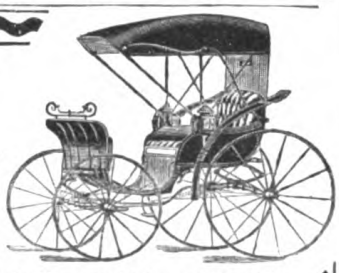
(A) carries 4 passengers facing forward.
(B) carries 4 passengers dos-à-dos.
(C) carries 2 passengers, seat adjusted to middle to equalize weight.
(D) carries 2 passengers, with entire rear available for baggage, etc. The rear seat is instantly removable. Both seats adjustable.

On receipt of business or personal card we shall be pleased to describe this vehicle more fully and to send a catalogue of the other vehicles we make.

The Specialty Carriage Co.,
CINCINNATI O.

WHY

we sell
Superior Phætons
at much lower prices



than any other firm in the world is explained in our Art Catalogue. Send for it!

The above cut illustrates one of our popular styles. A low priced Phaeton, with beauty, grace and strength. Can be fitted (if desired) with ball-bearing axles and rubber tires.

Columbus Phæton Co., Columbus, O.

AN ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER



in the vehicle world is the Surrey we here illustrate. Handsomely proportioned, finished in rich, quiet colors, trimmed in the best of broadcloth, whipcord, or leather; it is the ideal turnout for private use or high-grade resort stables. Full details and large catalogue on request.

WATERLOO WAGON CO. (Lmtd.)
Waterloo, N. Y.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS



but have sold direct to the consumer for 24 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness. Top Buggies as low as $35. Phaetons as low as $55. Spring Wagons, Road Wagons, etc. Send for large, free Catalogue.



No. 37¼. Surrey Harness—Price $15.00. As good as sells for $22.00.

No. 606. Surrey—Price with curtains, lamps, sunshade, apron and fenders, $60. As good as sells for $90.

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.



Portable Striking Bag.

A Home Gymnasium. Stand in corner when not using. **Agents Wanted.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
Hawthorne & Sheble, 600 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Wayside Inn.

Will open for families and transient guests July 1st, 1897. Electric lights, open fires, fine water supply, tennis grounds, golf links, boating on the Housatonic. Comfortable appointments, excellent table, cottages if desired. At the entrance to the Berkshires. Two hours and a quarter from New York. Open all the year. NEW MILFORD, LITCHFIELD CO., CONN.

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LOWNEY'S Chocolate Bonbons.

"Name on Every Piece."

OUR SAMPLE OFFER: *For ten cents in stamps we send a sample package of our finest goods.*

When not to be had of dealers, we send, on receipt of retail price, 1-lb. box, 60c.; 2-lb. box, $1.20; 3-lb. box, $1.80; 5-lb. box, $3.00. Delivered free in United States.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
90 Pearl Street, Boston.





"Pork and Beans are worth a King's Ransom now."
—Merry Wives, Act 3, Scene 4.

$1,000.00 in 147 Prizes

1 of $100, 2 of $50, 4 of $25, 140 of $5 each

will be given July 1st, for recipes we accept for using our Pork and Beans, alone or in combination with other food products. A trade-mark cut from label of can must accompany every recipe. Competition closes May 31. Our cook book, "Bean Cookery," free to all who answer this ad.

VAN CAMP'S BOSTON BAKED PORK AND BEANS

Prepared with Tomato Sauce

is a delicious, satisfying dish for all occasions. A meal in itself. Equally good, hot or cold. In three sizes—at leading grocers', or send 6c. for sample can or postal card for free booklet.

VAN CAMP PACKING CO., 312 Kentucky Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

CARMEL SOAP.



MADE OF PURE OLIVE-OIL. FOR NURSERY, TOILET, AND BATH.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Imported by A. Klipstein & Co., 122 Pearl St., New York.



Coaxing isn't necessary to get a turner for the

Lightning Freezer

IT RUNS SO EASY

Saves ice and salt, and makes the best Ice-Cream.

Send for FREEZERS AND FREEZING, containing Recipes by MRS. RORER. Free.

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Pleasant Dreams

come to those whose surroundings are comfortable and harmonious. Furniture has much to do with the pleasure of living. It must be in good taste and can be reasonable in cost. We have the largest stock of furniture in the United States. It is elegant, stylish, and original. Write for one of our Furniture Catalogues and examine it amid the surroundings you wish to improve. Write us about your wants and we will tell you the cost of each piece delivered at your nearest railway station. A fine mantel is the most conspicuous piece of furniture in a room, and will almost furnish a room by itself. We make wood mantels in all the hard woods. Send for our Mantel Catalogue also. It contains many illustrations of mantels, complete with tiling, hearths, grates, etc. We sell these direct at factory prices, ready to be set up by local mason, with printed directions for setting. Will quote prices, including cost of delivery at nearest railway station.

Established Over Sixty Years.

The Robt. Mitchell Furniture Co.

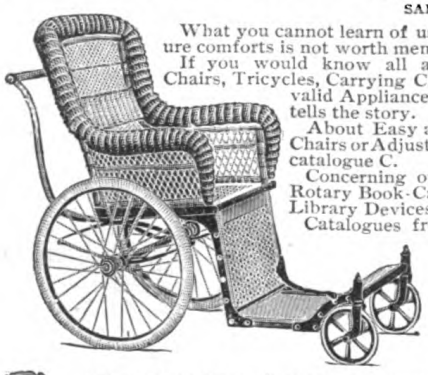
21 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Manufacturers. Capital, $1,000,000.

Our Business IS TO MAKE Folks Comfortable.



SARGENT.



What you cannot learn of us about creature comforts is not worth mentioning.

If you would know all about Rolling Chairs, Tricycles, Carrying Chairs, and Invalid Appliances, catalogue B tells the story.

About Easy and Reclining Chairs or Adjustable Couches, catalogue C.

Concerning our Celebrated Rotary Book-Cases and other Library Devices, catalogue D.

Catalogues free. Postage, two cents each.

In writing, quote Harper's *and state wants Address,*

GEO. F. SARGENT CO., **289 4th Ave.** (next to 23d St.), **N. Y.**

Formerly 814 Broadway.



Oriental Couch.



Fine Bedding Spring Beds Brass and Iron Bedsteads

DOWN QUILTS, CUSHIONS, COUCHES, Etc.

Chas. P. Rogers & Co.,

264 and 266 Sixth Avenue, cor. 17th Street, NEW YORK.

Large illustrated catalogue mailed free if you mention HARPER'S.



WOOD or METAL Workers without steam power can save *time* and *money* by using our **Foot and Hand Power Machinery**

Send for Catalogues—

A—Wood-working Machinery.

B—Lathes, etc.

SENECA FALLS MFG. COMPANY, 672 Water St., Seneca Falls, N.Y.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR *The Gem Freezer The Best in the World.*

BEST ART TOOL Address **AIR BRUSH MFG. CO.,** 1025, Rockford, Ill.

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ADVERTISING in all its branches. CHAS. F. ROSENQUEST & Co., 107 W. 14th St., N.Y.

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LOWER FALLS
308 Feet

TOWER FALLS
110 Feet

UPPER FALLS
109 Feet

GIBBON FALLS
80 Feet

IN YELLOWSTONE PARK
A CHAIN OF FALLS
aggregating more than 600 FEET in height. They are dissimilar, and form some of the special attractions of the Park. For SIX CENTS we will send WONDERLAND '97, that describes them at length.

CHAS. S. FEE,
Gen. Pass. Agt.,
St. Paul,
Minn.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Low Rates to Elks' Convention, July 6, at Minneapolis, from Eastern Points.

ON OUR LINE

BLINDNESS PREVENTED



CATARACTS
SCARS
FILMS
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AMAUROSIS
EYE STRAIN
DROOPING LIDS
GRANULAR LIDS

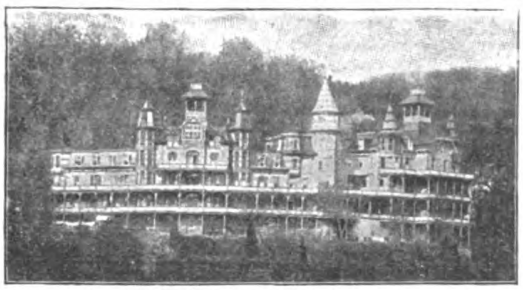
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NO KNIFE and NO RISK

Hundreds successfully treated at their homes and at Dr. Williams's office.

☞ Descriptive pamphlet mailed free to any address.

F. A. WILLIAMS, M.D., 201 Clarendon Street (opp. Trinity Church) BOSTON, MASS.



WALTER'S SANITARIUM

"The best is the cheapest."

In Southeastern Pennsylvania is the best

WALTER'S PARK, WERNERSVILLE, PA.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

When arranging your next

TOUR TO EUROPE

either independent travel or with escorted party

REMEMBER

that the best advantages and most reliable information are obtained from

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33d ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1897.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$1,953,756.09
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,462,133.26
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,377,156.02
Interest accrued but not due,	203,121.89
Loans on collateral security,	714,150.00
Loans on this Company's Policies,	936,342.31
Deferred Life Premiums,	291,935.47
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies,	255,503.67
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,361,07.892
Railroad stocks and bonds,	3,767,171.00
Bank stocks,	1,084,966.00
Miscellaneous stocks and bonds,	1,489,370.00
Total Assets,	**$20,896,684.63**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$15,561,585.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department,	1,311,974.40
Present value of Matured Instalment Policies,	354,570.00
Special Reserve for Contingent Liabilities,	286,651.98
Losses unadjusted and not due, and all other Liabilities,	405,478.89
Total Liabilities,	**$17,920,260.27**
Surplus to Policy-holders,	**$2,976,424.36**

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Number Life Policies written,	90,479
Life Insurance in force,	$88,243,267.00
New Life Insurance written in 1896,	11,941,012.00

Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1896,	1,228,077.90
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	11,914,765.18

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Policies written	2,338,186
Number Accident Claims paid in 1896,	14,163
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	292,379
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896,	$ 1,373,936.96
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	19,828,189.13
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896,	$ 2,602,014.86
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	31,742,954.31

JOHN E. MORRIS, Acting Secretary.
GEORGE ELLIS, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Superintendent of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

64

Cheque Bank Cheques

Your Relations Abroad

are made pleasant and easy when travelling by the possession of **Cheque Bank Cheques.** You save time, money, and annoyance by having them. They pass current in every country in the world, being taken by Agents, Hotels, Shops, Bankers, etc., etc., at their face value. They are **safe, convenient,** and absolutely **satisfactory.**

Send for circular giving full information to

Agency of

U. S. CHEQUE BANK, L'd,
40-42 Wall Street, N. Y.

1876. 1897.

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK.

Assets,	$2,611,188.51
Reserves,	1,873,302.29
Surplus to Policy Holders,	590,179.06
LOSSES PAID,	7,494,550.86

..CIVIL..
ENGINEERING
Surveying & Mapping
Mining & Prospecting
Electricity
Machine Design
Mechanical Drawing
Steam Engineering
(Stat., Loco. & Mar.)
Architectural Drawing
Plumbing & Heating
English Branches



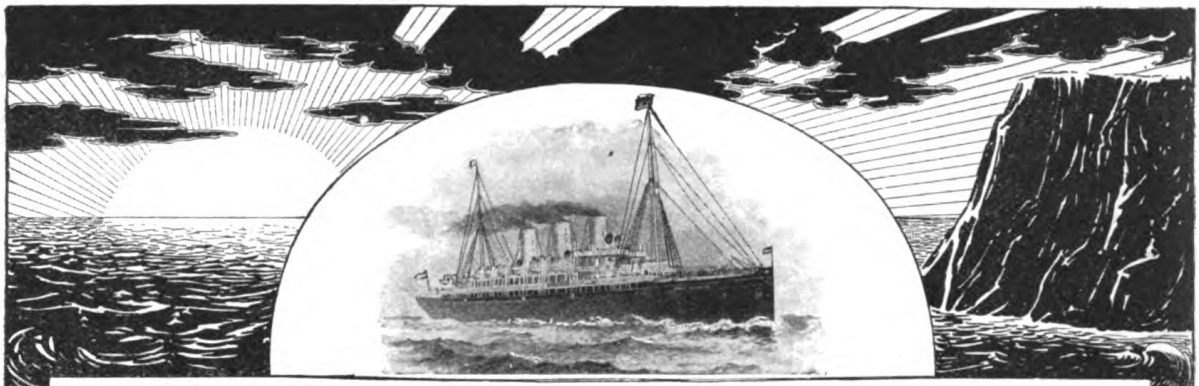
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PROFESSIONAL MEN
YOUNG MEN
and others who cannot afford to lose time from work. *Send for Free Circular and References, Stating the Subject you wish to Study, to*
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FACTS about the **Best Plan** of life insurance by inquiring of the **Hartford Life and Annuity Ins. Co.,** of Hartford, Conn. Its Safety Fund **System** beats the world. ½ usual cost. **Sound.** Equitable. Agents wanted. **Write for** particulars.

8% Guaranteed Securities. Safe as a Savings Bank. **Send for** information. A. S. BROWNELL, Pres., 100 B'way, N. Y.

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Hamburg-American Line's Summer Cruises

To the **LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN**

By the Twin-screw Express Steamer "AUGUSTA VICTORIA."

These cruises have found so much favor with the travelling public in the past years that two grand excursions have been arranged for this summer, which travellers may take direct or combine with an extended European trip.

Passengers leave **New York** by the **"Augusta Victoria"** June 17, and by the **"Furst Bismarck"** July 22, for the respective cruises, and join the excursion at Hamburg, or they can leave here by any of our earlier steamers.

The cruises begin at **Hamburg**, from whence the **"Augusta Victoria"** sails on **July 1** and again on Aug. 1. The itinerary will be as follows:

Hardangerfjord, Odde, Molde, Romsdalsfjord, Veblungsnaes, Trondhjem, North Cape of Europe, **Spitzbergen** (*Icefjord*), **Tromsoe, Lofoten Islands, Digermulen, Vestfjord,** *Storfjord, Styngsfjord, Sunelvsfjord,* { **July 1 until July 22, and Aug. 1 until Aug. 22.** } **Geirangerfjord, Maraak** (Marok), **Joerundfjord, Sognefjord,** *Aurlandsfjord, Naeraefjord,* **Gudvangen,** *Naerødal,* **Stalheimsklev,** *Vossevangen,* **Bergen, Hamburg.**

Passengers have the privilege of extending their stay in Europe, or they may return to America by the first steamer leaving for New York after their return to Hamburg. The entire trip can be made in about six weeks.

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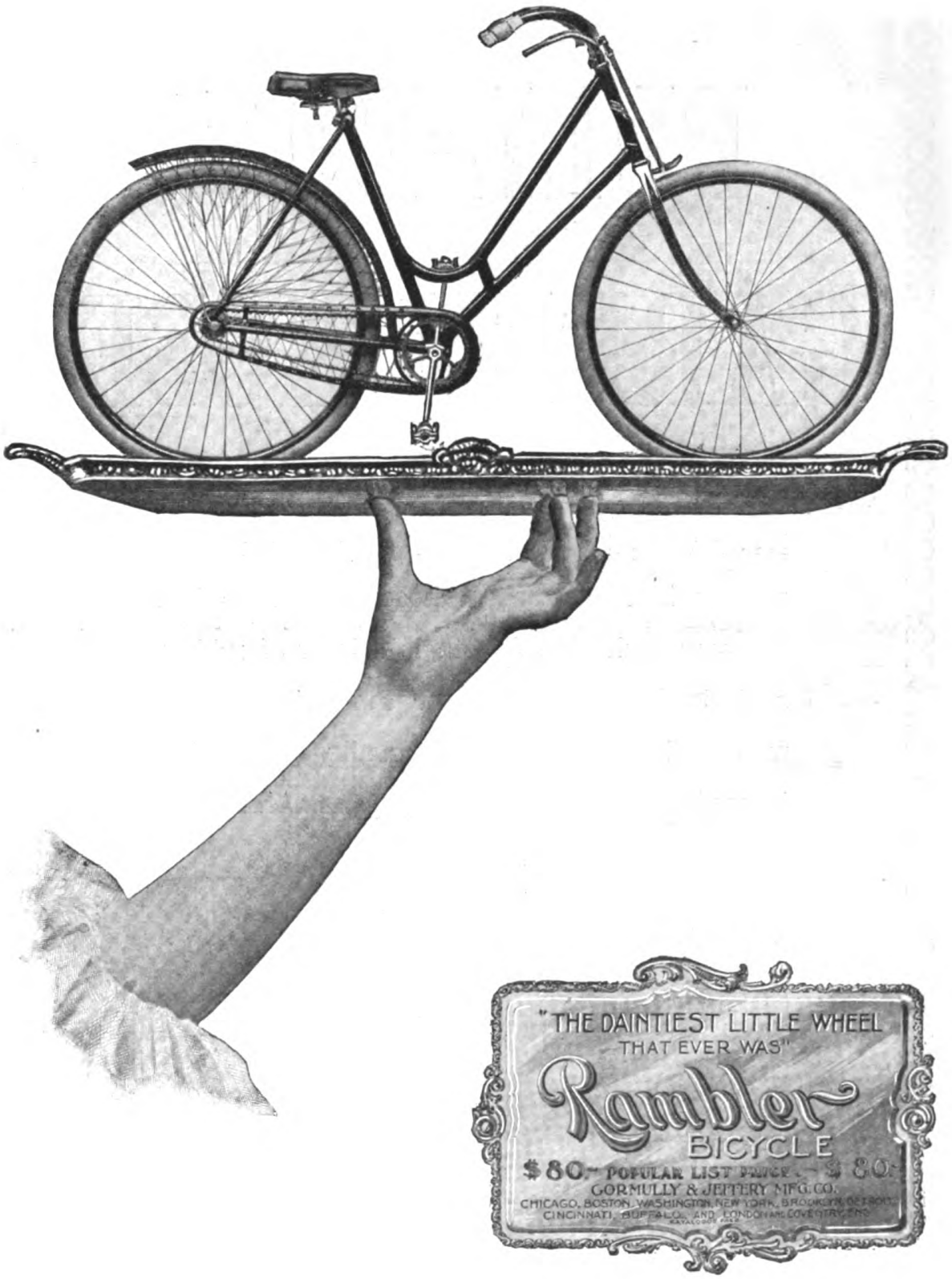
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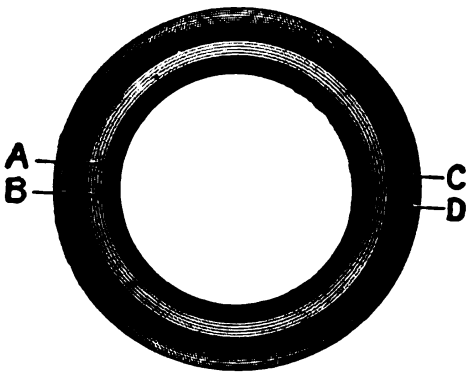
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While classed as a "single-tube" tire HAS TWO TUBES, hence is an improvement on other single-body tires.

The following exaggerated diagram illustrates this point.

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B—is a seamless loose-woven fabric.



C—is another seamless rubber tube.

D—is another seamless loose-woven fabric.

A and B together make a complete tire; C and D make a complete tire. When put together and a rubber tread put over all and vulcanized into one body they make the **VIM SPECIAL,** the most perfect tire made.

1. — **There are two separate tubes** — if one should become porous the other will hold air, so a porous Vim Special is an impossibility.
2. — The plies of fabric being **SEAMLESS** are **stronger** than when made the old way.
3. — The tires are **faster** because the fabric can with safety be reduced in weight and more rubber used. This means more resilience.
4. — The plies of fabric are separated by a rubber cushion (tube C), so are more pliable and resilient.

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5. — It has great constricting features, so **mends easily.**
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7.—Has the "PEBBLE TREAD," which Prevents SLIPPING.

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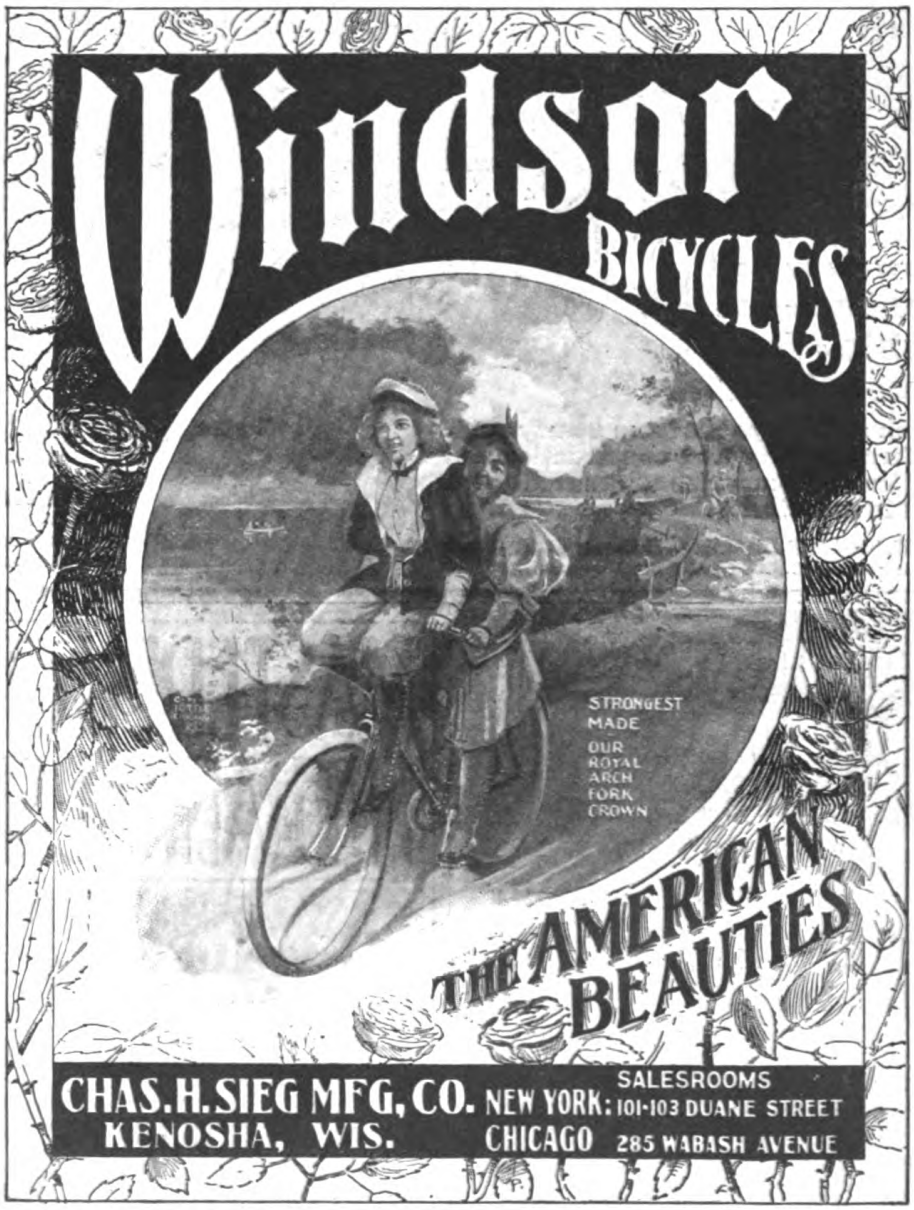
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AND THIS IS THE OLD KIND

It is made by the
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Price, $4

Throws a strong light 50 feet. Stays lit. Has head and fork bracket
Finely ground lens
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ARE MADE BY THE

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THE CYCLE LIGHT FOR 1897 IS THE BANNER

We did not get out our '96 lamp until late in the season, but we could not make them fast enough. Our '97 is greatly improved and will more than please its purchasers.

Throws a powerful, broad light, and illuminates ground to perfection. Extremely handsome in appearance. Your dealer should have them; until he has will send, carriage paid, for **$3.00,** to any part of the United States.

Absolutely Wind Proof.
Will Not Jolt Out.
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Crescents for May

"They make the world brighter"

During the best bicycle month of the year, ride the finest, most popular bicycle for '97, the CRESCENT. There is unexpected pleasure this year in store for those who ride

Crescent Bicycles.

Made with a finish and degree of perfection that makes wheeling truly a May pleasure. CRESCENT '97 models now on exhibition at CRESCENT Agencies everywhere.

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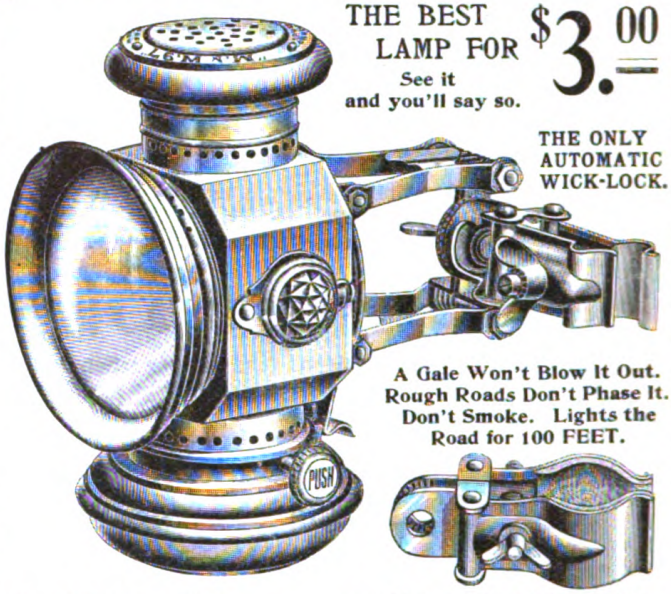
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Handsome! Complete!

Attachments for fork and steering head with each lamp. Can be literally taken to pieces for cleaning and assembled with the greatest ease; no key or wrench required.

....PUSH THE BUTTON....

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WICK IS LOCKED AUTOMATICALLY.

Burns kerosene in packed fount.

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A Gale Won't Blow It Out.
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Why We Sell This Lamp for $3.00.

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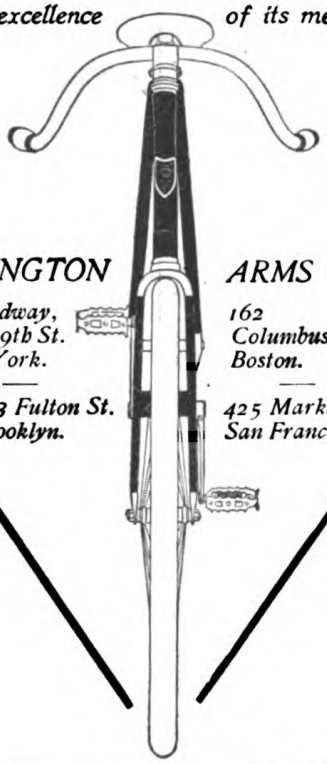
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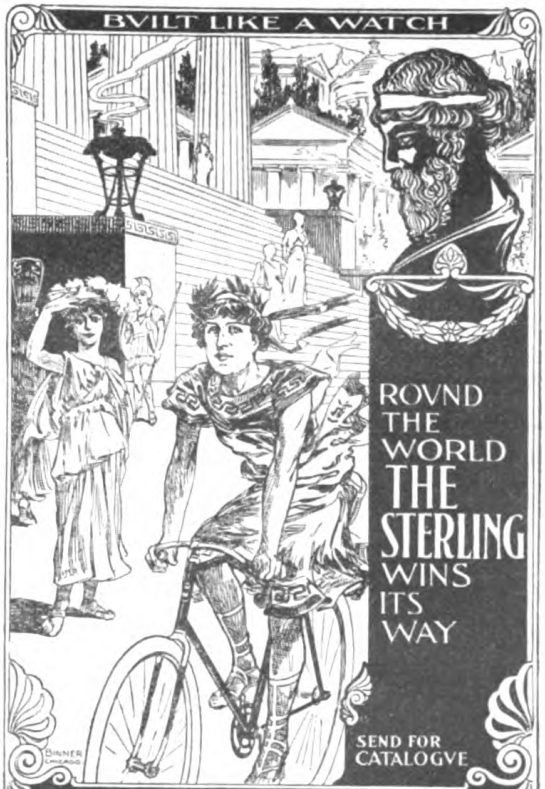
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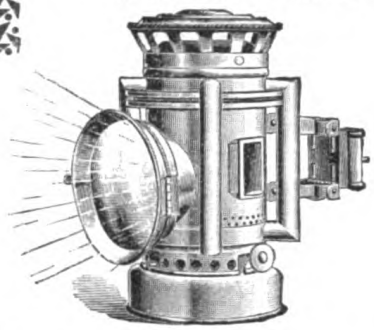
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ABOUT BICYCLE LAMPS

DON'T you often wonder, when you see a street lamp giving forth its radiance unconcerned while the wind blows in great gusts, why the light doesn't go out?

It is because the lamp is made by the **tubular** system.



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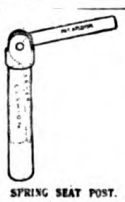
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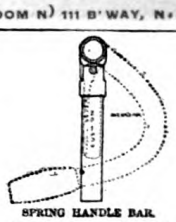
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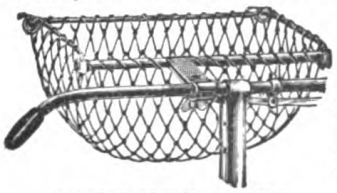
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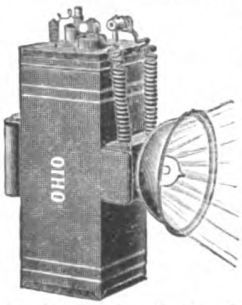
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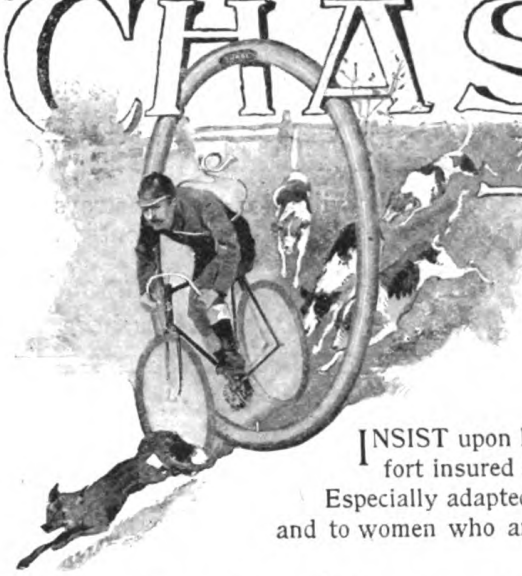
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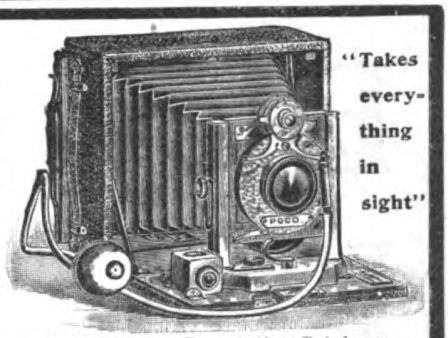
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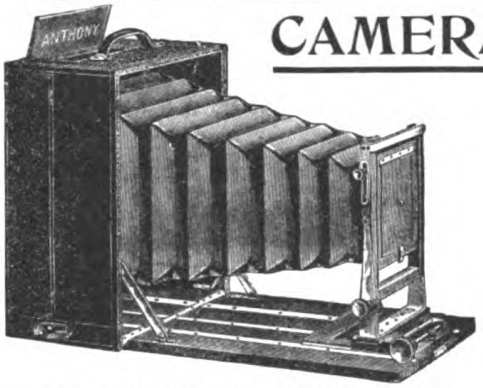
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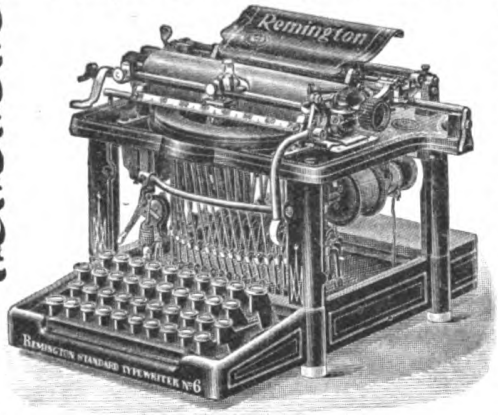
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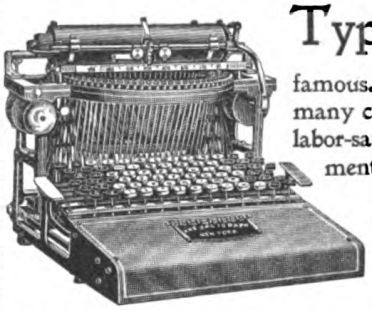
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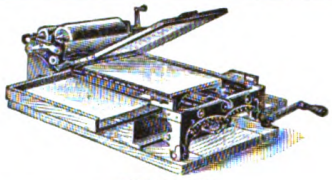
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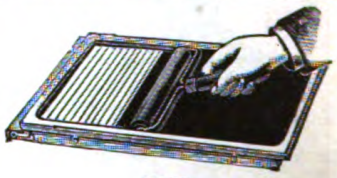
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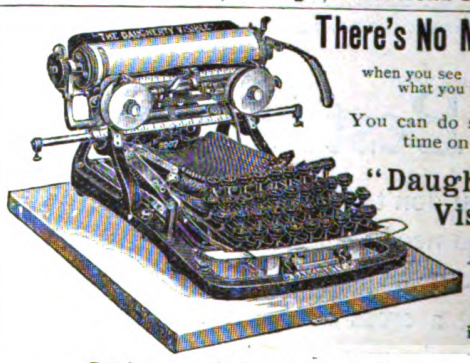
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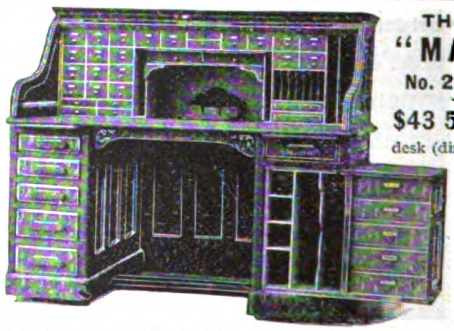


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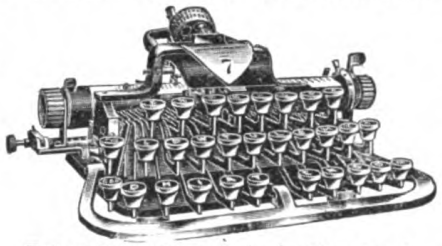
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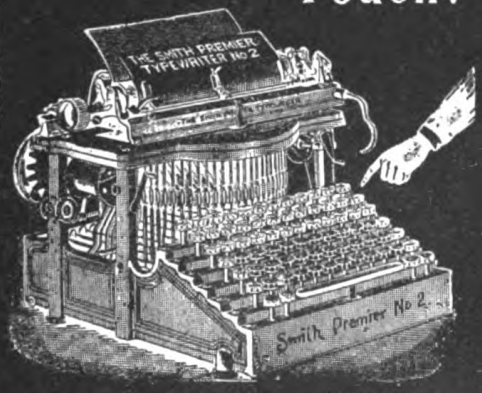
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SWEET, RICH CREAM.

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color the shingles (in soft, velvety moss-green, bark-brown, and silver-gray tones) without hiding the wood-grain, and each shingle looks as if it grew that color. 50% cheaper than paint.

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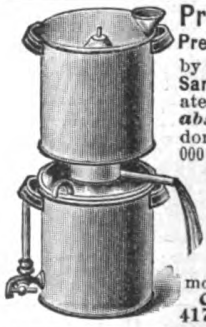
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Good Health and Good Cheer flow from every bottle of

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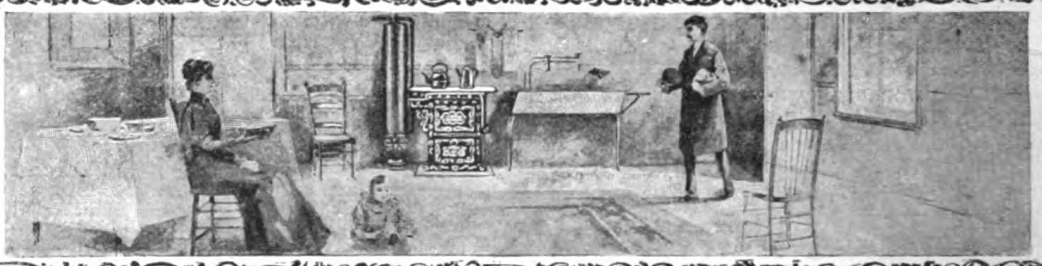
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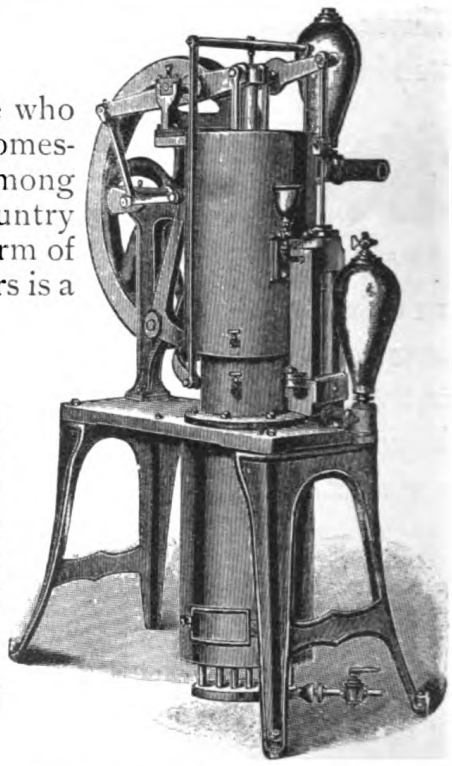
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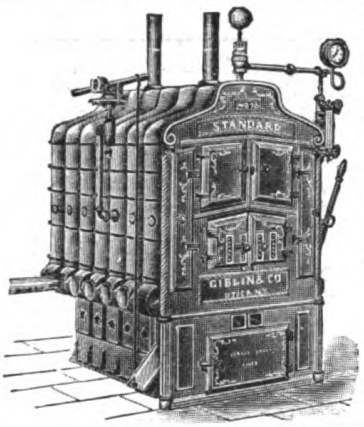
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If you want a valve that will always work, one that will not stick or bind, or leak through the Stuffing Box, insist on having **JENKINS BROS'**. They are **absolutely tight** under any and all circumstances. Cost no more than any of the imitations.

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Fine appearance, durability, and perfection from a sanitary standpoint are all combined in these goods. They entail no labor, scouring, or burnishing, requiring merely to be wiped out with a sponge to be thoroughly clean.

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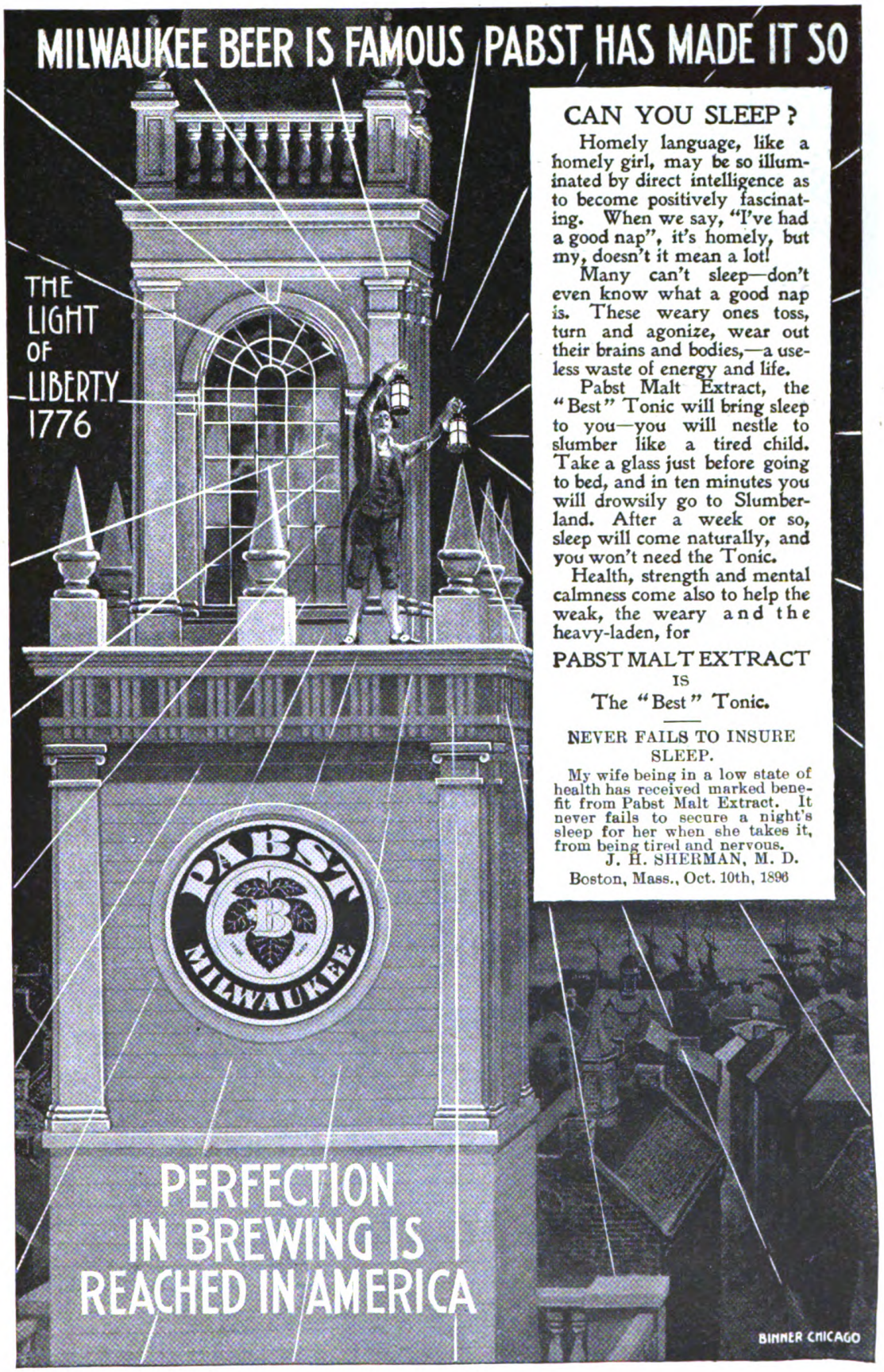
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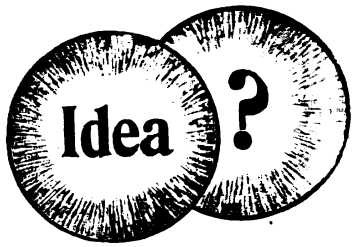


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For instance, take a business man who conceives the not uncommon idea that newspaper advertising is a good thing; the next step should be a question as to how it can be made a good thing for him. Without this question the idea is useless, for, as Emerson said, ideas must be worked out by brains and hands or they are no better than dreams.

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Newspaper Advertising . . . . . Magazine Advertising

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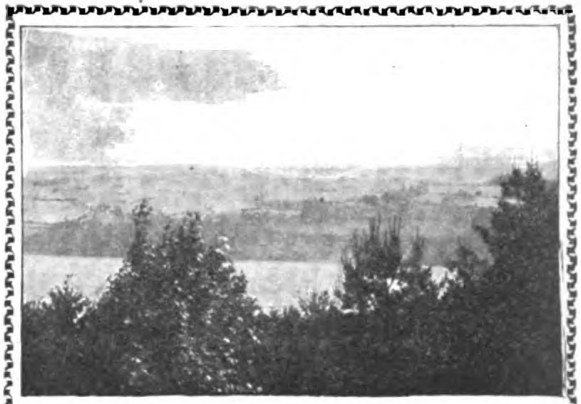
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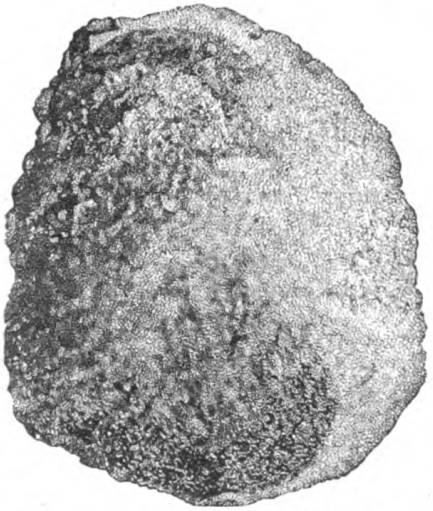
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Disintegrates, Breaks Down, and Eliminates Stone of the Kidneys or Bladder, Both Uric Acid and Phosphatic Formations. Its Value in Bright's Disease, Gout, etc.

ANALYSIS AND REPORT OF

Dr. A. GABRIEL POUCHET

Professor of Pharmacology and Materia Medica of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. Director of the Laboratory of the Consulting Committee of Public Hygiene of France.



(Specimen of Calculi "A" magnified 13 diam.)

Dr. Pouchet in express terms advises the use of Buffalo Lithia Water.

PARIS, February 12, 1897.

"The collections of **disintegrated** or **broken down vesical** or **renal calculi,** which form the subject of the following analysis and researches, were sent me by Doctor Edward Chambers Laird, resident physician **Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia,** U. S. A. **They were discharged by different patients after the use of the mineral water of Buffalo Lithia Spring No. 2 for a variable time.**

"I advise here from the experience of Doctor Laird the use of this mineral water, which has had with him a happy influence on the disintegration of the calculi and their elimination. It is to demonstrate this that he has requested me to make this analysis.

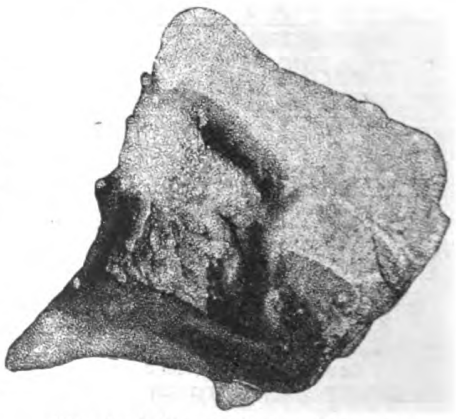
"The collections of the **disintegrated calculi** submitted to my examination were eight in number. A **fragment** of each collection has been reproduced by photographs, which are designated by the same letters of the alphabet as the analysis here following:

(SPECIMEN OF CALCULI "A" MAGNIFIED 13 DIAMETERS.)

These **disintegrated renal calculi** are very numerous, and present themselves in the forms of grains of *various sizes* (*from that of the size of a pin to that of a pea*) of reddish-yellow color, very hard, and nucleus in the centre. They are thus composed: Urate of ammonia—for the greater part; free uric acid — small quantity; carbonate of ammonia and magnesia—small quantity.

(CALCULUS "B" MAGNIFIED 20 DIAMETERS.)

This **disintegrated vesical calculus** presents itself in the form of **many fragments** of a granular aspect of a grayish-white color. *They are easily broken, and the contexture of the fragments shows that they are porous throughout.* Chemical composition: Urate of ammonia—for the greater part; carbonate of ammonia and magnesia—in small quantity.



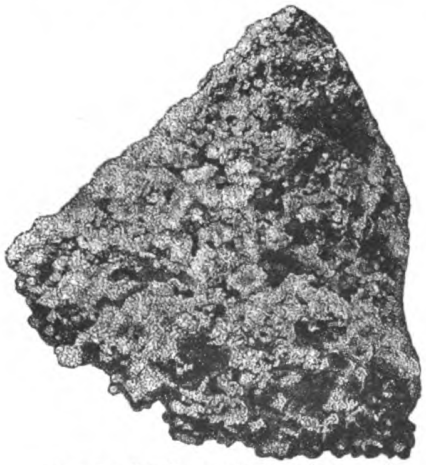
(Calculus "B" magnified 20 diameters.)

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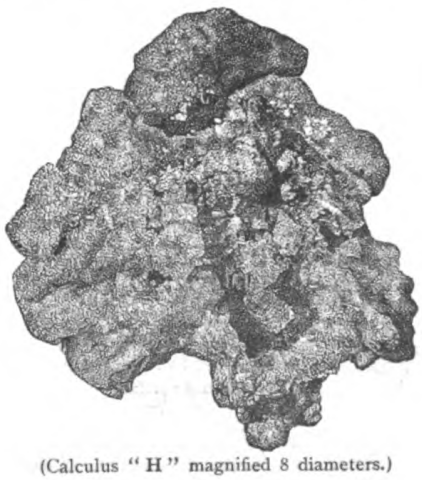
BUFFALO LITHIA WATER



(Calculus "C" magnified 30 diameters.)



(Calculus "D" magnified 7 diameters.)



(Calculus "H" magnified 8 diameters.)

(CALCULUS "C" MAGNIFIED 30 DIAMETERS.)

Vesical calculus reduced to crystalline powder, granular, of a grayish-white color, rather friable. Chemical composition: Phosphate of ammonia and magnesia—for the greater part; carbonate of lime—small quantity; oxalate of lime—very small quantity.

(CALCULUS "D" MAGNIFIED 7 DIAMETERS.)

Vesical calculus thoroughly disintegrated, fragments many and angular, granular aspect, of a rather fragile consistence, of a grayish-white color. Chemical composition: Bicalcic phosphate—for the greater part (fusible directly to the blow-pipe); oxalate of lime — small quantity; carbonate of ammonia and magnesia—small quantity; xanthine—very small quantity.

(CALCULUS "H" MAGNIFIED 8 DIAMETERS.)

Crystalline mass, mulberry aspect, **marked disintegration** of the surface, grayish-yellow color, rather easily broken. Chemical composition: Oxalate of lime—for nearly the whole part.

(Signed) A. GABRIEL POUCHET.

(*A portion of report omitted for lack of space.*)

According to distinguished Medical authority Uric Acid Poisoning shows itself in Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia, Stone of the Kidneys and Bladder, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Herpetiform Neuralgic Affections, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Asthma, Nervous Headache, cases of Mental Depression, and in certain forms of Dyspepsia and Eczema.

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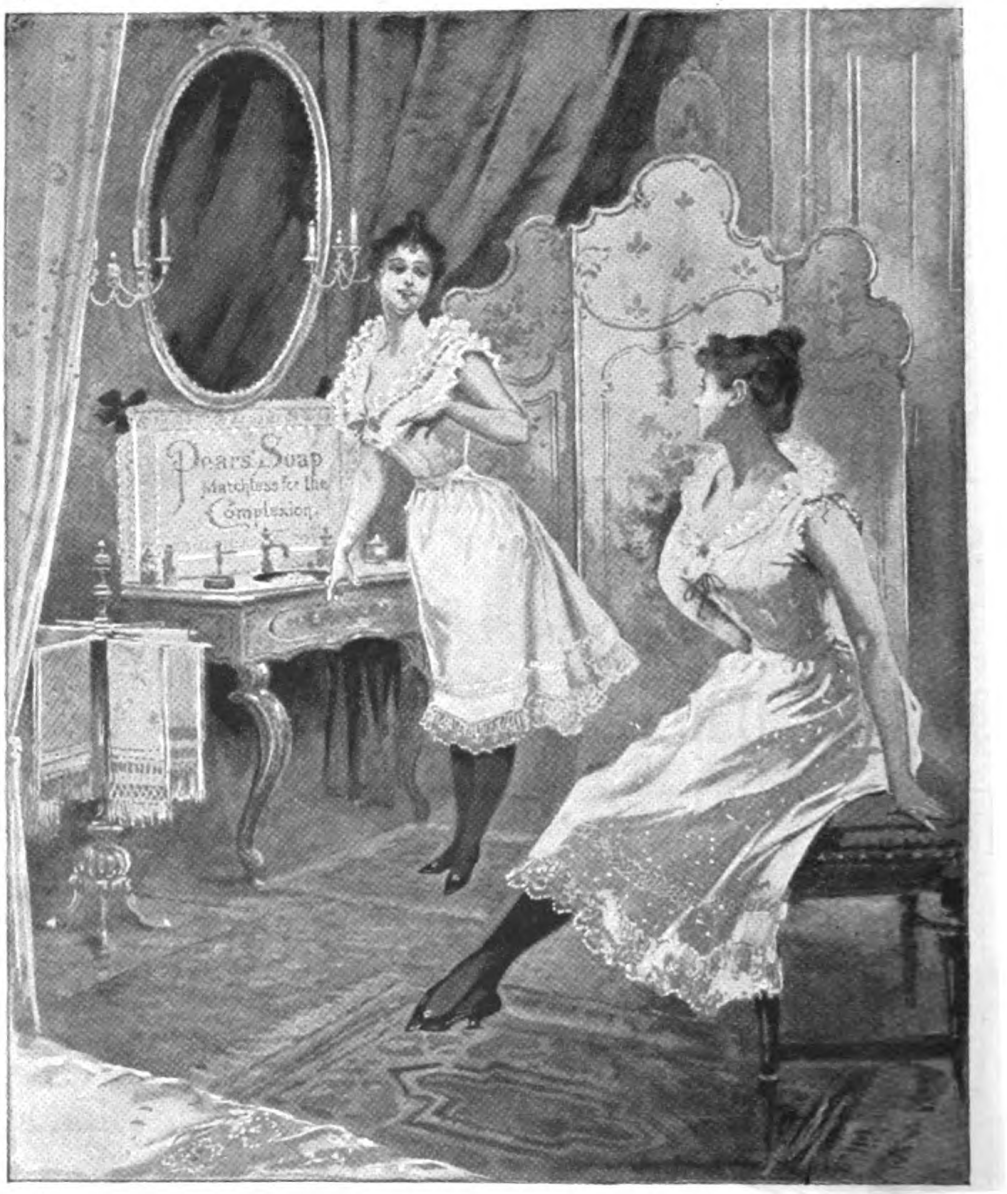
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